

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

A Glance at the Philippine Situation.

LARGE EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

Millions Must Be Spent to Help Jobbers Grow Rich.

JOHN BULL BARS OUT OUR BEEF.

Hard Blow Delivered by Our Whim British Friend—Poor Request For the Continuance of Our Pro-British Administration in the Murder of the South African Republics. Flagrant Violation of Neutrality Laws—Senator Lodge Settles the War—Minority Representation. Lents Still Alive.

[Special Washington Letter.]

General Aguinaldo having issued a proclamation to his followers advising them to lay down their arms and to accept the sovereignty of the United States, it is to be hoped that hostilities, such as they are, will cease and that our regular army will soon be reduced to a peace footing, a consummation devoutly to be wished, as to maintain a soldier in that faraway land costs at least \$2,000 per annum, to say nothing of the prospect of paying him a pension the rest of his natural life or paying it to his wife or dependent relatives the rest of their natural lives. We will be in luck if some other Filipino chief does not take it into his head to continue the war—an endless guerrilla war—for the Filipinos may conclude that Aguinaldo issued his proclamation under duress and fail to be persuaded thereby. Should they accept his advice in good faith we will have a large expense account to meet annually in order that a few jobbers may grow rich. That is the best view of the situation. If they conclude to continue the war, we are in for as ugly a job as any nation ever tackled.

Why? Oh, Why?

Of course no right minded person would desire to disturb the serenity of our anglomaniacs; but, considering the fact that England has quarantined our beef, this inquiry is pertinent: "What has become of that wondrous love which we were vociferously assured that John Bull bore us while he was hoodwinking our pro-British administration into conniving at the foul murder of two little republics in South Africa?" A stronger word than "connive" might not be improperly used in that connection. If it will not too much perturb the tranquillity of the aforesaid anglomaniacs, I would venture to ask, "Why, oh, why, has Mr. Bull dealt us this cruel blow of shutting out our beef product?" True, they do not grow much beef or much of anything else except tariff and trusts in that portion of the United States infested by the anglomaniacs, but nevertheless there are millions of persons in the beef raising districts of the United States proper who would like to know, don't you know, why John is beginning to act after his old bad manner. His love for us was fleeting as the rainbow's glory. He has returned to his vomit and is himself again. Only think of it! He gives us this whack on the solar plexus while a supple and servile United States judge at New Orleans is, in violation of all laws of neutrality, making a ruling in New Orleans in re the American mule which is as thoroughly pro-British as if one of John's own judges had rendered it. The dog that bites the hand which feeds it has been used for centuries as the type of all that is ungrateful and base, and furnishing mules and horses ad libitum to a belligerent is on all fours with furnishing feed, for mules and horses are as necessary as bread and meat. It doesn't require a Philadelphia lawyer or a lawyer of any sort to know that any person of ordinary sense knows it.

Mr. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, a most estimable gentleman, can't understand why John Bull should act in this unseemly manner and has asked Colonel John Hay, secretary of state, to ask Mr. Joseph H. Choate, American ambassador to the court of St. James, to ask John why he cutteth such a fantastic caper at this particular juncture. John B. is likely to tell Mr. Choate to tell Colonel Hay to tell Mr. Wilson to go to the deuce. Having used us, John Bull is, as usual, ready to throw us away as a sucked orange.

"I Won't, You Mustn't."

Press dispatches inform us that our pro-British cabinet at Washington has a bad case of mulligrubs because a poor benighted South African Boer went into court in New Orleans and tried to break up the British purchase of American mules, notoriously to be used in subduing the heroic little republics. Our Washington cabinet lawyers are rather of the opinion that an action to enforce neutrality laws is an administrative function and that the poor benighted Boer aforesaid was very naughtily to invade those laws, but here is the rub: If it is an administrative prerogative, why hasn't the administration asserted it? "Why, oh, why?" President McKinley was a soldier and presumably knows the value of a mule in wartime, even if his cabinet does not. A more flagrant violation of neutrality laws was never witnessed on earth, yet the administration will not enforce them and will not let anybody else do it. We are in a lovely predicament, to be sure! That poor benighted Boer ought to be yanked up and tried for treason against the

United States because he is interfering with John Bull's plans, for he must be taught that Mr. Bull has carte blanche to do as he pleases here.

The cabinet lawyers are not cocksure that the law confining the initiative in neutrality enforcement proceedings is as they desire it; consequently Mr. Attorney General Knox has been requested to investigate and report. If he finds that things are not as they desire, congress will be asked to so amend the law that nobody but the administration can invoke the aid of the courts as to enforcing neutrality laws, and, as in the Porto Rican tariff matter it was demonstrated that the bread and butter brigade runs the house, it may be safely predicted, to the shame of America and American manhood, that the administration will get all the law it wants with which to coddle Mr. Bull. How are the mighty fallen! When we were 3,000,000 strong, we thrashed Mr. Bull. We performed the same caper again when we were only 12,000,000 souls. Now that we number 77,000,000, not counting the denizens of Guam and the Philippines, we are John's bondsvant! We are in some respects advancing in a crab—that is, backward; growing after the fashion of the cow's tail—downward. And yet this is the land of Patrick Henry, George Washington, Commodore Perry and Andrew Jackson!

Neutrality Proceedings.

No doubt there are those who will say that I make these comments on the action and nonaction of the administration in a carping spirit simply because it is Republican and I am Democrat. For the benefit of all such I call attention to the following excerpt from an editorial in the Washington Post, which claims to be independent, but which is greatly enamored of Mr. McKinley and most of his works. But the Post scents danger. Referring to what the cabinet lawyers think about the neutrality proceedings at New Orleans, The Post says:

The impression conveyed to the public mind indeed that the gentlemen of the cabinet represent as impertinent interference the attempt of an individual to challenge through the courts what he regards as an injustice or a cruelty even though the attempt contemplate nothing more than a statement of the law. They are represented as holding the opinion that private citizens have no right to meddle in such matters and as going so far as to say that such a right exists they will ask congress to extinguish it by legislation.

We say that thoughtful people will be painfully impressed by this disclosure. Public sentiment has already been sufficiently offended by our government's singular complaisance toward England during the past three years. In that time we have seen many strange and startling things. We have seen a large area of United States territory held over to England under the plea of creating a "temporary" modus vivendi. We have seen England arrest our commerce in foodstuffs with the Portuguese port of Lourenco Marques, while simultaneously she established purchasing stations in various parts of the South African republics. Yes, we have seen all this, to say nothing of the shocking episode of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, now happily closed by the action of a patriotic senate, and it has grieved and shamed every true American heart. Does the administration propose to afflict, to offend, to any further in this direction?

If such be the idea of the cabinet, we congratulate them upon the brilliant success which will infallibly crown their efforts. Only one construction will or can be put upon a suppression by government contrivance of the legal proceedings at New Orleans. The country will conclude, and in the light of past events will be justified in concluding, that the administration does not want the legality of the shipments investigated, but prefers to contumace them in England's behalf, whether they be warranted or forbidden.

C. P.

Tennyson says:
In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wren's throat gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Which lines are here quoted apropos of the announcement of the engagement of Major General Henry C. Corbin, adjutant general of the United States army, to Miss Edythe Patten. So while General Fred Funston was capturing General Aguinaldo Cupid shot his dart straight into the heart of General Corbin. Certainly Cupid couldn't by any possibility have selected a more martial figure on which to practice his marksmanship. On inauguration day General Corbin was the cynosure of all eyes as he and Colonel Bingham escorted Mrs. McKinley to see her husband sworn in a second time as chief magistrate of the republic. Corbin is a large, soldierly, handsome man and looked his best on that gorgeous occasion. Thackeray says that all the world loves a lover. Consequently General Corbin is to be congratulated. Likewise the lady who is to be Mrs. General Corbin.

Ended For the Steenth Time.

The Philippine war is over. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Nahant says so, and that settles it, for Henry Cabot is omniscient, so he thinks. True that Otis—by the way, what has become of him?—said so. According to Otis, the Philippine war ended every full and change of the moon. MacArthur ended it several times—so did the secretary of war, just before the election—but somehow, though frequently ended by those illustrious warriors, it always broke out again next day worse than ever. But Henry Cabot has ended it for good and all. True, he has never been closer to the Philippines than Nahant, but then he knows, don't you know. Now, if the sage Henry Cabot, having ended the war, would put an end to American officers over there stealing from Uncle Sam he would be hailed not only as a modern Solomon, but as a public benefactor. Perhaps Henry Cabot thinks that would be a larger and harder job than ending the war, and perhaps H. C. is correct.

Had Case of Mulligrubs.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat is suffering from what seems to be an incur-

able case of mulligrubs. It takes it seriously to heart because the Missouri legislature gerrymandered the state so that the Republicans will ordinarily elect only one congressman out of 16, which is rather tough on Republican Missouri would be congressmen. To hear the G.-D. tell it nobody but Democrats ever put up a gerrymander. Wonder if it ever heard of a state named Iowa, where on any fair plan of districting the Democrats would elect five or six congressmen and where by a vile and amazing gerrymander the Democrats are allowed none at all. The Iowa gerrymanderers lick the congressional platter clean. Even General Henderson, the speaker, represents a district which is such a geographical monstrosity as to be dubbed "the monkey wrench district." And to the Republicans the making of that district was a ground hog case; otherwise some ambitious Democrat would oust the general David.

Wonder if The G.-D., while groaning in spirit over the sins of millionaire Democrats, ever thinks of Minnesota, which permits the Democrats to have no representation at all? Or of Maine, where the same state of affairs exists? Or of Illinois, where they are laboring at the worst Republican gerrymander ever heard of since the system was first invented? Very much depends on whose ox is gored. The esteemed G.-D. should remember that it is bad policy for those living in glass houses to throw stones. Before it essays to extract the mote from Democratic eyes it should perform a surgical operation and take the beam out of Republican optics. Political reform, like charity, should begin at home.

Minority Representation.

While The G.-D. is stopped by the outrageous gerrymanders of its own party from jawing about Democratic gerrymanders, it is nevertheless true that all parties have run the gerrymandering business into the ground. There is only one remedy for it, and that is to have minority representation in congress. For example, instead of dividing a state into separate districts, divide it into blocks of three districts each, and then give each voter three votes, permitting him to vote three times for one man or once for each of three men or twice for one man and once for another or one and a half times for each of two men. That plan or something similar would insure representation to the minority. Any party will gerrymander so long as it is possible, just as Tom L. Johnson declared on the floor of the house that he was a monopolist and would continue to be one so long as the law permitted monopolies to exist. Gerrymanders and monopolies will never cease until the law renders them impossible.

It is given out in the public prints that Jerry Simpson, yeelp "The Sage of Medicine Lodge," has realized a large stake in the cattle business, a fact on which he is to be most heartily congratulated, and that he is going to return to congress, a fact on which the country is to be congratulated, for few men of this generation, if any, are better equipped for service in that large and tumultuous body than is Jerry Simpson. What district Jerry proposes to represent is not known to the writer at this time, for the newspapers have given it out that he had abandoned the big Seventh, now represented by Hon. Chester I. Long, and had moved to the Kansas City (Kan.) district. It may be that Jerry still holds his residence at Medicine Lodge notwithstanding he does business at K. C., K. A rather strange coincidence happened at Wichita recently when and where Hon. James D. Richardson of Tennessee, ranking Mason of the world, was holding some sort of exalted Masonic powwow, and that was that Jerry and Chester were both inducted into the mysteries of the Scottish Rite Masons. But it is safe to say that those two illustrious political Thomas cats did not on that occasion or any other have buried the political tomahawk. They may hobnob as Masons, but as to hobnobbing as politicians—that's another story. It will be noticed that neither is herein denominated a statesman, because, neither being dead, neither is eligible to that title under Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed's far famed definition.

Dictator Lents.

Evolution is a law of nature—so said Charles Robert Darwin. Political evolution produces some queer results. Since the November election Republican organ grinders have been announcing with ghoulish glee that John Jacob Lents of Columbus, O., was dead—dead as a smelt, dead as Julius Caesar, dead as a doornail. In the kindness of my heart I have from time to time warned them that their jubilations were premature and that Lents, like truth, would rise again, and they will bear me witness—not cheerful witness, but witness nevertheless—that I was a prophet. Lents's candidate for mayor of Columbus overturned a Republican majority of nearly 3,000 and was elected. Now those same Republican papers which announced the demise of Lents denounce him as "dictator!" Verily the world moves! I'm not much in favor of dictators, but if there must be one I am glad Lents has achieved the position. If one is needed anywhere, it is in Ohio. Indeed that boss ridden commonwealth cannot get along without a few dictators, and certainly John J. Lents, Democratic dictator, who uses his brains as his means of securing ascendancy, is preferable to Dictator Marcus A. Hanna, Dictator General Charles Dick and Dictator Dictator George B. Cox, the hoodlum chief of Cincinnati, whose means of securing power is boodle. I am sure that Lents will make an intelligent, courageous and lenient dictator. At any rate, he is not dead; quite the contrary.

Women look with apprehension upon that time generally known as the "change of life." Observation has shown them that sometimes that change is so far-reaching that it involves both mind and body in suffering. At such a time the mirror sometimes shows great changes in the face; changes which mark the pain and suffering which are being endured. Often, too, in these dolorous days there is almost complete physical collapse. The suffering woman drops into a chair and with closed eyes struggles against her weakness. The suffering of this critical period in woman's life often leaves its lasting scars on the mind as well as the body. This time of trial and trouble has been passed in ease and happiness by women who had learned the wonderful value of that woman's medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. By the use of this remedy

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Its Probable Effect on Woman's Health and Happiness.

Women look with apprehension upon that time generally known as the "change of life." Observation has shown them that sometimes that change is so far-reaching that it involves both mind and body in suffering. At such a time the mirror sometimes shows great changes in the face; changes which mark the pain and suffering which are being endured. Often, too, in these dolorous days there is almost complete



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THE "CHANGE" IS CHANGED

from a time of distress and misery to a time of comfort and happiness. "It is now two years since I first began to use your medicines," writes Mrs. Charles E. Thompson, of Georgetown, Eldorado Co., Cal. "I first tried the 'Favorite Prescription' and found that before I had taken one bottle it was improving. When I commenced to take the medicine I thought I would never live through the 'change.' I suffered from all the troubles one could have and live. I had stomach trouble; lived on dry bread and hot water for three months, not being able to keep any food on my stomach; had constipation and awful headaches; was bloated at times in the bowels, had pain in the chest and hacking cough, but, thanks to Dr. Pierce's 'Pellets' and the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in connection with 'Favorite Prescription,' and find all of them just as Dr. Pierce recommends them to be.

"Since last October I have traveled over hard, rocky roads in farm wagons, and felt no return of any of my old troubles, and I know that before using Dr. Pierce's medicines I could not have stood half of it, as the least jar would have caused aching from head to foot.

"I most highly recommend all of Dr. Pierce's medicines, and I hope all ladies suffering from female complaint will try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The claim made for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription that it makes weak women strong and sick women well is a comprehensive one and covers every form of womanly weakness or sickness which medicine can be expected to cure. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity and dries the offensive drains which weaken women. It quenches the fire of inflammation, heals the gnawing ulcer, and cures the backache and bear-

ing-down pains inseparable from female weakness. Mothers find in "Favorite Prescription" a wonderful tonic, imparting great physical strength, promoting the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep. It keeps the prospective mother in health and strength and makes the baby's advent practically painless.

CLAIMS VS. CURES.

It is very much easier to make claims than to make cures. It is by its cures "Favorite Prescription" is to be judged and by the multiplied testimonies to these cures given by the grateful women who have been restored to perfect health and strength through the use of this great medicine.

"About five years ago I had very poor health," writes Mrs. S. E. Whalen, of Holden, Johnson Co., Mo. "After doctoring four years with our town doctors they gave my case up; said they had done all they could. I had been confined to my bed half my time; the other half could hardly drag around. I had such pains in my back and abdomen I could not stand on my feet for more than a few minutes. My feet were cold or burning, and my periods came too often. The doctors said it was change of life, so, as I had heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines, my husband got me a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription.' I took it and it helped me in some ways, so I wrote to you and followed your advice. I commenced 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Pleasant Pellets,' as I was so constipated all the time and pills would weaken me so that I would have to go to bed. To the great surprise of everybody I got well, and when I met my friends they would say 'I never thought you would be here now.' But I can say it was your medicine, which no doubt is the best in the world. Have no use for doctors since I tried your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is purely a vegetable preparation and cannot disagree with the weakest constitution. It contains no alcohol and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription" if you wish to be cured as others have been. Insist upon the remedy with a record for the cure of weak and sick women.

Women suffering from disease in chronic form are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential and the written confidences of women are guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed in personal consultations. Ad-

dress Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

"FORWARDED—FORWARDED."

That saying has a most forceful application to matters relating to disease and health. To be forwarded against disease, to know its cause and its cure, is to arm the health beforehand against many maladies. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is a book of forewarning. It teaches how to protect and preserve the health. This valuable work, containing 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper-covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

In effect on and after Nov. 26, 1900.

VIA TYROSE—WESTWARD.		VIA TYROSE—EASTWARD.	
Leave Bellefonte	9:55 a. m.	Arrive at Tyrone	11:10 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte	1:05 p. m.	Arrive at Tyrone	2:20 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	4:44 p. m.	Arrive at Tyrone	6:00 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	9:55 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	11:10 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte	1:05 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	2:20 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	4:44 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	6:00 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	9:55 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	11:10 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte	1:05 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	2:20 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	4:44 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	6:00 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	9:55 a. m.	Arrive at Lock Haven	11:10 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte	1:05 p. m.	Arrive at Lock Haven	2:20 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	4:44 p. m.	Arrive at Lock Haven	6:00 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	9:55 a. m.	Arrive at Lewisburg	11:10 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte	1:05 p. m.	Arrive at Lewisburg	2:20 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	4:44 p. m.	Arrive at Lewisburg	6:00 p. m.

LEWISBURG & TYROSE RAILROAD.

In effect Nov. 26, 1900.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
1:30 p. m.	Arrive at Lewisburg	8:00 a. m.	Arrive at Bellefonte
1:45 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	8:15 a. m.	Arrive at Tyrone
1:55 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	8:30 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
2:05 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	8:45 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
2:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	9:00 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
2:25 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	9:15 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
2:35 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	9:30 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
2:45 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	9:45 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
2:55 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	10:00 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
3:05 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	10:15 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
3:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	10:30 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
3:25 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	10:45 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
3:35 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	11:00 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
3:45 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	11:15 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
3:55 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	11:30 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
4:05 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	11:45 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
4:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	12:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
7:00 a. m.	Arrive at Tyrone	1:00 p. m.	Arrive at Bellefonte
7:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	1:15 p. m.	Arrive at Tyrone
7:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	1:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
7:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	1:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
8:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	2:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
8:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	2:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
8:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	2:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
8:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	2:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
9:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	3:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
9:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	3:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
9:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	3:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
9:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	3:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
10:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	4:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
10:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	4:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
10:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	4:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
10:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	4:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
11:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	5:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
11:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	5:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
11:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	5:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
11:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	5:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
12:00 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	6:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 20, 1900.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
7:00 a. m.	Arrive at Bellefonte	1:00 p. m.	Arrive at Snow Shoe
7:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	1:15 p. m.	Arrive at Bellefonte
7:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	1:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
7:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	1:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
8:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	2:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
8:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	2:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
8:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	2:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
8:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	2:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
9:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	3:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
9:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	3:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
9:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	3:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
9:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	3:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
10:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	4:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
10:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	4:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
10:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	4:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
10:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	4:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
11:00 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	5:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
11:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	5:15 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
11:30 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	5:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
11:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	5:45 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia
12:00 p. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	6:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900.

READ DOWN.		STATIONS.		READ UP.	
7:00 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	1:00 p. m.	Arrive at Bellefonte	7:00 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
7:15 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	1:15 p. m.	Arrive at Tyrone	7:15 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
7:30 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	1:30 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	7:30 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
7:45 a. m.	Arrive at Philadelphia	1:45 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	7:45 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg
8:00 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	2:00 p. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg	8:00 a. m.	Arrive at Harrisburg