

EXCELSIOR M'FG 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 \$5.50 UPWARDS, BOYS AND YOUTH'S SUITS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY. CHILDREN'S CLOTHING WAY DOWN.

OVERCOATS

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 Lounge.

KEYSTONE CLOTHING HOUSE,

Sign Red Flag.

Belleville, Pa.

SECHLER & CO., Grocers, Bush House Block, Belleville, 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, SELECT OYSTERS, LARGE RIPE CRANBERRIES, BRIGHT NEW LEMONS, Princess Paper-Shell Almonds, PRESERVED PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS and PRUNELLES. PLAIN CANDIES, FINE CONFECTIONERY, Extra Large FRENCH PRUNES, SWEET POTATOES, PRUNELLES, IMPERIAL FIGS, FLORIDA ORANGES, Evaporated DRIED PEACHES, A FULL LINE OF CHOICE CANNED FRUITS.

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.

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.

DOEL & MINGLE,

Belleville, Pa.

Coming.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crow, or in the morning."

It may be in the evening, When the sun is bright and strong, And you have time to sit in the twilight, And watch the sinking sun, While the long, bright day dies slowly Over the sea.

It may be at the midnight, In heavy upon the land, And the black waves lying dumbly Along the sand; When those thronging footsteps, May come the sound of my feet: Th-refore I tell you—Watch By the light of the evening star, When the room is growing dusky, As the clock rings:

It may be at the cock-crow, When the night is dying slowly In the sky, And the stars look calm and holy, Waiting for the dawn Of the golden sun, Which draws with glittering hoody Bods—the bed;

It may be in the morning, When the sun is bright and strong, And the dew is glittering sharply Over the little lawn, When the waves are laughing loudly Along the shore, And the birds are singing sweetly About the door;

BOBON.

Jacques Perrot, who was born and brought up in this city of Bordeaux, France, bought him a dog, and married him a wife, in the reign of the Sixteenth Louis. His dog was a large, brown, shaggy creature, which many called ugly; but nobody ever applied that epithet to Perrot's wife, who was young, sylph-like, pretty and fascinating. Jacques loved two creatures—so he said, at least—his dog and his wife. We mention the dog first, because he always did, and was one of his two loves which he first procured.

Now, though Jacques loved both dog and wife, and the dog seemed to love both master and mistress, the wife, for some reason, did not love both husband and dog, but disliked the latter exceedingly—perhaps because she fancied he divided affections that should have been all her own.

"Jacques," she would frequently say to him, "now do sell that ugly brute, if you can find anybody fool enough to buy him—or, if not, give him away. He is only in the way here, and eats as much as you or I."

"Now, my dear Jeanette," Jacques would reply, "you'd be one of the sweetest and most reasonable little beauties in the world, if you'd only appreciate poor Bobon, who's a dog that knows as much as either of us."

"Speak for yourself, Master Jacques, and not for me! It's no great compliment to the dog to say he knows as much as you. But if he knows ten times as much, of what use would he be to us? For he takes all out and, brings nothing in."

"But I like company, Jeanette." "Well, haven't you met?" "Yes—but you can't follow me all about the city as Bobon does."

"I wish I could, and make a nightly report for your benefit." "Yes, but I don't want any report, and so prefer the dog, who's always discreet and keeps a civil tongue. And then Jeanette, you know he guards the house at night!"

"Guards fiddlesticks, Jacques! Why we've nothing for anybody to steal!" "But the thieves don't know that, my dear, you see. And then, if some of the rascals should happen to hear you talking so sweetly to me, who knows but they'd carry you off, and leave me to break my heart in solitude! You see I got Bobon for some purpose—I don't exactly know what—but I'll turn up some day as sure as I'm a prophet."

"Pshaw! you're a fool, Jacques!" "I know it, but I can't help it, any more than you can help being so sweet and pretty."

"Well, there, Jacques," Jeanette would generally wind up, with a kiss, "you are a dear, good soul, so you are; and if you'd only promise to love me best, you may keep Bobon as long as you like."

This kind of colloquy generally took place as often as once, sometimes twice a week—Jeanette beginning with a firm determination to get rid of the dog, and ending with permission for him to remain as long as he and his master might think proper.

The subject of this family bickering was a very sagacious animal, who behaved himself as all gentlemanly dogs should. His master did not stretch the

truth a great deal when he said Bobon knew as much as himself or wife—for the dog was a remarkable dog, and would seem to comprehend many things like a rational human being. For instance, during the wrangle about himself, he would steal sorrowfully away under the bed or under the table, and there, with his large, bright, noble-looking brown eyes fixed earnestly upon the contending parties, would seem to listen anxiously for the conclusion; and then, if favorable to himself, as it generally was, he would come forth wagging his tail, and look up cheerfully, almost humanly, into the faces of both.

Time rolled on. France became as a troubled ocean, and a perfect tornado of human passion swept madly over the ship of state. The good but vacillating king master was put under hatches, and a monstrous and bloody insanity took the helm, and ran the old, leaky and crime-laden vessel upon the breakers of faction, where she speedily became a wreck, and engulfed hundreds of thousands of human beings who had embarked in her for the voyage of life.

Speaking without figure, the bloody epoch known as the reign of terror had begun in France, and thousands of all classes and ages were being daily dragged to prison and dungeons, to be thence conveyed to reeking guillotine and sinking hulks, or to some open or fendish massacre.

But so far, Jacques and Jeanette, though often horrified at what they saw and heard, remained unmolested; and Bobon still kept them company; and at last, even Jeanette went so far as to say she was glad the noble brute was with them, and that she would not part with him for any money.

Jacques Perrot was a smith by trade—which was a good business in those days when fetters, chains, bolts, swords, axes, knives and firearms were in constant requisition—and believing himself as safe at the forge as elsewhere, he kept steadily at work from day to day, minding his own business, giving every body a civil word, and venturing no opinion on any subject. Bobon regularly accompanied him too and fro from his work; and as Jacques was rather systematic and precise on certain points, Jeanette might look at a certain minute for them coming up the street to their meals.

One day, as the supper hour drew near, Jeanette glanced at the clock, and then quickened all her motions, for she was a little behind time with the meal, and as Jacques was always so punctual, she prided herself on always being ready for him at the minute.

At length the vizards stood smoking on the table; and looking up again at the clock, Jeanette was surprised to perceive the minute-hand had passed the hour without Jacques being present.

"What can detain him?" she murmured, with a strange dread of evil creeping over her, as she hurried to the door and looked anxiously down the street. "Not to be seen, either," she continued with nervous anxiety; "what can it mean? Mon Dieu! if they should have taken him away to prison!" and Jeanette clasped her hands upon her heart and staggered back into the house.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed away, and yet no Jacques. This suspense was not to be borne; better the reality, however fearful; something terrible must have happened, and throwing a light shawl over her head, Jeanette flew to the smithery. The doors were open—the fires were burning—but no Jacques was there. She made hurried and anxious inquiries of the passers by; but they scarcely heeded her, for that was not a judicious time for anything, about matters of state or individuals, who mysteriously disappeared.

At length the distress of Jeanette attracted the attention of an old woman in the vicinity, who, after some questioning, informed her that the smith had been marched off between two rough looking men, who might be officers of the Revolutionary Commission.

"Oh, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! my poor, dear Jacques!" cried the half-frantic wife, wringing her hands. "As I feared, he has been taken to prison, and I will follow him and die with him."

But it was not so easy for the unhappy Jeanette to follow the missing Jacques, simply because she knew not where to go; and no one, not even the old woman could tell her wither he had been taken. So she went home in great distress to wait for another day or some tidings of him; but she had scarcely entered the house when she heard Bobon scratching and whining at the door. The moment she admitted him he flew to his master's vacant seat at the table, put his fore paws upon it, looked up sorrowfully in her face and gave utterance to a low, mournful cry.

"Where is your master, Bobon?" said Jeanette, in tears.

The dog jumped down, with a slight bark, and ran to the door.

It then occurred to Jeanette to let him out and follow him. This she did, and he led her to the massive gate of the main prison of Bordeaux. Trembling she knocked at the gate and of

the porter who opened the wicket she inquired if Jacques Perrot was confined within. The man gruffly replied that he didn't know, and he didn't care to know, and advised the fair questioner to go about her business.

Thus repulsed, poor Jeanette sat down by the gate and cried for an hour, the noble dog standing beside her all the while, and looked the sorrow which he had no language to express. When at last Jeanette got up and went home with a heavy heart, the intelligent animal accompanied her to the door, and then bounded away to take his post at the prison gate, and watch for an opportunity to get in to his master.

Jeanette passed a sleepless night, praying for the deliverance of him she loved. The next morning at daylight she again repaired to the prison, but Bobon was not to be seen. She made further inquiries for her husband, and learned that he was imprisoned within, but could not be communicated with till after the trial, which would take place whenever the authorities would see proper. What the charges were against him her informant either did not know or would not tell. Poor Jeanette after this remained most of the day at the gate of the prison, but heard nothing more concerning her husband, and saw nothing more of Bobon.

The evening following the dog returned to her and acted very strangely. He barked and whined, rubbed his head against her knee, looked wistfully and keenly into her face, and occasionally put up a paw to his neck as if to remove the collar. Whenever Jeanette would open the door as before for him to conduct her to his master, he would catch hold of her dress with his teeth and run back and howl plaintively, and then go through with all his strange motions again. Did he want to communicate something, poor fellow?

At last it occurred to Jeanette that his collar might hurt him, and she proceeded to remove it. The dog stood perfectly still until she had accomplished her purpose, and then joyously whined, wagged his tail, and skipped out playfully. But there appeared to be something wrong about the collar; and Jeanette would have buckled it on again, only that, whenever she attempted it, the poor brute would crouch down and howl so mournfully as to cause her to desist.

Suddenly, in turning the collar over in her hand, Jeanette, to her great surprise and delight, espied a few words scratched along the centre, as it might be with a sharp stone or nail. With a palpitating heart she immediately set to work to decipher them, and soon, with such feelings as only one in her station might experience, made them out as follows:

"Fashion a bit of pencil and paper to the collar, and let Bobon come back to Jacques."

Trembling Jeanette set to work to comply with the request of her poor, dear, imprisoned husband, and as soon as this was accomplished, the dog patiently permitted her to buckle on the collar, and rushed with a bark and a bound through the door opened for his exit.

That night and the next day passed slowly away, without the anxious wife hearing anything more from her husband; but the night ensuing the dog came back; and on removing his collar, she found, penciled on the paper she had sent, the following hopeful note:

"I am confined in an upper cell. The grated window is towards the east. Between the prison and an open space beyond is a high wall. There's a fine saw down at the shop, among my best tools, made from the main-spring of a watch. Send me that coiled in the collar of Bobon. I always told you I bought that dog for something, and now I know for what. I think I can cut the bars and lower myself into the yard. The second night from this, at 2 o'clock precisely, throw one end of a rope over the wall, and fasten the other, so that I can draw myself up, if I happen to get out—and, with the saint's blessing, I may. I don't know what I'm charged with, and I don't believe anybody does; but this place has a guillotine feel about it, and I'd rather be off with you and Bobon. I'm not very closely watched. Don't fail me, and soon I hope your arms will clasp your poor Jacques."

It is needless to follow out the result in detail. The saw was found and secreted in the collar of Bobon, who, true to an instinct amounting to reason, flew back to the prison, and awaited his chance of dodging in at the first gate. Terribly excited were the hours passed by Jeanette, till the time came for her to act, and to be made happy with success, or rendered wretched by failure.

At 1 o'clock of the eventful night which was to witness her happiness or misery, the trembling and half-fainting wife took her station in the deep shade of the eastern wall of the prison, with a rope coiled in one hand and Bobon, who had joined her a few hours before, now standing quietly and patiently by

her side. Oh! how her poor heart beat! and how every sound made the blood leap and her nerves thrill!

At last the great clock of a neighboring cathedral struck heavily and solemnly the hour of 2. No longer trembling, but nursing herself for the great purpose she had in view, Jeanette quickly poised the coil in her hand; and, holding firmly to one end of it with her left, sent it upward, with a sincere prayer, into the air, and heard a faint, dull sound as it struck on the other side.

Was he there? Somebody was—for in less than a minute she felt a slight pull upon the rope. Quickly fastening her end around her body, she grasped it with both hands, and thus held against the heavier strain that followed. Harder and heavier became the strain upon the rope; but, throwing herself against the walls she still held firmly, till she felt the cord suddenly loosen; and then, looking upward, her heart leaped to her mouth as she beheld a dark figure upon the top of the wall. A minute later, Jacques stood safe beside her, having run down along the rope, which he had taken the precaution to fasten on the other side before making his ascent.

No word was now spoken—not a whisper—even the dog remained silent. Grasping the hand of Jeanette, Jacques stealthily, silently and hurriedly led her away, through one dark and narrow street after another, till he reached a place of safety. The next day a search was made for him, but he managed to keep himself secreted till after the Reign of Murder had ceased to be; and then he came forth from his hiding-place and made a boast of his own cunning, his wife's devotion, and his dog's sagacity.

Tricks of Smugglers.

"We do not examine many innocent people, although occasionally a mistake is made," said a New York custom-house officer to a World reporter. "I have had seven women examined this week, and every one of them had smuggled goods concealed on their person. A woman who was caught a week or so ago had \$9,000 worth of stuff about her. How did we come to suspect her? Why, you see, her movements were suspicious to say the least. She stepped on the gang plank with a large bundle in her hand and a heavy cloak over her arm. Half way down she was met by a woman to whom she handed the things. All this might, perhaps, have been done without attracting the attention of the officers had it not been for a certain nervousness displayed. She was requested to step into a room, and Mrs. F., the inspectress, was called in and asked to examine her."

"Yes," remarked that talented lady, "and you have no idea of the amount of goods I took from her. In the first place I found the lining of the cloak had been removed and between it and the outside were sewed row after row of the most exquisite lace. It was marked 129 Francs per yard. Next I found concealed in her ample bosom a lace shawl, several yards of lace, and some fancy trimming. She had basted on an undergarment more lace, but you should have seen her petticoat. It was a marvelous construction. Pieces of rich silk were folded into twice the proper length and passed over a heavy cord which encircled her waist. There were several pieces of silk put on in this fashion, the edges being tacked together, and more lace was sewed on this. She made a great fuss about being examined; said it was outrageous that her person should be so violated. Pretty smugglers always do this if they have anything on them."

"This making the goods into a skirt is a favorite way of disposing of them. Diamonds and different articles of jewelry are easiest to conceal. A woman and her nurse and child were sent in to me once. It was thought that their figures were too well rounded—and, indeed, the bodies of their dresses fell in somewhat looser folds after I had taken several watches, with chains, pins and bracelets, from each of them."

"Did you hear of that very funny case we had," asked one of the officers, "where the man had a lot of diamonds so cunningly hidden? I have forgotten just how it was we came to suspect him, but I imagine it was because the gentleman was so remarkably straight. At all events we had him searched and on his back, right next to the skin, and held on by a porous plaster, we found the stones. Another ingenious gentleman had diamonds sewn into his liver pad."

"Do you find women more clever at smuggling than men?" asked the reporter.

"Well, yes, I believe they are; but some of the men are pretty sharp. The favorite dodge with the women is to sew lace on their linen, or to roll it up in it. The linings of their cloaks is another hiding place. We found a woman the other day who had on no less than four wraps, with the edges so neatly sewed together that the imposition was by no means easy to detect. The French women are the smartest, I believe. Many of them make their living by getting goods through the custom house. They seem to know exactly what to do, and I am convinced they are instructed before leaving home."