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[Written for the CENTRE DEMOCRAT.]

ON LAKE LEMAN.

BY OVID F. JOHNSON.

Though Switzerland is restricted as to its territorial limits, yet there is no one language that it claims as its own exclusively or that is common to all its cantons. The Northern, North Eastern and Central have adopted as a means of communication the German, the South ernment in the very centre as it were of monarchical Europe, and this too whilst at its side the most polished and powerful empires upon the face of the earth battled for supremacy, now with success crowning victory, now to be humiliated with loss of possessions or crushed in the strife as though they

were but egg shells.

Turn where you may in Switzerland and interesting associations will rise to meet you. In its changeless barriers, huge handicraft of nature, one ever recalls the mighty achievement that has linked the name of Bonaparte with that of Hannibal. The peasant of Aargau yet guides the stranger to the domestic hearthstone whence the proud Rhodolph of Hapsburg went forth to conquest; Altorf shows the spot upon which tradi-tion says Tell stood when he shot the apple from the head of his son; Unterapple from the head of his son; Unter-walden points with patriotic pride to the field of Sunpach (in the canton of Lucerne) rendered famous by the illus-trious example of Arnold of Winkelried. At Zurich Zwingle proclaimed his doc-trines; At Geneva Calvin and Knox preached the Reformation and Rousseau advanced his revolutionizing philosophy; At Lausanne Edward Gibbon concluded his world renowned labor of years "The decline and fall of the Roman Empire;" and Byron by his pathetic story "The Prisoner of Chillon" has given that venerable and historic pile, almost the al-luring power of a Mecca for the lover of poetic literature who has once read the lines.

For beauty of mountain and lake scenery the country has probably no superior upon the globe. Some of the loftiest peaks of the Alps, with heads bound in turbans of eternal snow, rise away from it to pierce the clouds them-selves and ever strike the beholder with breathless awe who stands for the first time surrounded by the majestic grand-ure of the scene, its vastness rendered doubly impressive by the solemn si-lence. Whilst in harmonious contrast, spread lovely valleys and placid lakes,

miles in oreadth. It is the greatest of the pygmean seas of this pygmean repub-lic. With the exception of about two-thirds upon the Southern side belong-ing to the Department of Upper Savoy in France, the entire shore is Swiss territory. A number of streams draining large tracts of snowy mountain country find their way into this lake at different points, and these with many inexhaustible subterranean or hidden springs are the means of its supply. The greatest of these surface feeders and the sole outlet is the River Rhone. It enters a roiled current into the Eastern end and pours out a clear blue flow at the Western end, piercing the City of Geneva and rolling onward into South Eastern France, where it eventually becomes an important artery of navigation, floating away to the Mediterranean the rich commerce of its banks.

smooth surface in all their varied hues and rich in their every detail.

On an isolated rock but a few feet

from the Northern shore, and very near the entrance of the Rhone, connected with the mainland by a clumsy wooden bridge, ancient and quaint, a stranger to the science of modern warfare stands the romantic castle of Chillon. Useless as a fortress against to-day's military enginery it has been degraded to th condition of a mere storehouse or sort of arsenal. From without it seems like join her. I stood in the hold and some warrior of another age who has sought this quiet retreat in which to slumber, out of the paths of rapid pro-gress and hidden away from the busy urmoil of life. History has searched in vain for its origin lost in the mists of a full century. Seven hundred years ago men carved the stone and raised her walls. To-day silvered with age but unchanged in form she looks the antique of the twelfth century upon the modern of the nineteeth. When Geneva was of the nineteeth. When Geneva was contending with the Duke of Savoy, François de Bonnivard, a Frenchman by birth embraced the cause of the strug-gling little republic. In 1530 he unfor-tunately fell into the hands of the Duke who caused him to be immured in the dungeon of this castle, but after six years had elapsed, he was liberated by his friends who throwing wide his prison

oor cried to him—
"Bonnivard you are free."
"And Geneva?" was his first utter

"She is free too." So runs the story. Byron in his rambles through Switzerland several times visited the place, and upon returning to the villa of Diodata near Geneva wrote the beautiful poem that has brought the castle into prominence as an attraction. It is now asserted by some that his "Frisoner of Chillon" and Bonnivard were not one and the same person. In the "Sonnet on Chillon" let go, I did not wonder at their limits of them. This part built (as some from collateral fact choose to surmise) at least eleven. wrote the beautiful poem that has brought the castle into prominence as an attraction. It is now asserted by some that his "Prisoner of Chillon" and

the poet it will be seen distinctly men tions the name Bonnivard.

we the name Bonnivard.

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters and the damp vanit' dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind—
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold payement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

At the time Byron had probably no more information as to Bonnivard than what he gained from the custodian. In his journal he thus speaks of that individual, "The corporal who showed the wonders of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher; he was deaf also, and think-ing every one else so, roared out the legends of the castle so fearfully." A stranger to the complete story of the un communication the German, the South fortunate man, he evidently weighed the recital of the drunken corporal, put tent a peculiar patois, and the balance the French. It has had its share of tribulations, but notwithstanding, has long maintained forms of popular government in the very centre as it were being borne out by comparison with the history of Bonnivard. Yet as it was his imprisonment that suggested them should be considered the subject of the

poem "The Prisoner of Chillon." Rain was falling in torrents and cool wind was blowing fearfully on the morning I left Lausanne in company with two gentlemen friends for Chillon. An uncomfortable car that was slowly dropped by cable down an inclined plane carried us to Ouchy the little neighboring port about a half mile distant on the shore of the lake. Here the steamers touch that follow the Northern bank and ply between Geneva and Vil-leneuve. Having arrived an hour too soon for the up boat, we endeavored to make ourselves comfortable by standing in a sort of frame pen half full of freight, with a very leaky roof and supposed to be a waiting room for passengers. A number of restless women clad in damp summer clothing that clung to them like closely drawn drapery on statuary, had with a number of males secured all the available seats in the place. As a wilder gust of wind at times forced the rain in showers through the well venti-lated sides of the building, three fourth of the women would start up, peer out anxiously at the lake, move around for a few minutes, then one of them would select the least exposed of the vacant seats and settle in it. The rest would, one at a time, follow her example until they were all down again. Thus they continued exchanging places with each heavy blast as it came along. Finally the large Geneva boat steamed up to the pier when the entire party, hastily gathered up bags and bundles, and trudged on board through the driving wind and rain. As I looked after them filing out on to the pier, I was reminded of the extraordinary and never-to-be-forgotten representations I used to see when a boy, of the Noah family em-barking on the Ark; it was but a moment

more and the boat floated them away. I stood by the open door way looking out at the angry and tempestuous lake. White caps were curling away from the dark rough surface and heavy waves elegant and inviting, far beyond the power of human description.

In the South Western corner, a French speaking locality, lies Lake french speaking locality, lies Lake of dash itself wildly against the projecting Geneva," extending about fifty miles in little wooden pier beside mo and leap length and averaging from one to nine miles in breadth. It is the greatest of yound it. At length my eye caught a yond it. At length my eye caught a cloud of smoke hovering far out on the lake. A dark line that was fast growing more distinct was visible beneath it A moment more and I plainly made i out to be the little steamer pitching and tossing towards shore. The rain had by that time slackened, but the wind continued as fierce as ever. The high cliffs across on the Savoy side full eight miles away, were beginning to loom up heavy and brown, seemingly from the very bosom of the tempestuous waters. The view was grand. In the meanwhile the struggling boat toiled perseveringly on and in fifteen minutes more had swung round to the pier, rolling over to her gunwale as her head was turned. The men at the snub-posts soon drew and held her close to the framework, whilst in her impatience she wildly beat and thumped against it. We started to go Upon the sloping hills along the northern side of this lake between Ouchy and Chillon are dotted picturesque villages, whilst upon the Southern was a tall, thin, stoop shouldered French. ide the bold cliffs of Chablais and man. Hanging to his left arm was a fat. Meillerie reach high up. In clear mild flashy girl of about twenty, well blown weather this great basin, depressed so by her late efforts to keep on foot. I far below the surrounding country re-flects its close mountain walls from its groom. An air of relief spread over their groom. An air of relief spread over their countenances after they got fairly on board, thea shaking the water from her dress the bride pointed to the little hurricane deck and panting said "Let us go up there! we can get a better view." The groom evidently thought the suggestion a good one and they climbed up. He took her as far forward as possible and planted her where she was sure to get her full share of the motion, then get her full share of the motion, then he came down for the tickets, purchased two for Chillon, and hurried back to

watched the wharfmen as they cast off

the lines of the boat and let her go. First she gave a roll followed by a start and then leaped up on a wave, her bow

and then leaped up on a wave, her bow clear out of water. She was a small affair and the pilot, a brawny Swiss, stood up exposed on a high elevation in the stern, wrapped in a dread-naught coat and with a rubber cap drawn down closely over his head. His feet were planted far apart to brace him as it re-

quired his entire strength to control the wheel. I had been on fresh water

lakes and salt water seas in my time

comfortable. As I looked up at him he would soar for a moment far above the

tall mountains and stand out with his

sky. Pausing there an instant he would dart down until he seemed laid flat against the tossing waves below me. I turned away and joined my friends in the middle of the boat where I sat about

ten minutes in conversation, when sud-denly the idea entered my head that the bridal party might be a little troubled. Out of curiosity I climbed to the hurricane deck to look for them.

but to gaze at that man continuously thirty seconds was to me anything but

tenacity, for the mountains on the Southern shore were sinking away just under their eyes as the villages and vineyards on the Northern shore went up, then in turn the mountains would rise whilst the villages and vineyards went down. I looked at the groom. With every heave of the boat he drew a long breath. He was experiencing the sickening sensation of rising as light as a soap bubble and dropping back as heavy as a lump of lead; he paid no at-tention to my approach. I saw his terrible error and stooping over said to him, "You should not have come up here. I think you had better go below." here. I think you had better go below."
He did not even turn his eyes; the man was actually oblivious to my presence. I repeated what I had said. He then looked up at me as though to say, how will I ever get there? I interpreted his look, took his arm and helped him down. He asked me to help his wife down also. I went back for her. She was willing to go, yes, wanted to go, but instinctively clung to the rail as a drowning person clings to a life predrowning person clings to a life pre-server. I doubted myself the propriety server. I doubted myself the propriety of her letting go, as I thought of her getting away from me and bouncing over the rails into the boiling lake, or dashing about the little deck like Hugo's carronade. However she reluctantly loosened her grasp and we started. There are difficult things one may be called upon to perform in this life and I am willing to concede that helping a fat woman down stairs under ordinary steep narrow stair way with the steps under your feet performing an almost vertical movement of about thirty degrees every three seconds, that I say is no bagatelle. The moment I arrived at the foot of the stairway with my charge she threw herself forward on to one of the wet plush covered seats beside her mate, and as I had cautioned them not to look at the lake both sat for some time with closed eyes; but human endurance could brave it no longer. A few whispers, and simultaneously they staggered to opposite sides of the boat and looked long and languidly into the water. We were approaching land. They were too much engaged to notice it, and with a drooping figurehead on each side the little craft rolled in. As the pier was struck they raised their heads, the groom rushed over to the bride, there was a momentary counsel of war and both started for solid earth They had forgotten their umbrella and I carried it out to them and said "this is not Chillon!" With a dazed manner the groom thanked me and replied, "yes Monsieur, I know, but _____ adieu!" Both of them quickly turned their backs to the water as though they never wanted to see it again, I jumped on the boat as she storted off. The wind and rain had ceased and the agitated lake was rapidly calming down. We climbed to the hurricane deck and seat ed ourselves. The air was fresh and the scenery magnificent; along the southern shore the precipitous cliffs seemed to rise darker and more massive in the clearing atmosphere whilst on the northern shore, the Swiss villages like collections of toy houses were scattered along the water's edge. As we glided forward, the stillness of nature was broken only by the constant thud of our little engine. Opposite Vevay the pilot turned the boat in; we touched a moment and then steamed on. Soon rising from the water against a back ground of green wooded hills the castle of Chillon came in view with its gray white walls, and cluster of conical and pyramidal capped towers, the front towards the open duplicated on the clear surface

as glass. As we approached I recalled the poet's description of the prisoner clambering up to his dungeon window and feasting his long restricted vision upon the tall mountains-the lake and the isle. turned, it was all before me, the latter far out seeming scarcely more than a sand bar with a few trees rising from it. Byron, in his journal, says, "Went to Chillon, through scenery worthy of I know not whom, went over the castle of Chillon again, on our return met an English party in a carriage; a lady in it fast asleep—fast asleep in the most anti narcotic spot in the world—excellent! I remember at Chamouni in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another English, also exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see any thing more rural?—as if it was Highgate or Hamp stead, or Brompton or Hayes, 'Rural!

that had already lost every vestige of

its wrath and lay before us as smooth

of the guardians, a great awkward Swiss, with a good natured face, and wearing a pair of soiled blue pantaloons, ically adorned with patches, and having on no coat. He had, it was evident, been interrupted in the midst of other work to go over the building and de-scribe it, as he had more than likely done a half dozen times a day for the past decade. He was hardly well started before I concluded that he was about

to show us how quickly it was possible for that thing to be done. He first led us through several rooms where canon and other warlike muni-tions of our day were heaped in a con-fusion that it is to be hoped some one understood. At one place he showed us a dark well with a rough board railing about it, where condemned of the olden time were forced to walk down. After a few steps the stairway ceased and they were precipitated many feet to the bottom. Next the Hall of Jusfice, a plain, barren, unattractive room in appearance. At length he worked us down to the dungeon, its floor below the level of the lake, standing as when Byron looked upon it and conceived

"There are seven pillars of gothic mould, In Chillon's dungeons deep and old, There are seven columns, massy and gray, Dim with a dull imprison'd ray A sunbeam which hath lost its way, And through the crevice and the cleft Of the thick wall is fallen and left; Creeping o'er the floor so damp, Like a marsh's meteor lamp."

centuries ago. The windows, barely more than air slits in the wall, admitted more than air slits in the wall, admitted rays of light enabling us to examine the damp, musty and dismal place. The guide indicated the column to which Bonnivard had been chained. An iron ring was attached to it near the floor, and about breast high upon the stone shaft Byron was cut. I lifted the ring to have it clark and then impelled by shaft Byron was cut. I lifted the ring to hear it clank, and then impelled by some inquisitive motive I rubbed my finger over the letters graven by the great English bard. I observed also that as the other members of the party came to it they first read it and then aclose inspection revealed the fact that the edges had been rounded and worn smooth by the fingers of thousands of others, who were either just as curious or doubting. It seems to be a weakness of the human race to not be content with merely looking at a curiosity but they also want to touch it. Finally we were conducted to the apartment where the condemned slept or rather were supposed to sleep the night before their execution. Its sole furniture two roughly draped pieces of rock, one raised higher than the other, the upper a bed for the prisoner and the lower, and by far the most uncomfortable, a lounge for the guard. An American gentleman of the party said, "That was a little rough on the guard, but I presume the object was to keep him awake." As we passed out into the open court yard the guide held out his circumstances is not one of them; but hand for the fee. One of my friends, as when it comes to conducting one hunwhen it comes to conducting one numbered and fifty pounds of limp female adipose tissue, with just enough of life in it to make it cumbersome, down a parrow stair way with the steps of his left hand stirring it around with a side of his left hand stirring it around with a side of his left hand stirring it around with the index finger of his right, evidently stood for a few seconds bent over a putting a value on it. I laid a franc on the other. At length the law, the top of it and walked out. I consulted my watch, we had been exactly eighteen minutes doing the establish-ment. We took a hasty lunch at the station, at the tail end of which young girl came in with the usual dish of honey, and placing it before us apologized for having forgotten it.
"You Swiss seem to have honey at

every meal," I said. Generally, Monsieur. Do they have t often in England at meals? "We are not English, we are Ameri-

She smiled innocently, shook her head and said, "No, Monsieur, you are English, Americans are dark complex-

"Savages you mean ?" "Yes, Monsieur, I suppose."
"But we have been civilized." She shrugged her shoulders.

Without exaggeration, and in a few vords. I described to her our country, its people and the high state of advancement to which they had arrived. She looked at me in wonder, but when I went into detail and told her of the cities many times greater than Geneva, and of the thousands of miles of railways and their elegant and comfortable cars, that was too fabled for this child of a world so far behind us in improvement and invention. I saw from her look she was growing sceptical, and though I was telling the truth I actually toned it down. When I had finished she doubtfully shook her head, and with the persistency of Galileo, muttered as she laughed, "No, no, Monsieur is Eng-lish."

We settled our bill with the doubting damsel and hurried down to the plat-form to look for the train. The late rain had filled the hollows in the gravel soil with clear pure water, I stooped at a more deeply sunken spot to rinse my fingers; as I did so I said to one of my friends standing in the door-way, "Gen-eral, look at my basin!" An elderly lady sat upon a bench against the sta-tion wall, beside her a small and tired boy, with a very long Alpine staff. I went up to them and turning to the lady said, "Can you tell me when the train leaves for Lausaune?"

Looking at me a moment she replied in English, "I cannot talk French, this young man can," pointing with her thumb to the youthful Humboldt at her side, "but I know you are from Philadelphia!"

"I was taken for an Englishman a few

you called to that gentleman I did not hear you distinctly owing to the distance, but I understood you to say, 'See enjoyed the thing hugely. Once I tried me basin!' Had you been from any city to make the ladies understand in me basin! Had you been from any city in the United States excepting from Philadelphia, you would have said see my basin !

"You certainly misunderstood my enunciation, but I am originally from Philadelphia," I said.

our starting point. The road runs along high ground and commands a lovely panoramic view. Having been over it before I selected a place at the side looking out upon the lake. As we were rolled along we at times caught aliments. rolled along we at times caught glimpses of the snow covered Alps rising far off in the distance. Gradually the opposite hills seemed to recede; the sheet of ing. What a wondrous change! the sun was shining brightly, the cliffs across in Savoy stood up in many subdued tints under its rays, scarcely a ripple disturbed the perfect calm of the lake's surface. Again a Geneva boat came up to the passengers came and stood beside me. As the boat was made fast a black object, about five feet long and eighteen inches wide and as many deep, looking like a burial casket for a half grown child was pushed out upon the landing. "Halloo! the smoke stack is going ashore," said one of the party.

I at once recognized the thing and turned and said, "I can tell you what that is, it is a French trunk."

"They must be made like stove pipe and sold by the foot," said he. Whilst we were talking the owner stepped out after it. She was a tall, slatternly Amazon. As she set foot on the pier the customs, notwithstanding the boat had on the trip down touched upon the Swiss side only, took the langward end of the trunk and commenced making the journey to shore. The owner went up to him, there was a low conversation between them during which the strong hand of the law held on to the trunk. At length he shook his At length he shook his head negatively and started again; the owner remonstrated; he brushed her aside; she caught the other end, and each pulled and tugged in opposite directions. Matters were getting interesting. The universal desire to get ahead of the custom house furnished her with plenty of ardent backers, and a hundred throats urged her on from the boat in French, English and German. Suddenly, in the struggle, the handle the law was holding came out and both went over on their backs, but the favorite had the spoils. She was up like lightning and darted around her prostrate enemy for land. He, as she passed, for want of a handle, seized the trunk bodily in his arms. The additional weight stopped her short, he rose to his feet and shrieked at her to drop it. Not a word did she utter, but gave him a look of the most supreme contempt. He tried in vain to twist he. Then he changed his tac hand loose. tics and made the trunk serve the purpose of a battering ram. It was a success; she yielded the handle, but prepared to return the compliment. It became almost a dead lock; each with face purple and with arms knotted around the subject of their contention, stood for a few seconds bent over eyeing sheer exhaustion, let go its hold; the crowd on the boat yelled louder than ever. Stimulated, the victor defiantly threw the trunk at her feet, and in her excitement jumped straight up, coming down on the lid with a terrible thun:p. This she repeated a number of times, and as often as she did so she spit straight into the face of her annoyer. This was too direct an insult, and he prepared to outgeneral her by placing himself so as to cut off her communication with the shore. Just then a voice from below cried out in French, "Are you going to starve her out?"
The captain would hold the boat no longer and we moved off. After we had pasted a long distance the customs renewed his efforts to get the trunk by force. The patient wharfman kept his place and not once offered to interfere. Finally the entire scene formed a black silhouette in the evening light, and as we lost sight of them the three were still upon the pier, the combatants seeming but struggling insects. The fresh air had sharpened our ap

etites and we went down to the saloon for dinner, there a short thick neck ed individual who was very drunk rapidly growing drunker, sat by a table idiotically leering over two bottles standing before him, the one containing brandy and the other soda. Every few minutes he addressed mixed thick tongued questions to a gentleman near him who was reading, and who to get rid of him gave monosyllabic answers without looking away from his paper. Each frequent sizzle of the soda as he turned the spigot indicated that he had gone down another degree into the brandy. At length he poured a flood of objectless questions at two young Genevese ladies sitting at our table, then got up and came over and sat down beside them. The weak-kneed steward in at tendance saw they were annoyed, but afraid to remonstrate, he merely smiled and treated the affair as though he con-

sidered it a joke all around.

I spoke up and said "Why do you not stop annoying those la "And who are you?" annoying those ladies?"

Then commenced a long and inter-esting dialogue that ended in my telling him that I would pitch him overboard if he continued. Here the ladies interfered, he went back in his old seat, one of them said to me, "we know his family, it is such a pity!"-"pity"came echoed in broken syllables from him, sizzle went the soda and again he minutes ago, how do you know I am from Philadelphia?"

took a seat near us, he was gloriously drunk. Whenever a remark was made he sent back the last half of the last English, they said they had studied it, but here just where it was wanted it failed them, he, however, was equal to the emergency and gave it back to me just as I said it. He was too much for me and we all went on deck to be reliev-Here the conversation was broken off ed of him. The boat was in the narrow by the noise of the train that rushed in.
We laughed, bid them good day, stepped on board, and were hurried back to daughter Madame De Stael, celebrated

urally grew more narrow till finally Geneva appeared a dark mass at the end of it. The boat had been delayed upon the trip and as she approached twilight water below us was growing wider; we water below us was growing wider; we were approaching Ouchy. A little while and again we were on the pier from which we had embarked in the morn-glided swiftly by, I caught a glimpse upon our right of a great building, its front a blaze of gas jets, from the cen-tre of which stood out in bold relief

the red Geneva cross. We stepped from the quay a few is in the crowd. Comfortable and ampute the crowd. Comfortable and ampute carried us rapidly over the clear smooth water. As we sat upon the high deck enjoying the delightful view the head of the boat was thrown in towards Rolle. I walked to that side and stood looking over the rail, there were but two persons over the rail, there were but two persons on the pier—one the wharfman, the uniform, I took to be an his uniform, I took to be an his uniform, I took to be an entirely meaning. We recalled that it was the morning, we recalled that it was the Fourth of July, and as another fiery messenger yet more conspicuous, bear messenger yet more conspicuous, bear fails. minutes later and turned to cross the Mont Blanc bridge, suddenly the air in messenger yet more conspicuous, bear-ing joyous greeting from the greatest to one of the least of the earth's Republics one of the least of the earth's Republics went hissing and with a long roar far into space, scattering behind it on its pathway a golden train, our gaze followed to its dizzy light, and as it burst forth in many brilliant colors that dropped towards earth like a shower of meteors, we took off our hats and gave a true Yankee cheer.

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