

### My Friend.

"He is my friend," I said;  
"Be patient!" Overhead  
The skies were drear and dim,  
And lo! the thought of him  
Smiled on my heart, and then,  
The sun shone out again!  
"He is my friend!" The words  
Brought Summer and the birds,  
And all my Winter time  
Thawed into running rhyme,  
And rippled into song,  
Warm, tender, brave and strong.  
And so it sings to-day;  
So may it sing away;  
Though waving grasses grow  
Between, and lilies blow  
Their trills of perfume, clear  
Let each mute measure end  
With "Still, he is thy friend!"

### Diamonds in the Gutter.

A little girl sat on a doorstep, watching the rain-drops as they splashed in the puddles, stopping to count them in her misery, for she had nothing to do, nothing to think of, and nothing to hope for.

Her clothes were shabby, her arms were scarcely more than skin and bone and her large wistful eyes seemed big enough to swallow up the rest of her face. Poverty was stamped on every childish feature, and their beauty had been driven away by that harsh fiend, starvation.

The door behind her opened, and a man with a red beard came out, nearly stumbled over her, and gave her a curse instead of an apology; then he went his way down the watery pavement, stepping into every puddle he came across, as if he were in too great a rage to see them.

Lottie Smith watched him, and said to herself:  
"My! how he'll spoil his shoe-leather!"

Then he passed out of sight, and she drew her tattered shawl round her with a shiver, for the street seemed to have grown darker and colder than it was before.

Presently a window behind her opened and something flashed down like a fallen star on to the pavement.

In an instant Lottie jumped up and secured the prize, holding it up to the light of the lamp-post in her dirty fingers.

It was a diamond ring.

She had never seen such a thing in her life, and she thought the beautiful jewel flashed radiantly in the gas-light was a star fallen from its place in the sky.

"Poor ickle 'tar," she said, wiping it with the corner of her shawl, "me can't take 'on with me."

Holding it tight in her little bony fingers, she dragged her tired feet down one dirty street after another; but there was a new light in her eyes, as if a small hope had risen up in the darkness because of the star in her hand.

Another gentleman came to the doorstep on which she had been sitting, and being admitted after a resounding knock, made his way unannounced to the drawing-room.

"Sir Felix has been here again, Marion," he said angrily. "Don't deny it, for he told me so himself."

"I shan't deny it, because it is true," and Marion Dearsley rose slowly from the sofa. "If you wish me to say 'Not at home' to every man but yourself, I must tell you that I can't do it."

"Do you ever do anything to please me?" in bitter resentment.

"Yes, but I shan't for the future, now that I know—"

"You know what?" looking at her in surprise.

"That the flowers I give you have passed on to someone else."

"Whoever told you that tells a great falsehood!" and his dark eyes flashed fire.

"He is quite as truthful, I fancy, as Mr. Harold Battiscombe."

"Where's my ring?" his eyes suddenly falling on her left hand.

"Ah, where?" her cheeks flushing.

"I suppose the next will be given to Laura Dickson?"

"Time to talk about the next when I've out about the first," his brows drawing together. "Marion, tell me the truth. Have you, or have you not, given the ring to Whittaker?"

"I am not in the habit of making presents to gentlemen."

"No evasion, if you please. You had the ring on your finger when Sir Felix was here?"

"Certainly, and he had the good taste to say I liked you the best because you could give me such jolly diamonds."

"And you can encourage such a snob as that?"

"I don't encourage him," drawing up her long neck.

"Then where is the ring?"

She laughed uneasily and looked toward the window.

"I was desperate angry, because I had just heard of the roses."

"There was nothing to hear," he interrupted hastily. "But I'd tell you all about it, only it would not interest you now."

"Why not now?" in vague alarm.

"Because if you give away my ring it is a sign that you want to get rid of

the giver," his face set the stern. "Good-bye Marion; I'll never bother you again taking up his hat."

"Wait a moment. I—I threw it out of the window."

A contemptuous smile curled his moustache.

"A likely story; diamonds are not generally thrown in a gutter!"

"If you won't believe me, go" and she pointed to the door, but directly it had closed behind him, she threw herself down on the sofa, and burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, Harold, Harold, come back."

But the days passed on and Harold never came back, and the pride which separated each from the other, seemed to raise an impassable barrier between them. As soon as she had grown a little calmer, she sent out some servants to look for the ring, but not a trace of it was to be seen, although in consequence of the badness of the weather, the police man averred that no one had passed by for the last half hour.

Not long after this, Miss Dearsley was engaged to act in some *tableaux vivants* at the house of a Mrs. Mackenzie. In one scene Harold Battiscombe had to kneel at her feet as ardent lover, with her left hand pressed to his lips, whilst she turned away in apparent agitation. The agitation was not feigned, for when she felt her hand once more in his, and saw by the expression of his face that he had neither forgiven nor forgotten, she trembled so violently that she nearly spoiled her part.

If the ring had only been in its place she fancied that he would come back to her. A sickening feeling of despair crept over her, the lights seemed to be going out, but she fell forward into his arms.

When she opened her eyes again, she found herself on the sofa in a little boudoir, and he was kneeling by her side with a scent bottle in his hand.

"Better?" he said anxiously.

"Yes with a sigh of pleasure, for it was joy to have him waiting on her once again."

Then he looked at her beautiful face with longing eyes, and whispered:

"Darling, where is my ring?"

She shook her head sadly, and he at once rose to his feet. When she looked up his place was filled by Sir Felix.

Winter passed into summer, and still Harold Battiscombe avoided Marion's home as if its inmates had got the plague. Tired of going to balls, when her favorite partner was never there, Marion Dearsley turned her thoughts to more serious things, and being exceedingly unhappy herself for the first time in her life began to think of those who had never known what happiness was.

One lovely day in June, when the Park was crowded with fashionable throngs, and flowers in balcony and square were striving to fill the misty air with their fragrance, Marion Dearsley knocked at the door of a miserable looking house in a squalid street, and asked if it were true that a little girl, named Lottie Smith was living there and very ill.

"Walk in, mum" said a haggard looking woman with tired eyes; "she's getting past everything but groaning and coughing and that she do pretty nigh all the day."

A few minutes later, Marion was bending over a miserable pallet-bed, on which a shrunken form was lying, and feeding the thirsty lips with spoonfuls of orange-jelly.

The child's wistful eyes looked up into the pretty face, which had grown so pale and sad during the last few months, and whispered hoarsely:

"Me goin' to take 'ittle 'tar with me."

"What does she say?" looking round at the mother.

Bless her heart! wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron; she's a dyin', and she's glad to go; and she's got summat under her pillow which she always says she must take with her. A penny thing I fancy she must have got from one of the children. Show it to the lady, dear."

Lottie put her hand under the old sack of straw which did duty for a pillow and brought forth her treasure with glistening eyes.

"My ring!" exclaimed Marion, dropping the spoon in her agitation.

"Your ring, ma'am? My goodness Lottie, think of you stealing the lady's ring!"

"She did not steal it, she found it in the road," said Marion kindly as she saw large tears rolling one after the other down the wasted cheeks.

"My ickle 'tar!" with a plaintive moan

"She thought it was one of the stars, and she was going to take it back."

"Oh Lottie dear the stars never come down to us; we may go to them, but they will never come to us said Marion sadly. "This is nothing but a bit of gold and a jewel, nothing to do with heaven. I dropped it out of the window one day, and I wanted so much to get it back. Will you let me have it, I will send you something so nice instead."

"Yes; me thought it was a 'tar—no

care now," and the dark eyes glistening through their tears—the tears of a lost illusion.

Day after day Marion brought sunshine and happiness to that miserable home. Mrs. Smith was supplied with constant needlework, and dainties of every description found their way to the sick child. The falling star had brought a blessing with it, and neglected health revived under tender care. Softly tinted roses came back to Lottie's cheeks, but Marion grew whiter as the summer advanced. It was against her pride to write to Harold Battiscombe, and tell him that the ring was found but how would he ever find it out unless she did?

Laura Dickson came to call, and said that Mr. Battiscombe was one of the nicest fellows she had ever seen. "Now fancy what he did last winter. I met him with some lovely roses in his hand, and without thinking, I saw how I wished I had some like them to wear that night, as I was in slight mourning and could not wear a color. I guessed where they came from, for he said he could not give them away—not that I should have taken them my dear. But just after dinner I received a lovely bunch from Covent Garden. Now wasn't that nice of him?"

"Very nice, murmured Marion, feeling that her heart would break, for it was on account of the story Sir Felix had told her about those roses that she had flung her ring out the window in a sudden passion. Oh, what a fool she had been!

Sir Felix came the next day and made her an offer, which she declined with thanks, and the baronet went away in the worst of tempers.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie took Marion to the opera. By her side there was a stall which remained empty till the end of the first act when a gentleman made his way to it, and sat down without looking round. Her heart stood still, for one glance out of the corner of her eye told her that was Harold. They exchanged bows as if they had been distant acquaintances and formal remarks on the weather were stopped by the rising of the curtain. The opera was nearly over, and the coveted opportunity was slipping away. If she let him go, perhaps they might never meet again.

Suddenly she began to unbutton her long glove, and she felt that Harold's eyes were immediately fixed upon her.

"Why are you taking off your glove?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie in surprise: we are just going."

"I know—I know," said Marion hurriedly, as she tugged away at a refractory thumb.

"Come along or we shall lose the carriage."

Marion rose, fastening her cloak round her neck, and let the glove fall as if by accident.

Harold stooped to pick it up, and she stretched out her left hand to take it from him. His eyes traveled from the radiant diamond to her agitated face.

"May I come to-morrow?" he whispered.

She gave him a nod and a smile, and quickly followed her friends, whilst he came after her and put her in the carriage, feeling as if he were in a dream.

"But why did you ever do it?" looking down with puzzled eyes at her blushing face.

"Because Sir Felix told me that you had given my roses to Laura Dickson!"

"It was false! But the idea of being jealous of poor plain Laura!"

"You were jealous of Sir Felix, in spite of his ugly red beard."

"But I thought you liked him."

"And I thought you liked her."

"But you didn't?"

"But you didn't?" she echoed with a smile.

And a moment later his arm was around her waist and their lips met.

Lottie Smith has learned by this time that falling stars don't come to the earth; but all the pleasure of her life she dates from the day when a diamond flashed in the gutter.

### A Story of the War.

THE GALLANT YOUNG SOLDIER OF COBB'S GEORGIA LEGION.

"Well, I'll tell you a romantic fact which verifies the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction," remarked a late private of Hampton's cavalry to a *Herald* reporter yesterday morning, as they glided along over the Belt Line railway. "It is a reminiscence of the late unpleasantness in which there is a true heroine in flesh."

"Gen. Sherman, having successfully accomplished his march to the sea, was preparing to co-operate with Gen. Grant in Virginia, by marching through the Carolinas, devastating their resources, and by methods unauthorized by usage of civilized warfare attempting to break the spirit of those proud old commonwealths. At this juncture Hampton and Butler, two of Carolina's most chivalrous sons, were sent from Virginia to oppose the conquering General whose

army was sweeping over the Palmetto State like a besom of destruction. Two brigades of dashing cavalymen followed the chivalrous Hampton from Virginia to Columbia; one of those regiments, the famous old Cobb Legion of Georgia, received on the eve of its departure from Virginia the addition of one to its gallant number in the person of a handsome young recruit known throughout the command as Charlie—. Modest as a lady, yet bold as the boldest of his battle-scarred companions, handsome little Charlie endured the fatigues participated in the engagements, suffered the privations of the Carolina campaign with a heroism equal to that of a veteran.

"In company with a boon companion he participated in the gallant charge upon Kipatrick's camp, releasing his imprisoned comrades and carrying off a large number of the enemy, the battle at Cheraw, Owensboro and Bentonville, and in turn on picket vigil kept while his companions slept. Soon after Bentonville came Charles' last picket duty as a Confederate cavalymen. The detail for the night was composed of a prominent official of Dallas county, Charlie and companion, with others. The enemy attacked the picket, and soon Charlie was seen weeping over the manly feature of his companion, who had yielded his life a sacrifice for his country. Only 'a stray picket had been shot,' and next morning all was quiet. One more duty, and Charlie's soldier life ended. As a guard, she escorted a squad of Federal prisoners to Raleigh, and there for the first time were her companions made aware of the fact that the gallant, handsome Charlie was a woman and the wife of their dead picket companion. Her discharge, of course followed, and never again did she answer to the roll-call of the old Cobb Legion. Virginia, the mother of statesmen and soldiers, has produced heroes of whom she may well be proud, among whom there is for virtue, patriotism and heroism scarcely a peer to Charlie, the gallant cavalymen. Her praises are sung by poet, and her name unknown to the historian, and while her name and identity are unknown to her former companions, we trust that she has again linked her destiny with some knight of the gray, and around her knee have gathered bright-eyed girls and boys who will one day make her name illustrious."

### Men's Clothing.

Business suits for men have the three garments—coat, vest and trousers—made from one piece of goods, such as the fine neat mixtures and indefinite checks of English cloth, or the rough suitings, Scotch, Cheviots and English homespuns. For fine mixed cloths the coat is the English cut-away to button four buttons, or merely to button one button across the chest; the vest is cut very high, and has a collar; and the trousers are medium tight-fitting. The taste this season is for brown and olive shades in business suits. For the rough Cheviots and homespun cloths a sack coat is preferred, and this may be either a double-breasted close fitting pea-jacket or a single-breasted close fitting sack. Very stylish sack suits are made of English all-wool rough cloth in small checks of gray and blue with some olive tints. Rough suits of blue or black ribbed Scotch cloth are made with a pea-jacket that has silk facing and wide braid on the edges. Very heavy pea-jackets to wear without overcoats are made single-breasted with a velvet collar and velvet edges like binding.

Dressy morning suits for paying calls lunches, etc., have a four-button cut-away coat made of either black or blue English cloth in fine diagonals, or in the newer corkscrew twilled patterns. The vest of the same cloth is cut as high as the coat, so that scarcely any of the scarf is seen. The trousers have narrow stripes of some odd shade of brown or olive, or even of dark red threads on black or brown.

Day dress suits for making visits, for church, afternoon receptions, and for day weddings for grooms, ushers, and guests, have the Prince Albert frock-coat and vest made of black or blue diagonal or corkscrew cloth. This coat is of the length worn last year, and shorter than those previously worn; it shows only a trifle of the scarf when buttoned, and is finished with silk facing and braid. The trousers are light, or else of dark gray or brown like those described above. A change from this adopted by dressy men for afternoon wear is a frock suit with the three pieces made of gray or brown diagonal cloth of the finest quality, finished with silk facing and stitched edges.

Evening dress suits, not to be worn in the daylight, but suitable for dinner parties, the opera, and all full dress evening entertainments, are not changed in shape. The black swallow-tail dress-coat and low-cut vest are of west-of-England broadcloth, and the trousers are of black doekin. The coat may have silk facings with corded edges, or plain facings with stitched edges. Some dress suits are being made of fine ribbed

and corkscrew English cloths, but the best dressed men prefer broadcloth and doekin.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

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