

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us see to it that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. LINCOLN.]

BELLEFONTE, PA., JANUARY 27, 1869.

VOL. 1, NO. 4.

W. W. BROWN,
A. B. HUTCHISON, } Editors.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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A. B. HUTCHISON & CO'S, Job Printing Office, "Republican" Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Penn'a. Every Description of Plain and Fancy Printing done in the neatest manner, and at prices below city rates. ja69.9y
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WILSON & HUTCHISON, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Collection and other legal business in Centre and the adjoining Counties, promptly attended to. Office in Blanchard's Law building, Allegheny street. ja69.9y
CENTRE CO. BANKING COMPANY, Receives Deposits and allows Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons. **HENRY BROOKERBERG, President. J. D. SUGGER, Cashier.** ja69.9y
M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte, Pa. The best of razors, sharp and clean, always on hand. He guarantees a shave without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja69.9y
MRS. R. PAFF, JNO. SALMONS, LEVI PAFF, PAFF, SALMONS & CO., Contractors and Bricklayers, Bellefonte, Pa., adopt this method of informing those wishing to build that they will furnish brick and lay them by the job, or by the thousand. Will set heaters, and do all kinds of work in their branch of business. ja69.9y
J. W. RHONE, DENTIST, 109 Salisbury Centre Co., Pa., most respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute any description of work in his profession. Satisfaction rendered, and rates as moderate as may be expected. Will be found in his office during the week commencing on the first Monday of each month, and at such other times as may be agreed upon. ja69.9y
INSURANCE—LIFE & FIRE, Joseph A. Rankin of his Borough, insures property for the following Stock and Mutual companies, viz: **Prosperity Mutual, York Company, Pa.** Insurance of North America, Enterprise, and Girard of Phila., Pa., Home of New Haven, and any other reliable company of Phila., and other good Life Companies. ja69.9y

OUR TERMS FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING.

The "Bellefonte Republican" is published every Wednesday Morning, in Bellefonte, Pa., by
A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,
at the following rates:
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Six Months, \$1.00
Three Months,50
Single Copies, 10
It is published for subscribers at the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining interests of Central Pennsylvania.
Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.
Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.
Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.
Marriages (inserted in advance) published free of charge. Ordinary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines in type, \$8.00 per annum. Additional insertions, 10 cts. per line for each additional insertion.
Advertisements by the quarter, half-year or year received, and liberal deductions made in proportion to length of advertisement and length of time of insertion, as follows:

SPACE OCCUPIED.	PER LINE.	PER MONTH.	PER YEAR.
One inch (or 10 lines in type)	\$5	\$12	\$120
Two inches	7	15	150
Three inches	10	20	200
Four inches	11	25	250
Quarter column (or 24 inches)	12	30	300
Half column (or 12 inches)	20	55	550
One column (or 22 inches)	35	95	1000

All advertisements, whether displayed or black lines, measured by lines of this type.
All advertisements due after the first insertion.
Job work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Paper Books, Programmes, Blankets, &c., &c., executed in the best style for promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.
Address all communications relating to business of this office to
A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Select Poetry.

From the *Bellefonte County Press.*
DUTY OF THE HOUR.
BY W. C. HOLMANN.
The storm has subsided—the battle is o'er,
The country is rescued from treason and war;
Our flag streams at the masthead, all shining
and bright,
Untarnished by traitors, unscathed by the
fight.
Rejoice, O America! happy and free,
Thy triumph acknowledged, how proud thy
degre;
Now destined to stand as a great beacon
light,
The signal of freedom, of virtue, and might.
Call forth to thy people—arouse them—this
day;
The clouds, so portentous, are driven away;
Go bring forth the anvil, the axe, and the
plough,
No time so auspicious, and proper as now.
Let them throw down their weapons—no
longer in need;
Let them start up their factories or scatter
the seed,
No time now to grumble of taxes and
rent,
Go to work, you may pay them while others
lament.
Why meet a just debt with a scoff or a frown
If gold has gone up, has'tn't treason gone
down?
'Tis the price of our country established, sustained,
What Washington founded, our Grant hath
reigned.
A nation of enterprise—fitly employed;
With virtue replete and of snarley word,
Nest suffer no ill with a country well stored,
He is shittles who starves at a well furnished
lard.
BENFORD, Pa., January, 1869.

Select Miscellany.

A HIDDEN WITNESS.
It was a breathless moment. I continued to watch, and hardly breathed. At last, and when I was becoming desperate with uncertainty, I saw something move again. The tress were parted, and at the same place where the murderer had entered the wood, bearing the body of my old friend, he now re-appeared alone. He stood a moment as if undecided, and then came out, looking behind him first, and then arranging the disturbed boughs as though to make the place look as if no one had passed that way. That done, he stood still for a moment, looking about him as if in search of something, and then he moved across—how unconscious of the presence on his track, the telescope following his every step, unseen and unsuspected!—to where, at the corner of the meadow there was, as I have mentioned, a little pond with pollard willows round about its margin. He stooped and took up some object lying beside the pond. What was it? Was it Mr. Irwin's butterfly-net? I could not see with certainty, but no doubt it was; and no doubt the poor old gentleman had wandered away from the footpath, which was near hand, in pursuit of some entomological specimen.
The man with the red cap threw this object into the water. Then, taking off his canvas coat he began to wash the front of his stained, no doubt, with blood, then he washed his hands and face, and putting on the frock, wet as it was in part, stood up and once more looked suspiciously about. All this took time, and I dared not remove my eye from the glass for a single instant. Once I had tried to reach the bell-handle, but I could not. Something would, however, have to be done presently, and done on the instant, for he was going. He turned his back upon the pond; looked about, as if to see whether there were any traces of his crime visible, then crossed the field, got over the gate by the hayrack, was lost to sight for a moment, appeared again, disappeared again, and finally, after being out of sight for some time, showed at last walking along the high road until he came to a roadside inn, that very *Marquis of Granby* of above, into which he entered.
And now, indeed, I felt that the time had come when some decisive step must be taken. If he were not secured now, while he was in the public house—if he got out of it without being taken—he might get off by ways which were hidden from my ways of vision, and so escape. I still dared not move my eye from the telescope or the telescope from the inn-door. It was absolutely indispensable that he should not be able to leave the house without my knowing it. I must stir; but as something required to be done instantly, somebody else must stir for me. In a moment I decided on my course. Remaining motionless as my post, I lifted up my voice, and gave utterance to such a succession of shouts that I confidently expected that the whole establishment would rush up stairs to the observatory, thinking that I myself was being murdered. It was not so, however; and, considering the noise I made, it seemed really astonishing how long I had been in vain. At last it did appear that I was heard. The head gardener was the grounds close by, and the sound of my voice reached him at length through the open window. Even when he heard, however, it was evident that he could not make out whence the cries which reached him came. "Who calls?" he cried. "Here," I shouted. "In the tower. Help, help at once! There is not a moment to lose." And very soon heard the welcome sound of foot-steps

did we witness such a scene of general

expended on his railway ticket—were found upon him. The evidence against him was, in all points, overwhelming. The body of poor Mr. Irwin was discovered in a little wood. I myself directed the search. When it was concluded I wandered away to the willow pond to look for the butterfly net. One end of the stick was visible above the water, the other end being sunk by the weight of the metal ring which was attached to it. There was no link wanting in the mass of proof. The evidence which it was my part to give on the trial was irresistible. Great attempts were made to shake it, to prove that I might easily have made a mistake of identity, and that such details as I had described could not have been visible through the telescope at such a distance. Oculists were consulted; experiments were made. It was distinctly proved that it was really possible for me to have seen all that I stated I had seen; and though there was much discussion raised about the case, and though some of the newspapers took it up and urged that men's lives were not to be sacrificed to the whims of "an idle gentleman who chose to spend his afternoon looking out of a window through a spyglass," the jury returned a verdict against the prisoner, and William Mason was convicted and hanged.
The reader may, perhaps, be sufficiently interested in the facts of this case to be glad to hear that the poor woman man who was the innocent cause of the commission of this ghastly crime did get her hundred pounds after all, though not from the hands of Mr. John Irwin—*All the Year Round*.
A Chicago Song in London.
STROCK EFFORT OF MUSIC ILLUSTRATED BY SPYGLASS.
A correspondent gives the following account of the singing of "Father, Come Home," in one of the music halls in London:
Having reached the hall, we paid an admission fee of a sixpence. There was a very neat stage, with gaudy drop scene, side wing, and a tolerably good orchestra. In the stalls sat the chairman, to keep order over as motley an audience as ever was seen out of the gallery of Victoria Theatre. "Costers" seemed to predominate. All appeared plentifully supplied with porter, and all were enjoying their pipes to such an extent as to make the place almost suffocating, for there must have been an audience of nearly five hundred. A nigger "walk around" was just being finished, and the shouts of "feet," "whistling" and stamping of feet, made the hall perfectly bewildering.
A name was announced from the chairman, which we could not catch, and amidst clapping of hands and stamping of feet there was a buzz of "This is the song!" The waiter called out, "Any more orders?" and these being taken and duly executed, all seemed to settle down quietly to listen to the song. There was the noise of my arrival and of my knocking at length disturbed some of the neighbors, and one or two of them appeared.
"Is this William Mason's house?" I asked, addressing one of them; an old man who looked tolerably intelligent, but wasn't.
"Yes, sir. But he's not there now—He's gone out—our house is all dark. Come home, come home, come home, please, father, dear father, come home."
At the conclusion of the last line the drop scene drew up, disclosing the father sitting at the door of a public house, in a drunken, benumbed state, with a pipe and pot before him. Little Mary was trying to drag him from his seat, at the same time pointing to a curtain behind, as she took up the refrain from the lady, and touchingly sang, "Come home, &c." This other curtain was now drawn aside, disclosing a wretched room in which was the mother with the poor, sickly-looking boy in her lap, and the act of feeding him with a spoon. Simultaneously with the drawing of the curtain, the lights were brought to bear upon the table, giving them a truly startling effect. After a moment or two the act drew up, and the lady proceeded.
"Father, dear father, come home with me now."
The clock in the steeple strikes one (one) You promised, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your day's work was done, Come home, come home, come home, please, father, dear father, come home.
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"Father, dear father, come home with me now."
The clock in the steeple strikes two (two) The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you, Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die, Perhaps before morning shall dawn, And this was the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly or he will be gone, Come home, come home, come home, please, father, dear father, come home.
The act drew up, and the mother with the child has hold of the pewter pot, trying to take it from the drunken parent, and, as she continues the last two lines, "Come home, &c." the other curtain is drawn aside, and we next see the child stretched out on his mother's lap, as just raised in his little bed and falls back with a gasp, with the lime light reflecting strongly upon it, there was a reality about the whole terrible to view.
Subs were heard coming from all parts of the hall, coming from the female portion of the audience, while tears trickled down many a male cheek. We have seen "Susan Hopley," "The Stranger," "Jane Shore," "East Lynne," and other effective pieces played, but never before

Odds and Ends.

—How to prevent sea sickness—Keep it short.
—A curious contradiction—the reign of snow.
—If industry is his third habit, it is at least an excellent one.
—The fewer the words the better the prayer.
—Everybody knows good counsel except him who hath heed of it.
—Some one asks "Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it."
—When may a man be considered a poor vehicle for expansion? When he is a little sulky.
—Why are chickens' necks like doorknobs? Because they are often wrong for company.
—Why are old maids the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.
—Have courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.
—T. Kansas believe that the story of the cattle plague was a put up thing to reduce the price of their beef.
—Men can acquire knowledge, but not wisdom. Some of the greatest fools the world has known have learned man.
—An American gentleman writes from London that common American city cabs are sold in the streets of that city as "patent fire lighters—eight for a penny."
—A Mississippi lady named Carr has obtained a ten thousand dollars verdict against a recalcitrant lover for breach of promise.
—Vermont contains no house that is not within half a mile of a school and scarcely 100 native born inhabitants who cannot read and write.
—A Boston artist painted a bottle of spruce beer so naturally that the cork flew out before he could paint the string to fasten it. Wonder "what became of the beer."
—A manufacturer in Berkshire county Mass., has offered to give to the ladies in his town all the cotton cloth they will make up for the poor of that town during the winter.
—If we were asked what physician should stand at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."
—Fretting is a perpetual confession of weakness. It says, "I want to and can't." Fretting is like a little dog pawing and whining at a door because he can't get in.
—An eccentric clergyman lately said, in one of his sermons, that "about the commonest proof we have that man is made of clay, is the brick so often found in his hat."
—A Virginia couple, bent on marriage, could not get to the parson on account of a freshet, so they stood on one side of a swollen stream and he on the other, and thus they were married.
—Tom asked old "ten per cent" the other day what he wanted to accumulate so much wealth for? Says he, "You can't take it with you when you die, and if you could it would melt."
—Coal is coal, now, said a coal merchant to a man who was remonstrating with him upon his high price.
—"I am glad of that," replied the other, "for the last lot you sold me was half stone."
—A drunken sailor recently ran his horse over J. Ross Browne, the United States Minister to China, as he was passing on the streets of Shanghai, recently, bestowing on Mr. Browne many serious bruises to the head, but no dangerous one.
—How sweet a thing is love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It's attached to the humblest heart if ever throbed.
—Good morning, Mr. Henpeck, said a printer in search of a female compositor, "have you any daughters that would make good type setters?"
—"No; but I have a wife that would make a first class devil."
—An old gentleman on the burning steamer United States, seeing all hope out, went back to his stateroom, saying, "Here let me die." A young woman drew straight into the flames to make short work of it.
—Horatio Seymour announced that the fourth annual meeting of the American Dairyman's Association will be held in Utica, N. Y., on January 30. "Cooling milk before cheese is made therefrom; has it received its due attention?" is the leading subject announced for the consideration of the association. The milk business suits Horatio.
—"Bobby," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but reason why that mare cannot trot her mile in three minutes." They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion, and one inquired, "What is it?" "Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."
—A poor laborer in Manchester, England had such an infatuation for attending prize fights, that frequently he would walk fifty miles to witness one, when he could not afford to ride. His last journey was fatal. He had no money to pay a ferryman on the River Mersey, and attempted to swim across. He was drowned in the effort.

RAILROADS.

B. E. V. R. R.—Geo. C. Wilkins, Sup't.
Westward from Bellefonte.
Mail.....7:27 a. m.
Accommodation.....6:00 a. m.
Through Freight.....8:42 a. m. at Milesburg.
Eastward from Bellefonte.
Mail.....10:28 a. m.
Accommodation.....5:55 p. m.
Freight and Accom.....3:55 p. m. at Milesburg.
B. & S. R. R.—Daw's Roads, Sup't.
Pass't, leave 7:45 a. m. Pass'. arr. 9:50 a. m.
Pass'. " 2:30 p. m. Pass'. arr. 5:05 p. m.
P. R. R. CONNECTIONS AT TYONE.
Phil'a. Ex.....7:51 a. m. Day Ex.....7:54 a. m.
Emigrant Train.....2:15 p. m. Mail Train.....3:00 p. m.
Mail Train.....4:44 p. m. C. P. Ex.....5:11 p. m.
H. & A. Ex.....5:35 a. m. Phil'a. Ex.....10:27 p. m.
MIFFLIN & CENTRE CO. Branch R. R.
No. 1, leaves Bellefonte at 7:20 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 8:15 a. m.
No. 2, leaves Penn'a. R. R. 11:15 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 12:15 p. m.
No. 3, leaves Penn'a. R. R. 4:05 p. m., and arrives at Milroy 5:00 p. m.
No. 1, leaves Milroy 8:40 a. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 9:40 a. m.
No. 2, leaves Milroy 1:15 p. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 2:15 p. m.
No. 3, leaves Milroy 5:07 p. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 6:00 p. m.
Stage leaves Bellefonte every day (except Sunday) at 11 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 1:30 p. m.
Stage leaves Milroy every day (except Sunday) at 5:30 p. m., and arrives at Bellefonte 10:30 p. m.
Stage leaves Bellefonte for Pine Grove Mills every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 6 a. m.
Western mail closes at 4:00 p. m.
Have mail closes at 10:00 p. m.

LOGGERS.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening of each month. Full Moon.
Constant Comrades, No. 33, K. T., meet every Thursday evening at their Hall, Myrtle Arcade.
Forthcoming of Degrees the 1st Saturday evening of each month.
For Degrees of Rebecca, second Saturday of every month.
I. O. G. T.—This Lodge every Monday evening.
Bellefonte Church Directory.
Presbyterian church, Spring St., services at 11 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m.; No pastor at present. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.
Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H. C. Pardee, pastor.
St. John's Episcopal Church, High St., services at 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Byron McCullough, pastor.
Lutheran Church, Linn St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. J. H. Haackenberg, pastor.
Reformed Church, Linn St., no pastor at present.
Catholic Church, Bishop St.; services 10 1/2 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rev. T. McDowen, pastor.
United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of creek; services at 10 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinwell, pastor.
DIRECTORY.
UNITED STATES.
President—Andrew Johnson.
Vice President—John Henderson.
Secretary of State—William H. Seward.
Secretary of Treasury—Hugh McCulloch.
Secretary of War—Montgomery Blair.
Secretary of Navy—Gideon Welles.
Secretary of Interior—O. H. Browning.
Postmaster General—A. L. Bondwell.
Attorney General—Am. M. Evans.
STATE.
Governor—Jno. W. Geary.
Secy of Commonwealth—Frank Jordan.
Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth—Isaac B. Doyne.
Auditor General—John F. Hestran.
Surgeon General—Jacob M. Campbell.
Treasurer—W. W. Irwin.
Attorney General—Benj. H. Browner.
Depy. Atty. Gen.—W. M. Newlin.
Sup't of Com. Schools—J. P. Wickersham.
Dep't Sup't of Com. Schools—C. R. Coburn.
Sup't of Soldiers' Orphan Schools—Geo. F. McFarland.
COUNTY.
President Judge—Charles A. Mayer.
Associates—William Allison,
Prothonary—James H. Lipton.
Register of Wills—J. P. Gephart.
Surgeon—D. Z. Kline.
Dep't Sheriff—D. Woodring.
Dist. Atty.—H. Y. Stitzer.
Treasurer—A. G. Geary.
Commissioners—(Wm. Keller,
Wm. Furey,
John Bing,
Clark—John Moran.
BELLEFONTE BOROUGH.
Chief Burg.—E. M. Blanchard.
Ass't.—Capt. C. T. Fryberger.
Chief of Police—Wm. Shortridge.
Secy.—Wm. Kelly.
James W. Mullen.
Charles Cook.
Town Council—Wm. P. Wilson, Pres't.
" S. M. Irwin, Clerk.
" Robert Valentine,
" A. S. Valentine,
" Jas. H. McClure,
" F. P. Green,
" John Irwin, Jr.,
" Elias W. Halo,
" Geo. W. Thomas,
" Geo. A. Bayard,
High Constable—James Green,
Borough Constable—James Furey,
Borough Director—John Hoffer, Pres't.
School Directors—Geo. B. Weaver, Sec'y.
" Wm. McClelland, Treas'r.
" S. T. Spurgars,
" D. M. Batis,
" Dan'l McGintley.

THE OLDEST MEAT MARKET IN BELLEFONTE.

The oldest Meat Market in Bellefonte—Choice meat of all kinds always on hand.

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