Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 inser ons, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, FEB. 7, 1889.

### HOW TO SIT A HORSE.

An Old Cavalryman's Pointers to an Inexperienced Rider.

"The best riders in the world," said an old cavalryman, who was giving a greenhorn some points on equestrianism, "are the Mexicans. Buffalo Bill's cowboys are splendid riders, but the Mexicans are better still. And their superiority is in part due to the kind of saddle they use. That low English saddle you've got there," he continued, "I couldn't ride in. It isn't fit for a man to ride in. Now, the great beauty of the Mexican saddle is that a man sitting in it has his legs almost straight down beside the horse, like a clothes pin. A Mexican on horseback keeps his heels and shoulders nearly in line, his feet planted firmly in his stirrups underneath him and pointing straight ahead, parallel with the horse. Our McClellan saddle would be as good as the Mexican saddle if it only had the stirrups placed a couple of inches further back. As it is, a man riding in a McClellan saddle bas to bend his leg at the knee in the English style. Now, with the knee bent it is almost impossible to keep your feet pointed straight ahead.

"This position of the feet," the impromptu riding master continued, after pausing a moment to allow his casual pupil to absorb what he had already said, "is a very important thing in learning to ride properly. In fact, it is the thing. And yet nine-tenths of the riders you see about the street and country roads every day have their toes turned at an angle of 45 degrees from the sides of the horse. As a consequence these riders can't have a firm seat, and don't enjoy the exercise half as much as they would if they rode

properly. "How is it the way the toes point has so much to do with good riding?" a reporter who happened to be on hand inquired.

"To sit firmly on a horse and at the same to time have the body erect and free to give with the horse's motion," the cavalryman said, "you must grip the animal's sides with your knees. Not with the calves of the legs, mind, nor with the thighs, but with the knees alone. Now, if you don't keep your toes pointing straight ahead, or nearly so, it is impossible to get this grip with the knees. Turn your toes out and you will find at once that you grip the horse with the calves of your legs and that your body is thrown forward from the hips instead of being erect. Experiment a little when you get on your horse and you'll see it works just as I say. But if you keep your feet straight hold on tight with your knees and sit erect you will find you can accommodate yourself to the motions of the horse more readily and gracefully, your seat will be firmer and riding will not tire you near so quickly. If you will notice old cavalrymen when they walk,' the geutleman continued, "you will see that instead of spreading their feet apart they keep them parallel. This is the result of their habit of riding, and it often makes them very ungraceful on their feet. The best and most graceful rider I knew was Gen. Ashby, who was killed during the war. I never saw a man who looked so handsome on horseback. Off a horse, however, he walked like a duck, and was so clumsy that he couldn't get into a parlor without falling over all the furniture in sight. A Mexican astride his high curved saddle, with his legs | kill the Irishman; but McCluskey was too hanging straight down, rides as easily as if quick for him, and, taking the gun away he were sitting in a rocking chair, and at the same time it is almost impossible to unseat him. He is clothes-pinned on to the horse, and the latter can't get from under him. But a man riding on a flat English saddle with short stirrups, his legs bent at the knee and his toes turned out, has no chance when his horse jumps suddenly. He is in a cramped position, and is almost sure to be thrown forward on the horse's neck or over his head."-Washington Star.

## A Virginia Beauty.

Porter Ashe has made up his mind that the most beautiful woman he ever saw lives in Richmond, Va.

This is significant, because he was a rival of Freddy Gebhard in the wooing of Mrs. Langtry at Long Branch last summer, and was the cause of the sentimental quarrel which ended in Freddy's angry departure alone for England. He was promptly followed by the Lily, who brought him back amiably, and they are together again during the actress' present tour.

That Ashe should unequivocally award the palm of unequaled loveliness to anybody else than Mrs. Langtry, after last summer devotion to her, indicates either resentment or outspoken honesty.

"Is it really true, Mr. Ashe," he was asked. "that you found such a wondrous beauty in Virginia?"

"It is true enough," he replied.
"Is she Amelie Rives? I have heard it was she to whom you have awarded the palm." "No. I have seen the authoress and she is certainly handsome. So are a great many Virginia girls. I don't believe there is a city in the Union that has such a high average of beauty in its women as Richmond. My sister is visiting there and she wrote to me that if I would come she would show me the hand-

-not for that reason, mind you-but I did see the young lady to whom she referred." "And her name was"-"She must be nameless. I fancy that she wouldn't care to be exploited as a professional

somest woman in the United States. I went

Mr. Ashe's use of the term "professional beauty" recalled Mrs. Langtry to my mind, and I said: "Well, is she more beautiful than

Mrs. Langtry?" "Yes; there is no doubt at all about that." -Clara Belle.

## The Divining Superstition.

The number of shafts sunk and the other prospect work done in the Black Hills in the past ten years through the divining and other electric machines is not known, but it is actually perplexing to contemplate them As a rule, they have proven signal failures Notwithstanding this fact, these humbugs are as much in vogue today as ever in the past. The Leadville Journal of a recent date says that at least 90 per cent. of all the foolish prospecting and mining recently done can be distinctly attributed to this ignis fatuus. Like all humbugs, it has done its share in giving legitimate prospecting a great set back. We have had a long series of such experiments. The first was the witch hazel rod, which, passed over the ground, indicated by twists and turns the presence of lodes. Others sunk shafts in solid granite under the direction of spirits. Still others attemped to penetrate the depths by electrical forces of one kind and another, but in no instance that we have ever heard of has the result been different from that first defined as the experience in Leadville.—San Francisco

## A TOUGH TOWN.

WAS NEWTON, KAN., NOW A NICE AND ORDERLY CITY.

For Downright Cussedness and Cold Killing It Had No Equal-The Gun Settled All Disputes-It Was Death to Be

Nobody ever knew of a tougher town than Newton, Kan., was in the early days of its existence. Nobody knows of a more lovely or more peaceable city than that same place is today. In the spring of 1871 the terminus of the Santa Fe railroad was at Emporia. It was determined to build to a point seventy-five miles further west. The object was to catch the Texas cattle trade. On the 14th of April, 1871, the writer reached the banks of Sand creek. Two men were found camped there. There was not a foot of lumber in what is now Harvey county, Kan. These men were the pioneers of the town that Capt. John

Sebastian afterward named Newton. Six weeks later there was a population of nearly 2,000. The history of the town for its first eight months is a story of lawlessness and blood that has never been equaled on this continent. Other places, mining camps and cattle towns, have kept up the music of the pistol a greater length of time, but for downright cussedness and cold killing Newton wears the belt. As soon as it became known that Newton was to be the end of the railroad for a year, and that it was to be a cattle shipping point, whisky sellers, gamblers and thieves flocked there by hundreds. Of course many respectable men, seeking 'egitimate business, went there, too, but the great majority of the new comers were dangerous.

PREACHING IN A GAMBLING DEN. They migrated there for the purpose of robbing the cowboys and cattlemen. For months it was a never ending battle between these law breakers on the one side and the men who knew no law on the other. From first to last thirty-six were killed with their boots on. At least a dozen gambling houses had places on the main street, keeping their doors wide open day time and night time, Sunday and all the time. One of them, the "Gold Room," was capable of holding 500 or 600 people. Every known kind of gambling was practiced. A sight was seen in this place one Sunday night that is not often witnessed. A Methodist preacher went to the boss of the place, "Doc" Thayer, and requested permission to hold divine services. It was granted, and with every gambling table running, the bar sending out its liquid hell, that preacher, the Rev. Mr. Hahn, stood up and told the story of the Man of Nazareth. Before he had finished his sermon a quarrel arose at one of the card tables and a man was shot. A detailed account of the

killing and murders is not intended. If a

gang of cowboys rode into town the smallest provocation would set their guns going, and toing to kill. A bond election was held. Several special onstables were appointed for election day. One of them was a Texan named Martin. At the polls there was a quarrel between a big rishman, who went by the name of McCluskey, but whose real name was Arthur Delaney, and the special constable, Martin. The result of that quarrel was the death of eight men and one woman, and the wounding of just an equal number. After the election was over McCluskey and Martin met in the Lone Star saloon and renewed the quarrel. A proposition was made and accepted to go out on the street and settle it with the fist. Both men laid off their belts and started for e street. Martin, however. den in his boot, and just as the door was reached he went down after it, intending to from him, shot him dead. McCluskey gave himself up and was acquitted. Martin had a

his slayer. THE "BIG KILLING." The death of Martin led to what has always been known as the "big killing" in Newton. There were three dance halls across the railroad track in what was known as "Hyde Park." In one of them the "big killing" occurred. McCluskey was a hanger on at one of them. Martin's friends swore they would kill him and all that took his part. Martin's friends got the worst of the fight. It was known by both sides that the fracas was likely to happen on a certain night. The engagement took place according to programme. McCluskey was killed early in the fray, two holes through his neck and enough lead scattered around through his body to make any one who digs him up after a while imagine that he has truck a paying lead mine. A man on the McCluskey side shot nine of the long horn crowd and did it in a novel way. Knowing that the fight would occur, this man, Riley by name, went prepared to make himself felt. He had four six shooters on him. At the first pop of a gun he deliberately walked up to a Texan and shot him in the eye; then unning his two arms between the arms and body of the dead man, he made a human barricade and shot at will from a safe ambush After the fight ended he went out, mounted a horse and left. The dead at the big killing were speedily disposed of, the wounded

taken care of. BOSS OF THE "SIDE TRACK." Mike Fitzpatrick kept a dive that he called the "Side Track." The unlucky chap that got in there found himself side tracked until his money was gone. Some of the decent people were bold enough to protest against some of his robberies, among others a prominent merchant. Mike did not like any interference with his business, and one mornng he loaded himself a little fuller than usual with his vile whisky and started out to do a little slaughtering. The merchant was sought, but happened to be out of the store. Mike went up the street terrorizing everybody and walked into a saloon. There he saw the city's police judge, George Halliday, and without the slightest provocation or a word of warning he shot him through the heart. The marshal, Jack Johnson, had been advised that Mike was on a raid and had started to capture him. Seeing Mike coming out of the saloon, ohnson took a rest for his Winchester rifle on the well curb and shot him down. This was Newton's last killing. In an hour afterthe suspicious characters were notified to mentioned; only a few of the shootings de-Carson, was sent for and came to take the narshalship of the town. He stayed three save his life he skipped. "Wild Bill" (J. H. Hickox) tried to be marshal. He couldn't do it. Marshal King was killed in the discharge of his duties, and altogether it was the tough-

est town on record. The person who sees the lovely city today, opera houses, its street cars, gas and water

### CRITICISING A PICTURE.

Suggestions to the Painter of George and the Cherry Tree.

"Your charge against Mr. Barker, the artist bere," said the judge, "is assault and battery, 'Yes, sir,"

"And your name is"\_\_\_\_ "Potts; I am art critic of The Weekly

"I called at Mr. Barker's studio upon his invitation to see his great picture, just finished, of George Washington cutting down the cherry tree with his hatchet. Mr. Barker was expecting to sell it for \$10,000. He asked me what I thought of it, and after I had pointed out his mistake in turning the head of the hatchet round so that George was cutting the tree down with the hammer end I asked him why he had foreshortened George's leg so as to make it look as if his left foot was upon the mountain on the other side of

"Did Mr. Barker take it kindly?" asked the

"Well, he looked a little glum, that all. And then when I asked him why he put the guinea pig up in the tree and why he painted the guinea pig with horns, he said that it was not a guinea pig, but a cow, and that it was not in the tree, but in the background. Then I said that if I had been painting George Washington I should not have given him the complexion of a new brick, I should not have given him two thumbs on each hand, and I should have tried not to slew his right eye round so that he could see round the back of his head to his left ear. And Barker said, 'Oh, wouldn't you? Sarcastic, you know, sir; and I said, 'No, I wouldn't, and I wouldn't have painted oak leaves on a cherry tree, and I wouldn't have left the spectator in doubt as to whether the figure off by the woods was a factory chimney or a steamboat, or George Washington's father taking

"Which was it?" asked the judge. "I don't know; nobody will ever know. So Barker asked me what I'd advise him to do, and I told him I thought the best chance was to abandon the Washington idea and fix the thing up somehow to represent 'The boy who stood on the burning deck.' I told him he night paint the grass red to represent the flames, and daub over the tree so's it would look like the mast, and pull George's foot to this side of the river, so's it would rest somehow on the burning deck, and maybe he might reconstruct that factory chimney, or whatever it was, and make it the captain, while he could arrange the guinea pig to do for the captain's dog." "Did he agree?"

"He said the idea didn't strike him. So

then I suggested that he might turn it into Columbus discovering America. Let George stand for Columbus and the tree be turned into a native and the hatchet be turned into a flag, while the mountain in the background would answer for the rolling billows of the ocean. He said he'd be hanged if he would. So I mentioned that it might perhaps pass for 'The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots,' Put George in black for the headsman, bend over the tree and put a frock on it for Mary; let the batchet stand and work in the guinea pig and the factory chimney as mourners. just as I had got the words out of my mouth Barker knocked me clean through the picture. My head tore out Washington's near leg and my right foot carried away about four miles of the river. We had it over and over on the floor for awhile, and finally Barker got the best of me. I am taking the law of him n the interests of justice and high art." So Barker was bound over to keep the peace and Mr. Potts went down to the office of The Spy to write up his criticism.-New York

## Wedded to His Half Sister.

Jacob Wells, a farmer living in Fayette ounty, Ala., discovered, after four years of sappy wedded life, that his wife is his half ister. Wells' father, who lived at Sparta, Ga., was killed in the war. About twenty host of friends, and they vowed vegeance on five years ago Mrs. Wells married a man named Hogue. Young Wells, then about 12 years old, did not like his stepfather and ran away from home. He finally drifted to Fayette county, Ala., worked a number of years as a farmer's laborer and in time ought a small farm of his own. Mrs. Hogue's nother died soon after the birth of a shild by her second husband, and the child, a girl, was cared for by relations of the father's family named Smith

Two years later Hogue died, and his daughter grew up in the Smith family, and was always known as Dora Smith. Five years ago the family moved to Fayette county, and there the young lady met her half brother Wells. Even Wells' most intimate friends knew nothing of his early history, and he had never communicated with his relatives in Georgia. Wells and Miss Smith, as she was known, fell in love at first sight and were soon married. They have one child, a year old, and only discovered their relationship a few days ago by a chance word dropped by the wife. They were in a quandary for a time, but have decided to ontinue to live as man and wife.

## New Building Materials.

A patent has been granted for a process of manufacturing boards, slabs or plates, chiefly applicable to the usual building purposes of wall and ceiling linings or coverings, and also as a lining for ice chests, flues and the like. Each board or plate is chiefly composed of the following materials: A large number of small tubes, either specially made of paper or other suitable material or formed if vegetable stalks. These tubes are uniformly distributed, so as to form a number of cores for the semi-liquid mass which is subsequently cast in. A plastic mass, consisting of plastic mineral matter, such as burnt gypsum, cement or lime and finely divided solid particles of organic origin, such as small coke, wool hair or feathers, with or without the addition of a liquid binding substance, such as glue water or a mixture of water with alum, green vitriol and soluble glass in the following relative quantities:-Gypsum cement or lime, fifty parts; small coke, ten parts; wool, hair or feathers, one part; binding substance, consisting of alum, vitriol and soluble glass, one part. - New York Telegram.

## In Love with a Plaster Cast.

The story of Endymion is more than paralleled by a case that occurred recently in Paris. Eugene Bloc, a lad of 14 years, fell in ward the citizens had formed a league and love with a plaster cast of Venus in his father's house, and would stand gazing at it for leave. They left. Only a few incidents are hours. His father found that it caused him to neglect his studies, and so, in a rage, broke tailed. Tom Carson, a nephew of old Kit up the image. Eugene went to his room, twisted a sheet about his neck and strangled himself. It was a genuine case of falling in weeks. The toughs had it in for him, and to love with an ideal.-St. Louis Globe-Demo-

The board schools in London employ about 4,000 teachers, while the church schools, endowed schools and private schools employ the county seat of one of the best counties 4,000 more, and there are 8,000 governesses (Harvey) in the state, with its business, its teaching in families. There are, in round numbers, 16,000 women teachers, with upworks, and talks with its law abiding and ward of 3,000 male teachers, in that city, wide awake citizens, little dreams of the The board employs half as many men as woscenes of blood witnessed in its infancy.— men—that is, from 2,207 to 4,300.—Journal Omaha Herald.

## SNAKE-KILLING HOGS.

TWENTY-TWO PORKERS DESTROY 500 SERPENTS IN ONE HOUR.

The Terror of Black Mountain-Old Abe Lockhart Puts His Wits to Work-A Battle More Desperate Was Never Be-

A desperate and almost indescribable battle between a horde of rattlesnakes and a bunch of hogs occurred a few days since on Abe Lockhart's place, at the foot of Black mountain. This branch of the Allegheny has been long noted as the home and rendezvous of thousands of black and rattlesnakes of the dusky brown species, which have been looked upon with dread by the hunters from the fact that they have always been exceedingly aggressive and dangerous. For years this mountain has been the terror and dread of the people of the vicinity, and it is idom that any traveler or hunter has had

or near a certain point, so numerous and deadly have been the poisonous reptiles. But that has all been changed, owing to the fact that old Uncle Abe Lockhart has imported from North Carolina a bunch of the long nosed, lank, long legged species of hogs, which from their elongated personnel have been identified under the title of slug diggers. Uncle Abe had been so pestered and annoyed by the army of snakes which infested his farm that he put his wits to work and finally hit upon the bappy plan of importing his lank and bony swine, which have

the temerity heretofore to cross the ridge at

had the reputation of being inveterate enemies of the snake family. He hauled over the mountains twenty-two big, bony bogs of the species above described, and placed them in pens, where he kept them well fed and

THE CORN TRAIL.

When the old man had concluded that his muscular pets had become sufficiently acclimated and at home he released them from their pens, and early in the morning, while it was yet cool and the snakes were still half benumbed or asleep, he went up the mountain to a spot where he knew the reptiles dwelt by the thousand. All along the pathway be dropped grains of corn until he reached the side of the snake pit, a sunken spot in the side of the mountain, containing about half an acre. Here he threw down a bushel of loose corn, and, together with the boys, Jim and George, took shelter in low trees. Within a few minutes the satisfied grunts of the porkers were heard as they followed the trail of corn, until the whole drove of hogs broke into view from the underbrush. They came on until they arrived at the pit, where they stood for a min-ute or two until the old boar, an immense fellow, came up, when he took the lead and went grunting down the bank into the pit. All the other members of the family followed, until the twenty-two hogs were all within the small amphitheatre of a half acre. The hogs quickly picked up the corn, but by the time they had thoroughly cleaned it the snakes, aroused by the heat of the morning sun and the noise of the porkers, began to appear from the crevices. A dozen, then twenty, and directly several hundred American rattlers writhed their lithe bodies from their holes and looked at the porkers with

brilliant, shining eyes and darting tongues. Two or three hundred snakes in a mass of slimy, surging bodies began to draw themselves toward the hogs, but they had not crawled more than thirty or forty feet away from the crevices in the rocks before the old boar gave a shrill, infuriated squeal, when the whole drove of hogs was among its ene-

AN INDESCRIBABLE SCENE The scene which followed is indescribable. The hogs charged their enemies, picking them up in their jaws and tramping them under foot, while the snakes shook their rattles and struck their enemies with their fangs. The fight raged for half an hour, a nog retreating for a moment's rest and then echarging into the midst of the writhing nass, ripping and tramping the snakes until the ground was literally covered with their writhing bodies. At one time the old boar was almost literally covered with snakes, but be didn't appear to care for their bites or

He would reach around, catch one in his jaws, throw it to the ground, and then hold t there with his feet while he tore its body pieces. This he kept up for half an bour, retreating but once for a breath of air or a brief rest, when back he went at it again. In less than an hour the hogs had conquered, not one snake being left alive, except a few which had succeeded in regaining the crevices before the hogs had flanked them. old Uncle Abe and his boys became so sick from the overpowering smell of the musky odor that they were forced to lie down under

the trees, but they were perfectly safe so long as the hogs were about. After vanquishing the army of snakes the porkers lay down among the dead bodies of the enemies until they had sufficiently rested, when they again aroused themselves, and, led by the old boar, they began to root up and turn over the rocks, every now and then exposing a rattler which had hidden his body away from his porcine enemies. When a snake was thus exposed there was a rush, and in a jiffy that rattler was torn into

little bits too small to recognize. In an hour and a half not a living snake could be found, and the hogs were, to all appearances, as sound and hearty as ever. Uncle Abe then picked up his corn sack and made a trail of corn back to the house, but the hogs did not follow, seeming to prefer the flesh of the snakes to the corn. Ever since then the drove of hogs have remained in the mountain, coming home only to get a change of food, and where once no man dared to tread there is now not a rattlesnake to be found. The pigs had cleaned them out. Uncle Abe says there were not less than five hundred rattlesnakes killed in that single fight, and not one hog was hurt.—Cincinnati

## Wouldn't Be Outdone.

Another story which Gen. Sheridan was fond of telling at the dinner table, after the coffee had been served and the ladies had retired, went somewhat like this, I am told: There was a zealous chaplain of the Army of the Potomac, who had called on a colone noted for his profanity, to talk of the relig ious interests of his men. After having been politely motioned to a seat on the chest, the "Colonel, you have one of the finest regi-

ments in the army."
"I believe so," said the colonel in reply. "Do you think," pursued the chaplain, "that you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?" "Well, I don't know," doubtfully replied

"A lively interest has been awakened in the — Massachusetts," the parson went on to say. "The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have already been bap-

"Is that sof" excitedly cried the colonel, and then turning to the attendant, added: "Sergeant major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism; I'll be blanked if I'll be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment."-New York Tribune.

N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixiz a positive cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping-Cough, Catarrh, Hoarse ess, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Fever, Pleurisy, and Il diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. As an Expectorant it has no equal. consumption has been cured times without number by its timely use. It heals the ulcerated surfaces, and cures when all other remedies fail. Fifty-six years of constant use has proven its virtues. Every family should keep it in the house. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are a sure cure for Costiveness, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they purify the blood. Price 25 cts. per bottle. For sale by all dealers in medi-Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors of

Arnica and Oil Liniment for Man and Beast. The best external remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is a safe, sure, and effectual Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on Horses. One trial will prove its merits. It effects are in most cases instantaneous. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

For sale by J. D. Murray and W. H. Bartholomew,

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

I recommend it as superior to any prescription H. A. ARCHER, M. D. 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that recommend it as superior to any prescription Sour Stom ch. Diarracea, Eructation, Bown to me." H. A. Archen, M. D. Kills Worles, gives sleep, and promotes di-Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

## WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES.

SINGLE SHOT RIFLES, RELOADING TOOLS,

AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS.

MANUFACTURED BY WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Send for 80-page Illustrated Catalogue. MENTION THIS PAPER.

PISO'S CURE FOR Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine. If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bot-tles will be required. CONSUMPTION

## HUMPHREYS'



DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK Cloth & Cold Binding

CURES . HOMEOPATHIC

CIFICS

GUNS, REVOLVERS, AMMUNITION Etc., Ec.

DESCHER'S GUN STORF.

A good stock of new guns just received at Deschuer's Great Central Gun Works, Bel etente, such as Double B. L. Sho Guns, Dab . B L. Refle and Shor Gan. Single Rifler, B. L. from \$2.57 to \$12.

Single B. L. Shot Guns from \$4 to \$9. Guns for the Farmer, the Spoing Man, andt he Oc-

casional Hunter.

V-E-R-Y C-H E-A-P.

CALL AT THE GREAT CENTRAL GUN WORKS, BELLEFONTE.

> THE SUN FOR 1889

AND FOR THE DEMOCRACY. AND FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

The Sun believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic Congress in 189) and a Democratic President in 1922 hould begin on or about the fourth of next March. The Soft will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson Jackson, and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute nower of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrew The Sun fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the rears, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthor.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront and he will be intrenched in the same strong position it has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with The Sun that the thing can be done again? Wait and see! Wait and see!

The h pe of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences in non essentials, forgetting everything but the losson of experience, and that

everything but the losson of experience, and that victory is a duty.

Probably you know The Sun already as a newspaper which gets all the news an prints it in incomparably interesting shape; which chronicies facts as they occur and tells the truth about n en and events with absolute fearlessness, making the completest and wost entertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy—on Sundays four cents. If you do not know The Sun send for it and learn what a wenderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

13 20

Daily, per moeth Sunday, per year ..... Daily and Sunday, per year ...... Daily and Sunday, per month .... Weekly Sun, one year .....

address. THE SUN, New York

When Baby was sick, we gave ber Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria