

Democratic Matchman

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1890.

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 Office in the Arcade, second floor.
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WENDELL H. HANCOCK,
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 BELLEVILLE, CENTRE CO., PA.
 Office formally occupied by the Hon. James Buchanan.

Select Poetry.
A Contented Life.
 BY JAMES KAGE.
 (At Thirty)
 Five hundred dollars I have saved—
 A rather moderate store—
 No matter, I shall be content
 When I've a little more
 (At Forty)
 Well, I can count on thousands now—
 That's better than before—
 And I may well be satisfied
 When I've a little more
 (At Fifty)
 Some fifty thousand—pretty well—
 But I have earned it now—
 However, I shall not complain
 When I've a little more
 (At Sixty)
 One hundred thousand—oh, kind old—
 Ah! 'tis but a hoar—
 Yet I can be content to live
 When I've a little more
 (At Seventy)
 He dies—and to his greedy heirs
 He leaves a countless store—
 His wealth has purchased him a tomb—
 And he is laid to rest.

Miscellaneous.
THE END OF A WOMAN'S CAPRICES.
 LOVE STORY.
 "Men are never as awkward, never so ungrateful, never so disagreeable as when they are making love. A friend is luxury, a husband duty, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated lovers are terrible borks. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as ripe cherry, and real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt, to say something sweet—O gracious!"
 "So said Sophie, looking abroad to herself, as she sat swinging her hands and her feet before the window, half buried in the cushions of a chair, with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon her lap.
 "It also seems so strange not to say 'I love you,' she continued, with a running musical laugh, 'after one has waltzed and danced, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody till one is puzzled to know which one of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance! For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie touched her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one) that I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Captain Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me, and swore he would die if I didn't take pity on him—somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed, and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and babbled in the middle of 'adorable! Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a—'
 Here Sophie started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before the mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a taste truly comical.
 "It won't do to seem interested," she said, as she took a fustian survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.
 The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ansley, she was back to her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.
 The girl disappeared, and theophile flung open the window, that the cool fresh air might fan away the extra rosinous from her complexion.
 Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over the features, and she reached out both hands to the guest; but, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him and seated herself in a further corner of the room.
 It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that the presentment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before Harry Ansley's hand and fortune, (though the latter by the way, was nothing wonderful) were in the same place where Capt.

Morris' and Dr. Wilkins' had been before them.
 "The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically, from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, yet without designing any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech in which her lover had raked hisal of hope.
 "He ought to do penance for the pretty way he managed his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen. Did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could store the way old Uncle Jones used to in church?" she soliloquized. "Wouldn't it be fun—and wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"
 Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done, and theatrically done—and poor Harry sprang bolt upright, surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature reacts to the birth in a burst of triumphant laughter.
 "You little wretch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the reviled Harry as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream, "you deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice he added gravely:
 "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me can you not be generous enough to tell me so; and if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal?"
 Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, for the whole depth of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been towards any man.
 But she could not quite give up her railway train. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his and told him she was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tenderness that trembled on her tongue, and flung off his grasp with a mocking gesture and a shrill cry:
 "She scented herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song; that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and clucking back the subjunctive words that came crowding to his lips for utterance."
 "Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as he passed from sheer exhaustion. "It is generous—is it just, to trifle with me so—to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers to you the most reverent affections? I have loved you because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul and warm current of tender womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat me so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."
 Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Al! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice? When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquetish smile breathed from her red lips.
 "Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there is Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her, Mr. Ansley. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."
 Like an insulted prince, Harry Ansley stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce current over his face, his arms crossed tightly upon his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with upsurging indignation, his lips compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.
 Not till he had gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-by!" and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every cent on her braw to have had him beside her one short moment long and scathed herself in a further corner of the room.
 "Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again in twenty-four hours, and as impotent as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly, as he went down the long street, or the bright face that looked up through the parted blinds with such a wistful look as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to tripple.

In spite of Sophie's propensity, four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he came not in all that time did she hear him. And now she began to think her life a martyr, and acted accordingly, she did as almost any heroine a have done under the circumstances—great and interesting. Mariana began raked hisal of hope, to tempt Sophie's palate. The poor dear child was getting so! In vain Sophie protested that she happened.
 In vain papa bought dainties and plied up costly dresses before her. A faint smile or abstracted "thank" was his only recompense. If sister suggested that Harry's absence was by no means connected with her altered way, Sophie would toss her ringletted head in an air of supreme indifference, to go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was a matter with Sophie. Sophie among them.
 Her sabbath and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister, who had done so near the solution the mystery, should know all—so said she. Perhaps Harry up forever seemed very more of an impossibility.
 "Will you come into the room with me, Kate?" she asked, in a tremulous voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry: "I have something of importance to tell you."
 "Go away darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied he, casting a searching glance at Sophie flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.
 Running swiftly along the garden path, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and lying herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard one approaching, and an arm entwined tenderly about her waist, and a hand was laid caressingly on her drooping head.
 "O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched—you don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I were once engaged, and the hand upon his head, passed over her disordered curls with a gentle soothing motion.
 "Harry and I"—another sob—quarreled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude; just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive for he hasn't kissed me since."
 Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pined her.
 "I would not have owned it to anybody if it had not been just as it is," she continued, embracing her little white hand into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."
 A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy hair, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.
 "He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest mansion in the world, with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept anew.
 "Look up dear, and I'll tell you."
 Sophie did look up with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms—not of her sister Kate, but of Harry Ansley.
 Sophie declares to this day that she has never forgotten either of them, though she has seen Mrs. Ansley two years.

The Wife of John Adams.
 In a few weeks the proclamation reached the colonies at several ports. Abigail Smith, the wife of John Adams, was at this time at their home near the foot of Penn-Bill, charged with the sole care of their little brood of children; managing their farm; keeping house with frugality, through opening her doors to the houseless and giving with a good will a part of her scanty portion to the poor; seeking work for her own hands, and ever busily occupied now at the spinning wheel, now making amends for having never been sent to school, by learning French, though with the aid of books alone. Since the departure of her husband for Congress, the arrow of death had sped near her by day, and the pestilence that walks in darkness had entered her humble mansion; she herself was still weak after a violent illness; her house was a hospital in every part; and such was the distress of the neighborhood she could hardly find a well person to assist in looking after the sick. Her youngest son had been rescued from the grave by her nursing; her own manner of her forefathers, buried without a prayer. Woe followed woe, and one affliction trod on the heels of another. Winter was hurrying on; during the day family affairs took off her attention, but her long evenings, broken by the sound of the storm on the ocean, or the enemy's artillery at Boston, were lonesome and melancholy.
 Ever in the silent night ruminating on a love and tenderness of her departed parent, she needed the consolation of her husband's presence; but when, in November, she read the King's proclamation, she willingly gave up her nearest friend exclusively to his performance duties, and sent him the cheering message— "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us remain them, and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their councils, and bring to naught all their projects."
 Chinese Salutations.
 The salutation between two Chinamen when they meet, consists in each clasping and shaking his own hands, instead of each others, and bowing very profoundly; a question to the ground, several times. The most common then—"How do you do?"—"I have you eaten rice?" This being the great article of food throughout the empire, and forming the chief and indispensable part of every meal, it is taken for granted that if you have eaten rice, you are well. Etiquette requires that in conversation each should compliment the other and everything belonging to him in the most laudatory style; and deprecate himself with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words.
 "What is your honorable name?"
 "My insignificant appellation is Wong."
 "Where is your magnificent palace?"
 "My contemptible hut is at Suchan."
 "How many are your illustrious children?"
 "My vile, worthless brats are five."
 "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"
 "My mean, good for nothing old woman is well."
 A Western genius lately constructed a wind wagon to bear him to Pike's Peak, which has realized his most sanguine expectations, carrying him through in twenty days. Encouraged by his success, other parties in the same town set about the construction of the same kind of wagons, and a party of eight started out on the prairie to try on which had been finished. The wind was blowing a gale at the time, and every thing worked to a charm. The occupants, gliding swiftly over the prairie, were delighting themselves with anticipation of a speedy trip to the mines, when the velocity of the vehicle created a lively alarm for their safety. The wagon sped onward before the driving wind faster and faster, until the axletrees broke and deposited them all on the ground, and in a somewhat damaged condition from broken heads, braced limbs and bodies. The speed of the machine is said to have been forty miles per hour.
 Some people in Milwaukee met at a private house, preparatory to starting on a picnic. Two of the gentlemen got to quarreling about one of the ladies, and finally fought in good earnest. The ladies also pitched in, and sandwiches and doughnuts were hurled in profusion at antagonist's heads. Bonnets were smashed and white dresses ruined, and there was a general wrecking of wearing habiliments. When the excitement was over, it was decided to adjourn the picnic, a light and a pleasure party being considered rather too much for one day, and that day the Sabbath.
 When a friend once told Plato what scandalous stories his ancestors had propagated concerning him—"I will live so," replied the philosopher, "that nobody shall believe them."

Love, Money, Marriage and Nine Days of Bliss.
 Here is another little bit of gossip for our lady readers, for which the Milwaukee News is responsible. "A little incident or accident in fashion life has leaked out in the last few days that has caused no little stir in a certain circle. A young, pretty, and merry girl, a year or so ago, when just budding into womanhood, captivated with her cherry lips and winsome ways, a young gentleman of reputed wealth and great respectability. The parties both stood a No. 1, on the register of our Hoosier Altarists, and their flirtation or courtship, as it was termed, according to the eyes through which it was viewed was one of the standing topics in their circle. It was a courtship honest and sincere on one side, and a flirtation on the other. The young lady delighted in the attention of her darling admirer, and no moonlight walk was too long, nor no late hour too close, but love him she could not. He dropped and pined while the roses blushed on her cheeks, and her voice rang out the same clear, merry laugh that had frequently told him she could not love him, and would not be his, but that his society was agreeable to her. How often he was rejected, rumor says not, but one evening, just before the water was let out of the canal, she gave him another positive refusal and left the house, vowing that he would never see her. He was watched, followed to the canal, when he plunged from the bank, in a place unfortunately, where the water was two feet deep, and the slime in the bottom four. He was drawn out a 'damp, uncomfortable body,' and a dirty one too. The young lady, cried as she would a year before had her doll been broken—was sorry that Augustus had spoiled his coat, it fitted her so well, and she was sure 'apt Bitter' could not cut another like it.
 At this stage of the affair, the father of the lady, a prudent business man, interfered. The suit of his daughter was rich, a quality he liked. He needed money in his business and must have it. To be brief, it was arranged that Augustus should marry his adopted Eve, or rather Eve should marry him and for the possession of the latter's money, \$2000, the first installment of the purchase money—the knot was tied, and the happy couple started on a marriage tour—They were gone just nine days—nine days the groom says, of unalloyed pleasure. As soon as they arrived at home, the old man demanded a draft for the balance of the money, but secure as he thought in the love of his charming young wife he peremptorily refused. That night the wife returned to the home of her father, and there remains refusing to see her lord of nine days. Another compromise was effected. Augustus has paid \$800, and the graceless scamp having had the romance of his love worn off, he has taken one hundred and thirty-three and one third cents a day, is cheap enough for being married to a pretty woman. And thus the case stands now."
 How a German Woman Got Along.
 I asked a pleasant looking German woman in market, one cold morning, if it was not hard work to come every morning and mind her stall.
 "Oh, yes," was her reply, "fish pretty cold but I must do something. I did not use to tend market."
 "I inquired how it happened that her circumstances had so changed. In her own broken English she told me the following story:
 "Me and my husband come from Germany, and on the sea he die, and when we get to St. Louis, me have no monsh and four, five children, so I wash, I iron, I do everything I can do, and I only get bread den I gets sick—'Washin' un iron' too hard for me. So I said, I will go to the country and work garden, and I sells my ironing and everything, and works some more and gets twenty dollars, and then I rents of German man one acre of ground and I spade him and dig him and work him all myself—my boy only seven years old then—and I raised lettuce, and beets, and onions, and corn, and everything, and I make mosh. Then in two years I rent two acres, and then my boys and girls help some, and I make lots of mosh. Then in four years I buy the land, and then I builds the a good house, and two years ago I gets me a husband."
 She paused, and the smile that played over her face was radiant with content and love.
 "How do you get on now?" I asked.
 "Oh, very well," she answered; and with a merry twinkle in her eyes, she added, "He is do most convenient thing about do house but my new cooking stove. Me spade my ground and help me to get ready for market and nurse my baby while I comes, for I knows better as he how to sell. I been knowin' so long."
 Judge B. was once obliged to "double" with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:
 "Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge, would you not?"
 "Yis, yer honor," said Pat, "and I think yer honor would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a Judge, if it wasn't for the fact that ye still furnish a top."

A Pretty Little Shakeress Runs off with a Young Man.
 It is well known that the Shakers do not marry. The sexes are kept entirely separate. But sometimes human nature bursts out among the younger brethren and sisters, and they go off and get married. The doors of Shakerism are forever after barred against them while they live as man and wife. The Shaker village at Warrensville, some six miles from this city, was recently the scene of an elopement.
 Lizzie Martin was adopted by the society when she was eight years old. At that age she thought a library was a very nice arrangement. It when she reached the interesting age of seventeen she slightly chafed her mind. She encountered a pair of black eyes one day, and eyes being the property of a young man named Murray. She thought there could be harm in those eyes, and wished the owner of them could renounce the world, adopt long waistcoats, and take up his abode with the Shakers, altogether, so she could see him and talk with him every day. But the young man did after he and his sister, Elizabeth had a few stolen interviews, she began to doubt the permanent influence of long waistcoats herself.
 The Shakers learned of these interviews, and in accordance with the teachings of their belief, tried to prevent him seeing her more. They meant well but of course, their efforts were not crowned with success. Quite to the contrary. When a girl gets her mind made up that a young man is about as near right as he can be her parents or guardians may as well let her go without any fuss, for she is bound to go.
 On Friday last two friends of Mr. Murray, a Mr. Post, and a student in the Law College, to this city, arrived near the Shaker settlement at the close of the day. They lingered near until dark, when they passed the house containing the pretty little Shakeress. She knew of their intended advent, and promptly answered the signal they gave her. Soon she appeared in the street, and accompanied them to Dana's Corners, where Murray awaited her. The meeting was silent. The young lady was attired in plain Shaker dress, but that garb could not disguise her beauty, which is of the dazzling kind. The couple are "one" by this time, and we extend our blessings after the manner of stage fathers.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Another Gipsy Swindle.
 The coffers of an old bachelor named Weaver, residing at Enon, in Lehigh county, Pa., were rifled of ninety dollars by gypsies a few days since by a couple of gypsies. The old gentleman, it appears was suffering from sickness, when the gipsies hearing of it called at his house and presented for him, at the same time telling him that to make his cure sure with the remedy they proposed, the most, while under their treatment, deposit one hundred dollars, under a stone in a certain place, and that this money must remain there for a certain time, at the end of which he would be restored to health. The old gentleman had not the hundred dollars when the gipsies told that twenty dollars which he had in his possession in Allentown hills and silver, would prove quite as efficacious and provide the desired favorable change in the old gentleman's condition. Well to make a long story short, the money was forked over, placed under the stone, and very soon afterwards pocketed by the cunning gypsies, who made tracks as soon as they had their prize, leaving the old man to lament the loss of his money as ill as his health. The gypsies were pursued and arrested at Riggsville. There were two gipsies, a man aged about forty, with his wife, a young woman of seventeen. The constable searched the thieves and their wagon at Riggsville, and found fifty dollars of Mr. Weaver's money. The gypsies were taken to Lehigh county.—Easton Express.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte, ex King of Westphalia, uncle of the Emperor of the French, and the last of the brothers of the great Napoleon, is dead. He has reached the age of 75 years. In the year 1802, he came to America, and in 1803, when twenty years of age, was married to an American lady, Miss Patterson of Baltimore, from whom he was subsequently divorced by the decree of his imperial brother. He resided for some years in the United States. He leaves one son by his American marriage—Jerome Napoleon, a resident of Baltimore, who has a son now in the French army, as a Captain. He received his education at West Point, and for a time held a commission in the Army of the United States.

A lover once wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire to "some secluded spot, and breathe away his life in sighs." To which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.
 Fanny Fern says if one half of the girls knew the previous life of the man they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased. If the men knew, Fanny, what their future lives were to be, would it increase the list of old maids still further?

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 December 13, 1869.