

JUST A BOY'S DOG.
No, siree, that dog won't bite;
Not a bit o' danger!
What's his breed? Shore I don't know;
Just a "boy's dog," stranger.

No St. Bernard—yet last year,
Time the snow was deepest
Dragged a little shaver home
Where the hill was steepest.

Ain't a bulldog, but you bet
'Twouldn't do to scoff him.
Fastened on a tramp one time—
Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—just the same,
When it is all over,
Ain't a better critter round
Startin' up the plow.

Sell him? Say, there ain't his price,
Not in all the Nation!
Just a "boy dog," that's his breed—
Finest in creation.
—McLanburgh Wilson, in N. Y. Sun.

An Unexpected Host.

BY FISHER AMES, JR.

For six lonely weeks Ned Talbot had been tramping along the upper St. Lucie. There had been no particular reason for his paying a visit to the settlement except to break the monotony of camp life, and Talbot found himself able to endure that.

But what he would not do for himself he was willing to do for his dogs. When the little red jiggers got into Jessie's ears, he started immediately down the river trail for a supply of Uncle George's "insect ointment," the desultory manufacture of which formed the old negro's sole business.

He started late, and it was past noon before he reached Uncle George's shack. The two old people were just sitting down to possum and roasted yams, and the perfume of the dinner was all that was necessary to second their hospitable proposal to set a plate for Talbot.

The possum was done to a nicety. Through the cracks in his brown, crisped skin the white fat laughed unctuously, and he dripped like a full sponge as Uncle George turned him about in the platter.

"I haven't had anything as good as this for a long time, Uncle George," said Talbot, plying knife and fork assiduously.

"No, sah, I reckon dat's right," beamed the old negro. "Mus' be mighty lonesome, too, feedin' all by yo'self. You seen gone a right smart time sah."

"Any news in town since I left?" asked Talbot, taking another sugary yam.

"Yas, sah. Dey's been a heap o' news sagashittin' round, but I dismember exactly what it is."

"De circus's been yer," suggested Aunt Lily, somewhat reprovingly.

"Oh, it has, has it?" said Talbot. "Circuses don't often favor this town."

"No, sah. And I reckon dey's through favorin' fo' good an' all. Dey certainly done bus' her wide open."

"Who bust her open?"

"Nate Reynolds and his gang, sah. It was de oorn whiskey done it, I reckon. Dey was pirutin' round mighty obstropulous befo' dey cut de ropes. Dere was de bigges' kin' of a fight right den. De cages got broke, an' dey ain't cotched some of de animies yet. Doan' look like dey would, neither, 'cause de circus is done gone."

"That was very reprehensible of Reynolds," said Talbot, lightly. In his eyes, just then, jiggers loomed larger than elephants. "Well, Uncle George, if you'll get the stuff ready, I reckon I'll start. Looks like I'd get wet before I get back."

With a sardine can full of the ointment in his pocket, Talbot started on his return to camp. The afternoon sky was rapidly growing black with low, greasy rainclouds. The dust aroused by Talbot's steps fell on the road again close behind his heels. Not a breath of air stirred the long needles of the pines. The mocking birds that had cheered his coming had fled to the hammocks.

He had been walking the better part of two hours when the first low growl of thunder broke the oppressive quiet. He was near the end of the road, where it dwindled away among the trees to the little trodden foot-path. Six miles up the path lay the camp.

The journey through the semitropical storm did not appeal to Talbot, and he resolved to spend the night at the abandoned Walton plantation. In the dim light he saw its broken fences just ahead.

The place had been a pretentious one in its day, but the great freeze of 1859-60 had ruined its master and driven him to humbler quarters. The blackened skeletons of the orange-trees across the way were all that remained of the ninety-thousand-dollar grove. Some scattering wild trees had sprung up, and their boughs, now white with bloom, gleamed among their dead kindred like votive garlands.

On the front walk weeds and shrubs elbowed one another for existence. The dilapidated veranda was full of pitfalls for the unwary foot. Talbot stepped across it, and passing through the short hall, entered what had once been the drawing room.

The house had a warm, stagnant atmosphere, and a strange, arresting smell quite distinct from the heavy mingled odors of orange flowers and rotting vegetation that was blown in through the broken windows.

Talbot struck a match and in the lights of the cheery flame looked about him.

At one end of the room was a fireplace, with the remains of charred wood lying in the ashes. Fragments of laths and plaster and dead leaves littered the floor. The ceiling belled like a wind-filled sail. One corner of it had given away entirely, and a wide aperture showed the blackness of the regions above.

As the match flame dwindled, Talbot's hound, young Beppo, pressed against his master's leg, the muscles across his peaked head wrinkling suspiciously.

Talbot gathered several handfuls of leaves and laths and heaped them in the fireplace. When these were burning brightly, he looked about for some larger pieces of wood to nourish the blaze. Below the wide break in the corner a portion of the ceiling hung down like a platform. He attacked this with his clasp knife, feeding the fire with a bit at a time, while the growing light gradually brought out every unwholesome detail of the decay that had fastened upon the room.

It was still sullenly dark above, however, and Beppo, who had regained some of his usual animation with the growing blaze, seemed to resent the fact. He stepped gingerly beneath the hole, and raising an inquisitive nose, inhaled dubiously. Then the fretful line along his spine erected itself in a little ridge.

In spite of himself Talbot experienced a feeling of irritation. He pushed the dog away with his foot and looked up; but the patch of shadow was impenetrable. His gaze shifted toward the wall, and suddenly remained fixed, held by a mark so suggestive that for a moment his heart tripped in its beating.

A patch of some velvety fungus had spread its fine nap over the plaster in the center of this was what seemed to be the impression of a human hand. There was the print of the ball of the thumb and the shallow furrows where the fingers had lain. A large, square hand it had been.

Talbot eyed it a moment breathlessly. Then he stepped nearer. The blaze in the fireplace flickered and the resemblance vanished. It was nothing but fancy, after all. "Sho!" breathed Talbot. "That had me wingin'!"

He smiled and tossed the lath he had been cutting into the fire. A sigh of wind came through the window to the east. A cabbage palm outside drew its fans gingerly along the eaves. The first fat drops of rain struck the roof like resonant and measured taps on a drum.

The beat of them quickened as a drummer quickens the movement of his sticks until the tattoo blended into one rolling volume of sound that filled the ear. It made the rotten shell seem cozy by contrast. Talbot stretched himself near the fire, his gun by his side, and pilloved his head on his coat with a sense of comfort that he had not felt a moment before.

For some reason, however, he could not sleep. The last stick in the fireplace snapped and threw up a momentary point of flame that sank to a greenish-red spot of combustion. Almost immediately Beppo got up from his place at his master's feet and slunk toward the door.

"Come here, you fool pup!" said Talbot.

But the slow pit-pat of the hound's footsteps did not stop, and Talbot heard him go out on the veranda.

There was something there within the four walls of the house besides himself. As the conviction broke in upon him in a rush, Talbot sat up quickly and swept a handful of the dried leaves he had gathered for a mattress upon the embers. As they caught fairly and a small, ruddy blaze illumined the room, his gaze swept it instantly. It was as empty as before.

With an odd, premonitory feeling of reluctance, he raised his eyes slowly until they stared directly at the yawning hole in the ceiling. Not a muscle of his body moved; but his breath escaped between his teeth in a sharp little gasp.

A face, with its human likeness made more terrifying by the vague, wild-beast body farther in the shadow, looked down at him with crafty, deepest eyes, above which the naked brows were set in speculative furrows. It was a huge, circular face, with great, flat, leathery cheeks. A broken ring of coarse red hair encircled it. Hair of the same rusty hue covered the thick arms down to the hands, which, black and powerful, clutched the edge of the gap.

The mutual scrutiny lasted but a moment. Then Talbot jerked his gun to his shoulder; but as his finger crooked on the trigger the little fire went out.

Although conscious that the ivory bead was not absolutely on the mark, he could not restrain his twitching nerves. The gun went off with a resounding crash and a spurt of flame. There was a rattle of plaster, followed by a heavy thud. But Talbot had no desire to investigate the result of his shot.

He sprang forward in the darkness, and brought up violently against a solid shape, apparently trying, like himself, to gain the doorway. The shock threw them both to the floor, the beast on top of the man.

He felt for a moment the pressure of a broad chest and two tremendously long arms. Then the creature drew itself slowly away. Talbot had almost got upon his feet when a handlike paw shot out and caught his left wrist in a grip that numbed the whole arm.

Talbot felt his hand drawn uckly and irresistibly forward. The next moment he uttered a cry of pain and horror, for the sharp teeth of the beast met on the bones of his fingers with a savage crunch.

He dashed his free hand into the half-seen face of his opponent. His knuckles slipped from the tough, greasy skin. He struck again as fruitlessly. The third blow caught the creature squarely on his sunken nostrils, and he released Talbot's hand with a grunt.

As the man sprang back on the defensive the beast turned aside, and using his long arms like crutches, shuffled rapidly toward the door.

Uncertain whether the affair had ended or not, Talbot gaped hastily about until his hands came in contact with the gun. Slipping a cartridge into the empty chamber, he walked cautiously to the door. The veranda was bare and rain-swept. Both Beppo and the creature had disappeared.

After a moment of hesitation he stepped out on the sodden grass and went to the corner of the house. As the weird, bluish light he saw the beast halfway up a magnolia within a few paces of him.

As darkness came again he heard the great brute leap to the ground and scramble away into the desolate grove. Then, except for the storm sounds, there was silence.

Certain confused memories of his school geography told Talbot that the creature was the great Borneo ape, or orang-outan. The rounded shoulders and massive chest had held the combined strength of two men. Talbot wondered, with a quick, involuntary look about him, if any more such beasts had escaped from the circus.

Presently Beppo came moping up to him from somewhere out of the shadows. The expression on his puppy face was such a ludicrous mixture of fear and hope that Talbot laughed.

"Yes, he's gone, old fellow," he said. "But just the same, you and I'll go back to Jessie and Ripper tonight, wet or no wet. It'll be mighty restful to know there's nothing between me and the clouds but a few pine edgings."—Youth's Companion.

ILLINOIS PLOUGHING MATCHES.

Unique Institutions That Have Made Good Farmers and Housekeepers.

Hundreds of proficient young housekeepers got their first lessons in the art from the competitive drill of two ploughing matches near Chicago. One of these institutions has just held its twenty-seventh annual match, and the other, the offspring of the former, is now ten years old, and has just had a successful meeting. The first one is the Wheatland ploughing match, located in Wheatland township, Will county, and the other is the Big Rock Ploughing Match Association, located in Big Rock township, Kane county.

Both of these organizations were started by the pioneers of their respective counties—country gentlemen of the old school. The work was undertaken in each case for the purpose of encouraging boys and men to turn a furrow with such a degree of proficiency as to class it among the accomplishments of an artisan. Some of the best ploughmen of the great agricultural fields of the West and Northwest got their first lessons in ploughing in one or the other of these Illinois institutions, the like of which rarely is said to be nothing in this country.

The matches were hardly started before the women took a hand. They established in connection with the matches a fair at which were exhibited products of the needle and the kitchen. On the same day cash prizes were awarded for the best ploughing with walking, sulky, or gang ploughs to men and boys, and to young women for the best work in sewing and embroidery and in cooking, baking and preserving.

The men provided for the prizes in the ploughing matches by raising the money among them, and the women accumulated a fund by cooking and baking for a dinner to be served on the grounds. Over \$5,000 has been paid in prizes by the older organization, and in like proportion by the younger match. In order to show the high standard that was set for the ploughmen it is only necessary to state that the land is marked off with the precision that a tailor uses in cutting a garment. The ploughman, in order to be perfect, must turn the land in a given time, and the last furrow must exactly complete the land without a break. To use the expression of one of the old-time Big Rock ploughers, "the furrow must be so straight that you may stand at one end and see a mouse jump across it at the other end." The work is judged and scored by the best known ploughman, without knowing who has done the work.

With the same degree of proficiency the women have continued their efforts until a small army of drilled housekeepers has been produced in both counties. In a period of time, now over a quarter of a century, pace has been kept, step by step, with modern creations of both the needle and the kitchen.

In all the time during which these unique institutions have survived without a jangle of any kind the young men and the young women have gone to other homes. Both sexes have found the training that the ploughing match stirred up to be the most valuable asset carried away to distant lands. The graduates of these near Chicago tilling and housekeeping schools have not only taught many, but they have raised families of their own, who have gone forth and taught others. The great Middle West has had the advantage of their skill.—Chicago Tribune.

San Francisco has adopted the plan of taxing each theatre pass 10 cents for the benefit of the Actors' Home.



HIS HARVEST.

"Hurrah!" cried a jubilant plumber, "We've bidden farewell to the summer. A pipe I shall mend, and then I shall send a bill that is truly a number." —Puck.

'NOUGH SAID.

McFlub—Now, what sort of a chit is this fellow? I want to know a bit about him.

Spinks—Well, he wears a celluloid collar and his—

McFlub—Hold on! That's enough! —Houston Chronicle.

AT THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

Teacher—What do you understand by the phrase, "The fortunes of war?"

Shaggy-haired Pupil—That's the graft what the capices of the navies when they capture a lot of the other feller's ships.—Chicago Tribune.

OTHER SIDE OF IT.

Him—I think a man should marry a girl he has known from his childhood.

Her—Yes, but if a girl knew a man from childhood she would probably know better than to marry him.—Chicago News.

HARD WORK.

"Back from your vacation, eh? suppose you'll find your work harder than ever now."

"That's what," replied the clerk. "I've got ten fiancées to correspond with."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

HOWL FROM A VICTIM.

Fido—What's the matter with you, Towser? I've got to go to one of these confounded dog suppers to night.

Fido—Are you getting too proud to associate with other dogs?

Towser—No; it isn't that. It throws me into the company of a sort of human beings.

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

Subbubs—I thought you were going to have a baseball game today.

Backlots—Oh, the creek backed up in some way and flooded the diamond. It's the first time it ever happened.

Subbubs—Ah! You might call it diamond of the first water, then; eh?

CORRECTED.

Mrs. Housekeep—Don't boil those baked beans, Bridget. They only want to be warmed.

Little Tommy—Ma, beans can't talk, can they?

Mrs. Housekeep—Of course not. Why?

Little Tommy—Then how do you know what they want?—Philadelphia Press.

CERTAIN OF THAT.

Constituent—Senator, I am thinking of settling in Negosca County. Do you suppose an industrious man could do well there?

Senator Lottsmann—He ought to. know there's a good deal more money in circulation in that county than there was before I began my last campaign.—Chicago Tribune.

POST MORTEM.

Manager (of great exposition)—What alarms me is our mortality list. Assistant—Mortality list? Why it's next to nothing at all!

Manager—I know better than that. More than one-third of the people that come through the turnstiles are dead heads.—Chicago Tribune.

TOO GENERAL.

"But why did you let your stenographer go?"

"She was too attentive to business."

"But that's a creditable trait, isn't it?"

"It wasn't in her case. She was attentive to everybody's business except her own."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

QUITE A SCHEME.

Mrs. Subbubs—I do wish we could get rid of that cat.

Mr. Subbubs—Great scheme! I'll see if I can't get our postmaster to keep it in his office for a few days.

Mrs. Subbubs—What good will that do?

Mr. Subbubs—Why, robbers are about due at the postoffice again, and when they blow open the safe maybe the explosion will kill the cat.—Philadelphia Press.

NAME THE TOWN.

Stranger—You seem to have a good deal of crime in your city. Have you no police force at all?

Native—Yes; we have a good one, but it's pretty busy superintending wrestling matches and boxing contests and the like, you know, and seeing that the law governing such things is not evaded in any way.—Pittsburg Post.

WOULD NEVER DO.

Stranger—I want to buy a good watchdog.

Dog Fancier—Here's the one you want, sir. Trained by an expert. He can tell an insurance agent a mile off.

"And what will he do then?"

"Do? He'll chew him into soup bones."

"Well, he won't suit me."

"Why? Most people want a dog like that."

"Yes, I know; but I'm an insurance agent, you see."—Chicago Journal.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philad. & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Ry.

Time Table in Effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

7:30 A. M.—Train 64. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia, 11:45 a. m. New York 2:25 p. m. Baltimore 12:15 p. m. Washington 1:20 p. m. Parlor car and passenger coach to Philadelphia.

9:22 A. M.—Train 90. Daily for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Week days for Scranton, Hazleton, and Pottsville. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia.

12:1 P. M.—Train 12. Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6:25 p. m., New York, 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington at 7:15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

4:45 P. M.—Train 22. Week days for Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, and daily for Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10:47 p. m., New York 3:55 a. m., Baltimore 2:45 p. m. Passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

8:10 P. M.—Train 6. Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 6:71 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleepers undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

WESTWARD.

5:33 A. M.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie, Canastota, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and intermediate stations, with passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester. Week days for DuBois, Bellefonte and Pottsville. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper to Philadelphia.

1:10 P. M.—Train 31. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations, and week days for Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pottsville and the West, with through cars to Tyrone.

1:10 P. M.—Train 61. Week days for Kane, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pottsville, Canastota, and intermediate stations, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Philadelphia.

5:36 P. M.—Train 1. Week days for Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

10:07 P. M.—Train 67. Week days for Williamsport and intermediate stations. Through Parlor Car and Passenger Coach for Philadelphia.

9:10 P. M.—Train 92. Sunday only, for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA

Condensed Time Table. Week Days.

Read Down.	June 15, 1904.	Read Up.
No. 1 No. 2	No. 3 No. 4	No. 5 No. 6
A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.		
7:02 3:01 6:43	BELLEFONTE	9:35 10:15 7:46
7:12 4:16 5:11	Night	9:24 5:29 7:22
7:16 4:46 5:26	Zion	9:16 5:19 7:16
7:23 5:13 5:43	Hecla Park	9:10 5:14 7:10
7:25 5:17 5:47	Dunkles	9:08 5:12 7:08
7:29 5:21 5:51	HUBBERSBURG	9:04 5:08 7:04
7:33 5:25 5:55	SNYDER	8:58 5:02 7:02
7:35 5:29 5:59	Nittany	8:54 5:00 7:00
7:37 5:33 6:03	Houston	8:52 4:58 6:58
7:41 5:37 6:07	LAMAR	8:54 4:56 6:56
7:43 5:41 6:11	Chilhowie	8:54 4:54 6:54
7:47 5:45 6:15	Krider's Spring	8:47 4:48 6:48
7:51 5:49 6:19	Rockyville	8:42 4:48 6:48
7:53 5:53 6:23	Carter Springs	8:37 4:43 6:43
8:00 5:57 6:27	Seneca	8:35 4:45 6:45
8:05 6:02 6:32	MILL HALL	8:30 4:40 6:40

N. Y. Central and Hudson River R. R.

11:45 8:30 Jersey Shore 1:16 7:46

12:20 9:19 Arr. W. Jersey 1:10 7:40

12:29 11:30 Lve. J. Reading Ky. 1:25 6:50 (Philad. & Reading Ky.)

7:30 8:50 PHILA. 8:26 6:50

10:40 9:02 NEW YORK 4:25 7:30

P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.

10:40 Arr. New York 4:00 (Via Tammany.)

J. W. GEFHART, General Superintendent.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD

Week Days.

WESTWARD.	EASTWARD.	
P. M. A. M.	A. M. P. M.	
1:45 8:45	Montandon	9:05 4:22
1:50 8:50	Lewisburg	9:05 4:22
2:00 9:00	Shick	8:58 4:19
2:05 9:05	Vickburg	8:58 4:19
2:08 9:08	Mifflintown	8:43 4:06
2:20 9:20	Millmont	8:43 4:06
2:25 9:25	Old Iron	8:28 3:54
2:50 9:50	Paddy Mountain	8:00 3:30
3:10 10:10	Coburn	7:50 3:20
3:15 10:15	Zerby	7:50 3:20
3:25 10:25	Spring	7:35 3:04
3:32 10:32	Peen Cave	7:28 2:54
3:38 10:38	Centre Hall	7:22 2:50
3:45 10:45	Gregg	7:17 2:45
3:52 10:52	Linden Hall	7:10 2:30
3:55 10:55	Oak Hill	7:05 2:25
4:00 11:00	Lewistown	7:02 2:22
4:04 11:04	Dale Summit	6:57 2:17
4:13 11:13	Pleasant Gap	6:48 2:08
4:18 11:18	Acresman	6:44 2:04
4:20 11:20	Bellefonte	6:40 2:00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 8:20 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 1:15 p. m. and 7:50 p. m., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7:45, 9:27 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 4:50, 5:40 p. m. and 8:12 p. m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 10:01 a. m. and 4:45 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg at 9:25 a. m., 10:05 a. m. and 4:45 p. m.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Mgr. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Pass. Gen'l Agt.

Thought Him Another Man.

"You've no idea how a little neglect will change a man's personal appearance till you've tried it in a mining camp for a time," remarked a returned Klondiker the other day.

"I went to the Klondike when the fever first struck the country and stayed there for two years. In that time I had paid no attention to dress beyond having enough on to keep warm. My hair and beard were innocent of a trimming in all that time. When I reached Skagway on my way home I was a sight.

"I registered at the principal hotel, a little place in 'Fifth avenue,' and then went out to see if I could improve my personal appearance before dinner time. I got a shave, haircut and a bath to begin with. Then I bought a suit of clothes and complete civilized outfit.

"When I went in to dinner the landlady, Mrs. Burke, looked at me with suspicion and asked me if I had registered. I was surprised.

"Certainly," I said. "We were talking together about the Klondike for some time. You haven't forgotten that, have you?"

"It was not till I had reproduced our conversation, shown the key to my room and identified my baggage that she was satisfied.

"Well! Are you that old Santa Claus that came here this afternoon?" she said. "You'd better register over again."

"The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?"

THINK OVER THIS!

Spring Mills Hotel

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PHILIP DRUMM, Prop.

First-class accommodations at all times for both men and women. Free bus to and from all trains. Excellent Livery attached. Table board first-class. The best liquors and wines at the bar.

Centre Hall Hotel

CENTRE HALL, PA.

JAMES W. BUNKLE, Prop.

Newly equipped. Bar and table supplied with the best. Summer boarders given special attention. Healthy locality. Beautiful scenery. Within three miles of Penns Cave, a most beautiful subterranean cavern; entrance by a boat well equipped for hunting and fishing. Heated throughout. Free carriage to all trains.

Old Fort Hotel

IRAAC SHAWVER, Proprietor.

Location: One mile South of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Good ban. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.

RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

Penn's Valley Banking Company

CENTRE HALL, PA.

W. B. MINGLE, Cashier

Receives Deposits . . .

Discounts Notes . . .

Hotel Haag

BELLEFONTE, PA.

F. A. NEWCOMER, Prop.

Heated throughout. Fine Stabling. RATES, \$1.00 PER DAY.

Special preparations for Jurors, Witnesses, and any persons coming to town on special occasions. Regular boarders well cared for.

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BARGAINS!

The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?

THINK OVER THIS!