

Garfield the Candidate.

From Washington Post. The nomination of James A. Garfield, as the Republican party will quickly discover, is a terrible mistake, and one from which there is no recovery.

The Republican party has been in angry contention for nearly two weeks and the result is Garfield. Garfield—the salary-grabber. Garfield—the proven beneficiary of the Credit Mobilier swindle.

Garfield—who sold himself to the De Golyer paving company for the pitiful sum of \$5,000. Garfield—the assessor of Fitz John Porter. Garfield—the pulp protectionist.

Garfield—a man with the voice of a lion, and the heart of a sheep—irresolute in purpose and with a record stained in every page. How can he be held to be purer than Blaine when a Republican investigating committee exculpated Mr. Blaine from all participation in the Credit Mobilier swindle, and yet fastened it squarely upon Garfield?

How can he be sustained above Blaine when Blaine refused to take a dollar of the salary-grab which Garfield both voted for and clutched? When has Blaine been convicted of selling his vote for \$5,000? Certainly if the Republicans were honest in their search for a pure candidate they did not find him in Garfield.

As for his running qualities, we are candidly of the opinion they will be principally confined to Ohio, and in Ohio, to the Western Reserve. What should make him strong in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut? Is his opposition to the anti-Chinese legislation of last year likely to obtain for him votes on the Pacific slope, or his ultramarine notions productive of popularity in Illinois? This is all debatable territory, and will be sure to be carried next November by the man who comes nearest to the specifications.

Mr. Garfield may carry Ohio, but with the right nomination at Cincinnati he cannot carry California, Oregon, or Nevada, Colorado, Illinois or Indiana, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, New Hampshire or Maine. When he sits down and adds the votes of these eleven Northern States to the solid South he can faintly begin to realize what assees the delegates to the Chicago convention made of themselves when, in attempting to get away from Grant, they rushed to him.

Garfield's Record.

A SHORT SUMMARY OF HIS DOINGS WHILE IN CONGRESS. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Garfield's character is as dubious as his talents are unquestioned.

His hands are stained and unclean, not by mere rumor but by the evidence and testimony of prominent Republicans, by the official record of Congress. He took twenty shares of Credit Mobilier stock, that is twice as much as most of the other Senators and Representatives—and retained every penny of the enormous cash dividends though he had never paid one penny for the stock—never paid for it except in votes.

He was a member of the Boss Shepherd District of Columbia ring. In one case he could not deny having received \$5,000 for putting through, as a chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, an enormous appropriation for the swindling De Golyer pavement. Compelled to admit the receipt of the money, he tried to excuse himself by assertion, under oath, that the money was a fee received as an attorney. This led to the proof that he never uttered one word or wrote one syllable or did a single thing in the matter except to put through the appropriation; that he never had a case, never received a fee, never acted as an attorney in his life while at Washington. Precisely as in the case of Collax, the attempted explanation made the thing a thousand times worse. It added to the proof of bribery that of perjury.

He was a leader in the salary-grab, and again, unlike many other members, never returned the \$4,000, the taking of which was so unanimously condemned by the people that the very next Congress repealed the law by an almost unanimous vote. He voted for every one of the many jobs, land grants, subsidies to railroads, etc., that were granted since 1862. He and Sherman and Stanley Matthews were the three Ohio friends of Mr. Hayes who went down to Louisiana and managed the returning board. The electoral vote of that State was, in reality, not stolen by the returning board, but by Garfield and Sherman, who furnished them with the inspiration, the courage and the temptation to commit that crime. The returning board rascals were only tools in the hands of Garfield and Sherman, who spoke, promised and acted as the personal and immediate agents of K. B. Hayes.

thereon, agreeably to the Constitution and laws, so help me God." This oath Mr. Garfield also signed. Yet he voted at least a hundred times with the other seven Republicans against the very and the only thing the commission was created to do—to "examine and consider" the questions of fraud—voted that the commission had to be deaf, blind and dumb, could not go behind the returns and, in fact, could examine nothing, consider nothing, except to count in Hayes.

Garfield, though formerly professing to be a revenue reformer, turned out to be a servile tool of the Eastern protectionists. This present Congress failed to reduce some of the most unjust and oppressive duties largely through the efforts of Garfield, who as a member of the Committee on Ways and Means protected the interests of the Eastern manufacturers.

Garfield's vote on the electoral commission counted in Hayes, after his voice and hand had managed the returning board steal in Louisiana. His election would mean not only the complete popular indorsement of the theft of the Presidency, but practically the continuation of it in the same political family.

Garfield is a regular machine politician. He has had no other income than that received from office. He has made his living out of politics for twenty years, and is, according to Republican evidence contained in the Congressional Record, not above temptation.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

HOW PRINCE ALBERT CAME A-WOOLING AND WON THE YOUNG QUEEN OF ENGLAND. From Mrs. Oliphant in Harper's for July.

It was in October of the year 1839 that the two young Coburg princes came to England. They brought with them a letter from King Leopold, which ran as follows:

MY DEAREST VICTORIA: Your cousins will themselves be the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to you. They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness—not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite at their ease with you.

The young men arrived. Their cousin, no longer the little girl of Kensington in the homely, old-fashioned house, but a great Queen, received them at the top of the Royal staircase, amidst all the magnificence of Windsor Castle, as if these two wondering knights had been emperors. But after this grand reception the commonest of incidents brings back the princely travelers and the royal circle into the sympathy of homelier life. Their portmanteaus, it is to be supposed, had gone astray, as happens to so many of us—or at least did not arrive in time—and the dinner hour was near. "Their clothes not having arrived," the Queen writes in her journal, "they could not appear at dinner, but came in after it, in spite of their morning clothes." There was a circle of visitors assembled, and no doubt some little tremor in the air—wonderings and whisperings and close watchings of all the looks and words interchanged between the cousins. Prince Albert was now full grown, in all the freshness of twenty, the age at which a handsome youth is handsomest, before any of the bloom has been rubbed off. "There was in his countenance a gentleness of expression, and a peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eyes and expansive forehead that added a charm to the effect he produced in those who saw him, far beyond that derived from mere regularity or beauty of features."

He was as good as he was handsome, full of high purpose and most delicate conscientiousness. And the life in the beautiful old castle in those mellow autumn days was gay and bright as heart could desire. The head of the house was young and light-hearted, the visitors all proud and happy to contribute to her amusement and to keep the palace gay. The way of life in Windsor during the stay of the Princes was much as follows: "The Queen breakfasting in her own room, they afterward paid her a visit there, and at two o'clock had luncheon with her and the Duchess of Kent. In the afternoon they all rode, the Queen and the Duchess and the two Princes, with Lord Melbourne and most of the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, forming a large cavalcade. There was a great dinner every evening, with a dance after it three times a week." This pleasant reaction went on for a week. The brothers had arrived on the 8th, Prince Albert and Queen Victoria being then both of a mind (to believe their own statements) that the tacit understanding between them was over, that they would not marry—not they—for years to come. But before the 15th had come something had changed the notions of the young pair. Yet the wooing was not all easy and plain before them, as before other pairs. These were not the days in which any noble knight, even a prince, would address a queen. What had to be said must be said by her, not by him—a strange necessity. But no doubt it seems a more difficult matter in talking of it than it was in the doing of it. When the young Prince was summoned alone to the young sovereign's presence no doubt the first glance, the first word, was enough to tell him that his cause was won. "After a few minutes' conversation the Queen told him why she had sent for him." A happy mist falls over all that was said and done. When the young pair emerge from it and are seen again of ordinary men, there is a maze of gladness about them

which finds expression in the same words all unawares: "These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it, all that I know hardly how to write, but I do feel very happy," writes the Queen to her uncle—he to whom this good news would be so welcome. And, "More I can't write to you, for at this moment I am too bewildered," says the Prince on his side, striking, as became him, a bolder note and throwing his rapture and happiness into the words of the poet:

"Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen, Es schwebt die Herz in Seligkeit." "Upon the eyes heaven opens bright, The heart is flooded with delight."

All this charming little idyl is told to us by the chief actor in it, the Queen herself, in the fullness of her heart, and the wonderful humiliation and simplicity with which she throughout puts herself in the secondary place is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of womanly nature that ever was revealed to the world. "How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made," she says in her journal, noting down the events of that wonderful day, "I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it."

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND THEOLOGIAN, HIS TEACHING AND ITS RESULTS. Dr. O. W. Holmes in the International Review.

It is impossible that people of ordinary sensibilities should have listened to his torturing discourses without being at last sick of hearing of infinite horrors and endless agonies. It came very hard to kind-hearted persons to believe that the least sin exposed a creature God had made to such exorbitant penalties. Edwards' whole system had too much of the character of the savage people by whom the wilderness had so recently been tenanted. There was revenge—"revenge justice" was what he called it—insatiable, exhausting its ingenuity in contriving the most exquisite torments; there was the hereditary hatred glaring on the babe in its cradle; there were the suffering wretch and the pleased and shouting lookers-on. Every natural grace of disposition: all that had once charmed in the sweet ingenuousness of youth, in the laughing gaiety of childhood, in the winning helplessness of infancy; every virtue that Plato had dreamed of, every character that Plutarch had drawn—all were branded with the hot iron which left the blackened inscription upon them, signifying that they were accursed of God—the damning word nature.

There is no sufficient reason for attacking the motives of a man so saintly in life, so holy in aspirations, so meek, so laborious, so thoroughly in earnest in the work to which his life was given. But after long smothering in the sulphurous atmosphere of his thought one cannot help asking, Was his or anything like this—is this or anything like this—the accepted belief of any considerable part of Protestantism? If so, we must say with Bacon: "It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him." A "natural man" is better than an unnatural theologian. It is a less violence to our nature to defy protoplasm than it is to diabolize the Deity.

The practical effect of Edwards' teachings about the relations of God and man has bequeathed a lesson not to be forgotten. A revival in which the majority of the converts fell away; nervous disorders of all sorts, insanity, suicide, among the rewards of his eloquence; religion dressed up in fine phrases and made much of, while morality, her poor relation, was getting hard treatment at the hands of the young persons who had grown up under the reign of terror of the Northampton pulpit; alienation of the hearts of his people to such an extent as is rarely seen in the bitterest quarrels between pastor and flock—if this was a successful ministry, what disasters would constitute a failure?

EXIT THE DRUM.

THE HISTORY OF THE INSTRUMENT THAT HAS JUST BEEN ABOLISHED. From Paris Corr. London Morning Post.

Drummers and their drums are to be eliminated from the French army by the reforming zeal of Gen. Faure, and that the infantry soldier will not march better in consequence of this latest innovation may be safely predicted for any attempt he may have made hitherto to keep step has been mainly due to the rattapan. Comparatively little importance, however, is attached in France to regularity of step, though a regiment which makes any show of it is invariably the most cheered at reviews, this being one of the inconsistencies prevalent here which it would be vain to attempt explaining. The minister of war explained before the budget committee that his reason for adopting the change is because drums are not combatants, so he proposes to replace them by trumpeters, who do come under that category. Like the white leather aprons of the sappers, which have disappeared for some time, the little parchment-covered cylinders are henceforth doomed. I do not know whether the origin of the drum has ever been traced by some patient inquirer. We have been told that it comes to us from the East, and that the Moors first brought it into Europe. Certain is the fact that the most savage races

have always rejoiced in their tamtams, and as the pleasure of making a noise is inherent in human nature, perhaps the most effective way of creating a din was invented by Adam's sons, or grandsons. But the drum does not appear to have been used in the French army until towards the close of the fourteenth century, and its introduction is attributed to the English invasion under Edward III. Its general adoption by the infantry dates back to the time of Louis XI., when the Swiss element was largely infused into the royal forces. The drum at that epoch was a shapeless instrument, and served more for rallying the troops or for the conveyance of the word of command than for regulating the step, which was far from being as measured as it is now. Each captain had a drummer in his private livery, and he employed him to carry his orders or his instructions as such as for beating the word of command; the drummer in those days appears to have been a kind of aid-de-camp. The covering was usually made from the hide of some animal, generally an ass—though if it be true that John Zisca, the avenger of Huss, bequeathed his skin to his gallant companions in arms to form the covering of a drum which was to summon them in case of danger, material more noble was at least once made to serve the purpose. The drum was not used for drilling infantry to keep step until the middle of the eighteenth century, and the roll such as we now know it was only regulated some hundred years ago. The drummer's art then became more difficult, and to perfect it regimental schools were established, the master of which was the drum-major, who in recent times was still such a prominent and popular personage in each French regiment. The period of his greatest glory was the First Empire, when a drum-major of the Grenadiers of the Guard had rank as a captain and wore a uniform which cost Napoleon £120. Under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July drum-majors were given to the regiments of firemen, and even to those of the National Guard, but of late years their prestige has diminished in a great extent, and also their stature; they are no longer such imposing clothes-horses, all lace and feathers, towering above ordinary mortals; the race has, in fact, been visibly deteriorating. Such as they are, however, they will now disappear from the head of French regiments with their drums.

What is a Cold?

Appropos of the subject of taking cold, the London Lancet remarks: It is startling to discover how little we know about the commoner forms of disease. For example, a "cold." What is it? How is it produced, and in what does it consist? It is easy to say a cold is a chill. A chill of what part of the organism? We know by daily experience that the body as a whole, or any of its parts, may be reduced to considerably lower temperature than will suffice to give to man a cold if the so-called chill is inflicted upon the surface suddenly. Is it then the suddenness of a reduction of temperature that causes the cold? It would be strange if it were so, because few of the most susceptible of mortals would take cold from simply handling a piece of cold metal or accidental contact with ice. The truth would seem to be that what we call cold-taking is the result of a sufficient impression of cold to reduce the vital energy of nerve centers presiding over the functions in special organs. If this is the fact, it is easy to see why nature has provided the stimulus of a strong fit of sneezing to rouse the dormant centers and enable them at once to resume work and avoid evil consequences. This explains why the worst effects of cold do not, as a rule, follow upon a "chill" which excites much sneezing. Shivering is a less effective convulsion to restore the paralyzed nervous energy, but in a lower degree it may answer the same purpose. The shivering that results from the effect of a poison on the nervous centers is a totally different matter. We speak only of the quick muscular agitation and teeth chattering which occur whenever the body is exposed to cold and evil results do not ensue. It follows from what we have said that the natural indication to ward off the effects of a chill is to restore the vital energy of the nerve centers, and there is no more potent influence by which to attain this object than a strong and sustained effort of the will. The man who resolves not to take cold seldom does.

Rivalries and Jealousies of Birds.

John Burroughs, under the head of "Spring Notes," in the Christian Union of May 12, writes the following paragraph concerning the rivalries and jealousies of birds: "I notice that during the mating season of the birds the rivalries and jealousies are not all confined to the males. Indeed, the most spiteful and furious battles, as among the domestic fowls, are frequently between females. I have seen two hen robins scratch and pull hair in a manner that contrasted strongly with the courtly and dignified sparring usual between the males. The past March a pair of bluebirds decided to set up housekeeping in the trunk of an old apple tree near my house. One day an unwedded female appeared and probably tried to sup-

plant the lawful wife. I did not see what arts she used, but I saw her being very roughly handled by the jealous bride. The battle continued nearly all day about the orchard and grounds, and was a battle at very close quarters. The two birds would clinch in the air or on a tree, and fall to the ground with beaks and claws locked. The male followed them about, but whether deprecatingly or encouragingly I could not tell. Occasionally he would take a hand in, but whether to separate them or whether to fan the flames I could not tell. So far as I could see he was highly amused, and culpably indifferent to the issues of the battle."

An Accomplished Blind Man.

THE REMARKABLE LIFE OF JAMES GOODSSELL, WHO WAS BLIND FOR NINETY YEARS. From the Waterbury (Conn.) American.

On Thursday, the 10th inst., there died in the town of Burlington, James Goodsell, who from his birth, during a life of nearly ninety years, had been totally blind. In earlier childhood, however, Mr. Goodsell had said that the darkness was in a few instances broken by faint glimmerings of light. Of four children, he and a sister were blind, the others could see. The sister, though at first possessed of ordinary vision, soon by a mysterious change became wholly deprived of sight. In absolute darkness, the ordinary employments of work-a-day life would seem impracticable, but this blind man would swing an axe with the dexterity of a woodsman, and actually felled trees; he was an accomplished grain thresher, and would frequently go alone a distance of two miles to thresh for the Burlington farmers, climbing the mows to throw down the grain; he could hoe corn or garden stuffs as well as anybody, having no trouble to distinguish the weeds. He would set a hundred bean poles with more accuracy than most people who can see, would load hay beautifully, and was so good a mechanic that he manufactured yokes and other farm articles with success. He had an excellent memory and was an authority on facts and dates. He could generally tell the time of day or night within a few minutes. One instance is given when he slept over one day and awoke at evening, thinking it was morning. For once he ate supper for breakfast, but when informed of his mistake slept another twelve hours in order to get straight again. He was familiar with forest trees and knew just where to go for any timber desired. He could direct men where to find a chestnut, a maple or an oak, and the children where to go for berries. He was a good mathematician and could compute accurately and rapidly. In olden days he was quite musically inclined and like most blind people he had a genius in that direction.

A Pretty German Custom.

From the London Telegraph. A pretty May custom still obtains in the more primitive villages of Suabia, Bavaria and Tyrol, distant from the great railway routes, and comparatively untouched by the prosaic temper of contemporary German culture. On the first Sunday of the flowery month, the unmarried girls of the hamlet, armed with leafy boughs, visit in procession the young wives who have been wed during the past year, and make formal inquiry in certain set phrases hallowed by long custom, with respect to their health and happiness. Etiquette prescribes that each married woman thus distinguished should receive her maiden visitors at the outer door of her house, before which they take up their stand in double line. After thanking them for their kind inquiries, she passes slowly between their ranks, receiving from each in turn a light blow, inflicted with the green branches, as a mark of maidenly disapproval of her faithlessness in their virginal sisterhood. Having endured this gentle discipline, she is expected, according to her husband's means, to make a pecuniary offering to the vestal band, and the total amount of this quaint May-day collection is expended by the village girls in an evening of festivity, to which they invite the marriageable bachelors of the village. At this merry-making all the outlay for musicians and refreshments is defrayed by the youthful hostesses, who, however, reserve to themselves the privilege of "engaging partners." The whole picturesque ceremony was performed the other day at Tunksdorf, near Papenburg, with strict fidelity to traditions that have been traced back to the middle ages, and probably owe their origin to an even earlier period of German history.

Some wonderful relics of an ancient race of people have recently been discovered in eastern New York. A writer from that section enumerates a number of articles, among which we notice the following: A number of arrow-heads, small copper awls, a sea-shell adapted to use as a drinking vessel, several bone awls, fragments of deer-horn instruments, a gouge made of bone, a necklace or head-dress composed of copper and shell beads, and many other articles, all of which were unlike any ever found in Indian burying-grounds. In one grave were found 80 arrow-heads.

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REGULAR TERMS OF COURT—Fourth Mondays of January, April, August and November. President Judge—Hon. CHAS. A. MATYR, Lock Haven. Additional Judge—Hon. JOHN H. OVELL, Bellefonte. Associate Judges—HON. RAMEL FRANK, JOHN DYER, PROTHONOTARY—J. LEAS HERRICK, Register of Wills and Clerk of O. C.—E. W. BURCHFIELD, Recorder of Deeds, Ac.—WILLIAM A. TORIAN, District Attorney—DAVID A. FORNEY, Sheriff—JOHN LANGRISH, Treasurer—HENRY YERGEN, County Surveyor—JOSEPH DYVING, Coroner—JAMES REARDEN, Postmaster, Bellefonte. County Commissioners—ANDREW GREGG, GEO. BROWN, JACOB DENKLE, Clerk to County Commissioners—HARRY BECK, Attorney to County Commissioners—C. M. BERRY, Janitor of the Court House—BENJAMIN GALBRAITH, County Auditor—JAMES T. STEWART, GEORGE R. WILLIAMS, THOMAS E. FARRISON, Jury Commissioners—JOHN SHANNON, DAVID W. KILBY, Superintendent of Public Schools—PROF. HEVY METZ, Notaries Public—FRANK M. BLANCHARD, W. W. PORTER, R. C. CREEDMAN, Bellefonte.

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New York Weekly Herald.

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