

Attorneys-at-Law.

J. C. HARPEL, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office Garman House, 30 23.
WILLIAM S. SWOPE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office Garman House, 34 25 15.
D. F. FORNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Woodring's building, north of Court House, 14 2.
J. M. KEJHLING, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's new building, with W. H. Blair, 19 40.
JOHN Q. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson, 24 2.
S. D. RIF, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims, Office on High Street, 25 1.
H. H. SHIBARGER, (Successor to Yeomans Harshbarger), Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High Street, 28 15.
D. R. HASTINGS, W. F. REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office No. 14 North Allegheny Street, 28 13.
J. SPANGLER, C. P. HEWES, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Consultation in English or German, Office opp. Court House, 19 6.
JOHN KLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on second floor of Furst's new building, north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German, 29 31.
JOHN MILLS HALE, Attorney-at-Law, Philipsburg, Pa. Collections and all other legal business in Centre and Clearfield counties attended to, 23 14.
W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's block, opp. Court House. All professional business will receive prompt attention, 30 16.

Physicians.

H. K. HOY, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, No. 4 South Spring Street, Bellefonte, Pa. Office hours—7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m., 32 18.
D. McGIRK, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Philipsburg, Pa., offers his professional services to those in need, 20 21.
A. HIBLER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity, Office 29 North High Street, next door to Judge Orvis' law office, opp. Court House, 11 23.
D. R. L. DARTT, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Office in residence No. 1 North Allegheny Street, next to Episcopal Church, Office hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m., Telephone, 32 45.
D. R. L. DARTT, of Bellefonte, Pa., has the Brinkerhoff system of Rectal treatment for the cure of Piles, Fisures and other Rectal diseases. Information furnished upon application, 30 144.

Dentists.

J. E. WARD, GRADUATE OF BALTIMORE DENTAL COLLEGE, Office in Frier's Stone Block, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa., 34 11.
D. R. H. B. LIVINGSTON, DENTIST, A. M., in connection with the Brinkerhoff system of dental work, 200 Chestnut Street, Centre county, two doors east of hotel. Special attention given to extracting and making teeth. All work guaranteed, 33 45 15.

Bankers.

W. F. REYNOLDS & CO., Bankers, Bellefonte, Pa. Bills of Exchange and Notes Discounted; Interest paid on special deposits, Exchange on Eastern cities. Deposits received, 7 17.

Hotels.

TO THE PUBLIC. In consequence of the similarity of the names of the Parker and Potter Hotels, the proprietor of the Parker House has changed the name of his hotel to—
COAL EXCHANGE HOTEL.
He has also repapered, repainted and otherwise improved it, and has fitted up a large and tasteful parlor and reception room on the first floor, 33 17.
WM. PARKER, Philipsburg, Pa.

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE,

E. A. HUTTON, Proprietor. Nos. 111 and 123 North Broad Street, One Square from P. R. R. Depot, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Terms—\$1.50 per day, 27 22 15.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

MILESBOUR, PA. A. A. KOHLBECKER, Proprietor. This new and commodious Hotel, located opposite the depot, Milesburg, Centre county, has been entirely refitted, refurnished and repapered throughout, and is now second to none in the county in the character of accommodations offered to the public. Its table is supplied with the best market affords, its bar contains the purest and choicest liquors, its stable has attentive hostlers, and every convenience and comfort is extended to its guests. Through travelers on the railroad will find this an excellent place to lunch or procure a meal, as all trains stop there about 25 minutes, 24 24.

THE CUMMINGS HOUSE

BELLEFONTE, PA. Having assumed the proprietorship of this finely located and well known hotel I desire to inform the public that whittit will have no bar, and be run strictly as a temperance hotel, it will furnish to its patrons all the comforts, conveniences and hospitalities offered by others. Its table will not be surpassed by any. Its rooms are large and comfortable. Its stabling is the best in town, and its prices to transient guests are regular boarders will be very reasonable. The citizens of the town will find in the basement of my hotel a FIRST-CLASS MEAT MARKET at which a kind of Meat can be purchased at the very lowest rates. I earnestly solicit a share of the public patronage, 33 13. GOTLEIB HAAG.

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 23, 1889.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Where is the spirit's home, where shine its portals? And has it ever yet been seen by mortals? Where is that place called Heaven, where the yearning Of bruised and bleeding hearts is ever turning? Is there some grand arcadia unexplored Where untold glories for the soul are stored? Or have men sought in vain with straining vision At last to view those wondrous scenes elysian? There's a place, where the stars and suns are stored, Yet overlooked, as clear as morning light, That rolls away the curtains of the night? The Kingdom is within the souls of men; There shall He dwell when He shall come again. Within that shrine where dwells the con-sciousness, Where dwells the power to curse, to love, to bless, There sits the New Jerusalem enshrined. The holy place, where from the inner mind, All evil, false, and hate are cast away, There, in their stead, are born in bright array, The fair beatitudes and love divine, Whose glow doth from that city's portals shine. Then know, oh, man! the New Jerusalem, Whose walls are gold, whose every gate a gem, Will not appear to thee with outward show; Yet surely will its walls and temples glow, Ten thousand fold more fair than mortal hand has ever built, or mind has ever planned; Upon the eternal hills of love and truth divine, If thou wilt but remove the evil world of thine. Emile Pickhardt.

A Snake Around Her Neck.

Thrilling Adventure of Mrs. Stetson and Her Pucky Daughter. Mrs. Stetson and daughter, of near New Castle, Pa., were "berrying" in the vicinity of Harbor Bridge when they had a lively encounter with a snake. Mrs. Stetson was making her way through a thicket of small trees and bushes, her daughter following at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards. Suddenly a long snake of a greenish brown color swung from a small tree at Mrs. Stetson's side, and quick as a flash began coiling itself around her neck and shoulders. Almost paralyzed with fright, the woman stood rooted to the ground for almost a minute. Then recovering her senses she screamed loudly for help. Miss Stetson rushed forward to ascertain the cause of the outcry. She was horrified upon reaching the spot to see her mother in the coils of the reptile. The poor woman had succeeded in getting her hands around its slimy body about six inches from the head. Her hold was a firm one, but it required all her strength to keep the snake from getting its head close enough to do injury with its fangs, which it kept thrusting at her face. All this time it kept tightening its grip around her neck, and soon her face began to assume a purplish hue, while her tongue, swollen to twice its natural size, hung from her mouth and her eyes bulged almost from their sockets. Miss Stetson's cool and nery young lady, and grasping a stick she struck the snake a telling blow on the head. This caused it to loosen its coil, but not before the woman had fainted. Her daughter then attempted to pull the serpent away but found her mother's fingers deeply imbedded in its flesh and all efforts to get them loose failed. The young woman then proceeded to carry and to drag by turns her now unconscious parent to a stream of water about fifty yards from the place. A liberal application of the cool liquid brought Mrs. Stetson back to consciousness. She still grasped the snake in her hands and it required no small effort, accompanied by pain, for her to straighten them sufficiently to allow the snake to drop from her grasp. She was then assisted to a farm house half a mile distant where she was kindly cared for, after which she was conveyed to her home in a carriage. The shock was too much for her and Mrs. Stetson is now lying at her home in a critical condition.

A European Hair Mart.

The demand for false hair at the present day is very great. We can get some idea of the magnitude of the traffic from the fact that the hair merchants of London alone import five tons of hair annually, and that the Parisian dealers harvest upward of 200,000 pounds of hair a year. It is mostly black hair, and is collected in Brittany and the south of France. The market cannot be supplied simply by chance clippings; there must be more ample sources and regular seasons for obtaining the supply. There are itinerant dealers who purchase hair, paying for each head of hair from one to five francs, according to its weight and beauty, the weight ranging from eleven to sixteen ounces. The peasant girls are quite willing to part with their hair, and will accept silks, laces, cheap jewelry, etc., with which the traffickers are well supplied. The latter attend the fairs and merry-makings as the best place to ply their vocation, and the girls bring their hair to market just as they would peas, cabbages, etc. The girls stand in a ring waiting to be shorn, with their caps in their hands and their long hair combed out and hanging to their waists. The dealer, who is often a man, but sometimes a woman, ties up each crop of hair in a wisp by itself and tosses it into a large basket. The girls sacrifice some of their vanity along with their hair, but it does not worry them long. They want the money, feel more comfortably, and the close-fitting caps they wear hide the loss. Then, too, will not the hair grow again? The hair is dressed and sorted in the wholesale houses, and sold to the retail dealers, in turn, obtain a good profit, knowing that if one customer refuses to pay it another will readily buy. Light hair is almost exclusively a German product. The dealers claim to be able to distinguish the nationality of hair, whether French or German, English or Irish, Scotch or Welsh. They say, more, they assert that they can name the province in which the hair was gathered—even between two districts of Central France, though they may not be many miles apart. The difference is so very slight that the ordinary physiologist would not be able to detect any.—Detroit Free Press.

Swift On The Wing.

The Fastest Railroad Train Slow Compared With The Wild Duck.

"The gadwale—but there, it isn't likely at all that you know what a gadwale is," said an observant wild fowl hunter. "The gadwale is a duck. It is a wild duck that doesn't get east very often, but is a familiar fowl in the west. I was just about to remark that the gadwale is a bird that can travel nearly a 100 miles while the fastest railroad train is going fifty, and yet it is slow on the wing compared with a canvas back duck, the broadbill, or even the wild goose. "I have held my watch on about every kind of wild fowl there is, and know to a dot just how much space any of them can get over in an hour. The canvas-back can distance the whole wild fowl family, if it lays itself out to do it. If he has business somewhere, and he has to get there, he can put two miles behind him every minute, and it is easy. The mallard duck is lazy. He seldom cares to cover more than a mile a minute, but he can if he wants to. His ordinary, every-day style of getting along over the country takes him from place to place at about a 45-mile-an-hour rate. The black duck can fly neck-and-neck with the mallard, and neither one can give the other odds. If the pin-tail widgown and a canvasback each do his race either a mallard or a black duck it would be safe to bet on either one. But if a redhead duck should enter the race you can give big odds on him, for he can spin off ninety miles an hour as easy as you can walk around the block, and can do it all day. He would be left far behind, though, by the blue-winged or the green-winged fly. These two fowls can take side by side for 100 miles and close the race in a dead heat in an hour, and appear to make no hard work of it. The broadbill duck is the only fowl that flies that can push the canvasback on the wing. Let a broadbill and a canvasback each do his best for an hour, and the broadbill will only come out about ten miles behind. One hundred and ten miles an hour can be done by the broadbill, and he consequently makes a mark for a shotgun that a pretty good gunner wouldn't be apt to hit once in a lifetime. "The wild goose is an astonishing runner. It has a big, waddling body to carry, and to see it waddling on the ground you wouldn't suppose it could get away from you very fast on the wing. But it manages to glide from one feeding place to another with a suddenness that is aggravating to the best of winged things. You see a flock of honkers moving along, so high up that they seem to be sweeping the cobwebs of the sky, you probably wouldn't dare to bet that they were traveling at the rate of ninety miles an hour, but that is just what they are doing, any hour in the day. The wild goose never fools any time away. His gait is always a business one."—N. Y. Sun.

Noted Suicides in History.

The following are some of the more noted suicides of which mention is made in history. These do not savor much of insanity, but rather of stoic philosophy. Cato stabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Caesar. Themistocles poisoned himself rather than lead the Persians against his countrymen. Seno, when 98, hanged himself because he had put his finger into a joint, and Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being taken prisoners. When we search Scripture we find that Saul, rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, commanded his armor bearer to hold his sword that he might plunge upon it; Samson, for the sake of being revenged upon his enemies, pulled down the house in which they were revelling and died with them; and Judas Iscariot, after selling the Saviour for thirty pieces of silver, was overcome by remorse and went and hanged himself.

INDIAN FIRE MAKING.

If they want to make a little fire they kindle one with matches if they happen to have any with them; if not, a rapid twirl, between the palms of a hand, round stick of wood, or a piece of birch bark, another stick of softer fibre, will bring the fire from eight to forty-five seconds. The two pieces of wood are called the drill stick and the fire block. Any hard and dry stick will do for the former, but the latter must be an inflammable wood with a medium softness and little grain. The drill stick is pointed at the end and brought to bear upon the fire block with pressure; while it is rapidly revolved by means of the hands or a string passing around it. A little powdered charcoal, which may be scraped off the trees in almost any section where forest fire have raged, sprinkled on the fire block, will greatly assist in the production of the spark. I have described the practice of the Indians and the theory of the whites; between the two I never succeeded in raising anything but blisters on my hands.—Colonel A. G. Tassin, in August Overland.

WHISKY IN MELONS.

A gentleman who has tried it vouches for this story: Taking a gallon jug of whisky he passed a cord through its cork, which cord dropped to the bottom of the jug. The twine was then introduced into a water-melon vine permitted to produce only two melons. When the melons were matured they were served at a private barbecue to six gentlemen. The effect was astonishing. The gallon of whisky got in its work. Not a drop of the liquor remained in the jug when the melons were ripe.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE WEDDING PRELUDE.

Little Boy—"Say, ma says you are going to take siser' off." Engaged Youth (soon to be married)—"Yes, in a few weeks she's going to my home, and my ma and pa will be her ma and pa. See?" "I see. Then she'll be your sister, same as she was mine. Say, don't you do anything she doesn't like, for if you do she'll bang you around awful when your pa and ma ain't looking."—New York Weekly.

For all the news read the WATCHMAN.

Sullivan's Dark Prospect.

Muldoon Thinks He Will Be Imprisoned for a Year and Fined \$1,000.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 11.—William Muldoon, the wrestler and the trainer of Sullivan, passed through this city on his way to his home in Belfast. In an interview Muldoon said that he did not see any bright prospect of Sullivan getting off easy. "You see," he went on, "Governor Lowry did not so much care that the fight took place in his state, but he smarted under the gibes of the newspapers, and especially annoying to him was the humorous rhymes that everywhere appeared in ridicule of him. That made him mad, and he reoulded his energy and determination to punish both Sullivan and Kilrain. We had it all arranged to have the trial come off before the county judge in the same county where the fight took place, and it was understood this judge would only impose a fine. But on the day fixed for the trial the governor and the state prosecuting attorney went, to this judge's court and frightened him into sending the case to another court in which Sullivan will not fare so well. "The trial comes up next Tuesday, and if convicted he will probably be imprisoned a year and fined \$1,000. I don't believe they can get much evidence against him unless it comes from some who lost money on Kilrain. I was advised to get out of the state and I got. If we are both to be locked up I want to go in when Sullivan does, so we can both get out together. We want to get the case postponed from time to time until Lowry and some other's got out of office, but I guess he will not allow that."

"Jack, the Kisser."

From the Augusta News. On upper Broad street, last night, several young ladies, who for obvious reasons do not want their names printed, were accosted and badly frightened by a young, dusky-looking stranger, who unceremoniously caught and kissed them from collar to garret. And still from every quarter new swarms are daily coming; some days as many as three or four colonies arrive, and despite the fact that Mr. Kinney has killed as many as 12 swarms already this season, they are gaining rapidly on him, and he is seriously contemplating the bees in possession of Rufus Kinney's residence at Revere, N. Y., transforming it into a vast apiary and compelling the family to vacate portions of the house. Every accessible part of the house is filled with bees; the walls are transformed into hives. At least a dozen colonies have lodged themselves under the building, and the pugnacious little rascals dispute with the owners every part of the house from cellar to garret. 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