

DUTIES OF PARENTS.

Dr. Talmage's Advice on the Bringing Up of Children.

The Dangers and Temptations Which Surround the Young—Necessity of Wise Training—Responsibility of Mothers.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch.] Washington, March 23.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage will interest young men, while it is full of advice and encouragement to parents who are trying to bring up their children aright; text, Proverbs, 10, 1: "A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

In this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no special interest in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right; if he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. He has the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself."

A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions and say: "Little lamb, take care of yourself." Nearly all the brute creation are kind enough to look after their young. I was going through a woods, and I heard a shrill cry in a nest. I climbed up to the bird's nest, and I found that the old bird had left the brood to starve. But that is a very rare occurrence. Generally a bird will pick your eyes out rather than surrender her young to your keeping or your touch. A lion will rend you if you come too near the whelps; even the barnyard fowl, with its clumsy foot and heavy wing will come at you if you approach its young too nearly, and God certainly intended to have fathers and mothers as kind as the brutes.

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and He says: "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children. What are you doing for their immortal souls?" I read of a ship that foundered. A lifeboat was launched. Many of the passengers were in the water. A mother, with one hand beating the waves and the other hand holding her little child out toward the lifeboat, cried out: "Save my child!" And that impassioned cry is the one that finds an echo in every parental heart in this land to-day. "Save my child!" That man out there says: "I have fought my own way through life. I have got along tolerably well. The world has buffeted me, and I have had many a hard struggle. It doesn't make much difference what happens to me, but save my child." You see, I have a subject of stupendous import, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the cause of parental solicitude and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from the imperfection of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellencies they will copy them, but the probability is they will copy our faults and omit our excellencies. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking, and says: "Why, I am astounded at you. What would your father say if he knew this? Where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say and your mother say if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing. My father smokes." There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our example. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

Then solicitude arises from our conscious insufficiency and unwisdom of discipline. Out of 20 parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skillfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of 20. We, nearly all of us, err on one side or on the other. Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right. My sons shall know nothing but religion, shall see nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed out at six o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are wakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house, he is requested to take the boy aside and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night.

Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is nine o'clock, it is ten o'clock, it is eleven o'clock, it is twelve o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs lest he be accosted. His father says: "George, where have you been?" He says: "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come, and the father says to his wife: "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure. No use of Westminster catechism. I have done my very best for that boy. Just see how he has turned out." Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion. You had no sympathy with innocent hilarities. You had no common sense. A man at midlife said to me: "I haven't much desire for religion. My father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't

wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side. Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says: "My son, I told you if ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't. Let him off this time."

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is one o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says: "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity. I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and to train our children for God and for Heaven is the anxiety of every intelligent parent.

Some go to work and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at and picked at and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old-fashioned style of chastisement if that be necessary than the fretting and the scolding which have destroyed so many.

There is also a cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he shoves back the bolt and swings open the door. Our young folks have foes without, and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Some man will come to the young people and try to persuade them that purity and honesty and uprightness are a sign of weakness. Some man will take a dramatic attitude, and he will talk to the young man, and he will say: "You must break away from your mother's apron strings. You must get out of that puritanical straightjacket. It is time you were your own master. You are verdant. You are green. You are unsophisticated. Come with me; I'll show you the world. I'll show you life. Come with me. You need to see the world. It won't hurt you." After awhile the young man says: "Well, I can't afford to be odd. I can't afford to be peculiar. I can't afford to sacrifice all my friends. I'll just go and see for myself." Farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back. Do not be under the delusion that because you repent of sin you get rid forever of its consequences. I say farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back.

Oh, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken biccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant and get a drink, and he would say: "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is on the down grade. Further and further down, until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The landlord stands in his shirt sleeves, with his hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes 12—the tolling of the funeral bell of a soul. The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheeks. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord comes around and says: "Wake up, wake up! Time to shut up!" "What?" says the young man. "Time to shut up!" Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipation in the barroom of a Fifth avenue hotel and completed his damnation in the lowest grogshop.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing-room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design, but after awhile the talons of death come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been opened for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say: "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid-gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it and all the rainbows played around the rim and then dashed it into desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha, ha!"

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many beautiful homes have been destroyed and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistics could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes

A COMPLICATED CALCULATION

Mrs. Twitters Wanted to Be Exact, But the Heartless Butcher Wouldn't Let Her.

The butcher is one of those gentlemen who find it necessary to employ their fingers as an abacus in even the simplest calculations. Mrs. Twitters prides herself on her clear head and readiness in mental figures, regardless of accuracy. Consequently, when Mrs. Twitters buys three and a half pounds of steak at twenty-one and a half cents a pound there is apt to be some difficulty in agreeing upon the exact amount due therefor.

"Let me see," says Mrs. Twitters, "twenty-one and a half times three is sixty-three and a half." "But it's twenty-one and a half times three and a half," objects the butcher, busy with his fingers. "Oh, so it is," apologizes Mrs. Twitters. "I forgot the other half. Well, half of sixty-three and a half is thirty-two and a quarter; that brings it to ninety-five and three-quarters. My isn't steak awfully high?" "Count of the war, mum," replies the butcher, mechanically, and scowling at his fingers as though he would like to use his cleaver on them. Then he holds up his left hand, spreads the fingers as wide apart as he can and rapidly taps them with the forefinger of the right. His frown deepens, and he reverses the functions of his hands. He is quite despondent by now, and makes several unavailing efforts to shake them both from his wrists. Fortunately he sees a gleam of hope, and is really brisk and cheerful until his unlucky little finger wrings his progress and reduces him to blank despair. Summoning up all his fortitude, however, he makes a few more cabalistic gestures, glares wildly at his cowering fingers for a second or two, and bows to the inevitable and growls gloomily: "It's eighty-nine and three-quarters cents, that makes it an even ninety, mum."

"No, I'm sure I was right," affirms Mrs. Twitters. "But let me see again," she says, indignantly. "Twenty-one times three is sixty-three." "N-half," interjects the butcher. "And a half of three is one and a half," continues Mrs. Twitters, placidly. "And a half of a half is a quarter. That makes sixty-three plus one and a half plus a quarter, or sixty-four and three-quarters, or an even sixty-five."

"And there's another half, mum," insists the butcher, anxiously. "Yes, I'm coming to that," Mrs. Twitters assures him. "And a half times sixty-five is—no, it's a half times three and a half—didn't I do that before? Of course. Now it's three and a half times sixty-five—or no, it must be twenty-one and a half times sixty-five. No, that can't be right. It must be a half times—times—what is it a half times what? Dear me, I wish you wouldn't interrupt me the way you did!" "Here's your steak, and it's 90 cents, mum," observes the butcher, stolidly. "Oh, very well," retorts Mrs. Twitters, with sarcastic dignity. "If you insist upon cheating yourself, it's nothing to me."—N. Y. World.

FUNNY HONEYMOONS.

Some That Have Been Enjoyed by Eccentric People in This and Other Countries.

A few years ago a newly-wedded couple living ten miles southeast of Brookville, Ky., took as a honeymoon trip a wagon ride to witness the hanging of Robert McLaughlin, which occurred at Brookville.

A short while since an adventurous couple spent the first days of wedded life on the summit of Mont Blanc. The ascent, extremely hazardous by reason of terrific snowstorms, being successfully accomplished, and the summit reached, the bridegroom, in the presence of the guides, embraced his young wife, to whom he swore eternal fidelity, and received from her lips an equally fervent assurance. Then the descent was commenced, and the couple, after three days' absence, arrived at Chamouilly, where they were accorded an enthusiastic reception.

There are of record four honeymoons known to have been spent in Mammoth cave, Kentucky.

In the neighborhood of Dobschau a small Hungarian town, there is an extraordinary ice cave. The roof, the walls, the floor are thickly coated with ice, which in places assumes most fantastic shapes. In this cave, some 16 years ago, a couple named Kolesky elected to pass the week immediately following their marriage. They took with them a plentiful supply of rugs, blankets and warm clothing, but, notwithstanding all precautions, their experience was not of a sufficiently pleasant nature to tempt imitators.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When Making a New Home.

Calculate in advance not only the cost of building the house, but the added cost of furnishing it when finished, and keep within your means. But if the error is made, don't double it by furnishing temporarily in the hope of some day doing it over again. It is much the better policy to start with everything good, even if that means to be short a few pieces, for a good start demands a good continuance; to fill a house with things one doesn't like, on the plea of "temporary," is to invite years—perhaps a lifetime—of living without that keenest and most constant of all pleasures—beautiful home surroundings. A suggestion worth following is to concentrate the family birthday and holiday gifts on the furnishing of a room; in a remarkably short time the seemingly unattainable is attained, and the doing of it gives a living interest not only to the room itself, but to the entire home life.—A. Linn Murray, in Woman's Home Companion.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

LEGAL NOTICE. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the following inventories of the goods and chattels set apart to widows under the provisions of the Act of April 16th, 1891, have been approved by the Court, and filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, and if no exceptions be filed on or before the first day of next term, the same will be confirmed absolutely.

The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Isaac F. Behrer, late of Half Moon township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Lizzie L. Behrer.

The inventory and appraisement of the real and personal estate of Adam Stover, late of Haines township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Lizzie Stover.

The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of Lot R. Hensyl, late of Howard born, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Sarah E. Hensyl.

The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of John Wagner, late of Bellefonte born, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Myra J. Kerr.

The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of John A. Hatch, late of Philipsburg born, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Lavina Hatch.

The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of George Vanderhorst, late of Harrisburg born, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Mary Vanderhorst.

The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of Matthew F. Kiddle, late of Philipsburg born, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Annie K. Kiddle. Register's Office. A. G. ARCHER, Registrar. Mar. 21, 1900.

TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the "Bad Ridge Valley Railroad Company," is called for Wednesday, April 12th, 1900, at 11 o'clock, at Room 220, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa. Election for President and Directors same day and place. ALBERT BEWSON, Secretary.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Estate of John Wagner, deceased, late of Bellefonte borough, Pa. The undersigned, executors upon said estate having been granted by the Register of Wills to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to file for immediate payment, and those having claims, to present them for settlement. ELIAS L. ORVIS & EST. A. Y. WAGNER, Jrs.

CAUTION NOTICE.

PAUL E. MARKEE, boy aged 15 years, bound over to me by the Overseers of poor of Miles township, until he attains his 18th year, on the east by name of Wm. K. Alexander and consent and all parties are cautioned not to furnish him with supplies or support, as I will not be responsible for same. Information as to his whereabouts will be a favor. M. CAIN, Spring Mills, Pa.

WRIT IN PARTITION.

To the heirs and legal representatives of the estate of Samuel Brown, late of Harris township, John Brown, trustee who has been appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pa. Committee David S. Young, Monroe, Pa.; Sarah Harper, Antonsburg, Centre Co. Pa.; Thomas Harper, her husband, Antonsburg, Centre Co. Pa.; Mary W. Frank, Harrisburg Co. Pa.; Lorenzo Will, her husband, Franklin, Venango Co. Pa.; Jared Brown, Tusseyville, Centre Co. Pa.; Caroline Mather, Antonsburg, Centre Co. Pa.; Benj. Brown, Plainfield, Ill.; Robert H. Brown, Bellevue, Ohio; Lloyd Brown, Linden Hall, Pa.; Ella B. Lohie, Lena, Ill.; John W. Brown, Lena, Ill.; Harry Brown, Lena, Ill.; Lloyd Brown, Gettle Brown, Edna Brown, who have for their guardian Mary Brown, Lena, Ill.

Take notice that in pursuance to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania, a writ in partition has been issued returnable on Monday 22nd day of April, 1900, and that an inquest be held for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent on

MU'DAY APRIL 22nd, 1900.

At the late residence of the decedent, in Harris Township at 8:30 o'clock, a. m. and on the premises situate in the township of Harris, county of Centre, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by lands of Van Trees heirs, on the east by lands of Wm. K. Alexander, on the south by lands of David J. Meyer, and on the west by lands of Elizabeth Gelling and Polter's estate, containing 130 acres more or less. The seven elected a two story dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings.

No. 1.—And the other trustees of the town of Antonsburg, township of Haines, county and state aforesaid, bounded on the north by street known as 8th street, on the east by lands of the heirs of the said decedent, on the west by Tuborn alley, and having erected a two story dwelling house, stable and other out-buildings. CYRUS BRUNGART, Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff. March 19, 1900.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MRS. JANE UZZLE, deceased, late of Snow Shoe, township. Notice of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement, to the undersigned. J. FRANK UZZLE, Administrator.

WRIT IN PARTITION.

To the heirs and legal representatives of the estate of Susan L. Walker, late of Centre Co. Pa.; Mary Reese (widow), Jersey Shore, Lycoming Co. Pa.; Louisa Foster, Howard, Centre Co. Pa.; J. E. Heller, her husband, Howard, Centre Co. Pa.; J. H. L. Liss, Winbur, Somerset Co. Pa.; Elizabeth Clark, Woodland, Clearfield Co. Pa.; John Clark, her husband, Woodland, Clearfield Co. Pa.; Calvin L. Liss, Woodland, Clearfield Co. Pa.; Wm. L. Liss, Woodland, Clearfield Co. Pa.; Charles L. Liss, Woodland, Clearfield Co. Pa.; Sadie L. Liss, a minor, having no guardians Woodland, Clearfield Co. Pa.; Mary Minnen, Nittany, Centre Co. Pa.; John Minnich, Nittany, Centre Co. Pa.; Bertha Liss, Nittany, Centre Co. Pa.; John R. Hoy, Madisonburg, Centre Co. Pa.; Sadie C. Heidricks, Sabula, Clearfield Co. Pa.; Frank Heidricks, her husband, Sabula, Clearfield Co. Pa.; Belle L. Liss, Nittany, Centre Co. Pa.

Take notice that in pursuance to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania, a writ in partition has been issued returnable on Monday, 22nd day of April, 1900, and that an inquest be held for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent on

SATURDAY APRIL 22nd, 1900.

At the late residence of the decedent, at which time and place you are present if you see proper. A certain tract of land situate in Walker Township, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows: To wit: A certain tract of the public road, thence by lot of J. A. Dorman and lands of Jacob Gebbie north 2 degrees west 14 perches to a post, thence north 83 1/2 degrees west 1 1/2 perches to a post, thence by lands of B. F. Fisher north 1 1/2 degrees west 14 perches to a post, thence by lands of Peppers estate and M. L. Beck north 2 degrees east 2 1/2 perches to a stone, thence south 65 degrees west 65 perches to a stone, thence by cemetery and school lot south 27 degrees east 2 1/2 perches to a stone, thence by public road south 64 degrees west 8 1/2 perches to place of beginning, containing 2 acres and 20 perches and the usual allowance of six per cent for roads.

CYRUS BRUNGART, Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff. March 19, 1900.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 84, January Term, 1900. ADAM BARTIGES vs. H. P. CONFER. The undersigned, auditor appointed to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's personal property, do hereby certify that he is duly entitled to receive the sum of \$100.00, which he will meet for the purposes of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, Pa. on Friday, the 21st day of April, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day all parties interested, who and where you are requested to attend to be thereafter defrayed from out of and claiming upon said fund. W. M. J. SHREVE, Auditor.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of W. F. Crider, J. H. Ling and H. R. Curtin, liquidating trustees of the Granite Mining Co. Ltd., will be presented to the Court for confirmation on Wednesday, April 22, 1900, and unless objection be filed thereon on or before the second day of the term, the same will be confirmed. M. I. GARDNER, Prothonotary. Bellefonte, Pa. March 22, 1900.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. John G. Love, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 4th judicial district, Centre County, Pa., of Centre, having issued his precept bearing date the 20th day of March, 1899, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas and Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pa., and Term and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to be held on the 19th day of April, the 23rd day of April, 1900, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in the proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to receive and prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just. Given under my hand, at Bellefonte the 29th day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1900 and the one hundred and thirty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America. CYRUS BRUNGART, Sheriff.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND

In effect on and after Nov 20, 1899. VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 5:30 a. m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a. m. at Altoona 1:30 p. m. at Pittsburg 4:15 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 7:15 p. m. at Altoona 9:10 p. m. at Pittsburg 11:55 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 10:40 a. m. at Altoona 12:35 p. m. at Pittsburg 3:20 p. m. VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a. m. at Harrisburg 2:40 p. m. at Philadelphia 4:47 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 7:15 p. m. at Harrisburg 9:45 p. m. at Philadelphia 11:55 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 10:40 a. m. at Harrisburg 2:40 p. m. at Philadelphia 4:47 p. m. VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a. m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a. m. Williamsport 12:40 p. m. arrive at Harrisburg 3:15 p. m. at Philadelphia 5:22 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p. m. arrive at Lock Haven 2:40 p. m. Williamsport 3:50 p. m. Harrisburg 6:25 p. m. Philadelphia 8:32 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4:31 p. m. arrive at Lock Haven 5:30 p. m. Williamsport 7:40 p. m. Harrisburg 10:15 p. m. Philadelphia 12:22 a. m. VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:40 a. m. arrive at Lewisburg at 9:05 a. m. Harrisburg 11:30 a. m. Philadelphia 3:17 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 2:15 p. m. arrive at Lewisburg 4:47 a. m. at Harrisburg 6:55 p. m. Philadelphia at 9:30 p. m.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov 30, 1899. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m. and 5:45 p. m. arrive at Snow Shoe 11:25 a. m. 7:37 p. m. Leave Snow Shoe 7:30 a. m. 3:15 p. m. arrive at Bellefonte 9:05 a. m. 5:30 p. m. For rates, maps, etc. apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. O. W. D. 33 Sixth Ave. Pittsburg. J. B. HUTCHINGS, Gen'l. Manager. J. E. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass Agent.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, No. 1, No. 2, STATIONS, No. 3, No. 4, READ UP. Rows include Harrisburg, Bellefonte, Altoona, Tyrone, etc.

Daily, 1 Week Days, 9:00 p. m. Sunday 1:10 a. m. Sunday. Philadelphia scheduled to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m. and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:30 p. m. J. W. GIBSON, General Supt.