

They Buried Her Under the Old Elm Tree.

Here's the party by the long deserted mill,
And the stream by the old bridge broken still,
And the golden willow boughs bending low,
To the green, sunny banks where the violets blow,
And the wild birds are singing the same sweet lay,
That charmed me to dreams of the dear old days
When Lora, my beautiful, sat with me
On the moss-green seat 'neath the old elm tree.

It was here with the bright blue sky above
I told her a tale of my heart's true love,
And ere the blossoms of summer died
She whispered the promise to be my bride,
And here fell the tears of our parting sore
Ah! little we dreamed we should meet no more
And that ere I came from the far blue sea
They would make her a grave 'neath the old elm tree.

Oh, cruel and false were the tales they told
That my vows were false, my old love cold,
That my faint heart held an other dear
Forgetting the vows that were whispered here,
Then her cheek grew pale with the crushed heart pain
And her beautiful lips never smiled again,
And she bitterly wept where none could see—
She wept for the past 'neath the old elm tree.

She died and they parted her sunny hair
On the old pale brown death bed left so fair
And they laid her to rest where the sweet young
flowers

Would watch by her side through the long sunny hours
Oh! Lora, dear Lora, my heart's true love,
Will we meet in the angel home above?
Earth holds not a treasure so dear to me
As thy lonely grave 'neath the old elm tree.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

It was nutting time.
A blooming band of peasant children
had gathered from far and near to have
a merry day amid the nut trees and
hedges.

I say children—but girls of 15 and
lads of 18 and 20 were scattered through
the chattering group.

The nut harvest was a joyful time to
them.

The young are always attractive in a
certain way. The undimmed brightness
of the eye—the satiny smoothness of
complexion—the happy smiles hovering
around the rosy lips—each has a
beauty to itself; but add to the youthful
face the charm of perfectly chisled
features, and of lustrous brown eyes,
looking out upon the world with an in-
nocent wonder at the changing scenes
of loveliness so constantly unfolding
themselves before them—frame it in a
mass of shining, wavy gold of nature's
own crimping—and poise it upon a form
so lithe and slender in its exquisite
grace that Praxiteles might have chosen
it for his model—and you can form an
idea of Rika Bremer—the acknowl-
edged beauty of the whole surrounding
county.

And there was a romantic story about
her going the rounds.

It was said that no less a personage
than Prince Eric, the son of the great
and good Gustavus, had been standing
one morning by one of the palace win-
dows to witness a rustic procession,
which had been gotten up in honor of
some important victory recently won
by his famous father; and as he stood
gazing listlessly out, his eyes brightened
suddenly, and he turned to an attendant
and whispered a few words which
caused him to hasten away. When he
returned he was not alone—Rika was
with him.

Prince Eric's beauty-loving eyes had
been attracted by her, as she stood amid
a group of other maidens, looking at the
gaily dressed columns of her country-
men filing by.

She, too, was in holiday attire; and
the black velvet jacket, fitting closely
to her slender figure, and adorned with
silver-gilt buttons, brought out so vividly
the exquisite fairness of her skin,
with its rose-leaf tints of red upon lips
and cheeks, that she looked like a be-
ing of different sphere as she stood
among her mates.

Confused and blushing she now await-
ed the prince's pleasure. She dared
not raise her eyes to his face.

Had she done so she would have been
overpowered by the earnestness of the
gaze with which he regarded her.

From the moment his eyes rested
upon Rika's face the world held but one
peerless woman to him.

It mattered not that his younger
brother, Duke John, was even then in
another kingdom, wooing for him a
royal bride, upon whose brow rested a
diadem, whose splendor far exceeded
the one which he was to inherit upon
the death of his father.

No. In that moment Elizabeth of
England was forgotten. The peasant
maid who stood before him had become
the queen of his fancy.

"Thy name, little one?" he asked.
Rika raised her eyes to the handsome,
earnest face, but dropped them timidly
as she met his glance.

"I am Fredrika—the forester's daugh-
ter—your majesty."

Nay, not yet crave I for that title,
maiden. Young blood must have its
vent, and I am glad to know that the
cares of government are not soon likely
to rest upon my shoulders, broad
though they may be."

With a smile he glanced at his stal-
wart frame, which was acknowledged to
be one of the finest specimens of phys-
ical comeliness in the country, as was
his face called the handsomest of any
princeps in Europe.

Rika courted respect, but did
not reply.

If the gracious prince chose thus to
address as an equal one of the humblest
of his father's subjects, she knew well
her position, and was to the full as proud
of her unswerving innocence and integri-
ty as the haughtiest maiden in the land.
Her shy modesty added to her beauty
in Eric's eyes.

"Where livest thou, Frederika?" he
asked, softly; "for I would well like to
send thy father a commission to fell
some trees which much interfere with
the comfort of the king's hunting par-
ties in the forest."

This he said knowing intuitively that
it would startle Rika to give her his
true reason and say that he intended to
start out himself in quest of fairer and
more precious game, which must be en-
snared in tenderer toils than those at
the command of the keenest sportsman
at his father's court.

After a few words more he suffered
Rika to go. But the sweet memory of
her presence went not with her. It
entered deep within his heart.

After this interview scarcely a week
passed that did not find Eric's steps
turned in the direction of the forester's
cottage.

A glass of milk from Rika's own
white hands was the draught preferred
by the royal hunter—although, out of
courtesy, he would sometimes accept a
mug of mead from the sturdy old
father.

Matters were in this state at the time
our story opens.

The nuts were gathered, and the
merry group had dispersed to their
homes, with the understanding that
they should meet again the next day
and go together to the palace and dis-
pose of their treasures.

The next morning found them on
their way, dressed in their best, as be-
came so eventful an occasion in their
usually monotonous lives; for royalty
had such a glamor to uninitiated eyes
that the mere sight of the walls which
shut it in is eagerly coveted.

It was a pretty sight to any one who
might have been stationed at the win-
dow, to see that blooming procession of
neatly dressed lads and lasses, as they
wended their way along with many a
merry laugh and jest, until at last they
halted in the great square before the
palace.

But to the watching eyes of the prince
—who had received a hint of the com-
ing of the nut-gatherers—there was but
one face worth looking at among the
throng.

"Come," he said to the courtiers who
were standing near, "let us go down to
the square in a body and make the
hearts of yon merry rustics even mer-
rier to-day by exchanging some coins
for the nuts they have with them."

A prince's suggestion never lacks for
listeners, nor for followers, and soon the
rich toilettes of the court people were
scattered about amidst the crowd in the
square.

Eric's steps were turned at once to-
wards Rika.

He soon possessed himself of her nuts;
and after paying for them lavishly in
golden coin, he took from an inner
pocket a locket and chain, which he
gave to her saying:

"Wear it for my sake. There is no
one who would look fairer in it. You
ought to be a queen, little Rika, and I
will yet make you one."

Before Rika had time to realize aught
but that his words had filled her heart
with a bewildering sense of happiness,
he had gone, his gift alone remaining to
prove she had not been dreaming.

But she soon came to her sober senses.
It was well known that King Gusta-
vus had been holding negotiations with
the maiden queen of England, to induce
her to bestow her jeweled hand upon
his elder son, and it had reached Rika's
ears.

"Such a thing had been known as a
maiden of low degree being wooed and
won by a royal suitor. The tale of Gise-
l's happiness, and of her woes as well,
was a favorite one among the folk stories
told around the humble hearths of the
peasantry; and if fate had ordained for
it to happen to her also, Rika would
have been as glad and proud a maiden
as ever the sun had shone on. But she
would listen to no words of love from
one whose hand was as good as given to
another.

This she thought as she walked slow-
ly homeward.

So the next day a little bare footed
boy—the child of a neighboring farmer
—was sent to the palace by Rika with
Prince Eric's gift, carefully tied up in a
piece of linen cloth, out from a corner
of a web, which she herself had woven
from flax raised from the seed, and pre-
pared by her own deft hands.

Could the unconscious trinket have
told Eric that Rika's bright eyes had
lingered lovingly and regretfully upon
it and that she had pressed it to her red
lips again and again, it might have
lessened his chagrin in receiving his
present back again.

As it was, it only kindled anew his
determination to win Rika for his own,
be the consequences what they might.
It should not be said of him that a low

peasant girl had given him, the crown
prince of Sweden, such a retort.

He threw a large cloak over his rich
court suit, and thus disguised he mount-
ed Olaf, his favorite hunter, and hastened
towards Rika's home.

Hot anger was contending with his
love for the rustic beauty as he rode
along.

But when at last he reached the bor-
ders of the cleared patch of land in the
forest which held the little cottage, had
dismounted from his horse and tied him
to a sapling, and found himself stand-
ing at the door awaiting his answer to
his rap, all was forgotten but the thought
that he was soon to gaze upon the beau-
tiful face which had haunted his fancy
so persistently since fate had first
brought it before him.

Rika opened the door and stood for
an instant in glad surprise, gazing up
into her lover's face in utter forgetful-
ness of the difference in their stations.

"Ah! little one, thy face for once
tells me all that I wish to know. Thou
lovest me! I see it in those eyes."

And before Rika had time to retreat
he caught her to his heart and imprinted
passionate kisses upon her trembling
lips.

She drew herself from his encircling
arms and stood panting like a frighten-
ed fawn.

Then she threw herself at his feet,
and clasping her hands extreamly,
she said:

"Oh, most noble prince, let it not be
put against thy record that innocence
and virtue received no respect at the
hands! Go, I entreat you! Should my
father return and find thee here he
would surely first kill me and then kill
himself, in shame and despair! Oh, go!"

"I mean thee no harm, Rika, I love
thee; and when one loves, he hurts not
the object of that love. To win thee I
will give up my heirship to the crown
to my brother John; and while he
wears the diadem upon his brow I will
content myself with love and happiness
with thee."

"Not so, noble Eric," said Rika, firmly;
"if thou wouldst make such a sacri-
fice, I, for one, will not be a party to it.
After such a marriage—entailing as it
would, so much loss—love would prove
but a transient guest within our home.
Reproaches would drive the fickle god
away."

"Tell me the truth, Rika," inter-
rupted Eric, with passionate earnest-
ness; do you love me?"

"So well that I would rather die than
know that harm would come to one so
noble through any influence of mine."

"And yet you refuse to make me
happy?"

"I refuse to work your ruin, noble
prince. The present is not all of life.
But see—the sunlight has already
reached the middle point of your day!
In ten more minutes my father will be
here. If thou wouldst shield me from
harm, go."

"I will obey now; but I will not prom-
ise to give up the hope which lured me
hither. Farewell for a time, most ob-
durate maiden."

Then, with a long, lingering, regretful
look, the prince turned and departed.
Days and weeks passed on.

At last came a time which was to
plunge the nation into mourning. The
good and great Gustavus was stricken
with a mortal illness.

He died, and was laid beside his king-
ly progenitors, and Eric was the reign-
ing sovereign in Sweden.

Young, impulsive and his own master,
with his heart filled with but one image,
it is to be wondered at that he suffered
no obstacle to delay his union with the
maiden of his love, after the days of his
mourning were fully accomplished, and
that the pretty nut girl of Sweden be-
came its crowned queen?

Search the annals of history, and you
will find the romantic story of the
marriage on record, adding still another
folk-tale to those the country maidens
tell over to each other at that witching
time between daylight and starlight,
when all nature is going to rest and
young hearts attuned to sympathy with
all true lovers.

In Sunday School.

"What's that?" asked a little boy of
his teacher, pointing to a picture of
Gabriel.

"That is an angel."

"What's he got in his hands?"

"Why, that's a trumpet."

"What's them things stickin' out of
his shoulders?"

"Why, those are wings."

"Well, if I could afford to wear
such nice wings I wouldn't go 'round
blowin' such an awful lookin' trumpet
as that. I'd trade it off for a cornet."

"Did you give Johnny the medicine
madam?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes,
doctor," replied the loving mother,
and then she added innocently, "and
it don't seem to have done him the
least harm."

An Old Pocketbook.

WONDERFUL CHANGES SINCE 1809 AS
SEEN IN AN ANCIENT RELIC.

Jacob Miley, of the firm of Nor-
beck & Miley, carriage builders, has
shown us an old red morocco pocket-
book which belonged to his grand-
father Martin Miley, and to his father
David Miley, as long ago as 1809. It
is in a pretty good state of preserva-
tion though it is discolored by time
and long continued service. On the
flap is written "David Miley, Monor
township, Charlestown, the 11th of
August, 1816." Fastened to the centre
of the pocketbook, with a piece of
tape, is a copy of "Poor Will's Pocket
Almanack for the year 1809." Like
many modern almanacs, it contains
not only the calendar, the eclipses, the
astronomical phenomena, the tides, &c.,
but the names of the president of the
United States (Thos. Jefferson) and
his cabinet, the senators and represen-
tatives in Congress, the governor
(Simon Snyder) and Legislature of
Pennsylvania, together with the county
officers, the supreme, circuit and other
courts of the United States, the time
of holding courts in Pennsylvania,
and other states, and much other use-
ful information. But how different
was everything then from what we
have now, though only a single "three
score years and ten" have passed! There
were then no telephone, tele-
graph, locomotives or even horse rail
roads. The wagon road from Phila-
delphia to Pittsburgh is set down at
296 miles, and passed through Down-
ingtown, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Car-
lisle, Greenburg and Bedford. The
other stations on the road were nearly
all county taverns, some of the names
being the Black Horse, Buck, Barley
Sheaf, Hat, Three Crowns, Pattersons,
Another Tavern, the Turk, &c., &c.
The mails in those days were few and
far between. There was one mail
coach daily between Philadelphia and
Lancaster; two a week between Phila-
delphia and Reading, and one a week
from Northumberland, Lycoming,
Centre, &c. The rates of postage were
for any place by land not exceeding
40 miles 8 cents; from 40 to 90 miles
10 cents; from 90 to 150 miles 12 1/2
cents; from 150 to 300 miles 17 cents;
from 300 to 500 miles 20 cents, and
over 500 miles 25 cents! Now letters
are carried 3,000 and more for 2 cents.
In the good old days of Jefferson and
Simon Snyder Virginia was the boss
state and Pennsylvania was not far
behind, each having over twenty rep-
resentatives in Congress, while poor
little Ohio had but one, and west of
Ohio there were no states—but merely
Indiana territory, Mississippi territory
and Orleans territory. On the whole
it isn't worth while to groan much
over the departed days of Jefferson
and Simon Snyder. The world moves,
maybe in the right direction.—Ez.

Some Sensible "Don't's."

Don't be afraid to put on clothing
enough for comfort; don't go to bed
with cold feet; don't sleep in the
same undergarments which you have
worn during the day; don't sleep in a
room that is not well ventilated;
don't sit or sleep in a draught; don't
lie on the left side too much; don't
try to get along with less than seven
or eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-
four; don't jump out of bed immediately
upon awakening in the morning; don't
forget to rub yourself all over with
crash towel or hands before dressing;
don't forget to take a good drink of
pure water before breakfast; don't take
long walks when the stomach is em-
pty; don't attempt to do a day's work
without first eating a good breakfast;
do not eat anything but nutritious and
well-cooked food; don't eat what you
don't want, just to save it; don't eat
between meals; don't eat the smallest
morsel unless hungry, if well; don't
try to keep up on coffee and alcoholic
stimulents when you should sleep or
rest; don't stand over hot air registers;
don't inhale hot air or fumes of any
acid; don't wear thin stockings or light
soled shoes in cold or wet weather;
don't strain your eyes on a weak
stomach, or when ill; don't ruin your
eyes by reading or sewing at dusk by a
dim light or a flickering candle or
when very tired; don't sing or halloo
when your throat is sore or when you
are hoarse; don't drink iced water
when you are very warm; don't take
some other person's medicine because
you think yourself similarly afflicted;
don't bathe in less than two hours after
eating; don't eat in less than two
hours after bathing.

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