

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Ghoulish Capers of Teddy Roosevelt.

WAVING THE BLOODY SHIRT.

Big Head Afflicts This Cavorting Broncho Buster.

FOREVER BLOWING HIS OWN HORN.

Poses as the Hero of the Spanish War and Denies His Comrades Their Just Honors—Doing His Best to Awaken Sectional Differences. The Deluded Globe-Democrat—Solid Delegation From Texas—C. A. Towne's Mental Equipment—Republicans Flocking to West Virginia.

(Special Washington Letter.)

Palsied be the hand that draws the bloody shirt from its dishonored grave and waves it in the face of the American people to stir up strife! That's my sentiment, and it comes warm from my heart. And that is precisely the ghoulish caper that Governor Roosevelt is now cutting before high heaven. For this culpable and inexcusable performance he deserves and will receive the execration of all honest and patriotic men. No human being has had such an astounding case of big head since Napoleon the Great died on his sullen isle amid a storm which rocked the world to its foundations, murmuring, "Tete d'armee!" The immortal Corsican had a right to be an egotist. He had accomplished marvelous things, but Teddy's achievements, both in peace and in war, are mere bagatelles.

Thackeray says that George IV had knighted so many people for heroism on the field and had presented so many banners to returning regiments during the Napoleonic wars that he finally became "lunatic" on the subject and concluded that he, under the name and style of Colonel Brock, had led a tremendous charge of the Scotch highlanders at Waterloo. Teddy seems to labor under the same sort of hallucination. He appears to think that he was the whole thing during the Spanish war. He not only, single handed and alone, conquered the dons by land, but he is responsible for Dewey's amazing victory at Manila. Teddy was the Carnot of that immortal deed and organized that victory, to hear him tell the tale. If he keeps on, he will finally conclude that he captured Vicksburg, conquered at Gettysburg and compelled the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox.

The Man Who Blows His Horn.

Mark Twain said, "Blessed is the man who bloweth his own horn, lest it be not blown!" Teddy must have read that bit of sarcastic philosophy written by the great Missouri humorist, and not only has he taken it to heart, but adopted it as the rule and guide of his faith and practice, for assuredly no man of this generation has so exalted his own horn. He blows it long, loud and on all occasions. But that is a venial sin, if sin it be, and injures no one except his fellow soldiers of honors justly due them. But dragging the bloody shirt out of its tomb for personal political reasons is the sin unpardonable against the American people. By so doing Colonel Roosevelt not only writes himself down as a Cheap John demagogue, but as a pestilent disturber of the public peace.

Two Kinds of Republicans.

There are Republicans and Republicans. Seventeen times this summer I had joint discussions with Hon. Jonathan Prentiss Dooliver, the new senator from Iowa. Always in enumerating the benefits of the Spanish war he placed among them "a reunited country," and that item always provoked applause. Now comes the vaporing egotist from Oyster Bay and knocks that prop out from under Brother Dooliver. If Teddy is right, Jonathan is wrong, and there is no "reunited country." If Jonathan is correct, Teddy is a malignant enemy of his country who for personal gain seeks to re-embroider the various sections of the country against each other. Of course it was none of my business, except in the most general way, but from the bottom of my heart I wish that Dooliver had received that vice presidential nomination instead of Roosevelt. Should McKinley be elected by any chance—though it looks like a 2 to 1 shot against him—and should he die and Roosevelt succeed, he will bend all his energies to reintroducing the era of hate, which would be the greatest calamity that could befall the country, which God forbid!

There is one day that I have always loved to think about, and that is the 8th of March, 1898, when the house of representatives, without a man missing—Democrats, Republicans, Populists and free silverites—performed the most stupendous act of confidence witnessed among men since the morning stars first sang together for joy by giving in to the hands of the president without condition and without reserve \$50,000,000 to be used for the public defense.

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," eloquence—patriotic eloquence—was on tap in the house of representatives that day. It gushed like a geyser; it overflowed the audience; it enthused the American people. We thought for sure that we had a reunited country that day, but now comes Roosevelt to labor incessantly to engender bad blood. He ought to be compelled to commit to memory all the patriotic speeches delivered in the

house that day. It would do him good unless his habit of self worship is absolutely incurable.

Astonishing Bryanphobia.
The intense heat of the last two months has apparently affected the brain of the editor of The Globe-Democrat. Its Bryanphobia is so astonishing that it undertakes to make people believe that Bryan is responsible for the seeming falling off of population in Omaha and Lincoln. I say "seeming falling off" advisedly, for people at all familiar with the facts know that not only in Omaha and Lincoln, but in a great many other cities east and west, there was a systematic and wholesale padding of the census in 1890. The rivalry among cities led to that result. But The Globe-Democrat labors under the delusion—a species of midsummer madness—that because Omaha and Lincoln have shrunk in population—if they have shrunk—the country is depopulated to that extent! What consummate idiocy! Does The Globe-Democrat suppose—really does it—that because a few thousand people left Omaha and Lincoln they expatriated themselves and sought homes in foreign lands? And doesn't The G.-D. know that it writes itself down an ass—a malignant one at that—by attributing loss of population—if loss there be—in Omaha and Lincoln to William J. Bryan?

A Fighter From Texas.

Certain Republicans are laying the flattering unction to their souls that they can defeat that brave old Democratic warhorse, Colonel Rudolph Kleberg of the Pio Grande district of Texas, but they are reckoning without their host, for Colonel Kleberg is a fighter from away back. There are no frills or fuss and feathers about your Uncle Rudolph. He quietly whets his snickersee and goes after them, and when he gets through they are not. The reason why the enemy thinks he can capture Kleberg's district is that the Democrats had a big fight for the nomination. Wonder these Republican editors never learn that Democrats are like cats a-fighting—"more fight, more cats." So true is this that when the Texas Democracy was split in twain some years ago The Globe-Democrat mournfully remarked, "Perhaps the Democratic majority in Texas can be kept below the 200,000 mark this year."

Repeaters in West Virginia.

But in West Virginia the badly scared Republican leaders are playing a more substantial game. Even at this early date they are importing colored heeled and repeaters by the carload "to work on the railroad." You bet they will "work on the railroad"—one day—the day of the election! After "working on the railroad" the first half of that day they will journey over into Kentucky and "work on the railroad" some more. Nothing like having a few thousand nomadic colored brothers "to work on the railroad" on election day. Republicans are scared, but it should be remembered that they are most dangerous when most scared, and Democrats should be more vigilant than ever. Democratic managers everywhere should see to it that we have a fair deal this time and that no such wholesale colonization and stuffing of the ballot box are permitted this time as took place in 1896. If elections are always to be conducted on the corrupt plan of 1896, we might as well save the expenses of the farce and boldly and openly put the offices up at auction and knock them down to the highest bidder.

Victious Jab at Teddy.

But Mr. Towne is not the only person that seems disposed to take a fall out of Colonel Roosevelt. That bright and sparkling independent journal, the Washington Post, makes this vicious jab at Teddy:

This is not the first time Teddy the Terrible has been compelled to wriggle out of an unpleasant predicament. It will be recalled that the question of tax paying slipped into his gubernatorial campaign.

As a friend and constant reader of The Post I voluntarily and without charge advise it to "look a leedle out" or the hero of Oyster Bay will swoop down upon Washington, lasso it and dump it into the Potomac. Just as he is blossoming out as the great apostle of purity and light, it is laid manners in The Post to jog the people's memory about Teddy's career as a tax dodger, and recalls Bourke Cockran's great argument against the income tax, to wit: "That the passage of the income tax bill would force the poor persecuted downtrodden plutocrats of New York to commit perjury in order to escape payment!" If a hero is not permitted to dodge his taxes, what's the use in being a hero? Let the Washington Post answer that or forever hold its peace.

The Globe-Democrat is the Mark Tapley of American politics. It is always cheerful, forever hopeful. Just at present it is trying to delude itself and its readers by asserting that Democratic leaders in Missouri fear a slump if not a defeat. I commend to it a careful perusal of the following beautiful poem by my friend Ripley D. Saunders:

ger fools than Thompson's celebrated colt, which swam the Mississippi river to get a drink. Chandler says that Clark has sworn to spend \$100,000 to compass his defeat. The chances are that Clark wouldn't give 100 cents to beat Chandler, and nobody knows it better than Chandler himself. He is simply making his race under false pretenses in order to keep a Democrat out of the senate and to lift himself in again.

Out in Indiana the friends of Hon. Charles B. Landis are also scared and, strange to say, are endeavoring to work on the Hoosier voters a game of bunko very similar to the one Senator Chandler is playing up in New Hampshire. The Landis rosters, seeing him about to lose his seat in congress to a Democrat, have raised the hue and cry that Brigham H. Roberts of Utah is raising heaven and earth and expending a large sum of hard cash to beat Landis. What arrant nonsense! What cheap demagoguery! What miserable claptrap! Landis had no more to do with putting Roberts out than did a dozen others, not much more than about 200 others, and Roberts knows that. Then why should Roberts single out Landis for vengeance any more than Judge Lanham of Texas? It's all bosh and shows the sore straits in which Republican candidates find themselves.

By the way, it appears that Landis is not the only Republican statesman who uses Roberts as a bogey man. Hon. Robert W. Taylor of Ohio started the same canard to save himself from being defeated for the nomination, and, wonderful to tell, the trick worked like a charm. I really wonder how many more of them are going to try to save their congressional bacon by yelling: "Help, good people! Help! That man Roberts is after me!" Roberts, even if fool enough to undertake it, would have to be richer than Croesus to do much toward punishing the men who bounced him. I helped to do that thing myself. I took a humble part in the purification of congress. I helped to keep him out, but I am not idiot enough to believe that Roberts could control even one vote in the congressional district which I have the honor to represent. Landis must have a marvelous lot of constituents if he fears the malign influence of Roberts upon them. He really believes nothing of the sort, and the Roberts business is a bold, bald play to the galleries.

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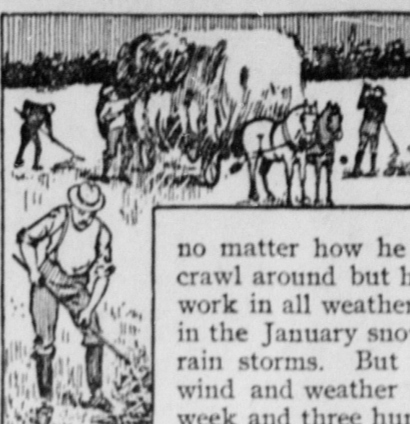
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HOT TIMES IN OLD MISSOURI.
Hot times in old Missouri!
When August days come round,
And campaign speakers make the state
A big debating ground.
Hot times! Hot times!
But the game must still be played—
Hot times with oratory at
One hundred in the shade!

Hot times in old Missouri!
When August days chip in
With politics to make the blood
Like lava in your skin.
Hot times! Hot times!
But not a soul dismayed!
Bring on your oratory at
One hundred in the shade!

Champ Clark



The Farmer Works Hard

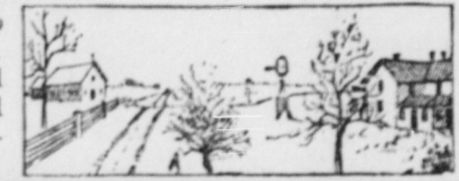
For a living. He has to. He must "make hay while the sun shines," no matter how he feels. He may feel hardly able to crawl around but he can't neglect the stock. He must work in all weathers, sweeter under the July sun, shiver in the January snow, or be soaked to the skin in heavy rain storms. But it's work, work, work, regardless of wind and weather for the farmer: work seven days in a week and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The result of this incessant strain is often "stomach trouble." The farmer eats hastily and heartily, often when the stomach is in no condition to receive food, without a period of rest. He rushes back into the field and sweats and slaves while the stomach strives in vain to digest the food which has been put into it. Then indigestion appears. The stomach feels unduly full and distended after a meal. Fermentation occurs and there are sour or bitter risings with constant belching. As the entire digestive and nutritive systems become involved symptoms multiply and suffering increases.

For such a condition there is no medicine so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It re-establishes the health by a complete cure of the diseased organs. It cleanses the stomach and strengthens all the organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, invigorates the liver and nourishes the nerves.

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery" nor does it contain opium, cocaine or other narcotics. It is strictly a temperance medicine.

"I was troubled with indigestion for about two years," writes Wm. Bowker, Esq., of Juliette, Latah Co., Idaho. "I tried different doctors and remedies but to no avail, until I wrote to Dr. Pierce, and he told me what to do. I suffered with a pain in my stomach and left side, and thought it would kill me. I am glad to write and let you know that I am all right. I can do my work now without pain and I don't have that tired feeling that I used to have. Five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels in a healthy condition. They work with "Golden Medical Discovery" and should be used with that medicine when a laxative is required.



KILLED BY A SNEEZE

An Old Colored Woman of Dawson City.

To Most People This Seems a Remarkable Occurrence, But How Many Men, Women and Children Die Annually From a Neglected Little Sneeze.

The New Treatment reaches the most obscure passages of the head, healing the Catarrh Ulcers and Running Sores, that the microbes have made.

SCIENCE HAS TRIUMPHED.

Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Diseases can be cured.

DR. J. K. STITES, the great specialist, is daily demonstrating the truth of his statement by the almost miraculous results of the **NEW TREATMENT.**

The Wonderful New Treatment

Kills the Catarrh Microbes as soon as it reaches them. Asthma, Bronchitis and many stomach troubles are caused by the venomous Catarrh germs, and as soon as they are destroyed all other troubles gradually disappear.

DR. J. K. STITES.

The Inevitable Results of Neglected Colds.

When persons contract a fresh cold, it at first attacks the nostrils, causing frequent sneezing. Then it spreads to the throat, and although they may apparently recover, throughout the whole winter they are more or less troubled, with cold or coughs, each succeeding one a trifle more severe than the first. In the warm summer months you may have a short respite from them, but each succeeding winter finds the head and throat more tender. Then comes a tickling sensation, causing coughing, hawking and spitting, particularly in the mornings; the throat is filled with foul and deadly mucus, which passes into the stomach, causes untold suffering and distress.

IN A SHORT TIME WINTER WILL SET IN with its usual large crop of coughs and colds, and those who are suffering from Catarrhal diseases are in great danger. NOW IS THE TIME. One month of the NEW TREATMENT AT THIS SEASON MAY SAVE YOU MUCH SUFFERING AND DOCTOR BILLS DURING THE FAST APPROACHING WINTER.

Another Patient Kindly Testifies in Her Own Words to the Good Dr. Stites Has Done for Her.

I have been a great sufferer of catarrh in my head and throat ever since I was a child. I was bothered continuously with hawking and spitting and dropping in the back part of my throat. This was a great annoyance not only to myself but to those around me. Have been under Dr. Stites' new treatment for three months; have greatly improved, don't scarcely have to do any more hawking or spitting. Thanks to Dr. Stites for his kind and careful treatment.

MRS. JAMES ROWAN, Bellefonte, Pa.

Consultation and Examination Free.
Hours, from 9 a. m. to 12. 1 to 5 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.
NO INCURABLE CASES TAKEN.
Offices, No. 21 North Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Here is a List of **FIRE INSURANCE CO'S** MONEY TO LOAN

On first-class real estate security. A limited amount in sums of from \$500 to \$1000 and any number of loans desired in larger sums. Bring deeds and apply in person to **W. GALER MORRISON,** 214 E. Bishop St. Bellefonte, Pa.

Garman's Empire House, MAIN STREET, TYRONE, PA.

AL. S. GARMAN, Proprietor.

Everything new, clean and inviting. Special pains will be taken to entertain Centre county people when traveling in that section.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after May 27, 1900.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m. arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a. m.; at Altoona, 1:00 p. m.; at Pittsburg, 5:45 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p. m.; at Altoona 3:10 p. m.; at Pittsburg, 6:55 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Altoona at 7:35; at Pittsburg at 11:39 p. m.
VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m. arrive at Tyrone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p. m.; at Philadelphia 4:47 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p. m.; at Harrisburg 6:45 p. m.; at Philadelphia 10:20 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p. m. arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Harrisburg at 10:10 p. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a. m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:59 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p. m. arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p. m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p. m. arrive at Harrisburg 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 10:59; leave Williamsport, 12:40 p. m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3:15 p. m.; at Philadelphia at 6:25 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p. m. arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p. m.; Williamsport, 3:50 p. m.; Harrisburg, 6:55 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 8:31 p. m. arrive at Lock Haven, 9:30 p. m.; Williamsport, 1:05 a. m.; arrive Harrisburg, 3:55 a. m. arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 a. m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

In effect May 27, 1900.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	STATIONS.	STATIONS.	STATIONS.
1:45 P. M.	Montandon	9:00 A. M.	Montandon
1:55 P. M.	Lewisburg	9:15 A. M.	Lewisburg
2:05 P. M.	Fair Ground	9:30 A. M.	Fair Ground
2:15 P. M.	York	9:45 A. M.	York
2:25 P. M.	Mifflintown	10:00 A. M.	Mifflintown
2:35 P. M.	Milford	10:15 A. M.	Milford
2:45 P. M.	Cherry Run	10:30 A. M.	Cherry Run
2:55 P. M.	Coburn	10:45 A. M.	Coburn
3:05 P. M.	Centerville	11:00 A. M.	Centerville
3:15 P. M.	Gregg	11:15 A. M.	Gregg
3:25 P. M.	Linden Hall	11:30 A. M.	Linden Hall
3:35 P. M.	Lebanon	11:45 A. M.	Lebanon
3:45 P. M.	Dale Summit	12:00 P. M.	Dale Summit
3:55 P. M.	Pleasant Gap	12:15 P. M.	Pleasant Gap
4:05 P. M.	Bellefonte	12:30 P. M.	Bellefonte

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Nov. 20, 1899.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	STATIONS.	STATIONS.	STATIONS.
6:00 P. M.	Tyrone	8:10 P. M.	Tyrone
6:10 P. M.	E Tyrone	8:20 P. M.	E Tyrone
6:20 P. M.	Vall	8:30 P. M.	Vall
6:30 P. M.	Bald Eagle	8:40 P. M.	Bald Eagle
6:40 P. M.	Dix	8:50 P. M.	Dix
6:50 P. M.	Powder	9:00 P. M.	Powder
7:00 P. M.	Martha	9:10 P. M.	Martha
7:10 P. M.	Port Matilda	9:20 P. M.	Port Matilda
7:20 P. M.	Tulsa	9:30 P. M.	Tulsa
7:30 P. M.	Unionville	9:40 P. M.	Unionville
7:40 P. M.	Snow Shoe Int	9:50 P. M.	Snow Shoe Int
7:50 P. M.	Milesburg	10:00 P. M.	Milesburg
8:00 P. M.	Milesburg	10:10 P. M.	Milesburg
8:10 P. M.	Belleville	10:20 P. M.	Belleville
8:20 P. M.	Howard	10:30 P. M.	Howard
8:30 P. M.	Curran	10:40 P. M.	Curran
8:40 P. M.	McEagle	10:50 P. M.	McEagle
8:50 P. M.	Belleville	11:00 P. M.	Belleville
9:00 P. M.	Belleville	11:10 P. M.	Belleville
9:10 P. M.	Belleville	11:20 P. M.	Belleville
9:20 P. M.	Belleville	11:30 P. M.	Belleville
9:30 P. M.	Belleville	11:40 P. M.	Belleville
9:40 P. M.	Belleville	11:50 P. M.	Belleville
9:50 P. M.	Belleville	12:00 P. M.	Belleville

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 20, 1899.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	STATIONS.	STATIONS.	STATIONS.
8:55 A. M.	Bellefonte	11:25 A. M.	Bellefonte
9:10 A. M.	Snow Shoe	11:40 A. M.	Snow Shoe
9:25 A. M.	Bellefonte	11:55 A. M.	Bellefonte
9:40 A. M.	Bellefonte	12:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
9:55 A. M.	Bellefonte	12:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
10:10 A. M.	Bellefonte	12:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
10:25 A. M.	Bellefonte	12:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
10:40 A. M.	Bellefonte	1:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
10:55 A. M.	Bellefonte	1:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
11:10 A. M.	Bellefonte	1:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
11:25 A. M.	Bellefonte	1:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
11:40 A. M.	Bellefonte	2:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
11:55 A. M.	Bellefonte	2:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
12:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	2:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
12:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	2:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
12:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	3:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
12:55 P. M.	Bellefonte	3:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
1:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	3:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
1:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	3:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
1:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	4:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
1:55 P. M.	Bellefonte	4:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
2:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	4:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
2:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	4:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
2:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	5:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
2:55 P. M.	Bellefonte	5:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
3:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	5:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
3:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	5:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
3:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	6:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
3:55 P. M.	Bellefonte	6:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
4:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	6:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
4:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	6:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
4:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	7:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
4:55 P. M.	Bellefonte	7:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
5:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	7:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
5:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	7:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
5:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	8:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
5:55 P. M.	Bellefonte	8:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
6:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	8:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
6:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	8:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
6:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	9:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
6:55 P. M.	Bellefonte	9:25 P. M.	Bellefonte
7:10 P. M.	Bellefonte	9:40 P. M.	Bellefonte
7:25 P. M.	Bellefonte	9:55 P. M.	Bellefonte
7:40 P. M.	Bellefonte	10:10 P. M.	Bellefonte
7:55 P. M.	Bellefonte		