

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Feb. 8, 1883.

Vanderbilt has a scheme by which he proposes to reduce the time between New York and San Francisco thirty-six hours.

Somebody expects to make a million out of a patent ballot box, says an exchange.

There can't be much improvement, for dozens of millions are made by some fellows out of the old ballot box.

From Vicksburg comes the following horrible piece of news: Early this morning, 29, a metal coffin was caught floating in the river at Delta Point, opposite this city.

Winter in the North-west seems to have had a terrible effect on live stock. Advice from the Canadian northwest state that ranch companies in the Bow River district have lost several thousand head of cattle owing to the severity of winter.

The Supreme Court of Vermont has declared the liquor law of that state unconstitutional and on writs of habeas corpus, discharged three persons from prison who were serving long sentences, imposed by a justice's court for selling liquor, on the ground that the liquor law was unconstitutional when it allowed such commitments, not giving the accused the right to appeal to higher courts and a trial by a common law jury.

A despatch from Matamoros, Mexico says: "At the fireworks factory of Senor Meyra, in Amacueca, a terrific explosion occurred, followed by flying rockets and bombs. Meyra and four other members of his family were burned to death and a number of other persons were badly injured."

Jumbo Solomon, of the sausage and pon-hoss organ, wishes us to answer questions. All right, but we first fix stipulations:

1. The questions must be easy and not ugly—else we'd almost as soon be hit with a snow-ball as answer. 2. There must be no Latin words in them. 3. There must be no poetry. 4. As Jumbo says he was a school-teacher, along with a dozen other trades, there must be no bad spelling as on some stones in an adjoining village put up when he was teacher and school-keeper. 5. The questions must not be asked in winter, as we don't want the dog days brought on out of season—only tails and tails in cold weather. 7. All the questions must first be sent to HERRICK for revision. 8. They must not be in the issue of his sheet which has any literature begging for apples, sausages, pon-hoss or other trades, as we could not, in such an event, answer seriously and without laughing. 9. There must be none of your awfully profound "saw-bunting" about them; but, sure is used to make bread, and you have already spoiled your dough with bad sourdough. There is no need of showing off profound, all admit your great depth, particularly as the pon-hoss and sausage business, I say, there must be nothing about being grasping, it would be out of place from one who is grasping into the trades of all his neighbors who are content with on-trade. 10. (Same as vote of REPORTER.) We must have the privilege of falling back, in this matter, on Proverbs 26:4, 5.

These just stipulations being fixed, we will agree, in our answers, not to touch upon anything like aiding and abetting forging and swindling as a rule, such as was alluded to in the Watchman when Jumbo Solomon was the republican candidate for treasurer. That nothing in our answers shall touch upon anything relating to a fraudulent bill for some \$300 or \$400 for printing the new Constitution in the pon-hoss organ, which the law directed should appear four weeks in succession, previous to election, but appeared only one week before, and paper fraudulently dated back and bid then sworn to before Jumbo, of the pon-hoss organ, who at that time was a republican notary and allowed the oath to be taken knowing something was not right. Answers not to say anything about a high bill for advertising a men's attire advertisement, not giving the lawful insertion. Answers not to intimate that Jumbo Solomon would get an advertisement from a business man under the assurance that the circulation of the pon-hoss organ was 800. And, further, our answers shall have nothing in them about Jumbo not telling the truth. The great and good REPORTER yields a great deal in the above, but we give our Solomon all the rope, for the fun of afterwards pulling in a jumbling Jack-of-all-trades.

The Dice Saved Them.

An incident in the Prussian Military Service. This story is found in the memoirs of a Prussian officer of distinction. It was at the time on the staff of Gen. Winterfeldt, one of the most skillful and competent captains of his day, and Winterfeldt was the general in command at the time spoken of.

Two soldiers had been condemned to death. In a drunken condition at night they had assaulted an officer of the line, and one of them had drawn a knife upon him, but he could not positively say which of the twin held it. And the men themselves did not know. Neither of them remembered anything about it. So both of them were condemned to be shot.

They were both excellent soldiers and only one had been guilty of using a weapon. The officers of the division, including him who had been assaulted, asked that the men might be pardoned. At length Winterfeldt said he would pardon one of them. Only that one ought to die. He would pardon one and the men must decide which of them should be shot.

"Let us shake the dice," said one of the condemned. "The officers of the division, including him who had been assaulted, asked that the men might be pardoned. At length Winterfeldt said he would pardon one of them. Only that one ought to die. He would pardon one and the men must decide which of them should be shot."

But when the second came to throw he also threw twos. "Wonderful!" cried the lookers on. They were ordered to shake and throw again.

This time the second man threw first and threw two aces. "Good! You will live, Peter." But when Peter came to throw, the dice presented two aces. And now the beholders were wonder-stricken indeed.

Another throw was ordered and Peter threw a five and a deuce. The other threw five—deuce. After the excitement had again subsided the men shook once more. The first threw two fours. "Oh, now throw fives and save yourself, Peter," Peter threw—two fours.

At this point the colonel ordered them to stop. He went and reported the marvellous result to Winterfeldt. Said he: "Clearly, gentlemen, providence will have those two men to be saved."

And saved they were. The general cared not to oppose the wonderful fate of the dice. It did seem providential, and so he accepted it. And the redeemed soldiers lived to prove that the saving fate had given back to Prussia two of the very best and bravest of her sons.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie.

Curious chance brought face to face the other day two famous persons, who had not met before in many years, nor, perhaps, wished to. The Duc d'Angouleme was going from Chantilly to Paris, and as usual retained a private compartment in the train. Going to the train and seeing a carriage marked "reserved," he took it for granted that it was his own, and entered, only to find it occupied by two ladies. With an exclamation of surprise he was about to turn to the guard for an explanation when he recognized the supposed intruder as the ex-Empress Eugenie and the Duchess de Mouchy, who were on their way to the death bed of Gen. Ney. The Duc bowed and hastily withdrew in confusion, to find his own compartment elsewhere.

A delightful instance of mixed metaphors, almost too good to be true, is given in a law manual recently published by a gentleman in Japan for the use of Japanese students. Learned counsel: "This man, gentlemen of the jury, walks into court like a motionless statue, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and is attempting to screw three large oaks out of my client's pockets."

Have we a poet among us? Indeed there is one at Millheim. All great poets spend much time on a few lines—just so with the one down there. It is said, too, that all real poets are a little lumpy, and this one seems to have that qualification. After long and hard labor he produces to see lines: "Der Friederich, der Friederich, Der bitterhoese Dieterich." This is sweet—sure a week's fuller labor, and our poet got it thus: "Der Friederich, der Friederich, Der bitterhoese Dieterich." Quite improved—but in another week's effort, our poet will make further headway, about thus: "Der Friederich, der Friederich, Der halbrueckete Deisingerich!" A poet improve their lives in this manner. We know of only one match to this Mill-him poet: Once when the Queen was on her travels thro' her kingdom, and reached Falkensine, the burgess turned poet and bid her welcome from his high-tail thus: "O mighty Queen, Welcome to Falkensine!" The Queen replied: "O you big fool, Get off that stool!" When fellows ask ugly questions we can only find relief in the lumpy of poets.

At a meeting in Dublin to devise means for the relief of the distress in Ireland, Justin McCarthy said he anticipated a pinch of famine to be felt in February and March. O'Donnell, member for Portlaoine, made a violent attack upon the Government, which he said had millions to spare for bygone Egypt. W. Goodrich, Wrightsville, Pa., says: "Brown's Lion Bitters entirely cured me of loss of appetite and lack of energy."

Cetewayo has been reinstated King of Zululand. About 5,000 Zulus were present at the ceremony. Many chiefs expressed great dissatisfaction at the conditions on which he was restored.

A Bride to Hand.

The Hartford Courant prints the following extract from a letter received by a Hartford lady from one of the returned Chinese students: "I went home to see my relations the last of March—When I first reached home you can imagine how glad my father and relatives were to see me looking so well and robust. They all flocked around me and asked me many questions. My little nephew, sent by his mother, came behind me and pulled my cue to see if it were real or false. I am going to tell you something which will surprise you. When I first landed in Shanghai my father wrote to me that while I was away a great many of his friends had offered their daughters to be engaged to me, and that he had at last, without consulting me, selected one for me from a number here for the parent to contract marriages without consulting the wishes of those who are to be united. On hearing of my engagement I tried to break it off, but without success as the Chinese consider an engagement of marriage the most sacred contract. If it is once made it can never be broken. According to the Chinese custom, the younger brother can not marry before the elder one. I have two younger brothers who have to wait for me to marry before they can. Therefore I was urged very strongly by my relatives to marry right away. I did not like to displease my father by opposing his wishes, so I consented to be united on the first of April. Of course it is not a love affair, but I shall try to do my duty. A month after my marriage I came back here to resume my studies. After studying 4 months ten of us have passed the examination as midshipmen, and we are now awaiting to go on board the training ship, which has gone to Canton for repairs. The navy-yard is situated on the Foo-chow river. The place has about four thousand inhabitants, and has one principal street, each end resting on the river, forming in shape a horseshoe. We sometimes go to the Chinese theater. It is very mountainous here, but is everywhere cultivated, even the top of the mountain. We often climb the mountain and ramble about the rice fields, sometimes we go through a village, where we meet village maidens wearing ear-rings measuring four or five inches across. Another country girl dresses her hair with so many pins, sticks, and toys that it protrudes about a foot and a half from her head."

Muffs, Unmistakably. While in San Francisco Sara Jewett, the actress, told some friends that when she was in England a young man asked her whether it was true as reported, that young girls were allowed in America to go out walking, riding, etc., with young men unattended by chaperones. "Yes," replied Miss Jewett, "it is the case in many parts of the United States—perhaps in most." "What an egotistical country," replied the ingenious Briton. "And have you ever been out that way?" "Frequently." "And did the men never try to kiss you, you know?" "Never." "What a lot of muffs!"

Thoughtless people who imagine that girlhood is free from the cares and anxieties of mature years will be surprised to know that the spring time of existence also complains of its trials and petty miseries. "My sister is called more jolly and good-natured than I," said sweet sixteen to her friend, "but then she has none of my troubles. Her hair curls naturally and is never out of curl in the worst fog imaginable, and when exposed to the sun she burns a fashionable terra-cotta color, of a tender shade, with little or no red in it!"

Extract from a female physician's certificate, filed at the office of the Boston board of health, on the death of a girl baby: "Age 5 minutes; cause of death, a long term of sickness."

Two brothers-in-law, James Robert and William Capps, residents of Chunchula, recently started out from home on a short deer-hunt. Not far from the house they put the dogs in a branch swamp and each took opposite sides of the stream that they might have a better opportunity for a shot should the dogs jump deer. A deer was started, and Mr. Capps got the first shot, and missed his mark. The deer then ran in sight of Mr. Roberts, and was intervening undergrowth hiding Mr. Capps, who was in direct range between Roberts and the deer, the latter fired. The deer reached the summit of a slight elevation and fell. Roberts ran up and was on his knees in the act of cutting the deer's throat when Capps walked up. As he approached, Roberts said to him: "Well, Will, I've got you." "Yes," replied Capps, "and you've got me too." Roberts sprang up and looking at Capps saw blood trickling from a wound just under his left eye. Roberts cried: "My God, Will, have I shot you?" "Are you hit anywhere else?" Capps replied: "Yes, here in the left side." After this utterance he turned upon his heel and fell head first down the hill a dead man.—Mobile Register.

TAX LEVY & ASSESSMENT FOR 1882. Table with columns: District, State Tax, Co. Tax, Total Tax.

If you want the best canned dried fruit in the world; the nicest coffee; the purest and best sugars, coffees and teas; pure and unadulterated spices; fresh and cured meats; cheeses, crackers, bread, and vegetable, soap, brushes, and anything belonging to the line of family groceries, headquarters for such a number, in the Bush house block. Try them.

WANTED! Two reliable men to solicit orders for our Nursery Stock in this and adjoining counties on a salary. We will give a month's trial (and advance money for the expenses of the same), and if successful, steady employment and good pay. Address: B. G. CHASE & Co., The Chase Nurseries, Philadelphia, Pa. (Enclose stamp.)

When the "Central America" went Down.

Apropos of wet weather there comes to us a reminiscence of the loss of the Central America between Aspinwall and New York. Pony Easton, of pleasant memory, said: "The Deacon was walking the deck, Capt. Herridon and I were on the wheel-house. Where Billy Birch was I don't know. Well, the ship went down, and I thought we should never get to the bottom. Then I thought we should never get to the top—and poor Herridon never did. I came up alongside the Deacon, and we were all paddling away. As soon as we could breathe the Deacon said, 'Oh, Mr. Easton, this is a terrible moment! You have had a worldly life. Do you feel prepared for the great change which is about to overtake us? Shall I offer up a prayer?' Now, if the fact must be known, I was at that very time doing my own praying and didn't want anybody to hold my proxy. I spied a man a little way off holding on to something, and as the Deacon was discouraging, I thought I would swim away from him. It turned out to be Billy Birch, and as I came up to him, he sang out, 'Hello, Pony, is that you? Terrible wet weather, ain't it?'"

Fighting Against Fate. "Higher than Gilderey's kite." The words came with mournful distinctness from the ash lips of Aristides Muleahay as he stood within the precincts of a vine-embowered cottage, his handsome face pallid with grief, while the nervous twitching of the right mouth that was overhung by a drooping mustache showed how bitter was the pain by which his soul was racked.

Bertie Cecil, to whom he had spoken the words with which this chapter opens was seated languidly on a fountain, a cynical, have-been-in-Oakosh smile, playing lightly over his face. He was one of those superbly fit men to whom the rapid civilization of the nineteenth century has given birth, and as he sat there in all his insurance and striped pants one could see that although his life had ever been a gay and reckless one, it had held for him much of disappointment and sorrow.

"So she refuse, you point-blank?" he asks. "Yes," is the reply. "She could never bear to leave her dear parents, and the little brothers and sisters whose lives were wrapped up in hers. God knows I love her though"—and the strong man turned away to hide his grief.

Bertie was by his side in an instant. "She told you nothing else?" he asks. "No," is the reply, "none whatever." "Then go back to her," Bertie says, "and plead with her again"—and he seats himself in the chair and awaits the return of his friend.

In a few moments Aristides reappears, his pure young face wreathed in smiles. "What success? asks Bertie. Aristides does not reply at once, but, stepping to Bertie's side he leans forward and whispers in low, agonized tones: "She was bluffing without a pair."—Chicago Tribune.

Fad Result of a Deer-Hunt.

Two brothers-in-law, James Robert and William Capps, residents of Chunchula, recently started out from home on a short deer-hunt. Not far from the house they put the dogs in a branch swamp and each took opposite sides of the stream that they might have a better opportunity for a shot should the dogs jump deer. A deer was started, and Mr. Capps got the first shot, and missed his mark. The deer then ran in sight of Mr. Roberts, and was intervening undergrowth hiding Mr. Capps, who was in direct range between Roberts and the deer, the latter fired. The deer reached the summit of a slight elevation and fell. Roberts ran up and was on his knees in the act of cutting the deer's throat when Capps walked up. As he approached, Roberts said to him: "Well, Will, I've got you." "Yes," replied Capps, "and you've got me too." Roberts sprang up and looking at Capps saw blood trickling from a wound just under his left eye. Roberts cried: "My God, Will, have I shot you?" "Are you hit anywhere else?" Capps replied: "Yes, here in the left side." After this utterance he turned upon his heel and fell head first down the hill a dead man.—Mobile Register.

Earnest Men's Imaginations.

One more sleeping-car episode and I will close. A fat man from New York engaged a lower berth last evening, and after he had retired he raised the curtain of his window and gazed into the cool moonlight and the fresh, pure air that came in at the partially opened casement. He was a great stickler for ventilation, and the thought that he was getting a glorious draught of heaven's pure air made him happy. Finally, bathed in the magnificent moonlight, he sank to sleep. In the morning he awoke to find that the window was double, and that only one of them was open. Aside from the man who got up in the dark and kicked four panes of glass out of a bookcase in order to get more air, and went to bed happy, I do not know of a sadder case of misplaced confidence.—Laramie Boomerang.

Lighthouses are better appreciated by sailors than by actors.

Read the published figures, of reduction in prices on general commodities in the new advertisement of C. D. Jones, found in another column. The Bargain store has made a very important move.

Spring Mills Academy, will open April 16, 1883, with Prof. Lewis Ritter as Principal. Students taught all the branches necessary to prepare for college. Boarding reasonable. 1731st.

For low prices in job work, sale bills, etc., call at The Reporter office, or send your orders by mail. Try us.

Kitty's Prayer.

"The mistress is dyin', the doctors have said Oh, who'd be a doctor, to bring us our death? To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head A feelin' the pulses, and countin' the breaths! To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately, Out— the hand for a fee on the sly, To settle our deaths for us very completely. An' very contentedly we die!"

"The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity— The master just worships the ground he tread— She's such a sweet creature, so smilin' and pretty— Is there no cross old woman could go in her stead? She rates us so kindly, we think it an honor To love her herself her own light way, I love her the minute I set my eyes on her, An' what will I do when she's dead if you please?"

"I hate our fine docters! he ought to be cryin'! But smiled as he ran to his carriage an' book, Jist after he told us the darlin' was dyin'— He said he recovered how quare he would look! I know he's a janus—the best in the city— He'd above all—rest docters—who knows I am a poor little sarvin', says Kitty, 'But even a sarvin can pray, I suppose!"

So down on her knees, in a whirl of emotion, With sinner and grief in a terrible swing, Her Irish tongue praying with utter devotion, In faith that but few to their prayers can bring, The poor little sarvin'—her tears flowing Implored with a force that my verse cannot give, With the zeal of a saint, and the glow of a lover, That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in His stifled sorrow—just hoping her prayer, To be sure, but no hope has his prayer in; In that he was eased, and could scarce understand, Her delicate lips had a painful contraction, Her sensitive eyes seeming sunken and glazed; He knew in his heart there could be no reason, He just sat and saw her—in fact he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver— Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise Grim death retrogrades with a sad little shiver— She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes A wonderful hope—is it hope? Is it terror? Leaps up in his heart while he watches his wife Is it life before death? Is it fancy's sweet error? Or is it—or can it be—very life?

Oh, send for the doctor—death hangs on each minute— To wait for his fiat as that of a god— Who would remark that there is something in it, Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod, Joy rings through the house that was silent in sadness, The master believes that he ne'er felt despair, And Kitty the servant, laughs out, 'mid her gladness, To think that they none of them knew her prayer.—Good Words.

Office of the F. M. F. Ins. Company, of Centre County, Pa. CENTRE HALL, JANUARY 8 1883.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the twenty-fifth annual statement of the trans actions of the company is hereby presented.

ASSETS. Bills receivable bearing interest... 25,995.19; Cash on hand... 601.68; Paid on annuities... 3,925.44; Life reserve... 196,277.32; Cash in treasury... 284.09; Making the total available assets of the past year... \$30,859.60.

EXPENSES. Compensation of Directors... 160.31; Salary of Sec'y... 100.00; Salary of Treas... 50.00; Printing, rent, postage and stationery... 75.78; Election board... 5.00; Balance due Mrs. J. W. Conley... 81.72; Stewart, Appraiser... 4.54; Balance due Sem'l... 184.00; Sam'l Gramley Int. Co... 16.07; O'Ding's loss on goods and house... 226.20; J. W. Evans loss on house... 2000.00; J. D. M. Wolf loss on library... 483.00; Mrs. Baker, Int... 3.00; Mrs. Whitehill loss on house... 347.11; Lot Kimport loss on farm implements... 9.00; Balance on hand John H. Neidigh... 73.29; 3,772.9.

Total accruing assets and funds of the Comp. the past year... 26,786.57; To which add notes of 1878-80 and 81... 320,965.44; Minus cash premiums... 147,782.01; Residual... 15,981.48; Making the total available assets of the Comp. this day... 132,400.58; Face value of premium notes in force... 139,211.68; Risks and insurances taken the past year... 283,832.32; Risks and insurances of 1878 and 1880 and 1881 in force... 1,320,171.75; Making the risks of the Comp. this day... \$1,570,004.10; Amount outstanding... 978.96.

At an election held same day the following members were elected: Directors for the ensuing year: R. G. Brett, John G. Baily, Henry Ketter, Joe Baker, Fred Kuriz, John Kunkle, J. B. Fisher, S. J. Herring, H. E. Duck, J. H. Musser, David Brumgart and Sam'l Gramley composed the new board organized and appointed the following officers: President, Fred Kuriz; Vice Pres., S. J. Herring; Treasurer, Wm Wolf; Sec'y, D. F. HENRY KELLER, Pres't of F. Lutz, Sec'y.

GRAIN AND COAL YARD FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at price to sale his valuable property at Spring Mills, consisting of HOUSE, and LIT COAL YARD, SHEDS, GRAIN HOUSE and OFFICE. This is a good business stand, located conveniently to the railroad and every thing well arranged to carry on the grain and coal business. Possession given on 1st of April next. For terms and other particulars apply to J. D. LONG, 18 Jan 8.

Cards—Attorneys.

JOHN BLAIR LINN, Attorney-at-Law. Office on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Feb 7.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte.

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower, LEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN P. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law. Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer in DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c. Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept.

Druggists. DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c. Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept.

Dentists. DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession, either administered. 1848r

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS, Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 278

Hotels. New Brockerhoff House. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 29Jan.

BUSH HOUSE. W. K. Keller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. June 18y

BUTT'S HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. FRANK X LEBAM, Proprietor. Best Brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Travel accommodations for Travellers and Commercial Men. Also Beer and other. Terms reasonable. 29Jan.

Banks. PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. Wm. Wolf, Pres. W. B. MIXLER, Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PA. (Late Millheim, 21-over & Co.) Receive Deposits and Allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. JAS. A. BEAVER, Pres. J. D. SHUGART, Cashier.

HARDWARE HARDWARE HARDWARE. JAS. A. HARRIS & CO., JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. ARE SELLING

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS. And all kinds of Farming Tools, RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS, SPROUTS HAY FORK, &c. AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE. JAS. HARRIS & CO.

Rest. Life is sweeping by, go and save your money. Buy our new... Agents \$15 to 40 PER WEEK. We have stores in 15 leading cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Our factories and principal offices are in Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and terms to Agents. Address M N LOVELL, 523 French Street, Erie, Pa.

Wise. People are always on the outlook for someone to invest their money in. We want many men, women and children to invest their money in our business. It is a safe business and every thing well arranged to carry on the grain and coal business. Possession given on 1st of April next. For terms and other particulars apply to J. D. LONG, 18 Jan 8.