GOD SENT THE WHEEL

The Theme for Dr. Talmage's Thanksgiving Sermon.

The Wheel as a Symbol of Prosperity—Some Reasons for National Gratitude—Benefits of Inventive Genius.

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Washington, Nov. 26.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the national observance of this week and in an unusual way calls for the gratitude of the people; the text, Ezekiah 10:13: "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

Next Thursday will, by proclamation of president and governors, be observed in thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the text.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway and wild beasts capable of his destruction, yet he was to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by physical speed, for compare him to the antelope's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar or plunge, for the condor beats him in one direction and the porpoise in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were insufficient. He must be reenforced, so God sent the wheel.

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible, sometimes, as in Ezekiel, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalms, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress. The wheel that started in Exodus rolls on through Proverbs, through Isaiah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the centuries, all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanksgiving and employ the apostrophe of the text, crying: "O, wheel!"

I call on you in this Thanksgiving week to praise God for the triumphs of machinery, which have revolutionized the world and multiplied its attractions. Even Paradise, though very picturesque, must have been comparatively dull, hardly anything going on, no agriculture needed, for the harvest was spontaneous; no architecture required, for they slept under the trees; no manufacturer's loom necessary for the weaving of apparel, for the fashions were exceedingly simple. To dress the garden would not have required ten minutes a day.

Having nothing to do, they got into mischief and ruined themselves and the race. It was a sad thing to be turned out of Paradise, but, once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work. To help man up and on God sent the wheel. It turned ahead, the race advances; if turned back, the race retreats. To arouse your gratitude and exalt your praise I would show you what the wheel has done for the domestic world, for the agricultural world, for the traveling world, for the literary world. "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing: O wheel!"

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine. It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life and added immeasurable advantages. The needle for ages had punctured the eyes and pierced the side and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of a whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with "Dead March" in "Saul" and flags at half mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household that watched her health giving way. The winter after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its cunning. Soul and body had parted at the seam. The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human drop into the grave. The spool was all unwound. Her sepulcher was digged not with sexton's spade, but with a sharper and shorter implement—a needle. Federal and confederate dead have ornamented graves at Arlington Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, thousands by thousands, but it will take the archangel's trumpet to find the million graves of the vaster army of women needle slain.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of hunger and cold and insult and homesickness and suicide—five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel. Woman puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and begins. Before the whir and rattle pleurisies, consumptions, headaches, backaches, heartaches, are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave—roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardors and severities of the season are overcome; winding the bobbin, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, cording, embroidering, underbraiding, set to music; lock stitch, twisted loop stitch, crochet stitch, a fascinating ingenuity. All honor to the memory of Alsop and Duncan and Greenough and Singer and Wilson and Grover and Wilcox for their efforts to emancipate woman from the slavery of toil! But, more than that, let there be monumental commemoration of Elias Howe, the inventor of the first complete sewing machine. What it has saved of sweat and tears God only can estimate. In the making of men's and boys' clothing in New York city in one year it saved $7,500,000, and in Massachusetts, in the making of boots and shoes, in one year it saved $7,000,000.

Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Coat off and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, perspiration rolling down forehead and cheek and chest, head blistered by the consuming sun and lip parched by the merciless August air, at noon the workmen lying half dead under the trees. One of my most painful boyhood memories is that of my father in harvest time reeling from exhaustion over the doorstep, too tired to eat, pale and fainting as he sat down. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and spread on a thrashing floor, and two men with flails stood opposite each other, hour after hour and day after day, pounding the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes, and then a cessation of sound. Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump! Pounded once, and then turned over to be pounded again, slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door and picked up the loose grains and the horses half asleep and dozing over the mangers where the hay had been.

But hark to the buzz of wheels in the distance. The farmer has taken his throne on a reaper. He once walked; now he rides; once worked with arm of flesh, now with arm of iron. He starts at the end of the wheatfield, heads his horses to the opposite end of the field, rides on. At the stroke of his iron chariot the gold of the grain is surrendered, the machine rolling this way and rolling that, this way and that, until the work which would have been accomplished in many days is accomplished in a few hours, the grainfield prostrate before the harvesters.

Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the traveling world. No one can tell how many noble and self-sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch or Robert Fulton or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steamboat. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall be honored. John Fitch wrote:

> The 21st of January, 1743, was the fatal time of bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feeling as a turbulent wife and steamboat building. I experienced the former and quit in season, and had I been in my right senses I should undoubtedly have treated the latter in the same manner; but for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man in the world.

Surely, John Fitch was in a bad predicament. If the steamboat boiler did not blow him up, his wife would. In all ages there are those to prophesy the failure of any useful invention. You do not know what the inventors of the day suffer. When it was proposed to light London with gas, Sir Humphry Davy, the great philosopher, said that he should as soon think of cutting a slice from the moon and setting it upon a pole to light the city. Through all abuse and caricature Fitch and Fulton went until yonder the wheel is in motion, and the Clermont, the first steamboat, is going up the North river, running the distance—hold your breath while I tell you—from New York to Albany in 32 hours. But the steamboat wheel multiplied its velocities until the Lucania, of the Cunard, and the Majestic, of the White Star line, and the New York, of the American line, and the Kaiser Wilhelm, of the North German Lloyd line, cross the Atlantic ocean in six days or less, communication between the two countries so rapid and so constant that whereas once those who had been to Europe took on airs for the rest of their mortal lives—and to me for many years the most disagreeable man I could meet was the man who had been to Europe, despising all American pictures and American music and American society because they had seen European pictures and heard European music and mingled in European society—now a trans-Atlantic voyage is so common that a sensible man would no more boast of it than if he had been to New York or Boston.

All the rivers and lakes and seas have turned white with rage under the smiting of the steamboat wheel. In the phosphorescent wake of it sail the world's commercial prosperities. Through the axle of that wheel nations join hands, and America says to Venice: "Give me your pictures," and to France: "Give me your graceful apparel," and to England: "Give me your Sheffield knives and Nottingham laces and Manchester goods, and I will give you breadstuffs, corn and rye and rice. I will give you cotton for your mills. I will give you cattle for your slaughter houses. Give me all you have to spare, and I will give you all I have to spare." And trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic nations grasp each other's hands in brotherhood.

While this has been doing on the water James Watt's wheel has done as much on the land. How well I remember Sanderson's stagecoach, running from New Brunswick to Easton, as he drove through Somerville, N. J., turning up to the post office and dropping the mail bags with ten letters and two or three newspapers, Sanderson himself on the box, six feet two inches and well proportioned, long lash whip in his hand, the reins of six horses in the other, the "leaders" lathered along the line of the traces, foam dripping from the bits!

It was the event of the day when the stage came. It was our highest ambition to become a stage driver. Some of the boys climbed on the great leathern boot of the stage, and those of us who could not get on shouted: "Cut behind!" I saw the old stage driver not long ago, and I expressed to him my surprise that one around whose head I had seen a halo of glory in my boyhood time was only a man like the rest of us. Between Sanderson's stagecoach and a Chicago express train what a difference, all the great cities of the nation strung on an iron thread of railways!

At Doncaster, England, I saw George Stephenson's first locomotive. If in good repair it could run yet, but because of its make and size it would be the burlesque of all railroaders. Between that rude machine, crawling down the iron track, followed by a clumsy and bouncing train, and one of our Rocky mountain locomotives, with a village of palace cars, becoming drawing rooms by day and princely dormitories by night, what bewitching progress!

See the train move out of one of our great depots for a thousand-mile journey! All aboard! Tickets clipped and baggage checked and porters attentive to every want, under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light along ledges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead, full head of steam and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westinghouse brake. Clank! clank! go the wheels. Clank! clank! echo the rocks. Small villages only hear the thunder and see the whirlwind as the train shoots past, a city on the wing. Thrilling, startling, sublime, magnificent spectacle—a rail train in lightning procession.

When years ago the railroad men struck for wages, our country was threatened with annihilation, and we realized what the railroad wheel had done for this country — over 180,000 miles of railroad in the United States; in one year over $1,000,000,000 received from passengers and freight; White mountains, Alleghany mountains, Rocky mountains, Sierra Nevadas, bowing to the iron yoke; all the rolling stock of New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, Michigan Central, Georgia, Great Southern, Union Pacific and all the other wheels of the tens of thousands of freight cars, wrecking cars, cabooses, drawing room cars, sleeping cars, passenger cars, of all the accommodation, express and special trains, started by the wheel of the grotesque locomotive that I saw at Doncaster. For what it has done for all Christendom I ejaculate in the language of the text, "O wheel!"

While the world has been rolling on the eight wheels of the rail car or the four wheels of the carriage or the two wheels of the gig it was not until 1876, at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, that the miracle of the nineteenth century rolled in—the bicycle. The world could not believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eighties were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6,000 years. Man's slowness of locomotion was a mystery. Was it of more importance that the reindeer or the eagle rapidly exchanged jungles or crags than that man should get swiftly from place to place? Was the business of the bird or the roebuck more urgent than that of the incarnated immortal? No. At last we have the obliteration of distances by pneumatic tire. At last we have wings. And what has this invention done for woman? The cynics and constitutional growlers would deny her this emancipation and say: "What better exercise can she have than a broom or a duster or a churn or rocking a cradle or running up and downstairs or a walk to church with a prayer book under her arm?" And they rather rejoice to find her disabled with broken pedal or punctured tire half way out to Chevy Chase or Coney Island. But all sensible people who know the tonic of fresh air and the health in deep respiration and the awakening of disused muscles and the exhilaration of velocity will rejoice that wife and mother and daughter may have this new recreation. Indeed life to so many is so hard a grind that I am glad at the arrival of any new mode of healthful recreation. We need have no anxiety about this invasion of the world's stupidity by the vivacious and laughing and jubilant wheel, except that we always want it to roll in the right direction, toward place of business, toward good recreation, toward philanthropy, toward usefulness, toward places of divine worship, and never toward immorality or Sabbath desecration. My friend, Will Carleton, the poet, said what I like when he wrote:

We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
We claim from inactivity a sensible release;
A constant mental, physical and moral help we feel,
That bids us turn enthusiasts and cry: God bless the wheel!

Never yet having mounted one of those rolling wonders, I stand by the wayside, far enough off to avoid being run over, and in amazement and congratulation cry out, in Ezekiel's phraseology of the text: "O wheel!"

PROTECTION FROM MOTHS.

Cedar Chests a Snare and a Delusion—Newspapers and Turpentine the Only Real Safeguards.

Nothing is more trying among the smaller ills of life than to have clothing and furs and carpets eaten by moths. Very often articles are not put away soon enough in the spring, the eggs are already laid in the stuff before they are packed, and hatch in the profound darkness in which they revel.

There is a general impression that camphor, or pepper, or moth balls keep away moths, but it is not so. They do not in the least object to odors, and why such stuff is used at all is really a mystery. Buffalo bugs seem really to thrive on camphor, and to find especially congenial quarters in cedar shelves or closets or trunks.

Every article should be carefully brushed—all the pockets turned inside out, brushed, and then turned smoothly back again, and every spot of every description carefully cleansed — for moths always seize upon a spot of any sort as a particularly choice morsel. Each garment should be folded separately and very smoothly, and wrapped in old linen or cotton sheets, or parts of them.

Newspaper is an excellent thing to fold things in, as for some reason, moths particularly object to it. The chest that things are to be packed away in should be carefully wiped out perfectly clean with a wet cloth, so that not a particle of dust lingers. It is well to spread a large old sheet over the open trunk and push it down, leaving the surplus outside, and then to fold that over when the trunk is packed, for even one moth miller, if it slips in, may undo all your work and care. Never leave a trunk open a moment after it has been wiped out, before packing it.

Very valuable furs should be examined and beaten every two or three weeks at the outside. It is a great deal of trouble and a great deal of care to do all this, but people must pay for fine possessions, and must so regard the care. Never trust to a cedar closet for keeping valuable woolens or furs.

One famous housekeeper had a cedar closet built into a new house that was the envy of every woman who saw it—with its shelves and drawers all inclosed, with tightly fitting doors, that gave out such a delicious odor when the outer door of all was opened, and seemed to invite the care of everything most precious.

That summer the first year she had owned the closet she packed her furs and went to Europe with an easy mind. Among other things a Russia sable cape of enormous size, and very valuable, was put in the closet. When she reached home, opened her closet and took out her furs, she found that nothing had escaped the moths, and her cloak was such a mass of worms that it had to be buried at once.

This is absolutely true, and many of the very best and most careful housekeepers now consider cedar really a moth producer, and cedar receptacles of any sort worse than no protection at all.

The very best sort of chest to pack clothing away in is a good solid chest of good size and heavy, and well fitted as to joints and cover, that any good carpenter can make, and if given a coat of shellac or varnish outside it will in time be very handsome. Old paper-lined trunks should never be used, for under the paper the moths are more than likely to have deposited their eggs.

Carpets that are nailed down close to the baseboard are often eaten there—even when the room is open and most carefully swept. The only way to prevent it is to saturate the carpet once a week in spring and summer with a little turpentine on the places where the moths have eaten or are likely to eat. The turpentine will not injure the most delicate colors, and is the best preservative from moths known.—Boston Globe.

Silks to Look For.

The new summer silks begin with colored fancy taffeta, beautiful effects in black and white, with black alone in very many handsome weaves, as all black is still highly favored by fashion leaders. Soft, medium, heavy satins and peau de soie of satin weaves with a demi-luster are the most reliable of the silk textures. The black Bonnet silk, with brilliant luster, is also largely patronized. The weaves called gros de Londres—a revival of the silks in fine black reps worn years ago—is figured with small designs, also in black. A new design in gros de Tours has a black ground finely striped with satin, and quaintly brocaded with tiny flowers. Summer matelasse silks are shown again, with lovely designs of small flowers on soft, natural grounds, and so beautifully woven that the brocaded figures look like hand embroidery.—Philadelphia Press.

Braised Veal.

Chop half a pound of beef suet very fine; cover the bottom of a kettle with half of it; sprinkle it with a tablespoonful of chopped carrot, one of minced onion, a bay leaf and a sprig of thyme. Lay a breast of veal weighing 3½ pounds upon this bed, and cover with a similar layer. Pour in carefully three cupfuls of white stock, cover the kettle and place where it will cook slowly for two hours. Then remove the veal, rub it with a tablespoonful of butter, and dredge with an equal quantity of browned flour, pour over it a cupful of the stock, place it in a hot oven and bake for a half hour, basting with the remaining gravy. Serve the meat on a hot platter lined with triangles of buttered toast, and the gravy in a sauceboat.—Housewife.

One on Her.

"Do you know that you talk in your sleep, Henry?" asked Mrs. Peck.

"Well, do you begrudge me those few words also?" he snapped back.—Philadelphia North American.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

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 Bellefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 3

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 55 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 9 32 a m, arrive at Lock Haven 10 30 a m.

Leave Bellefonte 1 42 p m, arrive at Lock Haven 2 43 p m; at Williamsport 3 50 p m.

Leave Bellefonte at 8 31 p m, arrive at Lock Haven at 9.30 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m. arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p. m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7.10 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 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.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6.30 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.

WESTWARD.			EASTWARD	
111	103	STATIONS.	114	112
P M	A M		A M	P M
1 38	5 40	Montandon	9 25	4 55
1 45	6 15	Lewisburg	9 15	4 47
......	......	Fair Ground		
1 53	6 24	Biehl	9 01	4 39
1 58	6 29	Vicksburg	8 56	4 35
2 07	6 38	Mifflinburg	8 47	4 27
2 18	6 53	Millmont	8 33	4 15
2 25	7 02	Glen Iron	8 25	4 07
2 45	7 24	Cherry Run	8 03	3 49
3 02	7 44	Coburn	7 44	3 32
3 17	8 01	Rising Springs	7 27	3 17
3 31	8 15	Centre Hall	7 12	3 02
3 37	8 21	Gregg	7 07	2 55
3 44	8 28	Linden Hall	7 01	2 48
3 48	8 33	Oak Hall	6 56	2 43
3 53	8 37	Lemont	6 52	2 38
3 58	8 42	Dale Summit	6 47	2 34
4 07	8 52	Pleasant Gap	6 38	2 24
4 15	9 00	Bellefonte	6 30	2 15

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD.				EASTWARD.		
EXP.	DAY EXP.	MAIL.	May 17, 1897.	MAIL.	DAY EX	EXP.
P M	P M	A M	Arr Lv	A M	P M	P M
6 00	2 15	11 10	Tyrone.	8 10	12 30	7 15
5 54	2 09	11 04	E Tyrone	8 16	12 36	7 21
5 50	2 05	11 00	Vail	8 20	12 40	7 25
5 46	2 01	10 56	Bald Eagle	8 24	12 44	7 29
5 40	......	10 49	Dix	8 30	12 50	7 35
5 37	......	10 46	Fowler	8 33	12 52	7 38
5 35	1 51	10 44	Hannah	8 35	12 54	7 40
5 28	1 45	10 36	Port Matilda	8 42	1 00	7 47
5 21	1 39	10 28	Martha	8 49	1 06	7 54
5 12	1 31	10 20	Julian	8 58	1 14	8 03
5 03	1 23	10 11	Unionville	9 07	1 23	8 12
4 56	1 16	10 04	Snow Shoe Int	9 15	1 30	8 20
4 53	1 13	10 01	Milesburg	9 18	1 33	8 23
4 44	1 05	9 53	Bellefonte	9 28	1 42	8 31
4 32	12 55	9 41	Milesburg	9 41	1 55	8 43
4 25	12 48	9 34	Curtin	9 49	2 04	8 51
4 20	......	9 30	Mt Eagle	9 53	2 08	8 55
4 14	12 38	9 24	Howard	9 59	2 14	9 01
4 05	12 29	9 15	Eagleville	10 08	2 23	9 10
4 02	12 26	9 12	Beech Creek	10 11	2 26	9 13
3 51	12 16	9 01	Mill Hall	10 22	2 37	9 24
3 49	......	8 59	Flemington	10 24	2 39	9 26
3 45	12 10	8 55	Lock Haven	10 30	2 43	9 30

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Leave Bellefonte........ 7.00 a. m. and 1.05 p. m.
Arrive at Snow Shoe... 9.00 a. m. " 2.52 "

Leave Snow Shoe...... 11.20 a. m. " 3 15 "
Arrive at Bellefonte... 1.42 p. m. " 5 20 "

For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 361 Sixth Ave. Pittsburg.

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THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Nov. 21, 1898.

READ DOWN				READ UP		
No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	STATIONS.	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
a. m.	p.m.	p.m.	Lv. Ar.	a. m.	p. m.	p.m.
†7 10	†2 40	†7 50	BELLEFONTE	9 40	5 10	10 14
7 22	2 52	8 02	Nigh	9 27	4 57	10 01
7 28	2 58	8 08	Zion	9 21	4 51	9 57
7 33	3 03	8 13	Hecla Park	9 16	4 46	9 54
7 35	3 05	8 15	Dunkles	9 14	4 44	9 52
7 39	3 09	8 19	Hublersburg	9 10	4 40	9 49
7 43	3 13	8 23	Snydertown	9 06	4 36	9 46
7 46	3 16	8 26	Nittany	9 03	4 33	9 44
7 48	3 18	8 28	Huston	9 00	4 30	9 42
7 51	3 21	8 32	Lamar	8 57	4 27	9 40
7 53	3 23	8 35	Clintondale	8 54	4 24	9 38
7 57	3 27	8 39	Krider's Sid'g	8 49	4 19	9 34
8 02	3 32	8 44	Mackeyville	8 43	4 13	9 30
8 08	3 38	8 50	Cedar Springs	8 37	4 07	9 24
8 10	3 40	8 52	Salona	8 35	4 05	9 22
8 15	3 45	8 57	MILL HALL	†8 30	†4 00	†9 17
a.m	p.m.	p.m.	Ar. Lv.	a. m.	p.m.	p.m.

		(BEECH CREEK R. R.)		
11 45	9 50	Jersey Shore	7 55	3 25
12 20	10 25	Arr Wmsport Lve	†7 21	†2 56
†12 34	*11 30	Lve Wmsport Arr.	*6 55	2 30
		(Phila. & Reading ry)		
8 29	7 09	PHILAD	*11 36	†8 36
*10 40	‡9 30	NEW YORK	§9 00	†4 30
		(Via Phila.)		
p. m.	a. m.	Arr Lve.	p. m.	a. m.

* Daily. † Week Days. § 6:00 p. m. Sunday ‡ 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 11:36 p. m.

J. W. GEPHART,
General Supt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Apr. 3, 1899.

WESTWARD.				EASTWARD.		
5	3	1	STATIONS	2	4	6
P M	A M	A M	Ar. Lv.	A M	P M	P M
4 15	10 30	6 30	Bellefonte	8 50	2 40	6 40
4 21	10 37	6 35	Coleville	8 40	2 25	6 30
4 25	10 42	6 38	Morris	8 37	2 22	6 27
4 28	10 47	6 43	Whitmer	8 35	2 17	6 23
4 33	10 51	6 46	Hunters	8 31	2 10	6 21
4 36	10 56	6 50	Fillmore	8 28	2 06	6 18
4 40	11 02	6 55	Brialy	8 24	2 00	6 14
4 43	11 05	7 00	Waddle	8 20	1 55	6 10
4 45	11 08	7 03	Lambourne	8 18	1 52	6 07
4 55	11 20	7 12	Krumrine	8 07	1 37	5 52
5 00	11 35	7 25	State College	8 00	1 30	5 45
5 05	11 24	7 27	Strubles	7 45	1 34	5 25
5 10		7 31	Bloomsdorf	7 40		5 20
5 15		7 35	Pine Grove	7 35		

Trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone, connect with train Nos. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna Railroad at Bellefonte for points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

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