

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Words Fitly Spoken by President McKinley.

REJOICE HIS TRUE FRIENDS.

Follows Precedent Set by the Immortal Washington.

SETTLES THIRD TERM IDIOCY.

Squelches the Sycophants Who Sneer at Constitutional Liberty—Depew and Grosvenor Rebuked—Plover Combine Oppresses the Farmers, Preparing the Way For Chinese Coolies—Wage Earners in Danger, Concerning the Loyalty of the South—Senator Fairbanks' Presidential Boom—Uncle Sam Plundered by His Servants.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Far and away the most important utterance of any public man this year, perhaps in this generation, is that of President McKinley touching the third term matter. "Words fitly spoken," says King Solomon, "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." That Mr. McKinley's were fitly spoken there can be no question. "I say now, once for all, expressing a long settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it if it were tendered me." That sentence opportunely published confounds his enemies, rejoices his true friends, personal and political; relieves many genuine patriots of a great fear and increases vastly his stature as an American statesman. It does more than all this. It adds the weight of another illustrious name to the precedent set by Washington and confirmed by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson. I have no disposition to gush over Mr. McKinley. Personally I entertain a high regard for him, and both for his own sake and the sake of constitutional liberty I rejoice with exceeding great joy that he has settled the third term idiom for another generation at least. I can say with some pride, "I told you so," for I never doubted that his common sense would in due time put an effectual stopper on those sycophants who were endeavoring to lure him into a course which would jeopardize his popularity and would perhaps have ended in ignominious defeat, a sad ending to such a triumphant career.

Standing today on the topmost pinnacle of human power, having sounded all the shoals and depths of honor, he can render his country at least one more signal blessing, and that is to take advantage of his tremendous influence to secure an amendment to the constitution limiting the presidency to one term of six years and making the incumbent forever ineligible to that great office—the greatest which earth has to bestow. If he can do this, future generations will call him blessed.

Depew and Grosvenor.

Mr. McKinley's performance reminds me of a story. Out in Pike county, Mo., there once lived a great wag named Sid Shaw, who occasionally bearded and bucked the tiger in his lair. Early one morning a friend found Sid leaning against a lamp post in St. Louis, looking exceedingly disconsolate. He kindly inquired, "Sid, what's the trouble?" Sid replied with tearful voice, "I played faro all night, lost my last cent and feel that I have been acting the fool with nothing to show for it!" It seems that Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew and General Charles Henry Grosvenor must feel much as did Sid Shaw. Depew may get out of his predicament by declaring that it was all a huge joke, but General Grosvenor cannot escape so easily from the well merited derision of mankind which he has brought upon himself by advocating an un-American proposition, at variance with our whole history and with the genius of our institutions. General Grosvenor very rarely jokes. When he does, his jokes burn more than they tickle. He was in deadly earnest, whatever Depew may have been. The most charitable view that can be taken of his performance is that his affection for the president entran his discretion.

Be Thankful.

The item of news recently sent out from Chicago that the expected has happened again and the manufacturers of plows have formed a combine must fill the farmers who voted the Republican ticket last year with gratitude and enthusiasm. The published purpose is to reduce the cost of production and the price to the users. The effect will be to reduce the cost and to raise the price to the users. It is always thus, and the plow combine will form no exception to the rule.

Perhaps Mr. Babcock of Wisconsin may find in this some encouragement to carry on his somewhat belated crusade against the trusts. Hitherto the most reliable body of voters for the Republicans, bar none, have been the farmers of the great west and north-west. More than once they have saved that party from utter rout, if not from annihilation. None are so blind as those who will not see, and they have been among the blindest. Others might sop, but as a body they have remained faithful to the Republican party and policies even unto death. It may be that the plow combine will open their eyes to their own interests. Nons reverens.

Why Is It Thus?

When divers and sundry palpitating patriots were struggling in congress and out of it with might and main to annex the Sandwich Islands, inter alia I suggested in the house that it was not a good or wise thing to take to our yearning bosoms thirty odd thousand Chinese coolies and to fix it so that the sugar barons would and could import that undesirable class ad libitum to the exclusion of American laborers. Then I was denounced as a bad citizen by men who had accepted a retainer from the sugar kings and who had their ill gotten gains jingling in their pockets. Now, strange to say, an elaborate news dispatch has been sent out from Washington as a feeler to prepare the way for the free admission of Chinese coolies into those leprous islands primarily and into the rest of our territory finally. The meaty part of the aforesaid dispatch runs as follows:

The great problem which will shortly confront the people of the island of Hawaii and threaten future development is that presented by the lack of laborers, according to a treasury department official, who has just returned from Honolulu, where he went with orders to pay off the public debt of the island. He says also that the importation of Porto Ricans was a failure. Hundreds of them have been brought to the island with the expectation of putting them to work in the sugar plantations. After a short time their indolent habits resulted in their discharge from employment. They have fattened up and look better than when they arrived, but they refuse to work and threaten to become public charges.

The Chinese exclusion act keeps members of that race from coming to the island, and yet the government official believes the Chinese alone are adapted to work in the sugar fields. When the island was annexed by the United States, there was a sufficient number of Chinamen there to handle the sugar crops. Since annexation the acreage has increased to a surprising extent, and the planters have been obliged to look elsewhere for laborers. Experiments show that the negro from the United States is not adapted to the work, and the Porto Ricans were taken as another experiment. Now it appears they have not come up to expectations. The Hawaiians place their hope in the expiration of the terms of the Chinese exclusion act and hope it will not be renewed by act of congress.

Now, that paragraph does two separate, distinct and rather startling things. It informs an amazed public that our newly acquired subjects, the Porto Ricans, who are half in and half out of the Union, are too lazy to work. That will be an eye opener to many misguided patriots who have been hugging the delusion that when we annexed Porto Rico we did an unusually good piece of business. Secondly, it upsets all the philosophy and scientific conclusions of the past by proclaiming that negroes do not make desirable laborers in a tropical climate. Perhaps and most likely neither of those things is true, but it is necessary to cause both to appear true in order to lay the foundation for the scheme of admitting hordes of Chinese coolies to our shores in order to crowd out American white and colored laborers. That is the end which the Hawaiian sugar kings have in view, an adequate supply of Chinese cheap labor, and it is a most significant fact that it is a prominent government official who sends out the feeler. He withholds his name for prudential reasons. If the feeler is well received, others will chime in with similar remarks to help educate congress up to a proper frame of mind to do this un-American thing. From all the signs of the times Hawaii is to be made a sort of governmental experiment station. If a particular thing—unprecedented and outrageous—is submitted to there, then it will be tried on the rest of the country. A monarchist delegate from Hawaii is tolerated in Washington now. Later monarchists will appear in congress from other sections of our country—"first a speck and then a vulture, till the air is black with vultures"—to borrow a simile from "Hiawatha."

American citizens are to be familiarized with Chinese cheap labor in Hawaii, where it will be lauded as the best. Then other American kings besides the Hawaiian sugar kings will insist that that species of cheap labor having been demonstrated to be the best for Hawaii must be best for the whole country.

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien As he is hated needs but to be seen; But seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

So it is apt to be with Chinese cheap labor. Unless the wage earner of this country wakes up suddenly to the danger that is impending he will be a modern Othello, for his occupation will be gone—gone to John Chinaman. If the American laborer wakes up in time, congress will be very slow in admitting Chinese cheap labor without limit into Hawaii or any other place over which Old Glory floats. Consequently if our American laborers are crowded out by the scum of the Mongolian race it will be their own fault. They should wake up and vote the Democratic ticket.

Amende Honorable.

Not long since, when my brilliant and eloquent friend, Senator Carmack of Tennessee, in his speech at a presidential banquet opportunely asserted that he was weary of the gush about a reunited country as though it were a brand new fact and declared boldly and with great good sense that the country had been thoroughly reunited for a generation, certain newspapers represented that my other brilliant and eloquent friend, Judge James M. Griggs of Georgia, had hopped on to Carmack, claiming that the latter had plagiarized from him the idea at least, whereupon I preferred my claim of priority over both, setting forth that I made similar antecedent declarations in my speech in Frank Blair Feb. 4, 1869. The whole thing turns out to have been a comedy of errors. Judge Griggs never jumped on Senator Carmack, and I never preceded Judge Griggs in enunciating the same idea. As a matter of fact, he antedated me by precisely two hours. It was a close shave. He won by a nose. When I wrote my article, I did not know it, but it is the truth, and the honor undoubtedly belongs to Judge Griggs. I hereby make the amende honorable to him. I wrote before without all the data at hand. Now I am better informed. It so happened that I delivered my Blair speech beginning at 4 in the afternoon of Feb. 4, 1869.

Judge Griggs delivered his speech on another subject at 2 p. m. of the same day, in which he elaborated the idea that the loyalty of the south was not a new thing growing out of the Spanish war, but had been a blessed fact for 39 years. I was so unfortunate as not to hear that speech. I say unfortunately advisedly, for I always listen to the judge with profit and delight. But an open confession is good for the soul, and I was so busy at 2 p. m. committing my Blair speech to memory that I failed to hear my distinguished friend from Georgia. I have recently carefully read his speech on that occasion. It is very fine and should be read by every one. Here are a few of its splendid and glowing sentences:

Every act of the people of the south, from Apomattox to Santiago, has been a declaration of devotion and a loyal sacrifice to the Union, and nothing but "blindness of unbelief" has prevented its acknowledgment long ago. Neither the testament of bleeding war nor the pomp and glitter of the president's march brought harmony to the people of the Union. The time has come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the providence of God, when to the spirit of fraternity we should to the last man shake off this horrid nightmare of sectional hate, from whose paralyzing grasp our fitful and hysterical awakenings for 25 years have made the angels weep and the nations smile. Thirty five years have rolled by in their ceaseless round since Sherman's "march to the sea." A generation has come upon the stage of action and has gathered to its fathers since the great soldier-president wrote, "Let us have peace." From that day to this good hour reconciliation has followed reconciliation until it would seem that "one doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow."

I have always been an American, and the bonds which certain well intentioned gentlemen are continually weaving with which to bind me to the Union are galling to the flesh. More than half of us have never been reconciled, and we weary of eternal welcomes to the place we have always known as home. We have never left our fathers' house, and while the principles for which they fought and the memory of their sacrifices are dear to us still it is impossible for us to enjoy the hilarious feast and the fatted calf of the prodigal's return. I have no authority to speak for others, Mr. Speaker, but it would seem to me equally if not more difficult for the man who had done his duty in 1865 and with the oath of allegiance fresh from his lips and heart turned his energies to the rehabilitation of his home and the re-establishment of the Union to enjoy a prodigal's feast every day in the week and every week in the year, at so many of which he is made to play the part of host and supply the fatted calf as well as the prodigal.

There is an old saying which it would not become me to quote about great minds running in the same channel, but this good natured squabble may be explained on Mark Twain's theory—if it is Mark's—of mental telegraphy. I say "if it is Mark's," for since the unexpected denouement of this Griggs-Carmack-Clark performance I am not certain that any particular person originated any particular thing. But while Judge Griggs was preparing his speech our minds may have been in telegraphic communication—like the Irishman wanted the doctor to give him his whiskey, "unbeknownst to himself"—and I may have limbed his idea—that is, if we do imbibed ideas, of which I am not altogether certain.

The Early Bird.

Senator Fairbanks evidently believes in the philosophy of the old adage that "the early bird catches the worm." There had been rumors of the Fairbanks presidential candidacy even before President McKinley so effectually squelched the third term shriekers. It was a feeble little boomlet then. It is a genuine boom now, with headquarters already opened in Washington. What Hon. Perry S. Heath and his chief, Senator Hanna, think of that, or what Uncle Shelby M. Cullom's reflections may be upon it, or how Colonel Roosevelt or Senator Henry Cabot Lodge or Governor Odell may regard the Fairbanks caper, this dependent saith not because he knows not. No doubt organization counts for much, and excepting Senator Hanna, who has a perfect organization ready at hand, the senior senator from Hoosierdom appears to be in the lead in the matter of organization. In the meantime the other Indiana senator, who is also said to harbor a presidential bee, is cruising in oriental waters, visiting the effete east for the purpose of gathering up material for another oration, which may or may not provoke Senator Pettus of Alabama into giving him another roasting. He may get the materials for a speech, but upon revisiting his native land he will find that his senior has pre-empted the ground—at least so far as Indiana is concerned.

Reflex Action.

Since the world began proconsular governments have been corrupt and the corruption in the provinces has proved contagious. We appear to be no exception to the rule. First we had enormous resentment in Cuba and in Manila. So far little has been done to punish the thieves. Now the scene has changed to "the United States proper," and much crookedness in Uncle Sam's business has been discovered at San Francisco. The old gentleman is being plundered on all hands by his unfaithful servants. General Shafter is investigating matters at the Golden Gate. It is to be hoped that he will sit ponderously on the thieves who in the sacred name of patriotism have been feathering their own nests at the public expense. He should take as his motto General Grant's famous dispatch to the prosecutors of the whisky ring thieves, "Let no guilty man escape."

New Insomnia Cure.

Brown—Say, I've been trying the finest cure for insomnia that I ever heard of. It is for one to count each breath that he exhales while lying in bed.

Smith—Ah! Then you go to sleep.

Brown—No, but after a little while a fellow gets rather interested in the work, and the night passes away so quickly that he doesn't mind lying still so long.—Brooklyn Life.

Widow's Lament.

A widow who has made up her mind to marry again has a great deal more sense in laying traps than a widower.—Atechison Globe.

The Milk of Human Kindness.

The milk of human kindness would be a good deal richer if it wasn't skimmed so often.—Chicago News.

Was Ready to Compromise.

A very small pile of coal lay on the sidewalk in front of a house on A street southeast. A correspondingly small son of Ham was sauntering along and, seeing it, scented a job. He rang the doorbell. "Am dat yo' all's coal?" he asked the lady at the door. "Yes." "Want it toted in?" "Yes." "Kain't I git de job?" "Why, you're pretty small, and then you might charge too much. You might ask more than I could pay." "How much is yo' got?" asked the small man of business. "Kln' yo' raise a dollah?" "Oh, my goodness, no!" "Seventy-five cents?" "No; run along and don't bother me." And she started to close the door. "Mebbe so yo'll gib 50 cents." "No, no; run along." "I reckons yo' all ain't got er quah tah?" "No." "Ner a dime?" "No, not even a dime," replied the woman, beginning to laugh. "Well, how much is yo' got?" questioned Ham, showing his ivorys. "I sutfly does want er git de job." "I've got just a nickel." "Well, I'm jus' a-lookin fer nickel jobs." And he straightway began—Washington Star.

And Yet He Could Write.

Among the public servants who are worried by foolish questions the superintendent of mails in the postoffice gets his full share. One of his visitors on a certain occasion was a man who said to the deputy who answered the call at the window:

"I am going out of town today and want to get a letter to my brother, who is on board the Majestic, and she is not due until Wednesday. I don't know where he will stay in New York or where he will go from here. Can you help me?" "Certainly we can," said the clerk. "A mailboat goes to meet the steamer, and if you address your letter properly and put domestic postage on it it will be delivered all right."

"But how shall I address it—where shall I send it?" "Address it 'John Smith, passenger on board incoming steamer Majestic, due in New York, Dec. 12.' That will reach him."

Not His Day For Selling.

"Does you want to see de president of de road?" queried the colored man who sat in a chair at the head of the stairs. "Yes; he's de man I want to see," replied the caller. "Bout a pass or sunthin?" "About buying out de road for \$50,000,000. Can you attend to de business for me?" "I 'specs I could, sah; but, dis bein my second day dere an bein I ain't feelin powerful well, perhaps yo'd better see de president hisself—right down de hall an second doah to de left, sah."—Chicago News.

Association of Ideas.

The 3-year-old son of a flat dweller, who had heard his father complain occasionally because the janitor was drunk and "in no condition to attend to his work," went to the flat above his own last week and rang the bell. When Mrs. Blank answered it, the young man said: "Please, Mrs. Blank, can't you little girl come down and play with me?" "Not today," said Mrs. Blank; "she is in no condition to play."

What's the Matter?

"What's the matter?" asked the boy anxiously. "Is she drunk?"—New York Sun.

THE 25 ct. FAMILY DOCTOR.

CEDAR SPRINGS, MICH.
Mrs. Isaac Dunham, a well-known lady of that place, writes: "I cannot praise Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills too much. They did for me what doctors and other medicines could not do. I was troubled with severe disorders of the kidneys and enlargement of the liver. My family doctor treated me the whole of last winter, but did not help me very much, so I gave him up and began using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The result was simply wonderful. I am now strong and healthy again, thanks to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

EATON RAPIDS, MICH.
Mrs. Rose Chaffee, a business woman of Eaton Rapids, writes: "For a long time my system was in a terribly weakened state. Biliousness, severe indigestion and kidney troubles made me so miserable that I was hardly able to work. A friend told me of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I found them just as represented. They restored my health to me, and I think they are a wonderful medicine."

The marked success of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with Backache, Kidney Trouble, Constipation, Headaches and Stomach Weakness makes them a family requisite.

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Second..... 2,500	Next 10..... \$15 each	Nearest estimate before July 10..... \$1,000
Third..... 1,000	Next 35..... 10 "	Nearest estimate between July 10 and August 10..... 700
Fourth..... 500	Next 142..... 5 "	Nearest estimate between Aug. 10 and Sep. 10..... 500
Fifth..... 300	Next 160..... 4 "	
Sixth..... 200	Next 180..... 3 "	
Seventh..... 100	Next 200..... 2 "	
Eighth..... 75	Next 250..... 1 "	
Ninth..... 50		

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SURPRISING...

It will be a surprise to many to know that at some post offices in this county more copies of THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT are regularly delivered than the combined circulation of all the other county papers at the same place. It is a big statement and we could hardly believe it, but when told so by the postmasters who handle them, must be accepted. We don't claim this at all, but for some. At a great many others we have more readers than any other paper.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES

In effect on and after Nov. 26, 1900.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m.	arrive at Tyrone 11:30 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 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 11:30

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:53 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 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	at Philadelphia at 1:20 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m.	arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m.	arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:31 p.m.	arrive at Lock Haven 5:35 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 3:15 p.m.	at Philadelphia at 6:22 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m.	arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.	leave Williamsport 4:30 p.m.	arrive at Harrisburg 8:05 p.m.	at Philadelphia at 11:30 a.m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:31 p.m.	arrive at Lock Haven 5:35 p.m.	leave Williamsport 7:15 a.m.	arrive at Harrisburg 11:50 a.m.	at Philadelphia at 10:30 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD

In effect Nov. 26, 1900.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.		
115	100	116	112	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	
1:28	8:01	Montandon.....	1:14	7:52
4:52	1:36	Fair Ground.....	4:46	1:44
8:16	5:00	Biel.....	8:04	5:12
11:40	8:24	Vietsburg.....	11:34	8:30
2:04	11:02	Lebanon.....	1:58	11:02
5:28	2:26	Millmont.....	5:20	2:26
8:52	5:50	Green Iron.....	8:44	5:50
12:16	9:14	Cherry Run.....	12:10	9:14
3:40	12:32	Coburn.....	3:34	12:32
7:04	3:56	Rising Springs.....	7:00	3:56
10:28	7:20	Centre Hall.....	10:20	7:20
1:52	10:44	Lebanon.....	1:44	10:44
5:16	1:00	Linden Hall.....	5:10	1:00
8:40	4:24	Oak Hall.....	8:32	4:24
12:04	7:48	Lebanon.....	12:00	7:48
3:28	11:02	Dale Summit.....	3:20	11:02
6:52	2:26	Phasant Gap.....	6:44	2:26
10:16	5:50	Bellefonte.....	10:08	5:50

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH.

Time Table effective Jan. 25, 1901.

Leave Bellefonte.....	9:53 a.m.	And 5:45 p.m.
Arrive at Snow Shoe.....	11:30 a.m.	" 7:27 "
Leave Snow Shoe.....	7:30 a.m.	" 3:15 "
Arrive at Bellefonte.....	9:32 p.m.	" 5:20 "

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900.

READ DOWN.		STATIONS.		READ UP.	
No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7	No. 9	No. 6
10	10	10	10	10	10
11	11	11	11	11	11
12	12	12	12	12	12
13	13	13	13	13	13
14	14	14	14	14	14
15	15	15	15	15	15
16	16	16	16	16	16
17	17	17	17	17	17
18	18	18	18	18	18
19	19	19	19	19	19
20	20	20	20	20	20
21	21	21	21	21	21
22	22	22	22	22	22
23	23	23	23	23	23
24	24	24	24	24	24
25	25	25	25	25	25
26	26	26	26	26	26
27	27	27	27	27	27
28	28</				