

THE TERMINUS.
The wide town swings to view; the train speeds past
Long, roaring freights. Mysterious voices blend
With the shrill steam; now, underneath the vast
Vault of the Terminus, we find at last
Our journey's end.

Beyond the doors, a wintry wilderness,
The formidable streets lie strange and far.
But see, familiar faces wait to bless
Our coming. How informed with joyfulness
Their greetings are!

wonder, if when into the world's great,
Sad terminus, I come unmasked, unknown,
Will welcoming dear faces for me wait?
Or must I through the hollow, clanging gate
Pass out alone?
—William Hurd Hillier, in Lippincott's Magazine.

DINNER ON THE GRIP.

Captain Alexander Maher of the steam coaster Grip was hurrying along Cardiff street dockyard to his vessel, which had just completed loading for Southampton, when he was accosted by a youngish man, smartly attired in yachting costume, and wearing on his cap the gilt badge of a famous south coast club.

"Captain Maher?" the stranger queried.
"That's me," the sailor retorted gruffly enough, having all the dislike of his class toward the average amateur seaman. "That's me—but I'm in a hurry."
"So I heard," retorted the other coolly. "You were pointed out to me as master of a boat just leaving for Southampton. I want to go there at once, also."

The hint was obvious enough, but Maher did not choose to follow it up. "Take the train, then," he replied; "passengers ain't in my line."
"So I would," the young man appeared disposed to be persistent—"but I have a lot of heavy baggage here, and I wish it to accompany me to my yacht, which is lying off Cowes. If you'll take it and me, I'll make it worth your while."

The captain hesitated. The Grip possessed small accommodation for outsiders, but a job like this meant something in the skipper's pocket.
"Well," he said, surveying the stranger again, "since you have been told who I am I reckon you've a notion what my ship is; she ain't a liner, you know, but just a coasting tramp, covered this blessed minute with coal muck that won't come off her till she starts washing herself outside Lundy."

His new acquaintance seemed in no way dismayed at this description. "That will be all right, captain," he returned, "come in here a minute and let us talk it over."
The place thus indicated was an adjacent bar, where over suitable drinks the yachtsman continued negotiations. "There are about a dozen large wooden cases he went on, "with furnishings and my own outfit for a long West Indian cruise. I should have sent them on ahead of me but for some delay, and now if I lose sight of them heaven knows how long I may be kept waiting for them in the Solent."

"What's your yacht's name?" demanded Maher, not quite liking this explanation.
The stranger took out his cardcase. "You are a bit suspicious," he said pleasantly enough, "and I don't blame you; but we'll have everything fair and square. That is my name." He handed over a card as he spoke, and on it the sailor read, "E. V. Rentore, S. Y. Sea-Swift, R. Z. Y. C."

The first name was unknown to Maher, but that of the vessel happened to be familiar to him, while the last four cryptic letters he was aware represented the title of one of the most exclusive clubs in the kingdom.
"Then, sir," he said, with an obvious change of manner, "if you want me to take your things it will have to be arranged quickly. I'll be hauling out for sea in a couple of hours. If they are not too heavy and you have them alongside within that time, I might manage. But for yourself, the speaker hesitated again, "our only spare cabin is poor enough."

The other laughed. "I've roughed it before," he said, "and won't quarrel with the best you can give me. My man shall have the cases down within the time you say; they are not heavy and your own crane will easily swing them on board. And as to terms—will 20 pounds suit you?"
The sailor gasped. He had not expected nearly so much.
"If you'll throw in the price of a new hat for myself, sir," he responded, quickly, "we'll call it a deal."

"Good!" Rentore produced his purse. "Here's half of it now, and a couple of sovereigns for yourself. There will be as much more at Southampton for you and your crew if nothing is broken."

Thus the bargain was sealed, and Maher, much elated at his good fortune—for such windfalls do not come every day in the coasting trade—made his way down to the Grip, lying close to one of the chutes. He had not been long there when a wagon appeared bearing the cases, escorted by a man of valet type.

"There's the stuff," the latter grumbled to the skipper, "and what the governor wanted traveling with it in a coal barge for I don't know. 'Aluf a mind to give him notice, I've a mind

your ship safe, captain?"
Mather surveyed him scornfully. "She'll carry you, my son," he retorted sarcastically, "supposin' you don't put on that much side you make her top-heavy."

The servant scowled. "I 'ope so," he replied with meaning; "anyway you'd best see the goods are safely put away, or the governor'll give you what for. See they are kept right side up—they're all marked off that."

The skipper was too busy preparing for sea to discuss this further. He passed the instructions on to his mate and went about his business. Presently Rentore himself clambered on board.

"Ah!" he remarked, smiling in the pleasant way he had, "I see you have my dunnage, captain. Are you going to carry all the cases on deck?"
"Yes, sir," answered Mather, "the weather is fine, and they'll be safe lashed. These two small ones," he indicated two boxes as he spoke, "we will put below."

"I wouldn't do that," his passenger laughed back. "One is a case of champagne I hope you'll help me to put away on the way round, the other is a dozen of whiskey, which you'll allow me to give to your hands."

Mather looked grave. "I'll see, sir," he said tentatively, "when we get out, I'll take them to my own room for safety. Is everything aboard now?"
"Everything," the other answered and, the dock gates just then opening, the captain took his post on the bridge, while the passenger went below to see to his accommodation.

Nor did Mather set eyes on him again until the Grip had opened out the Channel and in the growing dusk the light on Flatholme was beginning to twinkle far astern. Then he met the skipper as the latter was descending from the bridge.

"Come along, captain," he said, "I've taken the liberty to make myself at home—got my man to overlook your cook and have a bit of dinner ready for you, now the ship's clear of the land. Come down and join me."

In response to this invitation the sailor passed below to encounter a scene such as the dingy saloon of the tramp had not seen since her long past trial trip—if then. The table was set with crystal on spotless linen, silver and flowers garnished it, and the swinging tray above sparkled with bottles full of such wine as the captain had seldom seen nearer than across the bar counter.

"I told you I'd make myself comfortable," Rentore laughed at the other's amazement. "The hotel people put some of this up for me, but your cook did the rest, so sit down and do him justice. Perkins," he turned to his servant, "tell them to serve dinner."

Captain Mather was sufficient of a philosopher to accept the gifts the gods thus sent; he sat down as requested, and if his handling of his knife and fork left something to be desired, his appreciation of the meal was none the less patent. Moreover, his host—or his guest, for the passenger was both—saw to it that his glass was frequently replenished, so that as the cheese came on the table the skipper went under it.

"Perkins," ordered Rentore then, "get the steward to help you to take Captain Mather to his room; he does not seem well. And—ah—you might have word sent to the bridge I'll be glad if the mate will join me here; the night's fine, and I expect the boatswain can take the ship past Lundy without sinking the island."

The passenger appeared to the steward—who was present—to be also slightly touched with an after dinner manner. The mate when he came had the same impression, but, nevertheless, that officer also collapsed as his superior had done, leaving Rentore still quite composed. The chief engineer, who had joined the feast at the request of the giver of it along with the mate, was simultaneously overcome.

"Most extraordinary," remarked Rentore; "never saw men so easily upset. I'm going on deck. Perkins, you might see the steward gets out that case of whiskey for the men forward and the stokers."

On deck the passenger lit a cigar, mounted to the bridge and joined the boatswain, who had charge of it.
"I've sent a bottle or two of hard stuff forward," he said to him affably. "You might go down and have your share. I'm sailor enough to watch her if you leave me the course."
"Thank 'ee kindly, sir," answered the seaman, who like the rest of the crew, was blessing his stars for having given the Grip the carrying of such a benefactor. "Keep her sou'-west by west and she'll take no harm for the minute I'll be gone."

When the boatswain's cap had vanished down the ladder, Rentore turned to the hand at the wheel.
"You shouldn't be out of this, my man," he said, "off you go and drink my health; I can keep her head straight."

He gripped the wheel and the sailor saw the compass card kept steady to the course. Then he, too, disappeared and silence reigned fore and aft along the decks of the Grip.
This lasted for perhaps half an hour, then Perkins appeared upon the bridge.

"They're gone under at last," he said, in tones very different from any he had previously used. "Shall I let our lads loose?"
"Yes," answered Rentore. "Tell some of them to see quickly to the fires—I can feel the old tub's speed slackening—and send a hand here to relieve me."

Perkins descended to where the cases were ranged and tapped a peculiar tap on each. They opened as he did so, and dim figures from them

darted swiftly to his bidding. The Grip had got a fresh crew.
Next morning just before daylight a small coasting steamer crept into the anchorage of St. Mary's, Scilly, and brought up close alongside the paternal yacht Bocanera, belonging to a multi-millionaire which had been lying there for some days, while its owner explored the islands in accordance with intentions previously announced somewhat widely in the public prints.

Descriptions afterwards given of the little coaster in no way corresponded with that of Captain Mather's command. The height and color band of her funnel were different, and Mather's vessel was square-rigged on the foremast, which the other was not. Besides, those who inspected the latter through glasses before she left again declared the name on her bow to be "Jane," not "Grip."

These points were material, because in the darkness before dawn the Bocanera was visited by a boatful of armed men from the new arrival, the anchor watch on her deck overpowered, the remainder of her crew battered down, and the millionaire robbed, under threat of violence, of every portable article of value he had with him, including a large sum in gold and his wife's jewels, reputedly of fabulous worth.

The day was two hours old when word of this daring robbery reached the shore, but by that time the stranger, who had got under way again immediately his boat returned, was hulled down to the westward and had utterly vanished beyond sight from the islands ere any action could be taken on the telegrams which were immediately dispatched to the authorities.

During the night of the day following the Grip reached Southampton and was berthed ready to begin discharging next morning. There was nothing to connect her with the robbery and not even the police on duty noticed that her crew all slipped ashore one by one during the darkness. It was the lumpers coming down to begin work on the cargo who first observed anything wrong, there being no sign of life about the vessel. Every place was vacant, the stokehole was cold and empty, and no cases were on deck. The men explored the fore-castle last, and from below came muffled knocking. Raising the hatch leading into the forepeak there emerged from that literally black hole a string of disconsolate figures. Captain Mather bringing up the rear in crooked fashion.

"Here!" he demanded, rubbing his eyes, "where in blazes are we?"
"Southampton, in course," he was told; "didn't you bring the ship in here?"
"No," he retorted in lurid language; "we were hounded some way a few hours out, and found ourselves where you got us when we came to. Where the ship's been," he added brokenly, "I know no more than a baby. I'd best see the police. If they'll catch me that yachtsman I'll hang him for them myself. Curse the smile of him and his dinner!"

A sentiment in which the multi-millionaire when it was repeated to him fully concurred.—The Sphere.

PROFESSION OF RIDING PIONEER

Discovered by an English Younger Son Who Needed Allowances.

That knowledge of American institutions and customs grows but slowly in England received a pointed illustration in the arrival of a huge box of what might be termed riding tackle on a recent steamer. Friends of the young man to whom the box was consigned were puzzled for a time as to why he should receive such an extraordinary outfit of corduroy clothing, saddles, boots, and other gear of a like character, and the recipient at first was sulky and disinclined to give information. After a dealer in horse goods had taken the high-priced imported equipment of his hands at a small part of its actual value the English younger son to whom it had been sent made confession and enjoyed the joke as much as did his acquaintances. It meant simply that he had run through his allowances, and as his extravagances had caused the serving of notice on him that no further advances would be made, he cast about for some plausible excuse for requesting more money. He decided that the best chance was to announce a change in his method of life, and, putting forth his best efforts to find some occupation that his family would approve of, wrote home that he had received an offer and had decided to become a "riding pioneer," conditional upon his family supplying the capital required for the expensive outfit necessary for a "riding pioneer" and an increase in his allowance to carry him on until his new profession began to pay.

The nature of the occupation he was supposed to take up he did not explain fondly hoping that the puzzle to his relatives would bring quick returns, as "riding pioneer" sounded most respectable and adventurous. An indulgent English father put his own construction on the term, however, and with visions of the son far removed from temptation and leading a healthful out-of-door life on the frontier, shipped more kinds of English flat hunting saddles, double bridles, and fanciful legging, with other accessories, than could be found in the average fashionable saddler's. The consignment served a purpose, though other than the father intended, and for the present the young man refuses to think about the explanation that will be necessary when he goes home as to what are the duties of a "riding pioneer."—New York Times.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 3.

Subject: Paul Arrested, Acts xxi. 27-29 Golden Text, 1. Pet. iv. 16—Memory Verses, 20-22—Study Verses, 17-20—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. Paul confers with the church at Jerusalem (vs. 17-25). The day after their arrival at Jerusalem the elders and leaders of the church, of whom James, the brother of our Lord, was chief, met together, and Paul gave them a report of his work. The settlement by vote, eight years before, of the question as to the necessity of keeping the Jewish law, had not changed the opinion of all the Jewish Christians. Their friendship at this time was very doubtful. Paul was endeavoring by every possible means to heal the breach between them.

II. Paul purified in the temple (vs. 26-29). Four men had come to Jerusalem to complete a Nazirite vow. Paul reluctantly agreed to pay their necessary expenses, and for a week to live with them in the temple, and then to stand with them while their heads were shaved and while they took their hair to burn it "under the sacrifice of the peace offerings" (Acts 21: 26; Num. 6: 18). This was not a compromise, it was a concession, but while Paul attempted to refute certain slanders he at the same time ran the risk of almost certain misrepresentation on the other side. The fact that unexpected trouble grew out of it does not brand his action as unwise or wrong, for the Jews would have found some other pretext if this had not come to them. Their charges in verse 28 show the attack was premeditated. The question is asked, Did Paul do right in thus purifying himself in the temple? Our answer is, Yes. What were his motives? He did not do it to avoid persecution, or even death—he was ready to die at Jerusalem. He did not take this course to gain favor with the church, or for any selfish purpose. His sole purpose was to gain access to the temple, to be with the Christians, and lead them into a deeper Christian life. Read 1 Cor. 9: 19-23.

III. The mob and the rescue (vs. 30-39). Paul was in the court of the women in the temple, or near the rooms set apart for the ceremonies of a Nazirite's vow. Certain Jews who had been Paul's opponents at Ephesus were watching him. They had seen Trophimus, an Ephesian, in the city with Paul, when they saw Paul in the court of the women with strangers they supposed he had taken Trophimus into the temple. They stirred up a mob against Paul, charging him with having profaned the temple. He was dragged down the steps through the Gate Beautiful into the court of the Gentiles. He would have been killed but for the arrival of the Roman guards from the tower of Antonia.

20. "Was moved." The chief military officer of the Romans in Jerusalem was entering the sacred precincts of the temple appears to have been sufficient to startle all Jerusalem. "Dragged him." Paul was seized roughly. "On the steps." Out of the women's court into the court of the Gentiles. They wished to murder him, and yet not pollute the temple. They rained at goats and swallowed camels. "Door of the Gate Beautiful," which were of solid Corinthian brass, and opened from the women's court to the court of the Gentiles. "Were shut." Probably by the Levites, who had the care of the temple. They may have feared that the crowd would return, or some new disturbance arise.

31. "Seeking to kill him." There was murder in their hearts, and they were beating him with the expectation of causing his death. But the onset was sudden, and they were not furnished with proper weapons, and there appears to have been a little delay. It was this short delay that gave the Roman officer time to rescue him. "Tidings came." When a servant of Jesus is in great distress God sends him aid at the proper time without waiting for his prayer.

32. "Soldiers and centurions." A centurion commanded 100 men. The chief captain ordered a force sufficient to overcome all opposition and restore order. "Ran down." The tower was above the temple on the hill Acra. This was the position of the chief military officer of the Romans in Jerusalem, which was situated at the northwest corner of the temple area. He was nearly equivalent to our colonel, and commanded 1,000 men. His name was Claudius Lysias, as we learn from chap. 23: 26.

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34. "Could not know." It was difficult for the mob to make out a charge against the prisoner which would be intelligible to the Roman officer. If a Greek had entered into the holy place he was liable to death, but Paul was known to be a Jew, nor was there any Greek to be found on the spot. "The castle." The literal meaning is encampment or barracks. This was not the castle or tower of Antonia, but only that part of the tower which was used as permanent quarters for the soldiers. "The stairs." Which led from the court of the Gentiles up into the tower of Antonia. "The crowd pressed on Paul so as to awaken the fear of some outrage of treachery, and to fully protect their prisoner the soldiers carried him, either in their arms or on their shoulders."

35. "Away with him." The apostle is rejected in the same terms used nearly thirty years before, when Christ was hurried to the cross (Luke 23: 18; John 19: 15); "yet in the midst of this wild storm of human passions a divine result is being worked out." "May I speak." Paul, amid the storm, is the self-possessed master of his position. He avails himself with undisturbed skill of every advantage within reach, first to assuage the chief captain, and then the people, in order to attain both safety for himself and triumph for the truth. "Speak Greek." It is probable that Greek was the native tongue of the chief captain, and when he knew that Paul understood that language the conversation that follows took place.

36. "That Egyptian." The Egyptian to whom allusion is made is described by Josephus as one of the many impostors of that time, who announced that he was a prophet and gathered an army with which he undertook to overthrow the Roman Government. A large number were killed and others taken prisoners, but the leader escaped and the whole city was searching for him. Lysias hoped that he was now caught in the person of Paul. "A Jew." He was also a Roman (chap. 22: 27, 28). "No mean city." Tarsus was the metropolis of Cilicia, and a city remarkable for its culture and philosophic studies.

Congressman's Autobiography. Senator Depey's autobiography in the Congressional Directory, which occupied nearly a page in the late volume, has been eclipsed by that of Robert Baker in the new directory. Baker is the new Democratic representative from Brooklyn, and the story of his life, about 1,600 words long, occupies considerably more than a page. Several hundred words are devoted to minor incidents in his career.

Market for Italian Cauliffowers. Thirty tons of cauliffowers from Italy are now being landed daily at Folkestone for the London market.

NOT SAFE FOR ANGELS.

Little Jack Knew There Was Danger in Such Work.

The woman with the enameled tea cup slipped and told this story. She said the incident happened in Brooklyn.
"A little boy stood at the window watching the snow falling upon the pavement and blowing together into dusty patches.
"Aunt," he said, "do the angels send the snow?"
"Yes, dear," said aunt, without looking up from her book.
"There was silence for a while. From out the house across the way a white-capped maid came with a broom and swept the sidewalk and the steps. She was the maid of Mrs. S., a very fastidious, fussy old lady, who had a strong dislike for children and dirt. Indeed, she seemed to regard the words as synonymous. Only that day she had sent little Jack and his chums away from her side of the street.

"Jack watched the maid for awhile," continued the narrator, according to the New York Times, "then he started his aunt with this statement:
"Well, then I'd pity the angels if Mrs. S. catches them putting snow on her steps!"

SHE WAS NOT SATISFIED.
Little American Girl Not Pleased with Nobleman's Appearance.
There is a certain English peer who is noted for his homeliness. He is almost ugly enough, as some people would say, to stop a clock, and although he is aware of the fact it gives him no uneasiness. Indeed, he is rather inclined to make merry over his ugliness. He tells the following story, which seems to amuse him very much, though he says the child completely dumfounded him at the time he was traveling in America, and at a dinner party a little girl after eyeing him intently came up and said:
"Are you the British lord?"
"I am certainly a lord, my dear."
"Really and truly; bet your bottom dollar!"
"Yes, my dear, really and truly. Are you satisfied, now?"
"No," said the child decidedly. "I'm not satisfied. I'm kinder disappointed."

Needed a Tonic.
"No," said the mistress of the Sixth ward home to which a vendor of a sure cure for catarrh applied yesterday, "I haven't any catarrh, don't need any medicine for it, and wouldn't buy any from a peddler, anyway."
"But, madam," said the cheeky pushing his way into the house, "let me tell you about this wonderful remedy."
He yanked out his samples and his order book and reeled off his regular song—everybody has catarrh, everybody buys this remedy, and everybody snuffs it three times a day and drives the catarrh out of the keyhole, etc.

When he paused for wind the angry woman sweetly asked 766 questions and kept him talking for an hour. When his voice was worn to a whisper she said, calmly:
"Well, I haven't a cent of money in the house, so I can't buy any of your medicine."
"Why in blazes didn't you say so an hour ago?" he yelled as he bolted for the street.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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