

### BRILLIANTS.

Through the wide world he only is alone  
Who lives not for another. —Hogers.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong. —Longfellow.

Great souls have died for truth and left their  
fame.  
To be the watchword of another age;  
But virtue, justice, courage, and high aim  
Descend through time, a common heritage,  
And heroes live to-day in all but name.

Years wax and wane, the good and true re-  
main;  
How sweet love is mine own heart telleth  
me.  
Mine eyes have seen the summer in the  
plain,  
And in the crowded street, unwittingly,  
I may have passed a martyr in his pain.  
—(Charles L. Hildreth.)

How will it be when the woods turn brown,  
Their gold and their crimson all dropped  
down,  
And crumbled to dust?—  
Oh, then, as we lay  
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her  
say,  
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my  
crown."  
We will dream of green leaves, when the  
woods turn brown. —(Lucy Larcom.)

### DAME NATURE'S ZOO.

What Professor Felix L. Oswald  
Says of the Upper Nile Region.  
(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The country of the Upper Nile was,  
par excellence, the wonderland of the  
Roman world, as it is still the grandest  
outdoor museum of natural curiosities.  
Zoologically there is no more densely  
populated country. All the wild beasts  
and birds, made homeless by the de-  
vastation of northern Africa, seem to  
have taken refuge in the Nubian high-  
lands. In the terrace-land of the Nubian  
and Abyssinian Alps there roam  
herds of elephants, buffaloes, wild goats,  
wild sheep and fourteen or fifteen differ-  
ent species of antelopes. Further be-  
low the hippopotamus and white rhinoceros  
haunt the river banks. Professor  
Blanford enumerates 290 species of  
water birds.

With these harmless settlers less de-  
sirable guests have crowded in, the  
spotted hyena, the jackal, the black  
and yellow lion, four species of smaller  
cats, wild dogs and, above all, the cyno-  
cephalus, the wily and mischievous  
baboon. Three varieties of these Dar-  
winian pets inhabit the rocks of southern  
Nubia; the little baboon, the cynocephalus  
proper, and the celada, or mantle  
baboon, a fierce and powerful fellow,  
whose shaggy mane protects his body  
like a cloak, and enables him to brave  
the climate of the upper highlands.  
Professors Kuppel, Hotten and Maj. W. C.  
Harris agree on the fact that a troop  
of these brutes, in ravaging a corn-field,  
will not only hold their ground against  
all comers, but on the slightest provoca-  
tion take the offensive in a way not  
likely to be forgotten by the unarmed  
natives.

Dogs have no charge whatever against  
a full-grown baboon. The old males do  
not wait to be tackled, but charge them  
at once with an energy and skill of co-  
operation that would do credit to a troop  
of well-drilled soldiers. The hyrax, a  
queer pachyderm, allied to the Euro-  
pean badger, coinhabits the rocks with a  
histrionic marmot, and the coast  
jungles swarm with wild hogs that multi-  
ply undisturbed, for the Abyssinian  
natives share the pork prejudice of their  
Mohammedan neighbors.

### The Life Insurance Interest.

(Inter-Ocean.)  
The immensity of the life insurance  
interest in this country is as yet hardly  
more than half understood. The  
combined assets of the companies are now  
over \$500,000,000—the exact amount  
Jan. 1, 1884, was \$495,046,566.30. This  
vast sum, belonging to the policy-  
holders, and held in trust for the present  
and future payment of their claims,  
is \$100,000,000 more than the net an-  
nual revenue of the United States gov-  
ernment; five times larger than the  
total annual sale of money postal orders,  
and nearly \$100,000,000 greater than  
the total combined capital invested in  
the iron and steel and lumber business  
in this country. The whole amount of  
life insurance now in force is nearly two  
billion dollars.

Even taken by states separately the  
amounts are stupendous. New York policy-  
holders have an aggregate of  
\$244,440,732; those of Illinois and  
Ohio each more than \$123,000,000. The  
daily newspaper property of the coun-  
try is very valuable, but the life insur-  
ance in force in either one of the two  
latter states alone is considerably in ex-  
cess of the cash value of the daily jour-  
nals in the United States combined.

### Give the Pumpkin a Chance.

(American Agriculturist.)  
The pumpkin is an outcast, crowd-  
itself through the world, and gets along  
as best it may. We object to its being  
so despicably treated. For dairy cows  
the pumpkin is highly valuable, and in  
no way objectionable. It is rich in fat  
and sugar, tending to increase the yield,  
while its yellow color adds to the  
appearance of the butter. A well-  
known authority claims that a ton of  
pumpkins is more valuable for dairy  
cows than two tons of ruta bagas, and  
several times as many white turnips.  
The hard-shell varieties can be kept well  
on into the winter, if stored in a very  
dry place with hay or straw packing.  
There are worse things for farmers to  
have in a field than sixty-pound pump-  
kins.

### A Store of Sin.

(Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.)  
It is important to prevent the multi-  
tude, at seasons, from turning away  
from useful men, and following with  
blind admiration those who have no  
genuine talent—who have, in fact, only  
a store of miscellaneous stuff, good, bad  
or indifferent, which they have absorbed  
from types.

### Back to the Old School.

(The Current.)  
Pertinent to the discussion as to the  
trend of the fiction-literature of the  
time, it may be remarked that the aver-  
age novel-reader, satiated with the triv-  
ialities of the analytical school, turns  
with a certain pleasure from them to  
Mayne Reid, Mrs. Southworth, and Ned  
Buntline.

### Norway and Its Needs.

(Cor. Boston Transcript.)  
Norway impresses one as a country  
that has just been discovered, instead  
of as a land of such ripe civilization that  
its sons were able to discover America  
half a century before Columbus. Monu-  
ments, castles, ruins, buildings, hoary  
or memorable it has none. Sweden  
seems much more ancient. Norway  
appears to yield nothing but mountains,  
valleys and fjords, the latter as narrow  
as the valleys and as deep as the moun-  
tains are high. The people seem so con-  
tent with the mountains, valleys and  
fjords that they press no further claim  
on a country so lavish in these.

The land is very thinly settled and  
scarcely cultivated at all; farming has a  
very limited signification, and the farm-  
houses are far from idyllic. They have  
no well stocked barn, larder, or what  
people with our ideas would call a dairy;  
the milk often has a queer taste, the  
butter is bad and the cheese is worse; the  
pretty and frightfully dirty children are  
to be pitied, having no pantry to go to  
with cookies and ginger snaps and pies  
and preserves. The poorest farmer in  
the United States can have cabbages and  
turnips and pumpkins and corn; here,  
the comparatively well-to-do country-  
man must content himself with flat  
bread, milk and the abominable cheese,  
fish and the poorest kind of meat. This  
is not the fault of the soil, however. It  
is because the Norwegian peasant rather  
despises vegetables from his scant knowl-  
edge of them. If ten kinds of vegeta-  
bles, including asparagus, and seven  
kinds of berries will grow in Tromsø,  
at nearly 60 degrees north latitude, this  
is proof evident that they would grow  
further south, if the natives would but  
make the attempt to cultivate them.

I devoutly wish that a few skillful  
Americans would come here and do  
missionary work by planting large gar-  
dens and raising vegetables and fruit  
for the market and to provide for the  
hotels. A supply of the best American  
garden seeds would be an inestimable  
blessing and a colony of Miss Parlo-  
us and Marion Harlands would win the  
beneficent and thanks of the whole  
grateful world of tourists, if they would  
teach in Norway the art most needed  
and which only a tour in Norway, under  
present circumstances, will lead one to  
appreciate properly.

### Mrs. Burnett's Well-Trained Boys.

(Washington Letter.)  
Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the  
well-known authoress, has a craze for the picturesque which extends  
not only to her inanimate sur-  
roundings, but to her two boys. A lady  
who has recently paid Mrs. Burnett a  
long visit is the authority for the state-  
ment, that they are very handsome boys.  
Their proud mother is quite aware of  
their beauty by keeping them dressed in  
the most becoming fashion. She taught  
them to pose in an artistic manner. If  
the bell rings and a visitor is announced,  
Mrs. Burnett turns to her sons and says:  
"Take your positions." Immediately the  
well-trained boys fall into the poses best  
suited to their dress and beauty. The  
older one will lean his elbow on the  
corner of the mantelpiece and rest his  
head upon his shapely hand, while the  
younger will stretch himself in a grace-  
ful attitude on the heavy rug in front of  
the fire.

The visitor enters and cannot fail to  
be struck by the picturesque beauty of the  
scene and goes away, her mind full of  
admiration for her friend's children,  
and feels almost ashamed of the general  
roughness of her own boys at home,  
whom she is much more likely to find  
gliding down the banisters, sitting on  
the fence or playing ball than in poses  
which would gladden an artist's heart.  
Of course the attitudes given above are  
only those for winter use. For summer  
an entirely different set prevails, but  
they are all quite as effective, and, in-  
deed, they are the pride of Mrs. Burn-  
ett's heart. What the result of this  
novel mode of education will be is a  
question which agitates many of the  
writer's friends, but they will soon have  
the opportunity of seeing, for a boy  
who can lean an elbow on the mantel-  
piece cannot be so very small.

### Edison's New Phonograph.

(New York World.)  
Mr. Edison has grown somewhat stout  
these last three years, and is no longer  
the bony alchemist he was when he held  
his midnight vigils, wrestling with the  
obstinate battery at Menlo park, and  
lunches of fortuitous pastry summoned  
the demon of indigestion. I asked him  
if he should go to Philadelphia to wit-  
ness the fine electric show there. "Yes,"  
he said, "probably; as soon as I get my  
new phonograph finished. I have now  
in the works far the finest talking-  
machine ever made. It is double-  
grooved, and will receive and utter two  
voices at once, and as it runs by elec-  
tricity and is regulated to the desired  
speed, it will deliver its message exactly  
as it was spoken.

One prime trouble with the old machine  
was that the pitch and accents could  
not be preserved, for the message was  
sure to be turned on and off at a differ-  
ent speed; so that, in singing especially,  
there was a constant flattening and chang-  
ing of pitch, which produced horrible  
discords. This is quite remedied in the  
new phonograph, and will give some  
important results not attained before.

### A Belated Sentry.

(The Irish Times.)  
Only the other day, it seems, a sen-  
try post at the government in St. James'  
park was discontinued after some twenty  
years of needless vigilance. Some time  
about 1864 a military commission sat  
in a back building abutting on the park.  
In order to mark the solemnity of the  
occasion they clapped a member of the  
rank and file upon the entrance which  
was thus held at the point of the bayonet  
from 10 to 4 o'clock. The commis-  
sion accomplished its work, which was,  
no doubt, to draw up a report, which  
was relegated, as such documents are,  
to the pigeon-holes of the department  
moving in the matter. Anyway, the  
commission disappeared, but the sentry  
remained.

Two decades passed away, and still  
Thomas Atkins, with his red coat, his  
fixed bayonet, and his twenty yards of  
sentry-go, paced up and down, up and  
down, the brief parade fixed by his su-  
periors. There was nothing to guard,  
and he guarded it. He had been for-  
gotten, in fact.

### A Scandinavian Sunday.

(Froude, in Longman's Magazine.)  
Sunday came, and it was very pretty  
to see, on the evening before and early  
in the morning, the boats, streaming up  
the fjord and down from the inland  
lakes. One boat passed the yacht, rowed  
by ten young stalwart women, who  
handled their oars like saltash fish-  
wives. With a population so scattered,  
a single priest has two or more churches  
to attend to at considerable distances,  
pastors being appointed according to the  
numbers of the flock, and not the area  
which they occupy. Thus at Elversdale  
there was a regular service only on al-  
ternate Sundays, and this Sunday it was  
not Elversdale's turn. But there was a  
samling—a gathering for catechising  
and prayer—at our bonder's house,  
where the good man himself or some  
itinerant minister officiated. Several  
hundreds must have collected, the chil-  
dren in largest proportion.

The Norse people are quiet, old-  
fashioned Lutherans, who never read a  
newspaper, and have never heard of a  
doubt about the truth of what their  
fathers believed. When the meeting  
was over, as many of them as were cur-  
ious to see an English yacht and its oc-  
cupants came on board. The owner  
welcomed the elders at the gangway,  
talked to them in their own tongue,  
and showed them over the ship. A—  
had handfuls of sugar plums for the  
little ones. They were plain-featured  
for the most part, with fair hair and  
blue eyes—the men in strong homespun  
broadsheet, the women in black serge,  
with a bright sash about the waist, and  
a shawl over the shoulders with bits of  
modest embroidery at the corners. They  
were perfectly well-behaved, rational,  
simple, unself-conscious, a healthy race  
in mind and body, whom it was pleasant  
to see.

I could well understand what Ameri-  
cans mean when they say that, of all  
the colonists who migrate to them, the  
Norse are the best—and many go. Nor-  
way is as full as it can hold, and the  
young swarms who in old days roved  
out in their pirate ships over France and  
England and Ireland now pass peacefully  
to the far west.

### A New Sugar-Making Process.

(St. Louis Republican.)  
Louisiana planters are directing their  
attention to a new process for extract-  
ing sugar, invented by Konrad Trobach,  
of Berlin. It is purely chemical, differ-  
ing materially from the mechanical pro-  
cess now used, and if it shall prove to be  
all it is claimed to be, will effect a revo-  
lution in sugar-making and cheapen the  
article still more. Trobach's process  
dispenses with crushing and pressing al-  
together; the cane is cut into slices by  
means of machinery, and the water ex-  
tracted from it by alcohol vapor, which,  
having an affinity for the water, absorbs  
it, but leaves the saccharine in the de-  
canted cane. This is then treated with  
liquid alcohol, which extracts the sugar,  
and afterward the sugar is extracted  
from the alcohol, or the alcohol from the  
sugar, by filtering through lime and  
chalk.

One great obstacle to the cheap man-  
ufacture of Louisiana sugar is the diffi-  
culty of extracting all or nearly all the  
saccharine from the cane; a considerable  
proportion is lost in the bagasse, or  
refuse which is thrown away or burned.  
If this waste could be saved it would  
cheapen the process 1 cent a pound. The  
present sugar-making machinery in  
Louisiana would be an impediment to  
the introduction of the Trobach  
method. It is not adapted to the new  
process, and would have to be thrown  
away—a sacrifice which the Louisiana  
planters could ill afford, as their ma-  
chinery is very costly.

### Actresses' Shoes.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)  
"Actresses are notorious about their  
shoes," says a shoemaker who has made  
boots and shoes for actors and actresses  
for nearly a quarter of a century. "Be-  
ing under the glare of the foot-lights,  
their feet show plainly. The foot is  
made to appear small by lifting the heel  
as high as possible. On the foot these  
shoes are almost intolerable, sometimes  
causing the greatest of pain. Usually  
they are worn only during the scene,  
after which they are taken off, and  
easier slippers are put on until the time  
for the actress to go before the specta-  
tors arrives, when her instruments of  
torture go again."

### Whistler's Favorite Room.

(Argonaut.)  
Whistler's most characteristic room in  
his Chelsea residence is a symphony in  
dull blue and canary color, skillfully  
contrasted; matting covers the floor,  
blue china fills the dressers and is here  
and there attached to the canary-colored  
walls, and soft white silk curtains,  
lined with canary silk, elaborately  
embroidered in gold thread, hide the  
windows, and the pots on the mantel  
hold skeleton flowers.

### Why They Lose Their Teeth.

A celebrated Parisian dentist says  
that children whose education is forced  
lose their teeth early in life, and quotes  
numerous instances in proof of his  
assertion. He says the phosphorus and  
lime needed by the teeth is used up by  
learning the sciences of professors.

### London Soot.

Fifty thousand tons of soot are taken  
from London chimneys every year, and  
it is subsequently put to good use as  
manure—about 1,000 pounds to an acre  
—the value being set at 41,000 pounds  
sterling.

### The Highest Fountain.

At Charlotte, N. C., is a fountain  
which sends a stream 368 feet high, icy  
cold and clear as crystal. It has its  
source in the adjacent mountains, and  
is said to be the highest in the world.

George Eliot said that half the women  
of England die prematurely old for want  
of an aim in life.

The Scientific American thinks Koely  
runs his motor with compressed air.

An elephant herd is always led by a  
female, never by a male.

There are sixty-one playing-card fac-  
tories in Germany.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindly  
but a torrid frog,  
Hail how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth  
silences the liar. —(Longfellow.)

### THE TRANSVAAL BOERS.

Character and Habits of the South  
African Dutch.  
(Boston Globe.)

Of the character and habits of the Boer  
there are varying opinions, and there  
seems little reason to doubt that either  
party can produce strong evidence in  
support of their opinions. Brave, relig-  
ious, hospitable, intelligent, and animated  
by a sincere love of liberty, according to  
one authority; brave, hospitable, illit-  
erate and strongly antagonistic to the  
native element, amounting to positive  
cruelty and slave-holding, is the verdict  
of the other. The two opinions are cap-  
able of easy reconciliation. No Euro-  
pean nation has ever come in contact  
with aboriginal tribes yet except to the  
disadvantage of the inferior race, and  
this is as true of the Dutch as the Eng-  
lish colonists in Africa or elsewhere.

Capt. Lucas, whose "Camp Life and  
Sport in South Africa" is one of the  
most recent works on the subject, and who  
wrote in opposition to the annexation,  
speaks highly of the hospitality of the  
Transvaal Boers. In the course of many  
years' military service he came in con-  
tact with a large number of them, who  
invariably gave him and his men the  
best their houses afforded, and as in-  
variably refused payment, although  
supplying liberal rations to men and  
horses.

"They live a patriarchal life in the  
midst of their flocks, seldom making  
their appearance in the settlements be-  
yond an occasional visit for the purpose  
of replenishing their stores, or bringing  
in their stock or produce for sale. They  
are tall, as a rule, but sallow, hard-  
featured, indolent and phlegmatic. They  
live very simply, their diet consisting of  
kid flesh and milk, with quantities of  
coffee, which they drink at all times and  
seasons. They are excellent shots with  
their long 'roers,' or smooth-bore guns."

But there are Boers and Boers. And  
just here seems to be, perhaps, the differ-  
ence which makes account for the  
varied opinions of travelers. "Further  
away still," says the same author, "oc-  
cupying isolated spots in the game-  
freighted veld, live a race of Dutchmen  
who eke out a miserable existence upon  
the game, whence they acquire the name  
of Wildbeest Boers; antelope flesh, with  
the addition of a little meal, forming the  
main part of their subsistence. They  
rear large herds of goats and tend small  
herds of large-headed 'trek' oxen, living  
in miserable mud huts, men, women  
and children herding indiscriminately  
together. Every now and then their  
scanty crops are swept away by  
swarms of locusts. When this happens  
they are obliged to pack up their house-  
hold goods and 'trek' away bodily with  
their flocks to some distant part of the  
veldt, where they can find grass and  
water."

It is just possible that experience  
among the different classes of the Boers  
have led to the various stories. Dr.  
Livingstone speaks in contemptuous  
terms of their illiteracy, while he was  
strongly impressed with their harsh  
treatment of the natives. The opinions  
of the well-travelled traveler are com-  
bated by others. It has been shown, there  
is ample opportunity for a difference of  
opinion, depending in large measure on  
individual experience.

The Dutch name "Boer," from which  
our English word "boor" is derived,  
means, according to one authority a  
peasant, or other a farmer. In an old  
English dictionary a "clewren" is the  
definition of "boor." At the present day  
the word "clewren" also means a peasant,  
the original meaning of the word ("peas-  
ant") having become almost obsolete.  
"Transvaal" it is easily understood  
simply means "Across the Vaal" (river).

### A Novelty in a Canadian Fair.

(Chicago Journal.)  
The chief feature of proceedings in  
the horse ring at the great Canadian  
fair at Toronto, the other day, were the  
field trials of the collie dogs. The  
collie field trials took place between  
1 and 2, at which hour there was not a  
vacant seat on the grand stand, while  
an enormous multitude surrounded the  
remaining portions of the ring. Two  
pens were constructed in front of the  
grand stand, and half a dozen sheep  
were placed in each. These were  
liberated alternately with each dog, who  
had to drive them down the field  
between two fences and then bring them  
back to the pen. The first dog to take  
the field was T. Telfer's Speed, imported,  
aged 4 years. He drove the sheep  
splendidly and penned them in six  
minutes, in an easy, quiet way, which  
competent judges thought it would be  
difficult to beat. Speed turned out to  
be the best dog tried during the after-  
noon.

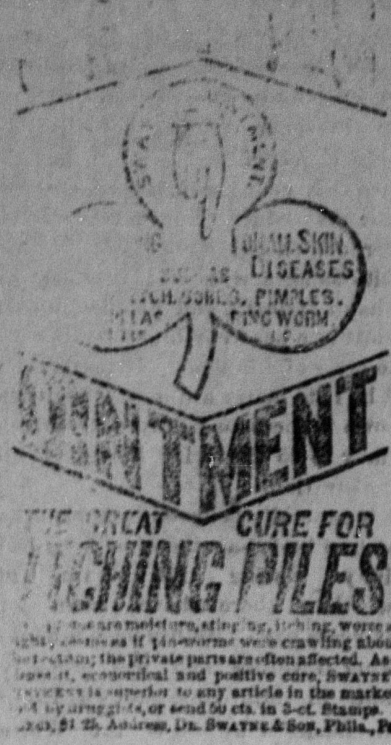
Mr. McKenzie's Sly was next given a  
trial, but he only did his work moder-  
ately well. He rushed the sheep too  
much, the consequence being that they  
broke the flock, and time was lost in  
getting them together again. Eventually  
Sly penned them, his time being eleven  
minutes. Mr. Shane's Jack followed,  
and began his work well. He had only  
been at it a few minutes, however, when  
two or three of the other dogs, tired,  
doubtless, at having looked on so long  
broke away from their owners and dashed  
after the flock, which scattered in all  
directions. When the dogs had been re-  
called, Jack had to recommence his work,  
which took him eleven minutes to com-  
plete. Two other dogs, Hero and Bob,  
were given the field, but they did not  
prove competent.

### Dr. Holland's Grave.

(Cor. Chicago Tribune.)  
The grave of Dr. Josiah Gilbert Hol-  
land at Springfield, Mass., has been  
kept covered with fresh flowers all sum-  
mer and this fall by his admirers  
throughout the state. The first flowers  
laid there were arbutus, and then wind  
flowers and violets; and now the mound  
is covered with gentians and heliopsis  
and the late bloom of the honeysuckle,  
with sprays of golden-rod and glowing  
clusters of asters.

### Why His Salary Was Reduced.

(New York Star.)  
"I shall be compelled to reduce your  
salary, Mr. Johnson, until cold  
weather sets in," said a mean employer  
to his bald-headed book-keeper.  
"Why?" asked the old fellow with a  
sinking heart.  
"Because I notice that a large portion  
of the time which should be devoted to  
my service is spent by you in fighting  
flies off the top of your head."



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