



If you have not been a customer of our store try it for some of your Holiday purchases. We have been selling groceries for so many years in Bellefonte we feel our word ought to count for something and we give you our word that you will be more than satisfied with what you buy from us. For instance.

We have the finest New California Prunes that you have ever seen and we are selling them at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cts. the pound. Surely such goods at such prices should appeal to you.

It is admitted in Bellefonte that Sechlers make the best Mince Meat obtainable. You know it is clean and wholesome if you know Sechler at all. You also know that the prevailing price for good Mince Meat is from 25c to 30c per pound. Our make we sell for only 15c.

Evaporated Peaches at 15c, 18c and 22c the pound. Evaporated Pared Peaches rich in flavor and more economical than any canned goods you can buy at 35c.

For your fruit cake and other Christmas baking we offer Seeded and Seedless Raisins, Currants, Citron and Orange and Lemon Peel, and the best New Orleans Molasses ever brought to Bellefonte. It is the genuine stuff. New crop and a nice golden yellow.

Fine Table Raisins, the kind that are being sold in city stores today at from 40 to 50c the pound, we are selling at 35c. Figs, Dates.

Fruits and Nuts—We have the White Almera Grapes, Oranges from California and Florida, Grape Fruit, Bananas, Lemons, Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, Celery.

New crop California Walnuts, Almonds, Mixed Nuts and Italian Chestnuts, Cocoanuts.

No one is selling them any cheaper than we are and you have our guarantee that ours are fresh.

Pure Olive Oil—Extra fine, large Olives 40c quart. Blue Lake Ketchup, Pickles, Relishes, Maraschino Cherries, Worcestershire Sauce, Mustards, Horse Radish, Burnetts and Knights Flavoring Extracts, Herbs for Seasoning, Boiled Cider 10c quart, Pure Cider Vinegar.

Pure Spices in bulk, to sell in any quantity desired.

Grated Cocomnut in packages and in bulk to sell by weight.

The Genuine Walter Baker Chocolate and Cocoa. Buy your Royal Baking Powder in 5 lb. cans and save 50 cents.

Fine Dried Corn at 15c lb., or 2 pounds for 25 cts. Evaporated Corn at 15 cts. per pound.

Pure All Maple Syrup in 1 qt., 2 qt. and 4 qt. cans.

Pure Sugar Table Syrups, also Compound Goods, at 40, 50 and 60 cts. per gallon. Can please you on Syrups.

Fine Confectionery in great variety.

French Peas and Mushrooms.

Cross and Blackwell's Pickles and Orange Marmalade. Domestic Marmalade and Preserves.

Elegant Fruit Cake in 1 lb. and 5 lb. sizes. Plum Pudding and Sauce. Fine Biscuits and Crackers.

Canned Salmon at 15, 20, 25 and 30c. Kipperd Herring, Sardines.

CHEESE—Fine full Cream Cheese. Imported Swiss, Roquefort, Edam, Pine Apple, Camambert, Sapsago, Pimento, Pim Olive, McLarens in pots, Neufchatel, Limburger, and Sheffora Snappy Cheese.

California Canned Fruits. Hawaiian Pine Apple. Canned Soups, Asparagus Tips.

In providing food of a l kinds quality is essential, but some things are more essential thah others. The bread must be white, flaky and palatable. It must have taste. The butter must be not only good, but fine. The coffee and tea must be all that can be desired. If any of these items are lacking in quality the pleasure of eating is marred. But should they be all of medium grade then the feast is a failure. Moral—Buy your bread, butter, tea and coffee of us.

It has been said by a wise sage that the pleasure of eating is the highest enjoyment of the great majority of the human race, and this thought was in mind when buying and advertising this line of goods.

Won't You Try Our Store for Some of Your Holiday Groceries.  
**Sechler & Company, Bellefonte, Penn'a.**

**Billy's Christmas Greeting**

By EUGENIA RABBAS

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I am a heartless flirt, who doesn't understand the meaning of the word love, am I, Mr. William Dunning?" stormed Marjorie all to herself, in answer to the final decree of rage and defiance which that gentleman hurled at her by means of a vigorous slam of the front door.

"I believe he would have shaken me, if he hadn't rushed out in time to prevent himself from doing it," she continued, the ever ready dimples venturing out of their hiding places, but she banished them severely. "I'll never, never forgive him, even though he asks me to, which of course, he won't! And he calls me stubborn!"

Next morning Marjorie was tremendously busy wrapping up dainty little parcels, for the next day was Christmas, and her many friends must be remembered, in spite of quarrels and Billy.

Still, she seemed very much preoccupied over her work, and quite suddenly she threw aside the piece of holly she had been toying with, and fairly flew to the telephone.

In answer to her impatient summons, she was quickly connected with Brown & Co.'s book store. "Have you sent out those books that were ordered for Mr. William Dunning?" she asked anxiously.

The answer evidently pleased her, for she breathed a sigh of relief. "That's all right; I'm glad you haven't, for I have changed my mind about them. Please cancel the order."

Marjorie hung up the receiver with an air of triumph. "There, I'm glad I thought of that! Billy would have construed a Christmas present into an abject apology," she said, her indignation rising at the very thought of such a thing.

But when she went back to her parcels and picked up the little twig of holly she had intended tucking away into one of them, her face softened. "I know that isn't the right kind of a

Christmas spirit to have, but I can't have Billy thinking that I am admitting I was wrong, when I know I wasn't," she argued with herself.

The joyous ringing of Christmas bells and merry shouts of her younger sisters and brothers, when they discovered their stockings the next morning, only served to emphasize her depression.

"Billy never loved me; if he really and truly did he never could treat me like this," she told herself as she stood looking with unseeing eyes at the snowy Christmas world.

Just then a young man, fairly tearing around the corner, arrested her attention. It was no less a person than Billy himself who was coming, post haste, to see her.

Marjorie looked at him in wonder. What had come over Billy? Why this sudden contrition, when, she admitted it now for the first time, even to herself she had been greatly, if not altogether, to blame for their quarrel.

"O, Billy, I am so glad you came," Billy took some little time to emphasize his appreciation of her welcome.

"Glad I came? Why wouldn't I come, dear?" he asked.

"Because you vowed you wouldn't unless I apologized," Marjorie explained mischievously.

"You didn't think I'd be so narrow and unforgiving as to ignore your dear little peace offering? I brought one of the books with me to read something to you," he told her, and diving into his pocket he produced a little copy of "Romeo and Juliet."

Marjorie was surprised for a second, then it flashed over her what it all meant. Brown & Co. had forgotten to cancel her order and Billy had received the books. Billy had construed her sending them into a humble plea for forgiveness.

He most probably wouldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for that. She stiffened visibly and all her love was swallowed up in a wave of rebellious pride.

**How One of the Painter's Favorites Came to America.**

In Henry Stevens' "Recollections of Mr. Lenox" is given his version of the purchase of a Turner by this gentleman "about 1847," without any title or description of the picture, but which is apparently the "Staffa, Pinnacles," stated in the catalogue to have been "bought from the artist for Mr. Lenox by Mr. Leslie in August, 1845."

C. R. Leslie had been instrumental in securing for the New York collector a number of paintings, and on this occasion received from him a sight draft on Barings for \$900, "requesting him to be so good as to purchase of his friend, Mr. Turner, the best picture by him he could get for the money."

Turner's "grumpy reply" was to the effect that he had no pictures to sell to Americans, that his works were not adapted to their commercial and money grubbing tastes and that Leslie had better go elsewhere.

On sight of the draft, however, he became somewhat mollified, finally "turned around a small picture standing on the floor against the wall and said: 'There, let Mr. Lenox have that. It is one of my favorites. He is a gentleman, and I retract. Will that suit you, Mr. Lenox?'"

Mr. Lenox was at first sight not much pleased with his purchase, and so notified Leslie, but he soon wrote Leslie to burn his first letter: "I have now looked into my Turner, and it is all that I could desire."—Scribner's Magazine.

**BLOWING THE PIPES.**

A Scotch Music Lesson by a Clever Highland Master.

A highland piper who had a pupil to teach originated a method by which, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, he succeeded in reducing the difficulties of the task to a minimum and at the same time fixed his lesson in the pupil's mind.

"Here, Donald," said he, "tak ye pipes, lad, an' gie us a blast."

"So! Verra weel blawn indeed, but what's a sound, Donald, w'out sense? You may blaw forever w'out making a tune o' it if I danna tell ye how the queer things on the paper maun help ye."

"Ye see that big fellow w' a round open face?"—pointing to a semibreve—"between two lines of a bar? He moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat an' w' your fist an' gie a long blast."

Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied the faster they'll run and the quicker they're sure to dance."

Railway Journeys of Long Ago.  
It was only the adventurous who dared to face a railway journey in 1823. A writer in the Quarterly Review commenting on the proposed line to Woolwich, remarked: "We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congress's rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate." The third class carriage of those days was a thing of horror. "It had no roof and no seats," writes J. C. Wright. "Into this the passengers were packed and had to stand during the whole journey, or, if there was room, to squat on the floor, exposed to the rain or sun and bombarded by sparks emitted from the engine. Second class passengers were kindly advised to provide themselves with gauze spectacles and to sit as far from the engine as possible."—London Spectator.

Irresistible Impulse.  
"I keep myself to myself," confided an old resident. "You modern young men are too much on the 'hail fellow wot met' order. I boast of the fact that I did not speak to my next door neighbor for ten years."

Force of Habit.  
The professional humorist found himself in an open field with a mad bull at his heels. He was running for the fence.

Wanted Some Praise Too.  
Tourist (to his landlady)—How lovely it is here—the green trees in the valley through which the stream glitters; in the background the mountains and over all the blue sky— Landlady—I'm, but you don't say anything about the veal pie and the coffee I made you.—Pilegende Blatter.

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**Santa Claus' Treasure Box**

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CHRISTMAS was at hand, and Philip Draper's heart was heavy. For a number of years he had seemed to be the particular pet of misfortune.

His father, Mr. Draper, had been a man of genius, and he was in a fair way to achieve fame and worldly success when the first of a series of calamities befell him.

Philip, who had just been taken into partnership with his father, and whose outlook on the future was tinged with the color of the rose, was crushed by this blow; but with a quick sense of duty he set himself the tremendous task of paying off the debts of the firm.

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"And tomorrow is Christmas," he remarked to his wife, with a grim smile. "Never mind, dear; let us hold fast to our courage," said Mrs. Draper, trying to speak cheerfully, though there was an ominous quaver in her voice.

"What hurts me most is the thought that Christmas is so close at hand and that there will be no Santa Claus for Bobby."

"Poor, little dear!" said Mrs. Draper. Suddenly she started up with an anxious glance about the room. "I wonder where that child can be? I haven't seen him for at least two hours."

"Oh, don't be alarmed. I dare say he is rummaging about in the cellar or attic or some out-of-the-way closet, and is wholly absorbed in his investigations."

Mr. Draper had hardly finished speaking when Bobby popped into the room, held out a grimy little fist,

and, as he opened the chubby fingers, revealed a twenty-dollar gold piece lying on his upturned palm.

"Money!" gasped Philip. He snatched the coin and examined it critically. "Where did you get this? What does it mean?"

"I found it in the attic!" explained Bobby. "There are lots more there. Come on, I'll show you where."

The next moment the father and mother, each grasping a hand of the frightened youngster, were hastening up the stairs. When they reached the attic the whole astounding truth was laid bare to them.

Bobby was the hero of the hour, and the rejoicing that followed may better be imagined than described. Was it a merry Christmas for the Drapers? Ask Bobby, who firmly believes he found Santa Claus' treasure box.

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