

Attorneys-at-Law.

J. C. HARPER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman House. 30 28

WILLIAM I. SWOOP, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman House. 34 25 17

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Woodring's building, north of the Court House. 14 2

J. M. KEICHLIN, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's new building, with W. H. Blair. 19 40

JOHN G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. F. Wilson. 24 2

S. D. RAY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office on High street. 25 1

H. HARSHBARGER, (Successor to Tocum H. & Harshbarger), Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High street. 25 15

D. H. HASTINGS, W. F. REEDER, SPANGLER & REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office No. 14 North Allegheny street. 28 13

J. L. SPANGLER, C. P. HEWER, SPANGLER & 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, Phillipsburg, 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 new building, 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

J. D. MCGIRK, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Phillipsburg, Pa., offers his professional services to those in need. 29 21

A. HIBLER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office 25 N. Allegheny street. 11 23

D. R. L. DARTT, Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office on North High street, next door to Judge Orr's law office, opp. Court House. 29 29

D. R. L. DARTT, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Office in residence No. 61 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 14B

Dentists.

J. E. WARD, GRADUATE OF BALTIMORE DENTAL COLLEGE, Office in Crier's Stone Block, High street, Bellefonte, Pa. 34 11

D. R. H. B. LIVINGSTON, DENTIST, A practitioner of eighteen years, has located on Main street, Pine Grove Mills, Centre county, two doors east of hotel. Special attention given to extracting and making teeth. All work guaranteed. 33 45 17

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 Hotel 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 tasty parlor and reception room on the first floor. WM. PARKER, Phillipsburg, Pa. 33 17

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, Nos. 111 and 123 North Broad Street, One Square from P. R. Depot, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Terms—\$1.50 per day. 27 22 17

CENTRAL HOTEL, MILESBURG, PA. A. A. KOHLER, Proprietor. This new and commodious Hotel, located opposite the depot, Milesburg, Centre county, has been entirely refitted, repapered and repainted throughout, and is now second to none in the county in the character of accommodations offered the public. Its table is supplied with the best of the market, its bar contains the purest and choicest liquors, its stable has attentive hostlers, and every convenience and comfort is extended 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—O

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 and 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 all kinds of Meat can be purchased at the very lowest rates. I earnestly solicit a share of the public patronage. 33 13 GOTTLIEB HAAG.

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 30, 1889.

SAILING AT SUNSET.

We sail through the sunset light And the water gleams like wine— Our boat is swift, and the far clouds drift, While my love's eyes look in mine.

And soon o'er the white-capped waves The voice of the wine is strong, While the light grows less, and her lips confess What her heart has hid so long.

And beams that are borne to me Through the twilight's dusky bars, Are from eyes that hold the heart's warm gold— My morning and evening stars. —William H. Hoops.

Pickpockets of Paris.

The Skill of the Different Nationalities as Light-Fingered Gentlemen.

The majority of the Paris pickpockets and pickpocketes, according to M. Mace, are foreigners, the English and Italian being the most numerous. The English pickpocket is the best known; one meets him everywhere; but he is by no means the cleverest. He has obtained a reputation which he does not deserve. He is stiff in his movements, and although very clever with his hands he has too much of the National phlegm about him. But he is an indefatigable walker. He will visit all the principal crowded points in Paris in a single day, and fairly tire out the detectives who follow him. He is as wise as a serpent, and never lets himself be enticed from the path of prudence by temptation to a dangerous attempt. He never remains more than ten minutes in one crowd, and seldom makes more than one victim in the same place. The racecourse is his favorite field of operations. All the pickpockets of the North, English, Russian, Polish, German, are cool, methodical and tenacious, and seldom let a victim go before they have emptied his pockets. The German is excellent at the method known as a l'esbrouffe, which consists in hustling the victim violently, and robbing him during the confusion which ensues. He also excels in the "vol au radin" diverting the attention of a shopman and then annexing the contents of the till.

But the North is not alone in supplying Paris with pickpockets. Italy and Spain furnish a numerous contingent. The Spanish pickpocket deserves special mention. He combines theft with devotion, and when arrested makes a revolting display of hypocrisy, protesting his innocence by all the saints in the calendar. The Italian is extremely clever, is conscious of his superiority, and can often snap his fingers at all the detectives in Europe. Full of confidence in himself, and rejoicing in his triumph, he, nevertheless, ends in ruining himself. If the Italian only had the prudence of the Englishman he could laugh at the entire police of the universe; but, carried away by the Southern fougue, he gets caught through remaining to repeat his triumph in the same place.—London Globe.

A Church Committee Comes to Grief.

In conversation the other day an old resident related this anecdote, which occurred some forty years ago. "On Shoal creek there lived a number of old time gentlemen with their antique notions of life, with the decanter of old liquors on the side-board as the cornerstone of their far famed hospitality and mainstay of the domestic economy. Notwithstanding the universality of whisky drinking, the churches, as a rule, were more rigid in disciplining their members for drunkenness than they are now. Among the membership at Shoal creek was Judge L., and in an unguarded moment he took 'too much,' and was seen drunk. The next conference promptly appointed a committee consisting of Judge P. and Judge W. At the appointed day the committee went over to visit the offender, who gave them a hearty welcome, and all took a good social drink, which was so often repeated during their stay that they forgot the object of their visit. The next conference called for a report on the case, when one of the gentlemen arose and said that they had labored with the brother and were satisfied. Judge L. who was present this time made his statement, and finished with the remark that if he ever got drunk again the church would do well to send to him men who were not as fond of liquor as he was himself."—Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.

"Darling Bessie," said Mr. Hoover, "said the fair type-writer, 'will you marry me? Since you have come like a gleam of sunshine to gladden my existence I have lived in the radiant joy of your ethereal presence, and passionately

"Please speak a little slower, Mr. Hoover," said the fair type-writer, interrupting him, while her fingers continued to fly over the keys of her machine. "Ethereal—presence—passionately. Now I am ready to proceed."

"Great Scott! Miss Caramel," exclaimed her employer, "you are not taking down my offer of marriage on that infernal type-writer, are you?"

"A proposal!" shrieked Miss Caramel. "Why, so it is. I didn't not ce. I thought you were dictating. Forgive me, dear William. I am yours. And now, since I have made this foolish blunder, please sign this paper, and I will keep it as a memento."

The marriage took place according to contract.

BUTTERMILK CREAMS.—Take a quart or two, according to quantity required, of freshly churned buttermilk; tie it up in a cloth and hang it over a basin for three or four days, till the whey has all run from it, and only the curd remains in the cloth. Beat the curd with a whisk, with either raspberry jam or fresh raspberries. If the latter, a good deal of pounded whitesugar will do. Send to table heaped in jelly-glasses.

A WILLING SUBSTITUTE.—Fuller (far gone, to bystander)—"Come upon you t-twins in we'll have supper!" By stander—"Thanks! I will, but there's only one of me, you know." Fuller—"M-never mind; I'll drink for z-oether one."—Epoch.

Always Ready to Shoot.

A Belated Anecdote Told in Washington About Judge Terry.

WASHINGTON, August 19.—One of the many old "forty-niners," who are spending their declining days in Washington, tells the following story of a meeting he once had with the late Judge Terry:

"It was in the winter of 1849-50," said the old man, "and I was mining in the California mountains. One night my partner and I arrived at a little town, having come in from the hills for some needed supplies. Of course, the first thing we did was to drop into a saloon, as it was customary to do in those days. The town was hardly anything but saloons, and they took the place of hotels. As usual, there was a game in progress. It was faro, I think, and was run by a desperate gambler called 'Faro' Jones or 'Monte' Johns, I've forgotten which. I noticed one man in particular who was losing steadily. He was evidently between 50 and 60 years of age. He was slightly built, with a very narrow chest, stooping shoulders—in fact, he had anything but a good physique. He had lost over \$1,000 worth of gold dust. Pretty soon the old man, nettled by his losses, excitedly charged the dealer with cheating. Naturally that meant 'shoot,' and the words were hardly out of his mouth before Jones had a pocket pistol leveled at his head.

"A number of men interposed and begged Jones not to shoot the old man, explaining that he was excited and didn't mean what he said. Jones became appeased, and apparently the trouble was over, but just at this moment a man stepped forth from the crowd, and quick as a flash dealt the old man a terrible blow in the face with an old-fashioned Texas Ranger Colt's six-shooter, which would weigh five or six pounds. The blow broke his nose, his cheek bone and the frontal bone over his left eye. He fell like a dog, and I don't believe ever recovered, but I never heard definitely. We had been in a good many tough places, and had seen some desperate encounters, but had never seen such a brutal, cowardly deed in that country of fight and bloodshed. Instinctively my partner and I both in tantaneously slipped our pistols to the front of our belts. We were mad clean through and then, one of us, I don't say which one, exclaimed: 'Stranger, I don't know who you are, but I do know you are a ————' A quick glance showed the stranger that the chances were against him. He might shoot one of us, but he would be surely killed by the other. He pocketed his pistol without a word and sneaked out of the saloon.

"After he had gone we were told that his name was David S. Terry. I have never forgotten him, because I have never seen such a brutal act. He was probably a silent partner in the game, but we never knew for certain. I have watched his career ever since, but as I said, I never saw anything to change his character. He was always ready to shoot if he had more than an even chance."

An Indian 150 Years Old.

A Man Who Was a Grandfather in 1770 Still Alive.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 19.—For several years there has been domiciled at the Monterey County Hospital an Indian known by the name of "Old Gabriel." As to the exact day, month or year of his birth proof is absent, but of the fact that he has passed the wonderful age of 150 years there is a quantity of proof. Gabriel was born in Tulare county, this State, but during childhood removed from there to the town of Monterey. Father Junipero Serra arrived in Monterey in 1770, and it is well authenticated that at that time Gabriel was a grandfather. The youngest age at which Indians married was 15 years. If Gabriel followed the custom and married at that age he would necessarily have been at least 32 or 33 years old to have been a grandfather at the time of Father Junipero landing there.

Father Junipero taught Gabriel the art of cutting and laying stone, and at the time of the building of the first chapel on the site of the present Carmelite Mission here, Monterey, in the years 1771 and 1772, Gabriel was present and assisted in the construction of the walls. He became so very expert at his trade that he managed and assisted in the construction of Carmela Soledad and San Antonio missions in 1791. He was then married to his second wife. Gabriel still proudly speaks of the skill he acquired as a stonemason.

Father Sorrentini, parish priest, and Bishop Amat reached Monterey some time in the year 1845. The former says that old Gabriel was then living with his sixth wife, and he was by many years the senior of all the other old inhabitants. He was then known by the same name and was said to be that time over 110 years of age. A widely-known old lady by the name of Castro, who died five years ago at the age of 95 years, in testifying to old Gabriel's age, said that when a child she saw old Gabriel, and at that time he had children several years older than she then was.

"A gentleman of Americus, Ga., was bragging of having the best wife in the state. He says that in the ten years he has been married she has never asked him for a dollar. He never gave her a dress, \$5, nor anything. He generally borrows money from her, and she makes more than he does, yet he is a merchant. She sells all home products, such as meat, chickens, wood, hay, etc., and beats his store. He does not buy anything but sugar, coffee, and a little rice, as he has everything else to sell off at his place. He says she is above all price to him."

ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.—"Have you any work on 'punctuation'?" "He asked at the bookstore."

"Sorry to say we are just out."

"Well, perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. What does a mark under a word signify?"

"That is to emphasize the word."

"O—I see. Thank you."

And as she passed out a clerk heard her whisper to herself:

"And James put five marks under the word 'Dear!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Cleaning Clothes.

It is a mystery to many people how the scourers of old clothes can make them almost as good as new, says the American Analyst. Take for instance, a shiny old coat, vest, or pair of pants, of broadcloth, cassimere, or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soap-suds and plunges the garment into it, soaks it up and down, rubs the dirty places, if necessary puts it through a second suds, then rinses it through several waters, and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted while the full cloud of steam rises, and brings the nap up with it. Cloth should always have a suds made especially for it, as if that is used which has been used for white cotton or woolen clothes lint will be left in the water and cling to the cloth. In this manner we have known the same coat and pantaloons to be renewed time and again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow-cloths will wear many washings and look better every time because of them.

The Rattlesnake a Coward.

"A rattlesnake is the biggest coward in the world," said John Kent, of Swamp Run, Clinton County, Penna., a professional hunter of rattlesnakes for their hides, grease and rattles, in the sale of which to city and country dealers he says he has built up quite a big trade. "The rattler would be scared at his own shadow if he could see it, and would try to run away from it, until he found that it stuck right by him. Then he would stop and try to fight it. When he made the discovery that he couldn't sink a fang into the shadow he would settle the whole difficulty by turning his poison on himself and committing suicide. Some people say that the rattlesnake won't commit suicide. I say he will. I've seen rattlers put an end to themselves dozen of times, but never when they were in captivity. Why then I can't say. If you have a rattlesnake caged up you may put all sorts of indignities upon him, and while he will work himself into a range that is more than terrible to see, somehow he won't let his feelings so far overcome him as to bite and kill himself. It is different when he is met with on his native barren and cornered up. He won't, as a general thing, put an end to himself until he has exhausted all means at hand in trying to get out of the trouble he is in, when his rage seems to get beyond his control, and he twists his body right over the heart, and in less time than you could kill him he stretches out stiff."

Saloons in the City of Mexico.

In the City of Mexico the income from the taxation of liquors and the license on saloons is very large indeed. Every liquor and pulque shop pays a monthly license. Pulque is the common or cheap beverage of the hot country, corresponding to the malt beer of the United States. It is "purely vegetable," being extracted from the maguey plant, a species of the cactus. In addition to the license fees on saloons, an octroi, or entry tax, is collected on all pulque coming within the city limits. For the fiscal year just ended this gate tax amounted to the sum of \$560,000, or more than \$1,500 a day. This is from the pulque alone—the beer of Mexico—which is retailed at one cent for an ordinary glass, or three cents for a large schooner. Add to this the tax on alcoholic beverages and also the license fees paid by each saloon, of which there are thousands, and some idea may be formed of what the city realizes annually from the liquor traffic. The city of Mexico has a population that possibly does not exceed 250,000, yet the amount paid into the city treasury by liquor dealers alone cannot fall short of \$800,000 a year. The pulque shops open at 5 o'clock in the morning and close at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and not one of them has a back door.—Indianapolis Journal.

Two Shark Stories.

The shoemaker Hester A. Seward, Capt. Travers, with 8,000 dozen pine-apples, arrived at Pratt street wharf last night from Green Turtle Cay, Abaco, C. W. H. Miller, of this city, who went out to the islands for his health from New York in February, returned as passenger on the schooner. Captain Travers told an American reporter that just before he left the islands the natives captured a shark eighteen feet long. When it was cut open a half barrel of salt pork was found intact in its stomach besides a number of other articles which the monster had swallowed. Mr. Miller also had a shark story. Two months ago the dead body of a monster shark was washed up on the beach at Abaco. Inside the large mouth was found a small barrel. It was wedged so tightly that it would neither go up nor down. In the barrel, the head of which was off, was found all the food the fish had managed to get inside its teeth. The barrel caught all the food and the shark starved to death.—Baltimore American.

Just That One in the World.

The little daughter of a Concord clergyman dropped her doll at the depot this morning, and her grief was great in consequence, the face of the plaster pret looking as if it might have been the object of the spite of 1,000-pound pile driver. The unfeeling newspaper man suggested to the little one that there were plenty of new dolls in the market which her father might buy, but the tears continued to flow and the sobs sounded louder as she brokenly uttered: "There's no other Blanche. She came clear from Paris." Few sorrows in life will ever seem so overpowering to her as the loss of her "darling doll." The world probably will never seem so desolate to her as it did this morning.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

COUNTRY MAGISTRATE, genially to complainant.—"Oh, boys will be boys! I wouldn't prosecute 'em, if I were you. That cut over y'r eye will soon heal, and ye know they wouldn't 'a' stoned ye if ye hadn't got mad when they sassed ye. Jest remember ye was a boy once y'rself, an' ye'll understand."

Magistrate's Wife, rushing in—"Silas! Silas! Them boys is in our orchard ag'in!"

Magistrate, darting up—"Consarn 'em! Where's my shotgun?"

—They are going to have a grass palace out at Creston, Ia. Corn palaces have been of late years rather common, but a grass palace is something new. This palace, which looks more like a castle, is 100 feet square and 120 feet high, and it is decorated inside and out with all the different grasses and cereals of Southwestern Iowa. Eighteen counties will have a booth each, and they will decorate the booths with the grass on exhibition.

SHE HAD HEARD IT.—Bob Stayer—"Have you heard the latest, Miss Chester?" Miss Chester—"Yes indeed; I just heard the library clock strike 12."—Golden Argosy.

Medical.

BLOOD POISON

Causes much suffering and is very difficult to cure. But by its great purifying power, Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished many remarkable cures in severe cases, one of which is described below:

"I am not interested in Hood's Sarsaparilla. I bought and paid for all I used. This testimonial I give for the benefit of those afflicted with any disorder of the blood.

"Four years ago on a warm day I handled a lot of boards covered by poison ivy. I soon had all the symptoms of ivy poisoning, and it spread all over me till I was scab from head to feet, suffering

INTENSE HEAT AND ITCHING.

My skin peeled everywhere, my hair and whiskers came out, my finger nails came off. I had three different physicians, who succeeded in drying it up at times, only to have it break out again when I got a little warmed up from exercise. I was finally obliged to give up work, and was confined to the house two months. One physician said I would have to die, and I had given up hope. Mother urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I took one bottle before I saw any special effect. Then the old skin began to peel off, and the

NEW SKIN WAS SOFT AND MOIST.

Then I thought six bottles for five dollars; took three bottles and was apparently well. But the next summer in warm weather, when I got my blood muddled, the poisoning would come out again in spots and burn and itch. Then I took the two other bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and four years I have been entirely free of symptom of the poisoning. I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as the best blood purifier I know of." Geo. W. Vank, 70 Park Avenue, Brookport, N. Y.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. \$1; Six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR. 34-33.

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CRY FOR PITCHERS

HEALTH and SLEEP Without Morphine.

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MALT WHISKY!

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, and all wasting diseases can be ENTIRELY CURED BY IT.

Malaria is completely eradicated from the system by its use.

PERRINE'S

PURE BARLEY

MALT WHISKY

revives the energies of those worn with excessive bodily or mental effort. It acts as a SAFE GUARD against exposure in the wet and rigorous weather.

Take part of a wineglassful on your arrival home after the labors of the day and the same quantity before your breakfast. Being chemically pure, it commands itself to the medical profession.

WATCH THE LABEL.

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Watchmaking--Jewelry.

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—JEWELER,—

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FINE JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, BRONZE ORNAMENTS, &C

Agent for the AMERICAN WATCH of al makes, and sole agent of the celebrated ROCKFORD QUICK TRAIN WATCHES, every one of which is fully guaranteed.

Dighton, Jan. 27, 1882. The Rockford Watch purchased February, 1879, has performed better than any watch I ever had. Have carried it every day and at no time has it been irregular, or in the least unreliable. I cheerfully recommend the Rockford Watch.

HORACE B. HORTON, at Dighton Furnace Co.

Taunton, Sept. 18, 1881. The Rockford Watch runs very accurately better than any watch I ever owned, and I have had one that cost \$100. Can recommend the Rockford Watch to everybody who wishes a fine timekeeper. S. P. HUBBARD, M. D.

This is to certify that the Rockford Watch bought Feb. 22, 1879, has run very well the past year. Have set it only twice during that time. Its only variation being three minutes. It has run better than I anticipated. It was not adjusted and only cost \$20.

R. P. BRYANT, at the Dean street flag station, Mansfield Mass., Feb. 21, 1880.

F. C. RICHARD,

—JEWELER and OPTICIAN,—

And dealer in CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE.

Special attention given to the Making and Repairing of Watches.

IMPORTANT.—If you cannot read this print distinctly by lamp or gaslight in the evening, at a distance of ten inches, your eyesight is failing, no matter what your age, and your eyes need help. Your sight can be improved and preserved if properly corrected. It is a wrong idea that spectacles should be dispensed with as long as possible. If they assist the vision as well as possible, the print is not magnified; it should look natural in size, but plain and distinct. Don't fail to call and have your eyes tested by King's New System, and fitted with Combination spectacles. They will correct and preserve the sight. For sale by

F. C. RICHARD, 27 49 42 High St., opp. Arcade, Bellefonte.

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