

A LITTLE LADY.

I know a little lady Who wears a hat of green, All trimmed with red, red roses, And a blackbird on the brim.

She ties it down with ribbons, Under her dimpled chin: For oftentimes it's breezy When she comes tripping in.

She'll drop a dainty courtesy, Perhaps she'll throw a kiss; She brings so many hundred That one she'll never miss.

With laughing, sunny glances She comes, her friends to greet: There's not another maiden In all the world so sweet!

Her name? The roses tell you! 'T is in the blackbird's tune! This smiling little lady Is just our own dear June!

Lizzie L. Gould, in St. Nicholas for June.

Butler and his Newspaper Critics.

Gen. Ben. Butler, now the Governor of Massachusetts, whatever his shortcomings, possesses a caustic wit that he is never slow in exercising. Throughout his long, checkered public career he has been at odds with the newspaper. He affects to despise the influence of the journals, yet treasures up all they contain in opposition to him, and when in power has, where he could, punished editors not friendly to his views and aspirations. In the Bay State State House, recently, Governor Butler got to discussing newspapers with a bevy of correspondents. "Newspaper men are hard worders," exclaimed the Governor, in his abrupt way—the correspondents nodded assent—and I like the correspondents more than any other class of journalists. All the listening "own special" smiled gratification, and came to the conclusion that Butler was truly a great man. "Correspondents," went on the Governor, "have a great deal to do writing up public men. Now, as long as I was in Washington, and the columns on columns of severe things that were printed about me in those years, not an unkind word was ever written of me by a correspondent; for I frequently made diligent inquiry, always finding that the correspondents wrote nothing but complimentary paragraphs concerning me; in every instance the severe censure of my acts, the impugning of my motives, was put in by the night editors. Yes, gentlemen, it was the wicked night editor ev-e-r-y time. Singular coincident, was it not? Now I am glad to meet so many correspondents, and not a solitary night editor among them." Governor Butler looked quizzically at the group of correspondents from under his half-closed eyelids. Slowly the correspondents separated, with a feeling that Ben. Butler had not the firmest faith in the innate wickedness of all night editors, nor that he believed implicitly in the unflinching amiability of the special correspondents.

A Protectionist Cry for Work.

Protectionist doctrines act on some people as green spectacles did on the horse to which waste paper was fed. They are so used to being fooled into taking paper flap-doodle for the green corn snucks of common sense that when they are hungry they think it is paper they want instead of corn. Thus the Providence Evening Press adopts the common mistake of protectionists that the object of life is to work hard, and makes the result of the labor an entirely unimportant consideration. It says: Years ago a friend who had recently emigrated from Indiana gave his reasons for leaving that fertile State. Wheat and corn were their chief staples, and farmers complained that a portion of their children lacked employment. A few weeks spent in sowing the former grain, a few weeks in reaping it, and a few months in planting, hoeing and harvesting the latter grain, were followed by long periods of enforced idleness. Only the hardier boys, indeed, could work outdoors continuously, and the residue and most of the daughters lacked gainful employment. Even the fertile valleys of the Wabash, said the farmers, fail to enrich us from the lack of varied industry. Give us mills, workshops, furnaces, and all our children will have something to do. Those unfortunate farmers whose very children lacked employment except the trifling labor of plowing, planting, cultivating, hoeing, harvesting, thrashing and hauling grain are, doubtless, objects of a sincere commiseration on the part of our esteemed New England contemporary. The regret that must cloud the life of a farmer whose daughters "lacked gainful employment" is very touching. One's heart yearns to set them at work somewhere in a cotton mill for twelve hours a day, or in an iron foundry. It is true that cotton does not grow in Indiana, and that even the heaviest protective tariff has been unable to build up a successful iron manufacturing business except in places having special natural facilities for getting iron and coal. These considerations, however, are of minor importance when the necessity of giving "all our children" something to do is before us. It is not claimed that the well-

worked little protectionists of Rhode Island are any happier than their unfortunate Hoosier cousins living in enforced idleness; or that they perform their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them with any greater benefit to themselves and to other people than the idle infants in Indiana. The Rhode Island child has ample work provided for it, and doubtless it ought to appreciate its opportunities. The chances are, however—so perverse is human nature, even under the benign influence of protection galore—that some of the "enforced idleness" of Indiana would be a godsend to many a toiling, heart-sick little brain and body among the mills, workshops and furnaces of New England.

It is not intended to imply that work is not necessary and honorable; but the Press makes the mistake of supposing that the system which demands the greatest amount of work is the one to be desired. Man works to live. The Press and kindred protection theorists imagine that man ought to live to work. Further, it says: Of late Indiana has fostered a wider variety of industry, and now Voorhees argues for protection. He knows what he is about. He understands the needs of his State and the temper of her people. Partisans may undertake to read him out of the Democratic fold, but his constituents understand that they cannot spare him from their ranks.

Nothing better illustrates the all-things-to-all-men policy of protection than these Republican words in commendation of one of the most shallow demagogues in the Democratic party. Indiana has not a high reputation as the abode of learning, and perhaps as strong testimony to its lack of mental strength as can be found is the prominence of Dan Voorhees. Whenever his lank finger points the way misfortune waits the misguided recipient of his advice. As a signpost—for he never was known to lead—he could be depended on to land a whole caravan in ruin. If the children of Indiana should ever undertake to correct all the mistakes of Dan Voorhees and other protectionists, they would have "something to do" till the day of judgment.

Origin of the Dictionary.

Time was in literature when there were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, *via roca*. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear, and there was no need for more. By the lip could be solved the mystery coming from the lip, for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts, had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools whence scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped around him to be taught, and each, at some word, at some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant cornerstone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling block hindering him. The treasured manuscript was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll; laid open upon a desk, leaved and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pour over his manuscript afresh. It might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic poem, homily, Holy Writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this gloss, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble; and then, henceforth and forever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made magically to disappear. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious Old World scholars thus glossed or explained, the seed was sown of the New world dictionaries, and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading to-day. —Cornhill Magazine.

A Cave in a Quarry.

An Ancient Highwayman's Retreat Discovered Beneath a Mass of Rock. WEST CHESTER, May, 31. A remarkable discovery has been made by Edward Brown, a quarryman at Johnson's quarries, near Popcon, Chester county. Brown had reached a depth of ten feet, and after drilling a hole in what he supposed to be solid rock he charged it with powder, lighted the fuse and retired out of danger. When the blast went off he returned, when, instead of finding broken stone, he discovered what looked more like a kitchen which had just been through an experience with a Western cyclone. There was a stove, a lot of tin cans, an iron pot, a mason's trowel, a singularly-shaped axe and some bones. The place where the things were found had evidently been a cave, the mouth of which had been covered up, and was probably the hiding-place of some criminal in the early days of the century, when highwaymen were numerous in Chester county. Joe Hare was born within a quarter of a mile of the cave, and possibly he retired there to live when pursued. He was a noted highwayman, who was hanged at Trenton for robbing the United States mail near Lancaster. The quarry was until within a few years covered with heavy timber and thick underbrush, making it a good hiding-place. Much interest has been exhibited in the articles found, which will bestow away as relics.

She Wanted to See Freddie.

A Lady Visitor Whom Gebhardt Didn't Know. "A lady is in the front parlor and desires to see Mr. Gebhardt," was the announcement of the hall-boy to the clerk at the Lafayette Hotel desk on

Wednesday last. In a moment the clerk was in the stranger's company. He beheld a young lady of perhaps 20 years, slender, rather pretty, and her manner was not at all bold or such as to excite the least idea that she was a woman of the world.

"Mr. Gebhardt is in his room, most probably," said the clerk. "Do you wish to see him?" "Oh, yes, very much," was the reply, in a tone of great earnestness. "Give me your card, and I will send it up," said the clerk.

In a second the waiter had vanished, and he returned quickly with the message: "Mr. Gebhardt does not recognize the person and cannot be seen. He is engaged."

"Not know me? Mr. Gebhardt not know me," repeated the woman with a strong accent upon 'me.' Her face was flushed, and she began to exhibit great emotion. "Then he refuses to see me?"

The messenger nodded affirmatively. "If you could induce Mr. Gebhardt to come here and see me he would know me in a minute," said the woman as if despairing, and then turning upon her heel she remarked: "How can he say he does not know me?"

The actions of the woman were such as to excite the closest attention of the clerk. Indeed, he became greatly interested, and as she started to move out and remarked, "I will call to-morrow, then perhaps he will know me," all sorts of thoughts flashed through the clerk's mind.

True to her word, the young woman appeared the next afternoon, but Gebhardt was not at home. She departed sadly disappointed. That is all that has been seen of her, although a strict watch has been kept by the clerks, not only at the Lafayette, but other hotels, they thinking that the woman would meet Gebhardt on the street and make a scene.

Handwriting.

To write an ugly hand may be called a misfortune, if you wish; but to write an illegible hand is a crime against society. Every one who chooses can make a difference between a u and a v, between e and c; can dot i's and cross t's. Therefore, no educated person who wishes for employment as amanuensis or copyist can be excused for writing badly. He ought to be able to write letters and copy manuscripts clearly and legibly; if he cannot he has only himself to blame. To those who feel their deficiency and wish to improve, here are a few hints. Write two or three copies every day, in a large hand. Look at your copy upside down, when the turns of the letters should appear as well shaped as they did when you looked at them the right way. Thus, let the letters u, when turned upside down, make a good u, only wanting the addition of the dot to the i. Never leave an i to be dotted or t to be crossed till you have finished the line or sentence. Dot your i's and cross your t's when you finish the word, at least. Never indulge in making over-long tails to g's, q's, y's, or over long heads to f's, c's and other similar letters, running them into the upper and under lines. Study to make your writing compact, without being straggling. To write rather upright than otherwise, contributes to the union of compactness and freedom. Never intimate another person's handwriting under the idea that it is prettier than your own. Many a person has spoiled a good handwriting in this way. Let your handwriting form itself from free, bold copy-writing, and let it be thoroughly your own. Cultivate the power of writing quickly, because it will probably be necessary to you—certainly an advantage. But efchew hurry. Legibility must never be sacrificed for speed.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cut, ting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it—mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 57-ly.

A Case That Puzzled the Whole Faculty.

Mrs. Milo Ingram gave the names of some of the most reputable physicians in the two cities (Pittsburg and Allegheny,) to whom she had paid large sums of money for treatment, but she rapidly grew worse. She was then taken to the most reputable physicians and surgeons in New York, but with no better success. They had all pronounced it cancer, and declared she must die. The flesh of her breast was eaten away down to the ribs; the breast bone was laid bare and the disease made its way upwards, causing the breast to become detached from the wall of the chest, hanging loose from above. See page 25 of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life," how Parusa cured her. They are given away by druggists (gratis.) 21-ly.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compound from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations. They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating. No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by doing \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day. 22-ly.

Quick Railway Time.

Rockford, Ill., Jan. 1880. This is to certify that we have appointed Frank P. Blair, sole agent for the sale of our Quick Train Railway Watches in the town of Bellefonte. ROCKFORD WATCH COMPANY. BY HOMER P. HULLAND, Sec. Having most thoroughly tested the Rockford Quick Train Watches for the last three years, I offer them with the fullest confidence as the best made and most reliable time keeper for the money that can be obtained. I fully guarantee every Watch for two years. FRANK P. BLAIR, No. 2 Brookerhoff Row. All other American Watches at reduced prices.

Dighton, Jan. 27, 1882.

The Rockford watch purchased Feb. 1879, has performed better than any Watch I ever had. Have carried it every day and at no time has it been irregular, or in the least unreliable. I cheerfully recommend the Rockford Watch. HORACE B. HORTON, at Dighton Furnace Co.

Taunton, Sept. 18, 1881.

The Rockford Watch runs very accurately, better than any watch I ever owned, and I have had one that cost \$150. Can recommend the Rockford Watch to everybody who wishes a fine timekeeper. S. P. HUBBARD, M. D.

This is to certify that the Rockford Watch bought Feb. 22, 1879, has run very well the past year. Having set it only twice during that time, its only variation being three minutes. It has run very much better than I ever anticipated. It was not adjusted and only cost \$20. R. P. BRYANT, at the Dean Street Flag Station, Mansfield, Mass. Feb. 21, 1880. 19-ly.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Letter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; 3 boxes \$1.25 (in stamps). Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. 5-8-ly.

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Thousands die from neglect to properly treat Impure Blood, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Apoplexy, Liver, Kidney, Heart Diseases, Dropsy, and Rheumatism. But to the debilitated, burdened with such serious sickness, we conscientiously recommend "SWAYNE'S PILLS," which contain medicinal properties possessed by no other remedy. Sent by mail for 25 cents; box of 30 pills; 5 boxes, \$1. (in stamps). Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. 5-8-ly.

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New Advertisements.

FURNITURE.

B. SPANGLER & CO. request the attention of the intelligent reader for a moment or two. The facts they desire to make public will have a telling effect upon the domestic economy of any household in which this recital of their facilities to supply furniture of all kinds at reasonable prices, is given a fair hearing. They authorize us to state that every article they have on exhibition is new and reasonable, was bought for cash, and will be sold at the lowest price dealers can afford. They have constantly on hand parlor and bed-room suits, velvet and carpet lounges, extension tables of their own make, odd pieces, secretaries, sideboards, marble-top tables, tables, etc., etc. Anything made to order and guaranteed to give satisfaction. They superintend each department in person and keep themselves posted in matters of importance to customers. They also invite special attention to their undertaking department. Mr. Henry Swartz, practical, scientific cabinet-maker and undertaker of many years experience, superintends the arrangements and work. They have lately secured a new patent cooling board, the most perfect body preserver in use, and the only one in Centre county, at considerable expense. An elegant hearse will be provided gratis. In transacting business of this kind do not forget.

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SWAYNE'S Horse Spark-Arresting Portable Engine has cut 10,000 ft. of Michigan Pine Boards in 10 hours, burning stave from the saw in eight-foot lengths.



Our 10 Horse we guarantee to furnish power to run 5,000 feet of Hemlock Boards in 10 hours. Our 12 Horse will cut 7,000 feet in same time. Our Engines are GUARANTEED to furnish a horse-power on a less fuel and water than any other 20-gal. engine not fitted with our Automatic Cut-Off. If you want a Stationary or Portable Engine, Boiler, Furnace, or Saw Mill, Shafting or Pulleys, or any cast or milled Patent Wrought-Iron Pulley, send for our illustrated catalogue, No. 12, for information and prices. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Corning, N. Y. Box 1427.

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All the Standard Patent Medicines Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately prepared. Trusses, Shoulder Braces, &c., &c. 4-1

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DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop which lingers but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, lead the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. For Dyspepsia, Rush of Blood to the Head, tending to Apoplexy, Hypertension, Fever and ague, Dropsy, Pimples, Bitchiness, Scalding Head, and other eruptions, Ring Worm, White Swelling, Erysipelas, sore Eyes and for young men suffering from Weakness or Indolence caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended. Dr. Frazier I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Weakness and Kidney Disease, and they did me more good than the doctor and all the medicine I ever used from the first dose. I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest of blessings. MRS. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O. Sold by all druggists everywhere at 25¢ per bottle. HENRY & Co., Sole Prop's, 62 Vesey St., New York.

NOW IS YOUR TIME. Get two Weekly Newspapers for the Price of One.

And the Best Inland Daily at Reduced Rates. The subscription price of the WEEKLY PATRIOT is \$1.00 per annum, cash in advance. However the WEEKLY PATRIOT and the NEW YORK WEEKLY SUN be taken for the same amount, one year for \$1.50 cash in advance, or the WEEKLY PATRIOT and the PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY TIMES for \$2.00 cash in advance. To any person getting up a club of ten or more subscribers to the WEEKLY PATRIOT at \$1.00 per copy per annum, one copy will be sent gratis for the year. The subscription price of the DAILY PATRIOT by mail is \$1.00 per annum, cash in advance. If not paid in advance \$1.00 per annum will be charged; for six months \$1.00 in advance or \$1.00 not paid in advance and at proportional rates for shorter periods. The DAILY PATRIOT during the session of Congress and the Legislature will be especially interesting. Send for Daily and Weekly. Remittance must be made by Post Office money order or draft accepted by bank on which it is drawn. Address PATRIOT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 30 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

J. I. FREDERICKS, Repairer of Sewing Machines, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Residence one mile east of Bellefonte, on the Jacksville road, with Mr. Christian Uhl, on farm of D. Z. Kline, Esq. Old Machines Remodeled to the latest style, with Drawers, &c., when required. All work guaranteed. 21-

Business Cards.

HARNES MANUFACTORY, in Garmans New Block, BELLEFONTE, PA. 1-ly

F. P. BLAIR, JEWELER, WATER, CLOCK, & JEWELRY, &c. All work neatly executed. On Allegheny street, under Brookerhoff House. 4-47

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING COMPANY. Receive Deposits and Allow Interest. Discount Notes. Buy or Sell Gov. Securities, Gold and Compo. JAMES A. BRATER, President. J. D. BRUGST, Cashier. 4-17

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BELLEFONTE, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. 4-17

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