

The Democratic Watchman

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Almighty Dollar.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

They brought him a dollar. He took it, clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed post, and then gazed at it long and intently with his dull, leaden eyes. That day, in the hurry of business, Death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels; he was there with his bank book in his hand when Death laid his hand upon him. He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money. At midnight he spoke. He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt he sat up in his death bed and clutched it with the grip of death. A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all stood—cold as plainly as human life may it. His hair and eyebrows were white, his cheeks sunken and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated the passion of avarice. As he sat up in his bed with his neck bared and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasting with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there was life in his leaden eyes, and all that life was centered on the dollar which he gripped in his clenched fist. His wife, a pleasant faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table pen in hand and gazed at the dollar. There was a huge parchment spread before him. "Do you think he will make a will?" asked the son. "Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be lucid after a while." "My dear," said the wife, "had not I better send for a preacher?" She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eyes were upon the dollar. He was a rich man. He owned palaces on Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and courts on the outskirts. He had iron mines in this State, copper mines on the lakes somewhere and golden interests in California. He was brought upon the records of twenty banks, he owned stocks of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay. He knew but one crime—to be in debt without the power to pay. He knew but one virtue—to get money. That crime he had not forgiven—this virtue he had not forgotten in the long war of thirty-five years. To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life. He was a good man, his name was on the silver plate upon the pew-door of a velvet cushioned church. He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars that he wrung from the tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heel, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution. He was a just man—the gallows and the jail always found in him a faithful and unswerving advocate. And now he is a dying man—see! As he sits upon the bed of death, with the dollar in his clenched hand, O, holy dollar! object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death? At length the dead man revived and detailed his will. It was strange to see the mother and son and lawyer muttering—and sometimes wrangling—beside the bed of death. All the while the testator clutched the dollar in his right hand. While the will was being made the preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the church whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groined beneath the weight of respectability, broad-cloth and satin. He came and said his prayer—decorously and in measured words—but never once did the dying man relax his hold on the dollar. "Can't you read me something, say—quick, don't you see I'm going?" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher. The preacher, whose cravat was the whitest, took a book with golden clasps from a marble table, and he read: "And I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." "Who said those words—who—who—who?" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clutched the dollar at the preacher's head. The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply. "Why did you never tell me this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—why?" The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted. "And it's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare—what debtor did I

ever-release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said a word about the camel. Not a word about the camel." The preacher in search of a consolatory passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and, in his confusion, came to this passage, which he read: "Go to now, ye rich man, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were with fire; ye have heaped treasures together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath." "And yet you never preached that to me!" shrieked the dying man. The preacher, who had wandered through the passage from James, which he had quoted, knew not what to say. He was preface terrified by the very look of the dying parishioner. Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will) attempted a word or two of consolation. But with the dollar in his hand he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mines and camel, of tenant and debtor, until the breath left his lips. Thus he died. When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such charitable society which had been engrailed upon the preacher's church. And the wife closed his eyes and tried to wrench the dollar from his hand but in vain. He clutched it as though it were the only savior to light him through the darkness of eternity. And the son sat down with dry eyes and thought of the hundreds of thousands that were now his own. Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. "There was a great crowd around an open grave, and an elegant sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher. There was a fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, and—no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace, where sorrow died even as the crape was taken from the door knob. And in the grave the dead hand still clutched the dollar. The Enchanted Necklace. Little Gertrude sat eating a piece of brown bread by the tiny brook that flowed over the round, smooth pebbles at the foot of her father's garden. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, at length, "I wish I had something better than brown bread to eat. I wish I had a fairy godmother who would give me everything that I wished, like the little girl in my story. I wish I could see a fairy this minute." Here a rustling of the leaves caused Gertry to look up, and lo! there stood a beautiful lady, not over a foot tall, with floating gossamer robes, and hair like a braided sunbeam. "Child of earth, your wish is granted; take this necklace, and as long as you wear it, whatever you wish it will come to pass;" and placing a golden necklace, with a diamond clasp, in the child's hand she disappeared before the astonished Gertry could find words in which to express her thanks. "Oh, what shall I wish for?" thought she. "Oh, now I know: I wish I was a grown-up woman, with a beautiful house and splendid furniture, and plenty of money and plenty of servants." The words were hardly out of her mouth, before she found herself in a gorgeously furnished parlor, and seated at a grand piano, trying to drum out a piece of new music that lay before her. "How hungry it makes me to practice my lesson," she exclaimed; "I wish dinner was ready." Instantly the folding doors of the parlor flew open, revealing a table covered with a snowy cloth, and the richest silver, and costliest china, and nice white bread, and golden butter, and roast chickens, and jellies, and cakes, and fruits of all descriptions, and behind her chair stood a servant ready to do her bidding. "This is something like living," thought Gertry. But hardly had she tasted the first morsel, when a huge black mastiff bounded into the open door, his eye balls shining like coals of fire, and the white froth dripping from his open mouth. "He is mad!" shrieked out the servant springing through an open window. "I wish I was in China!" screamed Gertry; and at a bound and a whirl, she was high in the air, and in an instant she landed in the midst of a dark skinned, black eyed crowd who stared at her, and talked in a language she could not understand. "Oh, I wish I was at my father's house," said Gertry; and with another whirl she was again in the air, and then she found herself at her father's gate. Her mother was at the gate. "Oh, mother," said Gertry; "I am—Who are you?" asked her mother. "Why, I am your Gertry; do you not know me?" But she only laughed, and said, "You my Gertry? Why Gertry is only a little girl, and you are a woman! No, you are not my child!" and she entered the house and shut the door. "Oh, what shall I do?" sobbed Gertry; "even my own mother does not know me!" And she darted through the gate just as a runaway horse dashed by. She tried to get out of the way, but it was too late. She slipped and fell dizzily in front of the horse, and would have been crushed had she not thought of the necklace. "I wish I was a rabbit!" she exclaimed; and in an instant she bounded from under the horse's feet in the form of a plump gray rabbit.

She did not pause till she reached the forest, when looking up, she saw a sportsman with a gun about to shoot her. "Oh, I wish I was a bird," she gasped; and lo! there she was flying through the air in the form of a beautiful bird, pausing now and then among the leafy branches of the trees, and singing a few notes of joy. "I shall be perfectly happy now," thought Gertry; but, glancing up, she beheld a hawk about to seize her. "Oh, I wish I was a little girl again. I wish the fairy would take back the hateful necklace." And she flung the trinket from her with such force that she awoke. Gertry started to her feet. "I am so glad I was a dream," she said. "I am sure I will never grumble about brown bread, nor want anything more to do with fairies." Incidents of the War. A Frenchman writes from Sedan, as follows: "This afternoon there is coming a young woman from Thelonne. She appeared for the first time on Friday, and never can I forget what I felt when this young woman presented herself. She was pale; she did not weep—she had already wept overmuch—but there was such an indescribable expression in her look! She told me her story. 'I am the only one left of seven.' 'But where are the others?' I asked. 'All dead; they have died in the war. That day, in Bazella, my father-in-law was shot, and my mother in law died of the shock. As for me, I had read in the papers that it was better not to leave one's house, and I remained in mine with my husband and three children. They came and set fire to it, and I then lost all consciousness. Suddenly, on returning to myself, I found that I was in the cellar. I heard the cries of the soldiers, but an officer protected us from them. As I turned to one side, I found my baby, eight months old, dead. I looked on the other side, the second was also dead. Then my husband was taken and led from one place to another, and I escaped to Thelonne to my parents, with a child five years old, in my arms. My husband escaped, but survived only a little while, for he came ill, and both he and my little one died from the shock they sustained.' And the big tears came slowly forth, and dropped down her pale thin cheeks. She is but twenty seven. There was the silence of death in the room, whilst the poor young victim told her tragic tale. This very day there came four women at once, to entreat us to give them work. When I asked them whether they had received help from the 'Bureau de Bienfaisance,' they exclaimed, 'Oh, we have always worked; we have never received help from any society. Oh, mademoiselle, for God's sake give us some work, however little; if we earn but four sous a day, it will be better than nothing.' This was but a faint picture of the horrors of war, as practiced by two of the most civilized and Christian nations of Europe. When will men put away this relic of a barbarous age, and learn to dwell together in peace and harmony? Public Men as Newspaper Writers. Many of our public men, says Col. Forney, in his 'Anecdotes,' are capital amateur editors. He gives the following examples: 'Thomas H. Benton was a valuable and vigorous contributor to the Globe, in the war upon Trent and elevated, and his facts generally impregnable. James Buchanan was a frequent writer in my old paper, the Lancaster Intelligencer and Journal, and in the Pennsylvaniaian. His diction was cold and unsympathetic, but exact, clear and condensed. His precise and elegant graphology was the delight of the compositors. Judge Douglas wrote little, but suggested much. His mind teemed with points.' I never spent an hour with him which did not furnish me with new ideas. He was a treasure to an editor, because he possessed the rare faculty of throwing new light upon every subject in the very shortest possible time. Ex Attorney General, J. S. Black, would have made a superb journalist, and was a ready and useful contributor. His style is terse, fresh and scholarly. What a pity to see such gifts wasted in a scribble over the grave of a former associate and friend! Caleb Cushing is another statesman who once delighted in editorial writing, and still occasionally varies his professional toil by the same agreeable relaxation. I have known him to stand up to his tall desk, and dash off columns after columns on foreign and domestic politics, on art, on finance, with astonishing rapidity and ease. —Wife, I am shortly to leave you—the doctor tells me I can live but a few hours at most. I shall soon be in heaven. What! you soon be in heaven? You! You'll never be any nearer heaven than you are now, you old brute. Dolphus, Dolphus, hoarsely growled the old man, Dolphus! bring me my cane and let me larrup the trollop once more before I die. —"John," said a poverty stricken man to his son, "I've made my will to-day." "Ah," replied John. "You were liberal to me, no doubt." "Yes, John, I came down handsome. I've willed you the whole State of Virginia—to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better." —"Come here, Felix; you said the letter B was a glutton; how do you know it?" "Bought he changes fast into foists, is invariably the first to commence eating, and is always last at the table." —The weight of the world. Short weight.

Helmhold's Column. HENRY T. HELMHOLD'S Compound Fluid EXTRACT CATAWA GRAPE PILLS. Compound Pills—Fluid Extract Rhubarb and Fluid Extract Catawba Grape Juice. For Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Bilious Affections, Sick or nervous Headaches, Constipation, etc. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs. These Pills are a pleasant purgative, superior to castor oil, salts, magnesia, etc. There is nothing more acceptable to the stomach. They give tone, and cause neither nausea nor griping pains. They are composed of the finest ingredients. After a few days' use of them, such an invigoration of the entire system takes place as to appear miraculously to the uninitiated, and enervated, without producing any of the deleterious effects of the ordinary cathartics. THE CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS, being pleasant in taste and odor, do not necessitate their being sugar coated and are prepared according to rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are not Patent Medicines. HENRY T. HELMHOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. Will radically exterminate from the system Scrophula, Syphilis, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Sore Mouth, Sore Head, Ringworms, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Hemorrhoids, Gonorrea, Gonorrhoea, Catarrhs, Hemorrhoids, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all diseases that have been established in the system for years. Being prepared expressly for the above complaints, its blood purifying properties are greater than any other preparation of sarsaparilla. It gives the complexion a clear and healthy color, and restores the patient to a state of health and purity. For purifying the blood, removing all chronic constitutional diseases, and restoring the system to its normal state, it is only reliable and effectual known remedy for the cure of puffs and swelling of the bones, elevations of the throat and face, blotches on the face, eruptions, and all scaly eruptions of the skin, and beautifying the complexion. HENRY T. HELMHOLD'S CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, THE GREAT DIURETIC. Has cured every case of diabetes in which it has been given irritation of the neck of the bladder and inflammation of the kidneys, ulceration of the bladder, and enlarged prostate gland, etc. It is prescribed extensively by the most eminent physicians and midwives for enlarged and delicate constitutions, of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to exertion, loss of power, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, frequent urination, nocturnal urination, wakefulness, dimness of vision, pain in the back, hot hands, flushing of the face, dryness of the skin, eruption on the face, pallid countenance, universal lassitude of the muscular system, etc. Used by persons from the ages of eighteen to twenty five, and from thirty-five to fifty five or in the decline or change of life. After confinement or labor pains, bed-wetting in children. HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is diuretic and blood purifying, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, and excesses, and impurities in the impurities of the blood, etc. It is used in all cases of dropsy, etc. It is used, and syphilitic affections—in these diseases used in connection with Helmhold's rose wash. LADIES. In many affections peculiar to ladies, the Extract Buchu is unequalled by any other remedy—as in chlorosis or retention, irregularity, painfulness or suppression of custom, dry catarrhs, selected or scorbutic state of the uterus, leucorrhoea or white, sterility, and for all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from indigestion or habits of dissipation. It is prescribed extensively by the most eminent physicians and midwives for enlarged and delicate constitutions, of both sexes, and all ages. H. T. HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU CURES DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES, HABITS OF DISSIPATION, ETC. In all their stages—at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience, and no excretion. It causes a frequent desire, and gives strength to Urinate, thereby removing obstructions, preventing and curing Stricture, and all other Affections of the Urinary Organs, arising from habits of dissipation, or frequent use of the Extract Buchu, Sarsaparilla, and Catawba Grape Pills, in such diseases as recommended cannot be surprised. Full and explicit directions accompany the medicine. Evidence of the most responsible and reliable character, or furnished on application, with hundreds of thousands of living witnesses, and upward of 20,000 uncollected certificates and recommendations, including eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Statesmen, etc. The Proprietor has never resorted to their publication in the newspapers, or in any other manner, that his pills rank as Standard Preparations, and do not need to be propped up by certificates. HENRY T. HELMHOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS. Delivered to any address. Secure from obsolescence. Established upward of twenty years. Sold by druggists everywhere. Advertisements for information in confidence to Henry T. Helmhold, 151 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Only deposit: H. T. Helmhold's drug and chemical warehouse, No. 204 Broadway, New York, or to H. T. Helmhold's medical depot, 108 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Henry T. Helmhold's! Take no other. 15-22-ly

Dry Goods. THE UNDERSIGNED having determined to quit the mercantile business in Bellefonte, absolutely and positively, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, ETC. AT COST. He has a very fine assortment of Ladies' DRY GOODS, which he offers at cost. Also a splendid stock of OVER COATS and other CLOTHING, also a large and select stock of NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, ETC., all of which are offered at cost. Call in and see that this is no catch trap but the truth. Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 12th, 1870. G. B. D. PIPER. NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES. HIGH RATES RUINED OUT. GOODS AT OLD FASHIONED PRICE. HOFFER & BROS. Would respectfully inform the world and the stock of goods of ALL KINDS which they are offering at the very lowest market price. DRY GOODS. Consisting of the latest styles of Figured and Plain Alpaca, Figured and plain all Wool Delaine, Shepherd Plaids, Black Silks, Summer Silks, Irish Poplins, White Goods, White Counterpanes, Linen and Cotton Sheetings, Checks, Ginghams, Bedticks, Flannels, etc. Shepherd Plaid Balmorals, Black Cloth, Cassimeres, Velvetine, Corduroy, Ready-made Jeans, Drills, Ladies' Clothing, Plain Colors, Middlesex Cloth, of Various Colors. A full line of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings, all kinds and prices, which will be sold cheap. We have constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of all kinds of Groceries, Groceries, Mackerel, Salt, etc., etc. Which we will dispose of at the very lowest cash prices. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, and the highest market price given allowed. FRIENDS AWAKE TO YOUR INTEREST. For we feel satisfied that we can suit your tastes as well as your purses. ALWAYS AHEAD!—A. ALEXANDER & SON, MILLHILL, PA. Goods of every description. A. ALEXANDER & SON. Take this method of announcing to their numerous friends that they have just returned from the East with a new assortment of goods. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS. Which they are selling at such prices that purchasers will find it to their interest to buy of them. Their stock consists of: DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods. A. ALEXANDER & SON. Insurance. METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK. AMEN A. DOW, President. R. HEGEMAN, Vice President. BRANCH OFFICE. Farm and Mechanics Bank Building, 423 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. CORBIN, GAFFNEY AND CORBIN. General Agents and Attorneys for Penna., Delaware, Southern N. Jersey, District of Columbia and Maryland. DIVIDENDS DECLARED ANNUALLY. Thirty days grace allowed in payment of premium. Large liberty to travel without extra charge. All its Policies non-forfeitable and incontestable. C. R. GEARHART, Agent. Bellefonte. T. R. HAYES, Medical Examiner. 15-24-ly. EDWIN H. KINSLOE, Successor to Sam'l L. Barr, dec'd. CLAIM AND INSURANCE AGENT. GOOD COMPANIES. LOW RATES. PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES. Cash and Mutual Fire, Life and Accident Policies written. Prompt attention given to the collection of Bns. Ins. Policies and all other claims. Holders who neglected before July 22d, 1868, their Bns. Policies discharged without receipt for the \$100 Bounty are now entitled to it. EDWIN H. KINSLOE, Box No. 13, Bellefonte, Pa. 15-16 Successor to Sam'l L. Barr, dec'd. PRINTING IN COLORS A SPECIALTY AT THIS OFFICE.

Hotels and Saloons. BROKERHOFF HOUSE. ALLEGANY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. HOUSE & KROM, (Proprietors.) A first class hotel—comfortable rooms—prompt attendance. All the modern conveniences and reasonable charges. The proprietors offer to the traveling public and to their country friends first-class accommodations, and careful attention to the wants of guests, at all times, at fair rates. Careful hostlers and good stabling. An excellent table well served. A bar, supplied with the best of liquors. Servants well trained, and every thing requisite in a first class hotel. Our location is in the business portion of the town, near the post office, the court house, the churches, the banks, and the principal places of business, rendering it the most eligible place to stop for those who visit Bellefonte either on business or for pleasure. An omnibus will carry passengers and baggage to and from all trains free of charge—14-16 BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PENNA. The elegant hotel, having come under the supervision of the undersigned, he would respectfully announce to the public that he is prepared to accommodate them after the style of the best houses in the cities. The Bush House is a magnificent building, splendidly furnished, and capable of comfortably accommodating THREE HUNDRED GUESTS. It is situated near the depot, and convenient to all places of business, and is the best hotel in central Pennsylvania. Its waiters are obliging, polite and experienced. Its tables are supplied with every luxury in the market; its stables are first-class, with attentive and humane hostlers, and its bar supplied with the best of liquors. For guests from the cities to spend the summer it is just the place! The proprietor will be happy to receive the public as often as they wish to call. F. M'LAIN, Proprietor. GARMAN'S HOTEL—DANIEL GARMAN, Proprietor. The long-established and well-known Hotel, situated on the southeast corner of the Diamond, opposite the Courthouse, having been purchased by Daniel Garman, he announces to the former patrons of this establishment and to the traveling public generally, that he has thoroughly refitted his house, and is prepared to render the most satisfactory accommodations to all who may desire them. His patronage. No pains will be spared on his part to add to the convenience or comfort of his guests. All who stop with him will find his table abundantly supplied with excellent and sumptuous fare the market will afford, done up in style by the most experienced cooks. His bar will always contain the choicest of liquors. His stabling is the best in town, and will be attended by the most trustworthy and attentive hostlers. Give him a call, one and all, and he feels confident that all will be satisfied with their accommodations. An excellent Livery is attached to this establishment, which strangers from abroad will find greatly to their advantage. 15-16 CUMMINGS HOUSE. W. D. RIKARD, Proprietor. BELLEFONTE, PENNA. The undersigned, having assumed control of this fine hotel, would respectfully ask the patronage of the public. He is prepared to accommodate guests in the best of style, and will take every precaution to supply the best in the market. Good stables attached to the hotel, with careful and attentive servants. The traveling public are invited to give the Cummings House a call. 15-20-ly NATIONAL HOTEL, MILLHILL, PA. JONATHAN KREMER, Proprietor. Having purchased this admirable property, the proprietor takes pleasure in informing his friends that he has refitted and refurnished it from top to bottom, and is now prepared to accommodate travelers and others in a style that his hopes will prove not only satisfactory, but pleasant. His table and bar, will not be excelled by any in the country. His stables are large and new, and is attended by experienced and attentive ostlers. 14-29-ly Coal & Lime. COAL—WAGNER NOW RECEIVING a large stock of the best prepared WILKESBARRE COAL, of all sizes, which we offer at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES. Customers are advised that our Coal is housed under large and commodious sheds which protect it from the weather, which adds very materially to its value as fuel. Those who desire to take advantage of the SUMMER PRICES, have the opportunity of doing so. LIME. Lime burnt with Wood or Coal, at our kilns on the pike leading to Millburg. Office and yard near South End of B. & O. R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa. SHORTLING & CO. Bellefonte Pa. 13-16 Tobacco. TOBACCO. THE BEST! THE BEST! AT N. BECK'S, AT N. BECK'S. COME AND SEE, COME AND SEE, WHAT ELEGANT PLUGS, WHAT ELEGANT PLUGS, COME AND BUY, COME AND BUY, HIS FINE SWEET SIGARS, THE BEST IN TOWN, THE BEST IN THE STATE, THE BEST IN THE WORLD. HIS FINE CUT, HIS FINE CUT, THE SWEETEST, THE SWEETEST, AND THE CHEAPEST, AND THE CHEAPEST. I N T O W N. Remember in Store No. 4 Bush Hotel. 15-16-ly MESSRS. SUSHMAN & GUGG. ENHETER request to state for the benefit of farmers, that they will pay the highest market price for Clover and Timothy Seed, and will pay in cash for the same as soon as it is delivered. 15-23-ly