# A THANKFUL

"DON'T feel as if I should enjoy el Nisbett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red cheeked Spitzenbergs as if it were a famfly vault and taking up an apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I don't."

"Then, Sarepta," observed her husband, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarn nothin' to be thankful for! It's as harnsome a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't know of a year when I've had nicer pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

"'Tain't turkey or pumpkin ples or cranberry sass as makes Thanksgivin'," sighed Mrs. Nisbett.

"What is it, then? Ef it's cold weather, I should ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you pretty fairly. Them artemisias by the front door is scorched black, and the old maple is losin' its leaves as if they



'I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED.' was rainin' down. Parson Jarvis is

comin' all the way from Sloatesville to preach tomorrow, and the quire's larned a bran' new anthem just a-pur- of"pose, about bein' thankful for harvest and all that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't know what else you'd have." Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a

"I wonder if 'tain't possible Stephe 'll be hum tonight," she said after a

"He writ not. He thought he'd drop hear about Lida's beau." was hum to Thanksgivin'!"

Old Nisbett rubbed his horny hands, with a chuckle, adding:

"And I s'pose, if all accounts is true. he's gettin' to be a great man out in that western country. It was kind of us, but maybe the boy was in the

"Yes," said Mrs. Nisbett dolorously "but somehow I can't get reconciled to the idea of his marryin' a strange gal It does seem as if the world was all out there."

Joel scratched his head. This was a phase of the subject that he scarcely felt competent to discuss. "Maybe you'll like her. Stephen says

she's a nice gal."

"Stephen says! As if a man over bead and ears in love wouldn't say anything." "I wish he'd told us who she was."

Mrs. Nisbett grouned again. Joel shrine whence he generally derived what little of philosophic inspiration he had. "Mrs. Nisbett!"

It was a soft little voice, and the old lady's face relaxed instinctively as it sounded on her ears.

"Why, Lida Tremaine-'tain't you!" "It is. I've done everything that Aunt Constance wanted, and now I've just run over to see if you don't need a bit of help."

She stood in the doorway, a fair little apparition, all flushed and rosy with the November wind, while her blue eyes sparkled as if they were twin sapphires hidden away under her long. dark lashes. She was neither blond nor brunette, but a fresh cheeked girl, with nut brown hair, skin like the leaf of a damask rose, a straight, refined nose and lips as ripe as a red crabapple, though by no means so sour. Generally she had a demure sort of gravity lingering about her face, but when she did laugh a dimple came out upon her cheek and a row of pearly teeth glim-

mered instantaneously. In one hand she carried a bunch of

late autumn flowers. "See!" she cried, holding them up. "I ransacked Aunt Constance's garden for these. I knew that big vase on the mantel needed something, and, with a branch or so of scarlet leaves, I'll have a royal bouquet to help you keep

Thanksgiving." Mrs. Nisbett took the fair oval face between her two hands and kissed the

fresh little mouth. a-calculatio' to have no sech fixin's up, mean?" but you've sech a way, child, I can't

never say no to you." "But you're going to keep Thanksgiving," eried Lida, throwing off her outer wrappings and dancing up to the looking glass like a little gale of wind, "because you invited Aunt Constance Lida to be your wife?" and me to dinner and because your son is coming home."

subsiding once more into the mournful little fiances. key from which Lida's sudden appearance had momentarily aroused her.

just a-fixin' them apples, and"-"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had fluttered to the window, "what glorious red leaves speckled over with little wreaths for the wall? Oh, please say | said Lida, laughing.

have been hard work to say "no" to Lida-and the girl soon came in, her apron full of the sprigs of the old maple tree, whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and | do you say to Stephen's wife?" nowered fading gold upon the dead rass when the autumn came.

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on the hearth rug, when the shine of the high heaped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers.

"Lida," she said softly, "Lida, my dear!" Lida looked up.

"I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday, but there's somethin' reserved about her, and I didn't like to ask for at least the day, and in many cases about you-whether you had decided to go out as a governess or not; because, my dear, Joel and I were talkin' last night, and we both thought what a and savories, both hot and cold, suitcomfort it would be to have you here." "To have me here?"

"We're old and we're alone, and Salmon Cutlets, Caper Sauce.

Somehow we've both took a fancy to Curried Kidney (or Escaloped Sweetyou, my child. So when your Aunt Constance goes back to the city, if you choose to come here"-

Mrs. Nisbett paused abruptly and burst into tears.

"We had a little girl once, my dear, and if she'd lived she would ha' been

nigh about your age." Lida let the leaves drop down on the floor as she sprang up and threw both

arms round the old woman's neck. "Oh, Mrs. Nisbett," she whispered softly, "you are so very, very kind. Believe me, I appreciate it all, butbut-I hardly know how to tell you."

Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida smiled and cried a little and then whispered so low it was scarcely audible. "I am going to be married."

"Married!" ejaculated Mrs. Nisbett, with all a woman's interest in this important piece of information. "And who to?

"Your son lives in Iowa-in Parlington?

"Yes." "Well, did he ever mention the name

Lida paused, her cheeks glowing roses. Old Nisbett had come in with an armful of wood, bringing a gale with him from the frosty outer world.

"I'll tell you by and by," whispered Lida as she went back to her work. "Joel 'll go out again arter awhile," thought Mrs. Nisbett, "and then I'll

in arly tomorrow mornin' if he caught | But Joel sat down before the fire the train he expected. Only think, old with a complacent satisfaction which woman; it's five years since Stephe boded ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, thus frustrating all his wife's designs and cutting off her

chance of hearing Lida's story. "Dear me!" thought she. "I don't believe the man was ever born who a hard pull when he went off and left knowed when he wasn't wanted! How lonesome it seems when Lida's gone! What does the girl want to get married for when I could ha' took such a sight o' comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! askew!"

The next day, in spite of the weather prophet's prediction of snow, dawned clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best silk and cap, with the turkey browning beautifully in the oven and the cran- the desired holiday flavor as a stuffing berry tarts doing credit to themselves as well as to their maker, the table set, the fire high heaped with crackling went out to the woodpile, the everyday logs and the plates dressed with coronals of autumn leaves. Aunt Constance, a tall, prim maiden lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking giass arranging her colffure. Lida, in a blue dress with a late autumn rose in her hair, was tripping hither and thither as light footed and helpful as half a dozen household fai- then put aside to cool. Stuff the crop ries merged into one, while Mrs. Nisbett stood regarding her with a loving eye, murmuring to herself:

"Well, well, it seems like it was the Lord's will to deny us of just what we most want, but if I had a daughter I could wish she was like Lida."

As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave a little cry.

"There he comes-there comes Joel and, as I live, there's the boy with him!"

Lida ran into the bedroom. When she returned, Mrs. Nisbett was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome

man of four or five and twenty. "Lida," said the proud matron, striving to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen

and-why, what's the matter?" For Stephen had dropped her hands with an exclamation of surprise and amazement, and Lida stood there glowing crimson.

"Lida! Why, mother, this is a surprise indeed that you have prepared hath its rewards, and to sacrifice myfor me!"

"I prepared!" echoed the astonished old lady. "Well, that's a good un, teous wings shall switch the dust from when I'm ten times as much surprised "Set down, Lida," she said, "I wasn't as you be! Lida, what does this

"It means," said Lida, with a demure smile-she was beginning to recover for never yet was one of our tribe sacher scattered self possession-"It means that this is the gentleman I am to be that the merciless gourmands did not married to!"

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nisbett, "h "She has given me her promise to that effect, at least," said Stephen,

"Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nisbett, looking proudly down upon his lovely | BANNANDE |

"Well, if it don't beat all how queer things do happen!" said Mrs. Nisbert, her face radiant "And you've been "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a her face radiant. "And you've been coop, and the bakin' 's done, and I'm livin' neighbor to me these six weeks and I never knowed it. Lida, why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Risingham, ney betrothed western this Thanksgivin'," said Mrs. Jo- drops of gold! May 1 make some lover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett,"

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"-it would farmer. "How was she to know that he was only my nephew, adopted when his parents died, twenty good years ago. We've always called him son, and he's always been a son to us. But Lida didn't know. Old woman, what Mrs. Nisbett clasped Lida to her

> beart. "I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfullest Thanksgivin' I ever lived to see!"-New York Daily News.

### RULES FOR THE FEAST.

A Thankegiving Menu, With Suggestions About the Turkey.

It is not only Thanksgiving dinner that Lady Bountiful is expected to provide for, says the Chicago Record, but she has the men of the family home a houseful of company to look after. With all of this in view a few suggestions are offered for various goodies able to the season.

Oysters on the Half Shell. breads). Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce or Jelly. Mashed Potatoes.

Stewed Celery with White Sauce, Spinach or Peas, Pumpkin and Mince Pies, Quaking Pudding with Soft Custard. Cheese Souffle. Fruit Nuts Coffee.

For the piece de resistance it is well o go to market prepared to buy the est, which is always a young, medium sized hen turkey. Mind that your purhase is a thorough "black leg." If the legs incline to phleness, Father Time as been at work. The breast must be broad and fat, the skin very white and he neck short. If the legs are red and rned with long spurs, these are ure signs of an old gobbler. Nothing will so improve a turkey and give it



PIECE DE RESISTANCE

of mushrooms, and, as these are raised in such quantities for the market nowadays, they are no longer an extravagance. The stuffing is made in this way: A pound of nice, tender ham cut in dice. When bot, add two pounds of mushrooms, a little grated nutmeg, white pepper to taste and a bay leaf (the ham supplies enough salt). Blend all together in the saucepan over a moderate fire until the ham is cooked; out well, and if any remains put it in the body of the turkey; then sew both neatly.

## A BARNYARD DRAMA.

The Victim's Dream of a Horrible Revenge.

Rooster-So you will steal my corn, will you? Oh, you needn't strut around here as though you were the only one in this menagerie.

Turkey-Oh, I don't know. You're not in it with me just now. I'm the most popular thing on the walk at

Rooster-Well, madam, stretch your rubber neck up over my head all you want today, but just you wait till tomorrow! When your skinny legs are being dragged to the execution block, I will look on at your gory expiration and from the bottom of my lungs will erow for victory!

Turkey (taking two struts coopward and landing in the center of the stage) -Aye, aye, sir! But listen. Death self at the altar of revenge is more glorious than life. What if my beauout the cracks of the kitchen stove? Wait till my nude and helpless form Hea stretched upon the platter of the feast! Then shall revenge come to me, rificed at the altar of Thanksgiving so o'erstuff themselves that nothing in all the world was worth the having for three days in advance.

Revenge! My friends, revenge indeed s sweet!-Detroit Free Press.

## THE INDIANS' **THANKSGIVING**

"HE interest in Thanksgiving day and its observance is just as intense these days among the reservation Indians as in college towns where great football games are scheduled to occur, says the New York Times. Especially is this true in the southwest, where the Indians have had an opportunity to become thoroughly civilized of late years. The white people find no more enjoyment in this day of universal good cheer than do these same dusky redskins.

It is a day of feasting, playing and gambling, with a big dance at night. Such sport only comes once a year to them nowadays, when they have had to forsake the scalping knife for the plow. Their wild nature rebelled at the idea of work, and it has been with much difficulty that the government agents have made farmers out of the young braves. A day of rest and amusement is considered good for their better nature, and the government authorities are willing that Thanksgiving day shall become a festal time for the reservation wards of the nation.

The Kiowas and Comanches, who have but recently been placed on allotments, will have forsaken many of their wild plans of amusement this Thanksgiving, owing to the fact that they have been cut off the free list of beef issues. They have arranged to draw grass money on Thanksgiving, and a goodly portion of this will be spent in purchasing food for a grand feast. At night they will take part in a green corn dance, at which prayers will be offered to the Great Spirit for the good crops which they have had the past season. The spirit of thankfulness pervades the Indian celebrations.

The Osages hold a big feast at Pawhuska, their capital city. All members of the tribe are invited to take part in the festivities. At the beginning and end of each meal-and there are many -the aged missionary who lives among them is invited to deliver a short prayer thanking the Great Spirit for the good things which the agent has sent to them. The food is cooked by the squitws, and, while it could be prepared in a much cleaner and more tasteful manner, the cooking is an improvement over that of a few years

The Apaches and Cheyennes are in the habit of holding a pony smoke. Often the Osages indulge in this expensive festival. A pony smoke is a friendly meeting of two tribes and is especially appropriate for the occasion. The tribe giving the smoke is supposed to bear all of the expenses. They provide the best game and vegetables in the market for their guests, and at the end of the first day's meeting they present a good pony to the head of each family visiting them. As a tribe consists of from 300 to 500 families, the expenses Osages, being the richest reservation Indians there are today, can better afford to hold pony smokes, and, combined with their feast day, they generally invite several hundred guests from the Poncas, Tonkawas and surrounding tribes. Those accepting the ponies are supposed to return the gift with equally expensive ones later on, but few of them can do so.

The Poncas hold every Thanksgiving as a beef issue day. If the agent does not come forward and present them with a herd of cattle for this occasion, they mortgage their property and buy cattle of some neighboring ranchmen. A beef issue is the most typical of the redskin and also the most picturesque of Indian Thanksgiving celebrations For years the government has forbidden the issue of beef after the manner of an old time issue, but on special occasions they are allowed the amusement of killing their own meat. It is said by the government officers who succeeded in having the practice stop ped that beef issue tends to make the Indian wilder and more difficult to

civilize. A hundred cattle are turned loose in a large pasture. The young men of the tribe are mounted on mustangs and have shining field guns. With the good wishes of the squaws and medicine men ringing in their ears they ride out to kill the cattle. The beasts have no chance for life whatever. The chase is accompanied by an undue amount of wild yelling, while excitement grows intense in the camp. The smell of fresh blood makes the squaws wild, as it were. After all of the cattle have been shot down then the killers give a signal which means that all of the tribe are at liberty to rush forth and secure their portion. A half beef is awarded to each squaw. The beef is cleaned and cooked on a fire on the open plain, while the medicine men dance their approval and the warriors sing in their glee. The feast follows, with more dancing, and the whole day is thus spent, ending late at night with a final gorge.

False Faces.

Thanksgiving time is the busiest season for the manufacturers of and dealers in masks and false faces. The fantastical costume parades and the old custom of masking and dressing for amusement on Thanksgiving day keep up from year to year in many parts of the country, so that the quantity of false faces sold at this season is enormous. The manufacturers make it a point to get up new styles, and this year brownles, "yaller kids," parrot visages and many other novelties will be on sale. Masks of prominent men and the foremost political leaders are made by some manufacturers, and large sized false hands, noses, ears, etc., are also new and amusing .- Se lected.

## **THANKSGIVING** ....POETRY

ACK to the home of childhood, Though scattered far and wide, Back to the dear old kitchen-Yes, back to your mother's side. Come, kiss her wrinkled forehead, Her hair, as white as snow, And sit down on her footstool, As in the long ago.

While father bends above you Weak with the weight of years, His trembling voice with gladness, His dim eyes filled with tears, To both the greatest pleasure The year brings on its way Is this: The glad homecoming Upon Thanksgiving day.

Once more the rooms re-echo From kitchen, stairs and hall, The sound of old time voices And merry dinner call, While many sweet grandchildren, With laughter light and gay, ome pressing round the table This glad Thanksgiving day.



THE GLAD HOMECOMING

So come, ye sons and daughters, From restless city strife; Come ere you lose your relish For the quiet joys of life; Come back, ye roving children. From prairies far and wide And cluster round the hearthstone Once more at eventide,

Take up your song of childhood And sing it o'er again; Forget that ye are matrons Or business loving men, And if your eyes grow misty Rejoice that it is so: A heart sincerely tender Is the purest one to know.

Remember, with your loved ones Your parents may not linger To greet a late return. Forget them not, though patient;

Oh, come now while you may! Praise God; rejoice together On this Thanksgiving day

Soliloguy of a Turkey. I know that Thanksgiving day's mo And it makes me long to fly, For I've reached my prime, and it'

That it's time for me to die. I saw the head of the house come out, And he smiled as he gazed at me, And he cried aloud that there was n doubt What a comfortable meal I'd be.

Oh, I've got to go! And it gives me a fit Though it isn't so much for my life That I care about, but he can't carve And I've got to be hacked by his wife. -New York Herald.

Sad Time For Them. Of what are the turkeys thinking Out yonder in the yard, With their red eyes sadly blinking? Do they think their fate is hard? Are they on life reflecting And to hear their final call Each moment now expecting? No; turkeys don't think at all.

Thanksgiving Trust. Lord, I give thanks! Last year, thou knowest, my best ambi-

tions failed: My back with scourgings of defeat was flailed My eyes felt oft the sharp salt wash of

No guerdon blessed the tireless toll of

years: Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied. Yet in my woes thou didst with me abide Lord, I give thanks!
-Susie M. Best in Lippincott's.

His Preference. "What portion of the fowl do you pre "Oh, anything but the Napoleon, sir!" "What do you mean?" with a start.

asked Carver,

"I mean I do not want the bony part."
—Detroit Free Press. An Unknown Quantity. She searched through the lexicon once

and again,

And her face wore sad lines of misgiv-"I was seeking," she said, with an accent "The Spanish for our word Thanksgiv--Boston Journal

Not In a Good Set.

"No." exclaimed the mother turkey, "I would prefer my children not to associate with those incubator chicks." "Because they are so heedless and don't know how to feather their own nests?" inquired the duck.

"No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the turkey, "but there's something so artificial about them."

However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly, "Death levels all Inks."-- New York Journal.

#### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after Nov. 24, 1901.

Leave Bellefonte 9 55 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11 05 a.m. at Altoona, 1.00 p.m.; at Pittsburg

11 05 a m, at Altoona, 1.00 p m; at Pittsburg
5 50 p m.

Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m; arrive at Tyrone
2 20 p m; at Altoona 3 10 p m; at Pittsbur
6 55 p m.

Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone
6 00; at Altoona at 6 50; at Pittsburg at 10 45
VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 55 a m, arrive at Tyrone
11 05; at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadelphia 5 47 p m.

Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m, arrive at Tyrone
2 20 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 9 45 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 6.23p, m.

Leave Bellefonte 1 105 p. m. arrive at Lock

arrive at Harrisburg, 3.15 p. m., at Philadel phia at 6.23p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p m, arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p m; at Williamsport 2.48 p m.; Harrisburg, 5.00 p m; Philadelpkia 7.32 pm; and Buffalo 7.40 p m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.16 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.35 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7.22 a. m.

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, 4.42, at Harrisburg, 6.50 p.m., Philadelphia at 10.20 p.m.

WESTWARD.			EASTWARD.			
#XP. 55	BAY 3	+ 51 ************************************	Nov 24, 1901.	MAIL 50	DAYBX	# MP. 54
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#### LEWISBURG & TYRONE HAILROAD.

(\*) Runs every day (†) Week days only.

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BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.
Time Table in effect on and after
Nov 20, 1899.
Leave Bellefonte....... 9.53 a. m. and 5.45 p. m.
Arrive at Snow Shoe... 11.26 a. m. "7.27"

Leave Snow Shoe...... 7.30 a. m. " 3 15 "Arrive at Bellefonte... 9.32 p. m. " 5 20 "
For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 361 Sixth Ave. Pittsburg.

J.B. HUTCHINSON J. R. WOOD. Gen'l. Manager Gen'l. Pass Agt.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900

REAL	DO1	WN			REA	DU
No.1	No-3	No.5	STATIONS.	No.2	No.4	No.
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\* Daily. † Week Days. § 6:00 p. m. Sunday ‡ 10:55 a. m. Sunday. Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:36 p. m., W ORPHART. amsport at 11:30 p. m., hiladelphia at 11:36 p. m. J. W. GEPHART, General Supt

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL BAILROAD.
To take effect Apr. 3, 1899.

5         3         1         STATIONS         2         4         6           PM         AM         AM         Lv.         Ar.         AM         PM         P           4         15         10         30         6         30        Bellefonte         8         50         2         40         6           4         21         10         37         6         35        Coleville         8         40         2         25         6           4         25         10         42         6         35        Morriss         8         7         2         2         6         4         28         10         4         43         10         56         45        Whitmer         8         35         2         17         6           4         38         10         56         6         50        Fillmore         8         28         2         96         6		WARI	EASTWAR				
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INFORMATION WANTED.

Certain patrons, through negligence, or for peculiar reasons known to themselves, removy from one locality to another, without notifying this office. We are anxious to locate them so that they may receive their paper regularly and for other reasons, important to us. Any one who can furnish the present address of the following will confer a special favor. We give the former address:

F. H. THOMAS Supt.

ne former address:
OSCAR OSMAN, Tyrone.
A. A. ALEXANDER, Meriden, Ill.
MRS. J. C. STOVER, Rosecrants, Pa.
A. WALKER, Snow Shoe.
STERL WALKER, Hawk Run, Pa.
GEO. E. BUTLER, Philipsburg, Pa,
W. B. CONPER, Yarnell, Pa.
H. K. WALKER, Yarnell, Pa.
R. HALL, Johnstown.
W. H. CORMAN, Windber, Pa. H. CORMAN, Windber, Pa. MILLER, Laurelton, Pa. BRAUCHT, Lewisburg GEO.