

EXCELSIOR M'FG CO.



# Great Closing Out Sale

## 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 COATS

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

## TAKE NOTICE,

Every \$1.00 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.

One beautiful Brussels covered Walnut Frame Loung.

## KEYSTONE CLOTHING HOUSE,

Sign 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,            |
| LARGE RIPE CRANBERRIES,                        | PRUNELLES, IMPERIAL FIGS,  |
| BRIGHT-NEW LEMONS,                             | FLORIDA ORANGES,           |
| Princess Paper-Shell Almonds,                  | Evaporated DRIED 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.

1-4f 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.

REYNOLDS BROS., 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.

### His Christmas Kiss.

Close to the hearth hung two little socks,  
Of two chubby boys, with curly brown locks,  
Who had just crept into their beds.  
They rolled and tossed and prattled like boys,  
Of tops and sleds and childish toys,  
And then they covered their heads.

One hastened on to the City of Noed,  
Where Father Time, with his magical rod,  
Sits on his kingly throne.  
The other one waited, with wide-open eyes,  
Then slipped out of bed in glad surprise,  
To find he was all alone.

Two little bare feet marched over the floor,  
And their owner glanced at the open door,  
Then a tiny sock pinned to the wall.  
'Tis one's for mamma—the clock struck eleven—  
'And give her this kiss; you'll find her in heaven,  
No matter how late you call.'

If old St. Peter would tell all he knew  
He would say that an angel his gates passed through,  
And left a heaven of bliss.  
To go to that room, that chubby-faced child,  
And look in his eyes, so tender and mild,  
And she took for herself that kiss.

### THE TRUE FRIEND LOST.

I had been foolish and weak, but not wicked, in my innocent coquetry with Lewing Lake. I say innocent because I had imagined it sport to him as well as to myself. He had the reputation of being not only the handsomest man in his regiment, but the greatest flirt, and I laughed when he had been presented to me, and said to myself, "It should in this case be diamond cut diamond."

Somehow my eyes had fallen under his first admiring glance; but I fortified myself with the thought: "So he always looks. It is the first move in his attack."

I met glance with glance, smile with smile, and pretty speech with saucy retort, or sentimental repartee, according as one or the other could be delivered with more telling effect.

"Are you sincere?" he questioned, one evening. "Answer me frankly. If you are not, tell me so now."

"In other words, I answered," "throw down my weapon, acknowledge my unarmed condition, and smilingly invite you to advance to victory."

"No," he said. "At your hand I prefer defeat. You acknowledge, however, that you hold weapons—in other words, that you wear a mask."

"No," I replied, "I wear no mask. I carry no weapon. Be merciful, Colonel Lake."

He grew pale, and opened his lips as if to speak, then hastily rising, and making a brief adieu, he left me.

For the first time I was a little frightened, a little in doubt as to its being wholly a matter of amusement to him—a little dubious as to how Roger would regard my conduct in the matter, for Roger played a very important part in my life, even then, since—though 500 miles away—he had my promise that on his return I would become his wife, and I determined on the Colonel's next visit I would turn the conversation into other channels.

But I had no opportunity to carry my good intentions into effect. The first fact when he entered the room next evening where I sat alone, was to cross directly in front of me, then stoop and take both my hands in his.

"You asked me last night to be merciful," he began. "God help you if you do not mean those words. They have been ringing in my ears ever since. Child, do you know—do you dream—how I love you? You have raised in me the first passion of my life, though I am to-day thirty-three years of age. What a little, frail thing you are, and yet you hold in these little hands a strong man's destiny. Speak to me, love! Tell me that my wife is before me?"

In that moment my coquetry took wings and fled away, and in its stead came a dull realization of what I had done.

I strove to draw my hands from his. As well might I have tried to dislodge a stone imbedded for centuries in the mountain side. My self-possession forsook me. In my fright I blundered out the worst possible thing I could have said.

"I cannot do that. I cannot be the wife of two men! I thought you knew I was engaged."

A look of steely, icy contempt flashed into his eyes. He wrung my fingers an instant until I cried out with pain, then threw them from me and folded his arms across his breast.

"You dare tell me this," he said in low, concentrated tones. "Answer me one question. What mean, pitiful motive has made you do this thing?"

"I did not know you were in earnest," I replied, remembering as I spoke how hard I had tried to make him think so—though never in my innermost thoughts to this extent—as the great Father is my judge, to blast his future, or to bring about his mouth the white lines of agony now drawn there.

"I thought a moment ago," he answered then, very slowly, "that in my life I had no other prayer to make to heaven. I make it now, and that is that I may live to see you suffer through your love as you have dealt suffering to me through life."

His words seemed like a curse. They filled the room, and oppressed my very

soul with a nameless dread and haunting prescience of the future.

Shivering, I buried my face in my hands. When I lifted it I was alone. Colonel Lake had left me.

"When Roger comes home I will tell him about it," I whispered to myself.

But somehow, when three months later Roger came home I had so much else to think of in the busy preparations for my marriage, and my sky was so blue that I could not bear to risk upon it a single cloud.

The Colonel's words were idle now. As though any misery could grow out of the deep heart-love Roger and I felt for each other. How small, how unworthy of him and of myself had been my idle coquetry of the past. Never mind, I had all my future to atone.

Then came my wedding day, when the outer world gave me its smiling benison, in bright sunshine and balmy breezes.

I was Roger's now—his very own—and could have defied the universe in my exquisite happiness.

Six months later my husband entered our little sitting room, one morning, bearing in his hand a letter stamped with an official seal.

"Be," he said—my name was Beatrice, but I was too dignified for its possession, and so they shortened it to Be—and his voice trembled a little—"it is very soon, darling, to remind you that you are a soldier's wife; but I am ordered to report at once at Fort D—, under Colonel Lake's command. They anticipate trouble with the Indians. God knows how I hate to leave you, my precious little wife, but there is no alternative. I must start within twenty-four hours."

"Leave me?" I cried, starting to my feet and throwing myself sobbing upon his breast. "You shall not leave me! Take me with you or you will break my heart."

"Child, it would be madness for you to undertake the hardships of frontier life. I cannot consent."

But I pleaded so pitifully that at last he reluctantly yet gladly promised we should start on the evening of the next day.

When I had time to think it over I remembered he said the post was under Colonel Lake's command. I shuddered. He it was, doubtless, whose influence had ordered my husband from my side since he had not dreamed of my accompanying him. Or what further evil might he not work him? Was it not my duty to tell Roger all, and warn him? My courage failed me—I would wait and watch. At least he could only strike at him through me.

Our journey lasted three weeks; I was worn and exhausted at its close. The Colonel himself met our ambulance on its arrival.

"You have brought your wife?" I heard him say in amazed tones, in answer to some remarks of Roger's, after the first greeting. We will do all we can to make her comfortable, but it is very little. Besides—"

He added something in a voice so low that I failed to catch it.

A moment later I caught sight of his face, as Roger lifted me down in his arms. I almost cried out in my surprise. His hair, which had been black as a raven's wing, one short year ago, was almost white. He looked fully fifty years of age. The sight caused my fear and resentment to vanish, and I held out my hand.

"Won't you welcome me, Colonel?" I asked.

He bowed, without seeming to notice my outstretched hand, murmured some courteous words of greeting, and then turned away to give a command to an orderly standing near.

I saw very little of him in the weeks that followed. They were weeks of excitement, for the Indians were constantly molesting us, and fears were entertained that they meditated an attack. Indeed, they expected one on the night of our arrival, and this is what the Colonel had confided to my husband.

Still, in spite of all, I was glad to be here. Away from Roger I should have sickened of suspense. Now I was by his side to meet and know the worst.

"Why are not you and Lake better friends?" he said to me one day. "I can't understand it."

Nor could I explain, now that I had kept silent so long; besides, the distrust was wearing away. Although distant and reserved, quietly repulsing all my advances, I felt that Colonel Lake would work Roger no wrong.

Until one morning my sophistries fled. The Indians had made a sortie. No one knew their numbers or their strength. It was necessary to send on an advance guard from our little garrison, though each man who went well knew that he might never return.

At 11 o'clock my husband, to my amazement, entered my room in full uniform.

"Good-bye, little Be!" he said. "Pray for my safe return, dear. I am ordered to command the advance."

"You shall not go!" I cried wildly.

"It is his revenge! Fool that I have been to have trusted him!"

"My darling, calm yourself. What do you mean?"

"Wait here a moment," I exclaimed, leaving him transfixed with astonishment, I flew across to the Colonel's room.

He was buckling on his sword as I entered.

"You have done this thing," I began; "you have seen how happy I am, and you must convert it into agony. Re-scind your orders—leave me to my husband! I throw myself at your feet, at your mercy!"

"I would have spared him if I could. He is the only officer at the post capable of just this attack. I accompany him, Mrs. Lee. The danger is divided, and equal for both."

"Go, if it must be, to your death!" I answered, cruelly. "You have no right to drag my husband with you. He shall not go!"

Words were useless, though I fancied, as he turned away, I saw a tear glimmering in his eye.

Still I pleaded, clinging to Roger's neck, when he crossed in search of me.

At last they tore him from my senseless form, and when I recovered consciousness they were far beyond the reach of my entreaties, but not my prayers sent to a higher throne.

"Punish him, oh God!" I cried, in my agony, "but spare my husband and bring him back to me. He said I should suffer. Ah, what was his suffering to this intolerable torture and suspense?"

The day wore slowly on. At nightfall, when my brain was bursting, we heard the note of a distant bugle. Some, at least, of the little band had returned.

Like a white statue I went forth to meet them. They came slowly, bringing with them some shrouded forms. Among the latter I knew that I should find my husband, even as finding him, I knew I should go mad.

But no! Leading the van he came sitting on his horse, though in his eyes there smiled no welcome, and on his face was a ghastly palor; but I was not a widowed wife.

I threw myself on the neck of the horse; I kissed his mane, his forehead, I clung to Roger in my wild joy at seeing him again.

"You are alive—you are alive," I said over and over.

"Yes," he answered, "but at what a cost! A man to-day has given up his life for me."

He sprang from his horse then, and led me to the litter in the rear. The white, dead face of Colonel Lake looked up at us both.

"We have killed him, Be—you and I," my husband said. "He was the noblest man that ever lived."

And then he told me all the story. He had ridden on a little in advance of the command, when he suddenly had been surrounded by the foe. Fight desperately as he would, he would soon have been overpowered, but the Colonel had seen his danger.

Spurring his horse ahead of his men, he had flown to his rescue, charging down in the very midst of a shower of arrows.

"It was a deed worthy of a god," my husband continued. "Though we were both unhurt, almost miraculously so. We were beating a retreat to our command, when one of the wily savages launched his tomahawk at my breast. The Colonel saw it glittering in the air, and throwing himself before me caught the blow. The next minute we were in safety, but safety gained too late. 'Don't regret it,' he said, pressing my hand: 'Tell her I did it for her sake. I loved her Roger, my boy. I have not cared much for living since; and now—now that I have spared her the suffering I would once have wished her—I am glad to die. Ask her to forgive me those rash words—I never meant them—and let her future happiness buy my atonement.'"

I have been Roger's wife many happy years now. He was too noble to reproach me, though I told him all; but though my happiness mingles ever my heart's self-reproach, and the wonder if, at the judgment bar of God Cain's brand, will not be upon my brow.

From a large number of experiments with the antennae of insects, Mr. C. J. A. Porter is led to conclude (1) that the antennae are not the organ of any one or of any combination of what we call the five senses—hearing, seeing, smell, ing, touching and tasting; (2) that the power of direction does not lie in the antennae, and (3) that the antennae are the organ of some sense not possessed by us.

In Denmark farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their farms; and in France a man who permits weeds to go to seed that may endanger the land of his neighbor can be prosecuted.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT.

### Scientific.

A London steam boiler company lights up the interior of boilers in such a way that the little cascades, currents, and whirlpools in the water in the course of steam formation may be all observed.

During the night of Nov. 17 the snow in the valley of Storeldal, in Central Norway, between 61 and 62 degrees north latitude, was covered with a layer of black and gray dust of probable volcanic origin.

The *Building News*, speaking of the results of the researches of Schlemann, says that the Greek story of Iliad accords with the discoveries at Hissarlik, and the conclusion is inevitable that the Homeric Troy could have been on no other site.

Dr. C. H. Yelvington asserts that the copperhead never bites when coiled up, but will throw the middle of his body into long, almost rectangular, curves, and with his head and snout or so of the neck slightly elevated above the ground is ready to defend himself.

As an inducement to the greater utilization of buttermilk in bread making, it is stated that it contains four to five per cent. of milk sugar and one-half per cent. of mineral salts, and that after settling for cheese making it also contains one per cent. of nitrogenous matter and nearly as much of butter fat.

At the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences it was stated that a person who for the past two years has been experimenting near Nice with sulpho-carbonates and sulphur, as a remedy against the phylloxera, states that in five hectares of infected vines it is no longer possible to find any phylloxera.

In an article on the protection of iron from rust *Van Nostrand's Magazine* says that iron to be buried in damp earth may be coated with a mixture of 160 parts of resin, (colophony,) 25 parts of gutta percha, and 50 parts of paraffine, to which 20 parts of magnesia and some mineral oil have been added.

M. Benard, of the Royal Academy of Brussels, has made a minute examination of the ashes of the great eruption of Krakatoe, which fell at Batavia on the 27th of last August. They consist for the most part of glassy particles. The rock which had been blown into this volcanic dust contained a very large proportion of silica.

A writer of mathematical bent, says the *Scientific American*, finds from the census returns that there are about 17,000 dentists in the United States, who, he estimates, pack into the teeth of the American people a ton of pure gold annually. Continuing his speculations, he predicts that in the twenty-first century all the gold will be buried in the graveyards.

From the observations taken at Colon by the engineers engaged on the Panama Inter-oceanic Canal, M. de Lesseps finds, according to his paper read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, on Nov. 26, that the great earthquake wave caused by the recent disturbances at Java would appear to have made its way across the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, round the cape of Good Hope, to the east coast of Central America in about 30 hours.

"Science," says the editor of the *American Naturalist*, "is becoming widely popularized in the present generation, and the fruits will be seen in the next. But in a country like ours, the Government alone need not undertake the task of creating a body of scientists; that work should be done by the people and for the people. The time is coming when our people will be less materialistic, and when those who are well off already will cease trying to accumulate more wealth, but turn their attention to 'rolling up' the intellectual and scientific capital of our domain."

"If," says W. Mattieu Williams, "I were living in the midst of London, Birmingham, Manchester, or any other large city, I would recklessly disfigure my premises by removing a pane of glass from the window of every room, or knocking a hole through the outer wall, and placing in the opening there created a frame of serim gauze, with a glass door for closing, or partially closing, it in extremely cold weather, and I believe that all the innkeepers would thereby escape some of the special ills to which residents in large towns are liable.

To make plastic carbons for batteries the following receipt is recommended by M. Max Niteche-Niesky: Good coke is ground and mixed with coal tar to a stiff dough and pressed into molds made of iron and brass. After drying for a few days in a closed place it is heated in a furnace, where it is protected from the direct flames and burned feebly at first, then strongly, the fire being gradually raised to a white heat, which is maintained for six or eight hours. The fire is then permitted to slowly go down, and when perfectly cold the carbon taken out of the furnace.