

RAIL ROADS.	
BALD EAGLE VALLEY R. R.	
Time Table in effect May 12, '84.	
WESTWARD.	
Leave Lock Haven.....	4 45 4 00
Flemington.....	4 48 4 04
Mill Hall.....	4 52 4 07
Beech Creek.....	5 03 4 21
Eagleville.....	5 13 4 26
Howard.....	5 18 4 31
Mount Eagle.....	5 22 4 35
Curtin.....	5 27 4 40
Milesburg.....	5 30 4 43
Bellefonte.....	5 40 4 53
Milesburg.....	5 50 5 03
Snow Shoe Int.....	5 53 5 06
Unionville.....	6 02 5 15
Julian.....	6 12 5 25
Martha.....	6 22 5 35
Port Matilda.....	6 29 5 42
Hannab.....	6 37 5 50
Fowler.....	6 45 5 58
Bald Eagle.....	6 53 6 01
Vail.....	6 58 6 06
Arrive at Tyrone.....	7 05 6 13
EASTWARD.	
Leave Tyrone.....	7 30 8 19
East Tyrone.....	7 37 8 17
Vail.....	7 40 8 20
Bald Eagle.....	7 45 8 25
Fowler.....	7 54 8 35
Hannab.....	7 57 8 40
Port Matilda.....	8 05 8 50
Martha.....	8 13 9 00
Julian.....	8 23 9 12
Unionville.....	8 33 9 24
Snow Shoe Int.....	8 42 9 32
Milesburg.....	8 45 9 35
Bellefonte.....	8 55 9 45
Milesburg.....	9 05 10 00
Curtin.....	9 15 10 02
Mount Eagle.....	9 19 10 14
Howard.....	9 26 10 24
Eagleville.....	9 30 10 35
Beech Creek.....	9 40 10 41
Mill Hall.....	9 52 10 57
Flemington.....	9 55 11 01
Arrive at Lock Haven.....	10 00 11 05

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.	
Time Table in effect May 12, '84.	
Leaves Snow Shoe 4:13 a. m., arrives at Bellefonte 6:20 a. m.	
Leaves Bellefonte 9:15 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe at 10:54 a. m.	
Leaves Snow Shoe 3:50 p. m., arrives at Bellefonte 5:38 p. m.	
Leaves Bellefonte 8:10 p. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 10:40 p. m.	
S. S. BLAIR, Gen. Sup't.	

LEWISBURG & TYRONE R. R.	
Time Table in effect May 12, '84.	
WESTWARD.	
Leave Scotia.....	12 15 6 00
Fairbrook.....	1 00 6 20
Penn's Furnace.....	1 15 6 40
Hostler.....	1 28 6 50
Marengo.....	1 35 6 55
Lovelie.....	1 38 6 00
Furnace Road.....	1 45 6 10
Warriors Mark.....	2 00 6 25
Pennington.....	2 12 6 40
Waston Mill.....	2 25 6 50
L. & T. Junction.....	2 31 6 58
Tyrone.....	2 35 6 55
EASTWARD.	
Leave Tyrone.....	4 30 9 20
L & T. Junction.....	4 34 9 25
Waston Mill.....	4 40 9 35
Pennington.....	4 55 9 48
Warriors Mark.....	5 05 9 58
Furnace Road.....	5 20 10 12
Lovelie.....	5 30 10 16
Marengo.....	5 30 10 22
Hostler.....	5 30 10 35
Penn's Furnace.....	5 50 10 44
Fairbrook.....	6 05 11 03
Scotia.....	6 25 11 30

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.	
(Phila. & Erie Division.)—On and after May 11, 1884.	
WESTWARD.	
Leaves Philadelphia.....	11 20 p m
Harrisburg.....	3 20 a m
Williamsport.....	7 00 a m
Jersey Shore.....	7 57 a m
Lock Haven.....	8 25 a m
Novo.....	9 30 a m
Arrives at Erie.....	6 00 p m
NIAGARA EXPRESS.	
Leaves Philadelphia.....	7 40 a m
Harrisburg.....	11 15 a m
Arr. at Williamsport.....	2 55 p m
Lock Haven.....	3 55 p m
Novo.....	5 05 p m
Kane.....	9 03 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at.....	5 05 p m
FAST LINE.	
Leaves Philadelphia.....	11 10 a m
Harrisburg.....	3 25 p m
Williamsport.....	7 10 p m
Arr at Lock Haven.....	8 05 p m
EASTWARD.	
Leaves Lock Haven.....	7 00 a m
Williamsport.....	8 10 a m
Arr at Harrisburg.....	11 30 a m
Philadelphia.....	8 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS.	
Leaves Kane.....	6 00 a m
Novo.....	10 05 a m
Lock Haven.....	11 15 a m
Williamsport.....	12 35 a m
Arr at Harrisburg.....	3 43 p m
Philadelphia.....	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL.	
Leaves Erie.....	1 55 p m
Novo.....	10 40 p m
Lock Haven.....	11 45 p m
Williamsport.....	1 00 a m
Arr at Harrisburg.....	4 20 a m
Philadelphia.....	7 50 a m
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. RR.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R.; and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R. NEILSON, Gen'l Sup't.	

CANCER CURED.	
No diseases have so thoroughly baffled the skill of the medical profession as cancerous affections and as they have always been considered incurable, it has been thought desirable to adopt a treatment as a specialty; and hence physicians have neglected their proper study. But of late years new and important discoveries have brought forth a course that now proves successful in any of its forms, with certainty, without the use of the knife or caustic plasters. We have a treatment that is comparatively mild. It is not poisonous, does not interfere with healthy flesh, can be applied to any part of the body, even the tongue. We have nothing for our services until the cancer is cured. Address: D. J. HULBERT, Eagleville, Centre Co., Pa.	

NEW USE FOR PLUMBAGO.	
A Frenchman has devised a process of giving to felt a slight coating of plumbago or metal, by which the appearance of burnished steel, copper, bronze or silver may be imitated. The product is likely to prove very useful when applied to stage properties, as, besides being inexpensive, it does not materially increase the weight of articles treated with it.	

AWKWARD IDIOT—Your train is quite long, Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy—it will not be so long if you take two feet off it.	
A Boston firm advertises "shoes for slopements." They don't squeak.	

A RIDE IN A PRAIRIE GALE.
Towns as Pictured by a Maine Man—Hasting the Buggy.
(Solon Chase in Lewiston Journal.)
At Charles City I missed railroad connection and had to drive across the country to Cresco, fifty miles, and it was the first cold day of the season. The wind came with a sweep across the prairies, and when it struck, shaved like a razor. The tree tops of the groves planted around the farm houses broke or bent like whip-sticks, and sometimes the buggy was lifted from the ground. The driver got out and put in rocks to hold the machine down to the earth. We did not want to make the trip to Cresco through the air. It was lucky that we struck a stretch of country where there were boulders. The road for the first ten miles was on the section lines and the settlers were Irish and Norwegians. They had large arms and large stocks of cattle and hogs and plenty of corn and haystacks.

We stopped at a farm-house to warm. The proprietor was an Irishman. He said when he lived in the old country he did not taste meat on a month. Now he sold cattle and hogs by the car-load. He came to this country years ago, a stow-away passenger on an emigrant ship. He went back to Ireland last year on a visit. He went in a sleeping-car to New York and across the sea a cabin passenger on an ocean steamer. He found the old country just as he left it. There had not been \$15 spent for improvements in the little town in which he was raised since he left it. He had changed so much he was homesick as a dog. He had grown up with the United States and was so changed himself that the old country had no attractions for him. He had three-horse teams plowing—one following after the other, and a hundred acres of corn that would "make" sixty bushels to the acre. His "shanty" was a two-story white house with green blinds. When he returned to the land of his birth he found no attractions because he had changed, become Americanized and the old country had not changed.

The wind blew a gale and sometimes spit snow until we reached the "Wapsy's." The horses kept a dog-trot up hill and down and made about seven miles an hour, in spite of the wind. The "Wapsy's" are the forks of a river, and sheltered by timber. The woods are full of hogs and cattle that had taken to the timber to get out of the wind. The road in the "Wapsy" country was crooked and steep, washed out and wound around among the trees. At 10 o'clock the last fork of the "Wapsy" was crossed. Before rising up to the open prairie the driver took more rocks from the creek to ballast the buggy. The road took a bee-line for Busti. We had not gone far before we met a Norwegian with his load of boards all blown away. The boards lay scattered over the prairie to the windward, a distance of forty or fifty rods.

When the country is all settled the roads run on the section line that is due north and south or east and west, and there is no direct road between business centers. When the land is "laying out" the roads run "angling" to the section lines. The "angling" roads run on the divides and are more direct than the roads on the section lines. From Busti we took the "angling" road. The settlers were few and far between. Thousands of acres of as fertile land as the sun ever shone upon lay as left by the hand of nature. Large flocks of prairie chickens flew up ahead of the horses like scared partridges. As the sun went down the wind threw overboard ballast and we arrived at Cresco at 3 p. m., in the midst of a dead calm, without a rock in the buggy.

Artificial Ball-Lighting.
(Scientific Miscellany.)
One of the most remarkable of electrical manifestations is that known as globular or ball lightning, which is so rare that physicists have had little opportunity of studying it. A similar phenomenon, however, has been produced in the laboratory on a small scale. It has been caused accidentally on various occasions, and, on having a piece of apparatus destroyed by one of the discharges, Mons. Plante, the well-known French electrician, has been led to experiment in which a successful imitation of ball lightning has evidently been obtained. With a powerful current from secondary batteries, he has produced in an air condenser, formed of two moistened pads of filter paper placed near together, a small incandescent globe, lasting some minutes, and moving slowly in a curious and most erratic path. When a condenser was used in which the insulating material was ebonite a sound was emitted like that of a toothed wheel rapidly rotated against a piece of card-board.

California's Orange Lands.
(San Francisco Chronicle.)
Four or five years ago the town of Los Angeles contained 10,000 to 12,000 people, and land within reach of water could be bought for \$25 per acre. Los Angeles now contains 25,000 people, and when you ask a man what he would take for grape or orange land he would take him for an idiot! There is land near water which can be bought for \$500 or \$250 per acre; but land with oranges, or olives, or lemons planted and bearing is not for sale, except at some ridiculous price. In fact, in Los Angeles, and to some extent in Santa Barbara county, the thing has become overdone, and lands are held so high as to repel settlers.

Not Necessarily Complimentary.
(Texas Sittings.)
Bill Snively belongs to a very aristocratic, but somewhat impoverished, Galveston family. Bill has very distinguished manners, and it is generally believed that he is looking around for a wealthy wife. He returned to Galveston recently from a trip to Houston, where he became engaged to a lady. The day after he returned, he showed the picture of his intended to Aunt Dinah, an old family servant. The photograph represented a rather elderly female of most forbidding aspect. "Well, Aunt Dinah, what do you think of my intended wife?" The old servant looked at the photograph, shook her head, and replied: "She mus' hab a heap of money."

A Little Thoroughfare.
In the old records of the town of Clinton, Mass., a certain little thoroughfare was called "Cat alley." In the present book of tax registration the name is euphonized into "Fussy avenue," and it is supposed that the next step will be "Feline boulevard."

DICKENS AT HOME.
Life at Gad's Hill—"Box's" Vignettes
Twelve Mile Walks.
(Edwin Yates' Reminiscences.)
[Edwin Yates' Reminiscences.]
Life at Gad's Hill for visitors—I speak from experience—was delightful. You breakfasted at 9, smoked your cigar, read the papers, and pattered about the garden until luncheon at 1. All the morning Dickens was at work, either in the study—a room on the left hand of the porch as you entered: a large room, entirely lined with books, and with a fine bay window, in which the desk was placed—or in the chalet, a Swiss house of four rooms, presented to him by Fechter, which took to pieces, and was erected in a shrubbery on the side of the road opposite to the house, where he had a fine view extending to the river. In the chalet he did his last work, on the fatal 15th of June, using a writing-slope, which by the kindness of Miss Hogarth, is now mine, and on which I write these words.

After luncheon (a substantial meal, though Dickens generally took little but bread and cheese and a glass of ale) the party would assemble in the hall, which was hung round with a capital set of Hogarth prints, now in my possession, and settle on their plans. Some walked, some drove, some pottered; there was Rochester cathedral to be visited, the ruins of the castle to be explored, Cobham park (keys for which had been granted by Lord Barmley) in all its sylvan beauty within easy distance. I, of course, elected to walk with Dickens; and off we set, with such of the other guests as chose to face the ordeal. They were not many, and they seldom came twice; for the distance traversed was seldom less than twelve miles, and the pace was good throughout. I have now in my mind's eye a portly American gentleman in varnished boots, who started with us full of courage, but whom we left panting; by the wayside, and for whom the basket carriage had to be sent.

It was during one of these walks that Dickens showed me, in Cobham park, the stile close by which, after a fearful struggle, Mr. Dadd had been murdered by his insane son in 1812. Dickens acted the whole scene with his usual dramatic force. I had heard something of the story before from Frith, who is an excellent raconteur. The murderer escaped, but was afterward secured; he had been traveling in a coach, and his homicidal tendencies had been aroused by regarding the large neck, disclosed by a very low collar, of a fellow passenger, who, waking from a sleep, found "Daddy's" fingers playing round his throat. On searching Dadd's studio, after his arrest, they found, painted on the wall behind a screen, portraits of Egg, Stone and Frith, Dadd's intimate associates, all with their throats cut—a pleasant suggestion of their friend's intentions.

Generally accompanied by his dogs (when I was first with him they were Turk, a liver-colored mastiff, and Linda, a St. Bernard, which Albert Smith had brought from Switzerland), Dickens would go along at a swinging pace; sometimes over the marshes famous in "Great Expectations," sometimes along a hilly, tramp-infested road to Gravesend, skirting Cobham park, and past the "Leather Bottle," whether Mr. Puppman retired; past Fort Pitt, near which Dr. Slammer proposed to take Mr. Winkle's life; down miry lanes and over vast stubble fields, to outlying little churches, and frequently to a quaint old almshouse standing, I can not remember where, in a green court-yard, like an Oxford "quadr."

They were stiff walks for any one not in full training, as Dickens always was at that time, but to me they never seemed long or fatiguing, beguiled as the time was by his most charming talk. With almost difficulty, if the subject were deftly introduced, he could be induced to talk at all his books, to tell how and why certain ideas occurred to him, and how he got such and such a scene or character. Generally his own memory accurately retained, so that he would at once correct a misquotation; but on more than one occasion I have, in conversation with him, purposely misquoted from one of his books, in order that he might set me right.

One day—a queen's birthday, on which I had a holiday from my office, we had spent together at Gad's Hill. The family were absent, and the house was in charge of the gardener, whose wife had cooked us a steak, and Dickens had taken care to bring the cellar-key with him. We rambled about during the afternoon, and at night we went to the Rochester theatre. I forgot the play; indeed, I recollect nothing but the presence of mind of a large man in a great braze tunie and a pair of buff boots, who, to Dickens' joy, evidently did not know a word of his part. He strode into the middle of the stage without uttering a syllable, looked fiercely round, then said in stentorian tones, "I will r-r-r-tur-r-n anon!" and walked quietly off to read up his part at the "wing."

Contrasts of Progress.
(Physiological Journal.)
A New England observer says: "One hundred years ago it took two days to go from Concord, N. H., to Boston; now it takes three hours. Then the price of the supper, lodging and breakfast on the road was a pistarene and a half (30 cents); now it is \$3. Then all work was honestly done (as witness two pork barrels in the cellar under the house in which I write, which have been in use since 1781—150 years); now honest work, as the term was then understood, is unknown. The girls were educated to become thrifty wives and healthy mothers; now it is considered more important to make a good match. In 1772 the average number of children in each family in New Hampshire was seven; now it is two; there was at that time one physician to every 400 souls; there is now one to every seventy-five; suits at law for all purposes not criminal then averaged one annually for every 100 inhabitants; they now average one for every twenty-four. The expenses which a well-to-do family incurred every year for its support were at that time \$400; they are now five times that sum. "When the war of the revolution began, there was but one man in the above state who was worth more than \$30,000; there are now forty-five worth more than \$1,000,000. There were then but thirty-five wheel carriages and they all were chaises save two; there are now 50,000. Oxen then did all the agricultural work, and there were 1,241 yokes of them in the state; oxen and horses now equally divide such work, and they number hundreds of thousands."

Paris Omnibus Company.
(Philadelphia Ledger.)
The important matter of public conveyance is left to great companies, yet with their 9,000 cabs and 1,200 omnibuses and horse cars, and 13,000 private carriages, there is still complaint of a want of cheap and convenient means of transportation to the growing suburbs. The great omnibus company, in return for an exclusive privilege lasting until 1913, and at prices fixed by law, pays to the city \$500,000 annually.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Appearance.
(Biography by His Son Julian.)
He was the handsomest young man of his day in that part of the world. Such is the report of those who knew him; and there is a miniature of him, taken some years later, which bears out the report. He was five feet ten inches in height, broad shouldered, but of a slight, athletic build, not weighing more than 150 pounds. His limbs were beautifully formed, and the molding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long curving wave in it, approached blackness in color; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath. His nose was straight, but the contour of his chin was Roman. He never wore a beard, and was without a mustache until his 55th year.

His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he had ever known flash fire. Charles Roade, in a letter written in 1876, declared that he had never before seen such eyes as Hawthorne's in a human head. When he went to London persons whose recollections reached back through a generation or so, used to compare his glance to that of Robert Burns.

While he was yet in college, an old gypsy woman meeting him suddenly in a woodland path, gazed at him and asked, "Are you a man or an angel?" His complexion was delicate and transparent, rather dark than light, with a ruddy tinge in the cheeks. The skin of his face was always very sensitive, and a cold, raw wind caused him actual pain. His hands were large and muscular, the palm broad, with a full curve of the outer margin; the fingers smooth, but neither square nor pointed, the thumb long and powerful. His feet were slender and sinewy, and he had a long, elastic gait, accompanied by a certain sidewise swinging of the shoulders. He was a tireless walker, and of great bodily activity; up to the time he was 40 years old, he could clear a height of five feet at a standing jump.

His voice, which was low and deep in ordinary conversation, had astounding volume when he chose to give full vent to it; with such a voice, and such eyes and presence, he might have quelled a crew of mutinous privates at least as effectively as Bold Daniel, his grandfather. It was not a bellow, but had the searching and electrifying quality of the blast trumpet.

Murderous Russian Duels.
(Fall Mail Gazette.)
In no country are duels more frequent or more murderous than in Russia; the Russians being, especially when in their cups, as quarrelsome among themselves as they are proverbially courteous to foreigners. The mode of combat universally adopted is that termed the duel a la barriere; the opponents being put up at fifteen paces, with liberty to advance five paces each at a given signal, and to fire at will. Should one of them then fire and miss, his adversary is entitled to complete his five paces before returning the shot. Many cases have been known in which a duelist, although mortally wounded, has yet retained sufficient strength to take steady aim and fire with fatal effect. The great Russian poet, Pushkin, was killed in a duel a la barriere, after severely wounding his antagonist.

In the Baltic provinces a system prevailed which at first sight appears even more murderous. The adversaries are placed only three paces apart; their pistols are held with the muzzle pointing upward, and are brought down and discharged at a given signal. It may appear almost impossible for the men to miss each other at so short a distance; but this is not the case. Each of the opponents is so desperately anxious to gain the least fraction of a second on his adversary that an often brought down with so hurried and violent a jerk that the bullets bury themselves in the ground. At a duel fought last year at Riga between an officer and a student in this fashion, three shots were exchanged without any result, while at the fourth discharge the student had the great toe of his right foot cut clean off by his opponent's bullet.

Full Stock, Low Prices, NO FIT, NO SALE.
N. E. Cor. Diamond, BELLEFONTE, : : PA.

NOTICE.—N. A. Lucas, of the township of Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa., has applied to the Secretary of Internal Affairs of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for twenty acres of land situate in the township of Centre, county of Centre, adjoining lands of Joseph Kato on the North, Samuel Beard on the South and Wm. F. Mitchell on the West.

"Rough on Coughs."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Trachea, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Rats."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

"Heart Pains."
Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Porous Plaster;
Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in the chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

"Thin People"
Wells' Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility. \$1.00

Whooping Cough,
and the many Throat Affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs" Troches: Balsam, 25c.

"Mothers"
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

Life Preserver
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Toothache"
Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Facosache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15c and 25c.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrhal Throat Affections.
Hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Liquid 25c.

"Rough on Itch"
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Wide Awake.
Three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Balsam, 25c.

"Rog on Pains" Porous Plaster.
Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

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Mens, Youths, Boys and Children's SUITS

Of the Celebrated Rochester Make,

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These goods are in every particular equal to any custom made garments, and at much lower prices, and

SUPERIOR IN QUALITY, WORKMANSHIP TRIMMINGS, LININGS, AND FIT

To any other Ready Made Clothing sold in Centre county, and at equally low prices to any other.

5000 Pairs

Mens, Boys, Ladies, Misses and Children's SHOES!

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The splendid HAWKMAN TRAM UNBURNISHED in tone. Silver and e. water. Jewelry, Fine Steel Engravings, Oil paintings, Toys, Toys, Dolls, Balls, large assortment of WEDDING PARTIES.

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