

EXCELSIOR M'F'G Co.

(TRADE MARK.)



Great Closing Out Sale

OF

CLOTHING!

AT AND BELOW COST THE ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST TO QUIT BUSINESS.

Big Bargains in Suits!

FOR MEN FROM \$3.50 UPWARDS. BOYS AND YOUTH'S SUITS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY. CHILDREN'S CLOTHING WAY DOWN.

OV ROATS

FROM \$3.00 UPWARDS. ALL WOOL MEN'S PANTS FROM \$2.50 UPWARDS. HIS STOCK OF CLOTHING MUST POSITIVELY BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST.

TAKE NOTICE,

Every \$3.00 invested in purchases at our Store will be entitled to a CHANCE TICKET to win either of the two handsome GIFTS to be drawn by the lucky numbers which ONE AND ALL have the same chance to possess.

1st. Prize.

One handsome Bedstead, poplar wood, beautifully finished; Double Enclosed Wash Stand; Teapoy Table; one beautiful French Dresser German Plate Glass 17x30; three Cane Seat Chairs; one Cane Seat Rocking Chair; one Towel Rack. (Top of Dresser, Wash Stand, Teapoy Stand, imitation Tennessee Marble.)

2d Prize.

Or beautiful Brussels covered Walnut Frame Lounge.

KEYSTONE CLOTHING HOUSE,

Big Red Flag.

Bellefonte, Pa.

SECHLER & CO., Grocers, Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS

—FOR THE—

SPRING and SUMMER TRADE!!

We have endeavored to get the very best of every thing in our line, and now have some really CHOICE GOODS.

- FINE CREAM CHEESE, Extra Large FRENCH PRUNES,
- SELECT OYSTERS, SWEET POTATOES,
- BERGE RIPE CRANBERRIES, PRUNELLES, IMPERIAL FIGS,
- BRIGHT NEW LEMONS, FLORIDA ORANGES,
- Princess Paper-Shell Almonds, Evaporated BRIED PEACHES.
- A FULL LINE OF CHOICE CANNED FRUITS.
- PRESERVED PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS and PRUNELLES.
- PLAIN CANDIES, FINE CONFECTIONERY,

—AND—

GOODIES of all Sorts and Kinds

We invite the people of Centre county to call and inspect our NICE GOODS, which cannot fail to please.

SECHLER & CO.

Doll & Mingle—Boots & Shoes.

FOR A GOOD

Boot or Shoe

— TRY —

DOLL & MINGLE,

— FOR —

Style, Quality and Cheapness.

We defy all competition. We have the largest stock—and bought for cash, and sell 10 per cent. cheaper than any store in the county.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

ARNOLDS BRO'S., Utica and D. ARMSTRONG'S Rochester shoes for Ladies, Misses and Children.

Hathaway Soule and Harrington's Fine Shoes for Men.

LESTER BOOTS,

THE KING OF THE MARKET.

We have a Shoe Polish which will not crack the Leather, as good as the best and only 15c.

DOLL & MINGLE.

Bellefonte, Pa.

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning
How weary all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone,
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give us the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best,
Ah! lips with "our own" impatient!
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

CAPE DIAMONDS.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

With four other masculine fellow-sufferers—one of whom was a small spectacled, inoffensive-looking man—Ned Girard and myself were the suffering inmates of a nondescript vehicle of the stage-wagon pattern, drawn by six small "Cape" horses, enroute from the Bloemfontein diamond fields of South Africa for Wellington, thence by rail to Cape Town.

Two-thirds of the terrible journey had now been accomplished, yet there were still some two hundred and fifty miles of travel over sun-beat plain and arid desert before us, with the mercury 102 degrees, in such shade alone as our tilted conveyance afforded—for, in truth there was no other.

Our eyes were blurred and blinded by the ceaseless glare of the sun, whose rays beat down on the sandy desert from the unclouded sky, which was as brass before us. Our bodies were sore and bruised by the unceasing jar and jolt of our rudely-hung vehicles. We were parched with thirst, which the lukewarm water along the route utterly failed to slake; and though continually drowsy could neither sleep by day nor by night, because of the intense heat, the sand-flies, swelled and burning feet, and intense nervousness engendered by the foregoing, with the other discomforts and sufferings incidental to a stage journey of some hundreds of miles through South Africa.

The most of us knew each other by sight, through having met from day to day for some months, in and about the mining field which we had left. But I will venture to state that six more surely, unsocial fellow-passengers than our dusty, unshorn selves were perhaps never—literally—thrown together.

If Ned and myself were perhaps a little more pronounced in general disagreeableness than the others we considered, indeed, that we had ample provocation therefor. For thirteen months we had been toiling and perspiring, taking our several turns in the "dump," or in our twenty-four foot mining claim, as the case might be. In nearly if not quite, a year of unremitting toil we had barely succeeded in washing out small "stones" (the invariable term for diamonds in South Africa) with which to pay our running expenses; and then one stroke of the pick unearthed a rose-diamond of such size and purity that for full sixty minutes our good fortune was the talk of Bloemfontein.

Well, that night, after our frugal supper, Ned, without speaking, extended the precious gem toward me in his open palm, as we sat at our rude table, in our canvas-covered cabin. I do not answer for the scope of my partner's vision, of course. But in the uncut brilliant as in the magician's stones, I myself saw but one object—a sweet, wistful face framed in a wreath of dark hair, within the depths of whose soft eyes was a look as of patient waiting for the return of him who had gone to seek his fortune in the far-away diamond fields.

"Home?" was Ned's interrogative query, raising his own eyes, which had bent upon the gem, with a sort of far-away look, to meet my own suddenly upturned gaze.

"Home! I echoed, with joyous emphasis.

But hardly had the word escaped my lips when a tall form dashed through the door, and, upsetting the candle by a sudden blow, seized the diamond from Ned's still outstretched hand, and was off in the darkness—the whole event having taken place in far less time than I have occupied in telling it.

Of course we gave the alarm as quickly as we could regain our scattered ideas; but, though half the male population of Bloemfontein turned out, it was to no purpose.

The robber and his booty had disappeared, without the slightest clue.

So it was that being in local parlance "down on our luck," Ned and myself disgusted and discouraged, had sold our claim to a couple of newcomers for about £300, and with those composing our present stage-coach party, had taken our passage, as I have said, for Wellington intending to return home even

though with heavy hearts and light pockets.

Besides the small, spectacled man who had represented himself as a sort of colporteur for a religious society at Cape Town, our fellow-passengers composed two diamond brokers, together with a young and very boastful fellow, who called himself McArthur. The latter had been very successful, and it was with feelings of envy we heard him relate the result of two weeks' work in a deserted claim, where, as he informed us with many profane asseverations, he had struck a "pocket," from which he had taken stones, whose value he declared was at least £4,000.

These he carried in a belt about his waist, together with a considerable sum of money from the sale of his claim, as he said, while girded to either hip was a heavy revolver, as a safeguard against possible attack from road agents. After a wretched supper in a small, barren-looking station in the Hoogboom Bottom, the journey was resumed with a fresh relay of horses and a slight diminution of our ill-temper, the heat being a degree or two less intense, by reason of the declining sun.

The conversation naturally turned upon the subject of road agents, some recent depredations of these gentry having been graphically narrated by the proprietor of the station we had just left.

"They wouldn't play any of their games on me," replied McArthur, touching the butts of his revolvers in a significant manner as he spoke.

The pale-blue eyes of the little man, who bore the not uncommon name of Smith twinkled never so slightly behind his spectacles at the remark, but he groaned dismally and shook his head.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed in deprecating tones, "you surely would not commit the awful crime of murder, even to prevent the loss of the filthy lucre which you—hem!—claim to have acquired through your own honest efforts."

"Claim to have acquired? What the deuce do you mean by that?" blustered McArthur, as Ned and myself glanced at the little man in some surprise, for it seemed to strike us simultaneously that there was a sort of unconscious significance in Mr. Smith's tones.

Yet it was, perhaps, a mistake, as well as the fancy that McArthur's bronzed face changed color never so little, even as the other spoke.

Mr. Smith shrank back into his corner as though terrified at the other's threatening manner.

"Indeed, I meant nothing at all, my dear friend," he answered, in apparent alarm. "I—"

But his protestation was cut short by the sudden and abrupt stoppage of the stage, and a terrified yell from the Kraw-boy who drove.

Almost at the same moment a man sprang from either side of the road with a leveled rifle.

"The first one that stirs gets a ball through his head!" said the taller of the two, a heavily-bearded fellow, the very counterpart of the ruffian in a border play.

My own revolver was in the small valise, which held Ned's and my own worldly goods. Even if I had carried it on my person, it is more than likely that with the muzzle of a rifle staring me full in the face, I should not have attempted to use it.

Ned was unarmed. So, as it then appeared, was the little colporteur. And the valiant McArthur dropped on the bottom of the coach with a cry of terror, which was feebly echoed by Mr. Smith.

In obedience to a gruff command, McArthur handed his revolvers to the smaller of the two road-agents, who, seeming to be assured that no weapons were worn by any others of the party, caused us to alight.

Ned and myself submitted to be searched without the calmness of despair.

We had about a hundred and fifty sovereigns between us, and a bill of exchange on a bank in Cape Town, which the tall robber took from us, while his companion, with cocked hat and presented rifle, did the intimidating. McArthur alternately raved and swore, as he was relieved of his belt. The little man wrung his hands and raised his voice in meek supplication, while his spectacled eyes were fixed, as though in a sort of fascination, upon the ruffian who held the presented rifle.

Now, then, gig-lamps, what have you got about you?" was the jocose query.

And little Mr. Smith piteously entreated that the muzzle of the loaded rifle be turned aside from his plight face.

"It might go off," he said, in tremulous tones "and it makes me so nervous to have a deadly weapon pointed at me. Do, please, take it away!"

With a hoarse laugh the road agent tossed his rifle into the hollow of his arm.

"All right, my little man!" he said, carelessly. Go ahead, Bill!"

This to his companion who approached Smith for the purpose of searching him.

Then there was a transformation scene, in deed. The small man straightened up like lightning and with a quickness that seemed almost incredible, shoving his hands in the side pockets of his linen coat, he drew them out with a cocked revolver in each.

Crack! and the shorter ruffian staggered and fell, shot through the heart. Crack! and his astonished companion, with a yell of mingled pain and rage, sprang for his rifle, which lay beside him on the ground; but he was too late.

Before his fingers closed upon its shining barrel he tumbled forward to the earth with a ball through his brain.

The whole affair was over in ten seconds. Mr. Smith re-pocketed his pistols, and taking off his spectacles regarded our astonished faces with a benevolent smile.

"Deadly weapons come handy sometimes, after all, gentlemen," he remarked.

And I noticed a curious change in his voice and manner. So, too, did McArthur, who stood for a moment looking at him with seeming perplexity in the midst of his evident stupefaction.

Meanwhile, Ned, who was of a practical turn, began taking from the capacious pockets of the taller of the two outlaws the valuables and money of which our little company had been despoiled, at the eager suggestion of the two diamond-brokers, who had been literally paralyzed with terror during the entire scene through which we had passed, both of them having been relieved of large amounts.

Of course they insisted upon receiving their own property first. Then came ours. And, at the same time, from a bit of wash-leather in the same pocket rolled a diamond, of such peculiar shape, size and color—for it was one of those rare gems, a perfect rose-diamond—that both Ned and myself uttered a simultaneous cry of astonishment and delight, as well we might, for it was our stolen diamond!

"You are in luck, gentlemen," quietly remarked Mr. Smith, who had been watching the whole procedure, while McArthur stood looking on with covetous eyes. "I see that this is the stone that you had stolen from you in camp some days since. I had glimpses of it the morning Mr. Girard here—" nodding at Ned—"was showing it to Jacobs, the broker, on the corner of Krall street. I should know it among a thousand."

McArthur, who, with his recovered revolvers, which he had buckled on, had assumed his usual air of braggadocio, was heard to express considerable dissatisfaction.

"One diamond is like another!" he growled.

And his idea was that under the circumstances the whole had a sort of common interest in this one, to which the brokers gave ready assent.

"I'd like to see any one try to take it!" said Ned, with a cagerous gleam in his eyes.

And little Mr. Smith, nodding approvingly, removed from the dead man's body the money-belt of which Mr. McArthur had been deprived.

But instead of handing it to that gentleman, he buckled it about his own waist, with an agreeable smile.

"What the deuce does this mean?" yelled McArthur, whose face was purple with rage, when, no less to his own than to our own astonishment, his arms were pinioned by the little colporteur, who seemed to have the strength of two ordinary men. And in another instant his wrists were adorned with a pair of shining steel handcuffs.

"It's no use kicking, William," quietly remarked his captor, removing a faded flaxen wig from his own head and exposing to view a short crop of stubby black hair. "I didn't mean to have pulled you till we got to Wellington; but this little affair has, so to speak, precipitated matters a little."

And after we were all again en rout, having left word at the next station as to the disposition of the outlaws' bodies, the pseudo Mr. Smith informed us that the scowling prisoner on the seat opposite, who was kept in bonds by the sight of a cocked revolver in the captor's hands, was one William Hardy, with a dozen aliases, whom he—Dennison Hunt, the then best known detective in England—had followed from Liverpool to the very heart of South Africa, a reward of £1,000 having been offered for his apprehension as principal in a great London bank robbery.

"But I never thought I should be the means of helping you two gents to your lost property," said Mr. Smith, with his customary, placid smile, as, after the wearisome journey, we alighted in front of the Digger's Retreat at Wellington, with dust-berigmed faces and stiffened limbs, four days later.

And, to his credit be it said, the detective would not accept a penny of recompense from either of us.

"The excitement of the little scam-mage was enough," he said, as he shook hands at parting.

An Ant's Brain.

Well may Darwin speak of the brain of an ant as one of the most wonderful particles of matter in the world. We are apt to think that it is impossible for so minute a piece of matter to possess the necessary complexity for the discharge of such elaborate functions. The microscope will doubtless show some details in the ant's brain, but these fall hopelessly short of revealing the refinement which the ant's brain must really have. The microscope is not adequate to show us the texture of matter. It has been one of the greatest discoveries of modern times to enable us to form some numerical estimate of the exquisite delicacy of the fabric which we know is inert matter. Water, or air, or iron may be divided and subdivided, but the process cannot be carried on indefinitely. There is a well defined limit. We are even able to make some approximation to the number of molecules in a given mass of matter. Sir W. Thompson has estimated that the number of atoms in a cubic inch of air is to be expressed by the figure 3, followed by no less than twenty ciphers. The brain of the ant doubtless contains more atoms than an equal volume of air; but even if we suppose them to be the same, and if we take the size of an ant's brain to be a little globe one thousandth of an inch in diameter, we are able to form some estimate of the number of atoms it must contain. The number is to be expressed by writing down 6, and following it by eleven ciphers. We can imagine these atoms grouped in so many various ways that even the complexity of the ant's brain may be intelligible when we have so many units to deal with. An illustration will perhaps make the argument clearer. Take a million and a half of little black marks, put them in a certain order, and we have a wondrous result—Darwin's "Descent of Man." This book consists of about 1,500,000 letters, placed one after the other in a certain order. Whatever be the complexity of the ant's brain, it is still hard to believe that it could not be fully described in 400,000 volumes, each as large as Darwin's work. Yet the number of molecules in an ant's brain is at least 400,000 times as great as the number of letters in the memorable volume in question.

When coal-gas escapes from pipes in a house its presence in the air is quickly detected by its peculiar odor, but when the leak is underground and the gas filters into basement and cellars through the soil all odor may be lost. The air of closed houses may thus become dangerously charged with this product while the fact remains unsuspected by the inmates of the dwellings. Such cases have occurred, and Prof. Pettendof, in a recent popular lecture at Berlin, expressed the belief that they may be much more frequent than is generally supposed. Coal gas owes its poisonous property to carbonic oxide, which forms ten per cent of its composition. Grube has shown that air containing five parts of carbonic oxide in ten thousand may be breathed for days without injury to health, while a proportion of seven or eight parts in ten thousand causes appreciable discomfort, a proportion of twenty parts in ten thousand produces difficulty of breathing, weakness and uncertainty of gait; and twice that proportion leads to stupefaction, floundering by extreme and fatal effects as the carbonic oxide increases. On the occurrence of symptoms of gas poisoning—such as headache—Prof. Pettenkofer recommends the opening of windows, and if the symptoms reappear on closing the windows he thinks that an escape of gas near the house may well be suspected.

Water Witches are highly regarded in the far West. One man in particular has the reputation in Colorado, of being a trust worthy diviner, and he is always in request. By trade he is a well digger, but to this commonplace occupation he has added the profession of water finder. And he is not exclusively employed by silly people, but by practical men of business. Thus he is designating for a railroad company all the wells along the new line which they are constructing. The instrument of divination is a forked twig, by preference a mulberry.

The Chinaman in New York rarely uses their real names in business. Wade Lee means "united profit," Yee Lee, "easy profit," and so on. They carry on their correspondence at home in their assumed names, and thus produce an impression of business prosperity far beyond the possibilities of a side-street laundry.

An Albany firm have utilized tin scraps. They make wrought plate dovetails for stove legs, and utilize from six to eight tons of scraps every month for this purpose. The articles made are small pieces of tin of peculiar shape which are used by stove members to make a perfect detail on stove bottoms.