

# BILL GRIG'S RELIGION.

(Arkansas Traveler.)

Old Bill Grig used to drive a team across the Boston mountains. When a railroad survey was made, he swore that the iron highway could not be built, "cause why?" said he. "Simply 'cause they kain't. Oh, I know they have built 'em through other mountains, but not in Arkansas." He would sometimes modify his declaration, and say that the road could not be built within twenty years, but the fact that old Bill was prejudiced was as prominent as the nose of a greyhound, or as his own red protocols, for that matter. For nearly thirty years, with the exception of the dangerous interval when he soldiered with rice, he had driven a freight wagon across the mountains, and thus wedded to an old idea and a primitive business, he looked upon any innovation as a direct infringement upon his own rights. Notoriously it was a long time before Bill attained success; not in failing to achieve the object of his unceasing wooing—for he had been several times married—but in a meekness of endeavor, as he termed it, to get the right sort of material. His wives were noted for temper, a household accomplishment in which he lacked many points. In religion, too, he called himself a failure. One night at church, when a warmly solicitous preacher begged him to once more try the sweet efficacy of the mourner's bench, he shook his head, and replied: "No, parson, I reckon not this spell. I am unacquainted with your offerin' to set me up, but the fact is it ain't no use while my present wife is livin'." "I peer like my wife is allus agin me havin' 'ligion, an' I don't see why, fur I never was stingy with it, but it's jest that way. The 'ligion I git, parson, peers to be greased on one side. It jest sits before I can turn it over. Many a time have I tried to flop it over like you've seen wimmin folks do a hoe cake, but it wouldn't work, fur off it would go on the buttered side."

"Oh, my dear, perishing man! Just come this one more time."

"Well, lein's as it's a free thing, I'll go you, but reckon that if she slips off it ain't my fault."

The next day when Bill went home he was not very cordially greeted by his wife, a slim, red haired woman whom the boys called the "sweetener." She was scouring the floor and when Bill entered she threw a bucket of suds on him and exclaimed: "What've you been a-hangin' out all night?"

"At church most of the time."

"Well, I am sorry for the church, that's all."

"No, Lize, it ain't all. I wish it was," wiping the water from his face and sitting down on an old hair trunk. "I've been waitin' fur it all, fur I'd like to hear the last of it, but the end ain't in sight yet."

"Never mind, you good for nothin' wretch, you'll think of this when I am dead and gone."

"Now, Lize, don't. I have 'fessed 'ligion agin, an' for goodness sake let me keep it awhile."

"Yes, it's mighty fine 'ligion that you've got. You go an' blubber at the bench an' then taper off at the grocery. Oh, I know you. Get out of my way," striking at him with a moprag.

"Look here, all this business must be accident, but dang'd—like to lose it—if it looks like it to me. I ain't teched a drop for a week."

"Git outen my way," throwing a chair at him. "You're nothin' but a beast, that's all you air."

"Look out, Lize. Do you want me to lose my 'ligion right here?"

"You've got no more 'ligion than a cat an' you know it."

"I wish you had as much, Lize."

"You do, ah?" "Whack," she struck him with one of her old shoes, which had come off during the conversation.

"Now, I'll be d—d it—'ligion's gone. Told that blame preacher it wa'n't no use. Well, I've got to go over the mountain an' I wouldn't grieve when I come back if I didn't find you in the neighborhood. As I git old I sorter feel like I want to go to heaven, but every time I put in my petition, blamed if you don't black-ball me, but the Lord may take a notion one of these days to come along this way an' blow out your light. Can I git some breakfast?"

"Can't git a bite here."

"That's it. Take away a man's 'ligion an' he ain't nothin' but a dead man. Well, er good mornin', old sweetener."

She threw something at him as he went out, but without turning to see what it was he hitched up his mules and drove away.

Two days later, when Bill returned, his wife was not there. She had been taken to the graveyard. She impetuous woman while beating a cow had been turned upon by the long-suffering animal and hooked across the dark river whose course is not traced by modern geographers.

"They needn't been in such a hurry 'bout buryin' her," said Bill, "but I don't reckon they knowed when I was comin' home. Well, I reckon it's all for the best—best for the cow, at least," he added.

A year later, Bill married a modest little woman who had promised that she would assist him in holding his religion. She was so considerate and affectionate that in his new found happiness he soon forgot the trouble arising from former marriages. When not on the road, he and his wife went to church regularly, and the warmly solicitous preacher who had asked so many fruitless blessings over Bill's bowed head, thanked the Lord that his prayer had at last been answered.

One day, while hitching his team, Bill's favorite mule reached over and bit a handful of hair from the top of his master's head. Bill threw down a pair of hames and swore in a loud voice.

"What's the matter, William?" asked his wife, coming to the door.

"I am killed!" he replied rubbing the top of his head.

"Oh, reckon not, dear."

"Yes I are. That d—d mery mule has bit off the top of my head. Never saw the like in my life. Soon as the wimmen conclude to let a man keep his 'ligion, the blamed mule come along an' snap the life outen him."

"William, I'm sorry you've lost your religion."

"Yes, so am I, but losin' my head is whut's a hurtin' jest at the present time. If I wa'n't in debt I'd kill that blamed mule."

Bill did not long remain away from the mourner's bench. There was no revival in progress at the time, but when the warmly solicitous preacher was made acquainted with the circumstances under which Bill's religion was lost, a meeting was at once called. The freight-bauler's face was radiant when he arose from the bench, and grasping the preacher's hand he said:

"Oh, brother, suthin' tells me that I've got it fur all time to come. Never no more will I lose it, fur with the help of my wife it will stay with me allus."

In the meantime work on the railroad

had begun. From day to day, Bill watched the grades. The destruction of a house in which he had been reared could not have exercised upon him a more saddening influence.

The road was completed. "I am goin' over to make my last trip as freight hauler," said Bill one day. "The first train will come over to-morrow, an' you know airter that it won't be no use for me to hitch up the mules only to do what litte haulin' that'll be in the neighborhood. Well, I've got my 'ligion all right, an' I reckon that a something more than them railroad men can say."

As he neared his home with the last load of freight to be hauled by wagon, Bill stopped his team, and stood up in his wagon to look at the first train that came over. The engine shrieked. The mules ran away, so fearful was their flight that the engine near stopped the train. On went the train. Now the wagon wheels grinded against a rock wall, now they spin over a precipice—now, team and all are gone crashing to the destruction awaiting them below. The mules were killed. Bill was a most helpless when they took him up and put him on board the train. After reaching home he regained consciousness, but every one could see that his time had come. The warmly solicitous parson entered. Bill's eyes brightened.

"I've still got my 'ligion, parson."

"Thank God," replied the old man.

"I didn't cuss while they was runnin' away an' I never said nothin' when I seen the train a-comin'." No danger of losin' it now, parson?"

"No, Bill."

"Long time a-stickin', but she's stuck."

"No one replied. It was useless. Bill was dead."

**How Interviews Are Reported.**

(After Cecil's "Curbstone Cravings.")

"Grant was often misunderstood," said a correspondent, "through the free rendering by different parties of what he said. I came on him once when five senators had their heads close to his in whispered conference. Each senator gave me a different explanation of the meeting and a different rendering of what Grant had said. But all men are given to that sort of thing. The day I came from Washington some weeks ago, I met Stone, Ballentine, and Field of the News, and Governor Pierce, of Dakota, walking in a partridge sort of a group, tramping on each others' toes, and with bodies bent to bring their heads together. They were in great glee about something, and were so absorbed that they came pretty near running over me. As they moved on awkwardly, wriggling like fish all pulled by one hook, I winked at them, but not one of them spoke to me."

"As I had not seen any of them since the national convention this struck me as being a little cool. The next day Stone met me and confided to me that they had just at that time been convulsed by one of the governor's Dakota stories. Something about a blizzard and the funniest thing he ever heard. Half an hour later Pierce volunteered the statement that they had been laughing over one of Field's stories that Stone had set down, and I saw Field in the afternoon and he explained that Stone was telling them a joke on McGill. Ballentine came into my range in the evening and confided to me that they had at the moment I came across them connected a joke on Long Jones, and that the thing had tickled him nearly to death. Putting the stories, all volunteer statements, together, I had as clear an idea of what the fellows had been laughing about as the reporter often received of Grant's views from men who professed to have talked with him."

**Nankin's Porcelain Tower.**

(World of Wonders.)

The city of Nankin, once the capital of China has for centuries been famous to the "barbarians" of the outer world for its porcelain tower, a relic of the splendor of its ancient days, before Pekin usurped its dignity as the seat of the empire. The porcelain tower was built quite early in the fifteenth century by the order of the Emperor Yanglo, and as a work of filial piety. It was a monument to the memory of his mother.

The work was commenced at noon on a certain day in 1413, and occupied nearly twenty years in its completion. The total height of the porcelain tower was more than 200 feet, or about equal to that of the monument of London, and it was faced from top to bottom with the finest porcelain, glazed, and colored. It consisted of nine stories, surmounted by a spire, on the summit of which was a ball of brass, richly gilt. From this ball eight iron chains extended to as many projecting points of the roof, and from each chain was suspended a bell, which hung over the face of the tower. The same arrangement was carried out in every story. These bells added much to the graceful appearance of the tower, breaking its otherwise formal and monotonous outline. Round the outer face of each story were several apertures for lanterns, and when these were all illuminated, we are told, in the magnificent language of the Chinese historian, that "their light illuminated the entire heavens, shining into the hearts of men, and eternally removing human misery!"

**Improvements in Heavy Guns.**

(Col. J. R. Haskins.)

The manufacture of heavy guns is in its infancy. It is true that improvements are made from time to time in their construction, but they apply to details rather than the principle upon which guns are built. There is but a little modification of the principle of the old brass piece of the last century seen in the 100-ton guns of to-day. There is the same general loss of power in each. A pressure of 40,000 pounds at the breech of the best gun in the market will diminish to 6,000 pounds at the muzzle, with a corresponding decrease in the velocity of the projectile.

What gun-makers are striving for is to make a gun in which the high pressure at the breech will be maintained to the muzzle, and to discharge a shot with this tremendous pressure behind it. When this result is attained the heaviest fortification and armor will sink into insignificance, and a city or a vessel will be battered to pieces the same as if it were an egg shell. The time, I believe, is not far distant when a gun of this power will be made. The harbor defenses of the world will then have to be changed, and the most powerful men-of-war will, comparatively speaking, be nothing more than pleasure-yachts.

**Winter in the Adirondacks.**

(Chicago Times.)

Winter costume in the Adirondacks is comfortable and sometimes picturesque. Guides and wood-cutters wear heavy scarlet woolen stockings drawn up over the knees. A warm blue jersey and a scarlet woolen comforter tied around the waist help to make the wearer a cynosure of all eyes. Visitors of both sexes wear for driving buffalo overcoats, felt boots, with rubbers over them, and sealskin turbans which can be pulled down over the ears.

**HEATING STREET CARS.**

**A Brooklyn Company Seems to Have Solved the Problem.**

(Chicago Tribune.)

In order to test the question the Brooklyn City company, at the outset, placed stoves in the cars making the longest trips—those running to east New York. These cars carried a large proportion of laborers and a class with whom the more refined element did not choose to ride. To accommodate the latter, living between the ferry and Bedford avenue, about half way to east New York, a separate line has been established, and Brooklynites would almost invariably wait for these cars rather than go over the same track as far as Bedford avenue in the cars carrying the more miscellaneous and untidy through passengers for east New York. The stoves were first placed in the east New York cars, as it was felt that they would there more completely test their utility and prove the sincerity of the public clamor. A change was noted at once. Those who never before would ride in east New York cars now used them regularly. Traffic on the short-line cars in winter fell off greatly, and the formerly despised east New Yorkers were almost unable to meet the demands upon them.

The Brooklyn City company at once saw that warm cars were really wanted and that the public clamor was not unfounded. The fact was emphasized by the patrons at their other routes when it was discovered that one district alone was thus favored. From that time to the present Brooklynites who travel by these routes have had warm cars.

The cars are heated by means of a sheet-iron cylinder stove set in the center of the car. It occupies the space of one passenger. On outside of the stove a boxing surrounds the stove square, while inside its curve corresponds with the side and rear of the stove, and is lined with zinc, a space of two or three inches being left between the stove and the zinc. This makes the boxing which is of black walnut and very tastefully finished, hollow, there being three or four inch holes bored in the top piece to allow heated air to escape. By thus doubling the partitions at the sides and leaving a small air space, the seats next the stove are not rendered uncomfortable, as they might otherwise become when the dampers are open. There is generally a scramble for these seats at the starting station at the ferry, and long distance passengers like to make themselves comfortable there.

Nut coal (anthracite) is used. It costs the Brooklyn City company \$4.40 per ton at dock. For kindling they use a refuse oak which has undergone treatment for the purpose of extracting acid. This wood has a charred appearance, is not very smoky, and requires less than of other kindling to ignite a coal fire. This wood costs 30 cents a bag, containing about two and a half bushels. The cars, 400 in number, being in constant use, are run about thirteen and a half hours a day, and it is estimated that that the cost of heating, including coal and kindling, is 12 cents per car per day. Conductors make and attend to the fires, which is no trouble, and they cheerfully do it for the comfort they derive in being able to warm themselves frequently.

**Gen. Fremont's Last Venture.**

(Chicago Herald.)

One of the white-haired and whiskered old men who toiled in New York, bearing the unmistakable evidences of reversed fortunes, is Gen. John C. Fremont. Half a century of adventure and bold scheming has left him poor. Of late he has made a living as a civil engineer. He is no pauper, nor in absolute penury, except by comparison with his former prosperous state. He is now on his feet again for another chase after wealth. His course lies to Mexico, where he is to survey, acquire, and share in owning an immense tract of land. "I have high hopes of trying a millionaire, after all," he said to me, before setting out, "but I may fail, and I am convinced that this is positively my last chance. I haven't any time to lose, and I feel like a gambler who has wagered his last remnant of money. My capital is energy, boldness, and possibly some brains, and I have got to the end of it, after playing a pretty game of alternate winnings and losses. This is the last throw of the dice." It should be added, however, that Fremont's present venture has every mark of legitimate enterprise.

**How We Use Paint.**

(Chicago Tribune.)

"There is three times as much paint used in the United States as there is in any country in Europe, proportionately speaking," said a wholesale dealer in paints.

"What is the reason?"

Principally our frame houses. You see in Europe people all build in stone, brick or clay. In the towns and cities one doesn't see any wooden houses at all, and even in the country the peasants and farmers have either houses of rough stone, brick or clay. Even the barns are here built of stone or brick. There are probably ten frame houses to one of any other material. As a consequence, a great deal of paint is used to give the outside an inviting appearance. Many Americans are perfect enthusiasts and spend thrifths that way. The sooty atmosphere of our cities spoils the looks of a house in no time. A new coat of paint is the remedy. Thus many paint their residences twice a year and this is true, to a less extent, even of the brick structures. In that way probably two-thirds of our paint goes."

**Grant at Shiloh.**

(Exchange.)

Gen. Grant, in his paper on "Shiloh," written for the February Century, scouts the idea that his army was in a defenseless condition at the close of the first day of the battle. He says that before any of Buell's troops had taken position he had given orders to his division commanders to attack at daybreak on the second day. Of the close of the first day he says: "Gen. Lew Wallace arrived after firing had ceased, and was placed on the right. This night came, Wallace came, and the advance of Nelson's division came, but none except night—in time to be of material service to the gallant men who saved Shiloh on the first day, against large odds. He fixes the time of the capture of Gen. Prentiss as certainly after half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as he himself was with Prentiss at that hour, "when his division was standing up firmly, and the general was as cool as if he had been expecting victory."

**Progress of a Century.**

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

A pie in 1770 was made of two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcock, six snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds and six pigeons. A pie can now be had from one slice of dried apple and a little piece of soggy dough, such is the march of improvement.

**Curious "Emmy" Mounds.**

(St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

Mr. T. H. Lewis, a St. Paul archaeologist, has lately returned from a tour of exploration of almost a year, and he brings with him some rare and valuable specimens obtained from the ancient mounds that are scattered about in almost every section of the southwest and northwest. He brings back with him, as the result of his tour, a large collection of drawings of effigies and curious relics of the days of the discovered a mound in southeastern Minnesota, the outlines representing the form of a fish. The few fish effigies that have been described by explorers heretofore have never shown the fins; but Mr. Lewis' discovery has the fins very accurately marked, being the first ever noted by archaeologists. Its greatest length is 1003 feet, the greatest width thirty-six feet, from end to end of the wings. Mr. Lewis considers this one of the most interesting and valuable effigies ever discovered. Another one represents a frog, the only perfect specimen ever described. It is ninety-eight feet in length, fifty-four in width between the tips of the forelegs and ninety-five feet between the tips of the hind legs. The body of the largest bird effigy is twenty-eight feet from beak to the end of the tail, and 121 feet from tip to tip of the wings. Another of a bird is the most symmetrical of any surveyed, the length from the tail to the tips of the wings being exactly the same.

A drawing of a rattlesnake effigy found on lake St. Croix, in Minnesota, shows a length of 148 feet, the section of the mound representing the head swelling out to the width of fifty-four feet. Three mounds at the rear end denote that number of rattles. The effigy is very well developed to show the natural proportions of a snake. Another interesting and striking effigy was found a short distance west of St. Paul. It is a group of five mounds, bearing the appearance of large birds in motion in the air, with wings extended and necks stretched forward. Three of them are directly in line with the other two. The first is on the left, and the leader a little in advance, bearing off to the right. Mr. Lewis says that it is one of the best and most natural effigies he has ever discovered or seen described. The shape of the mounds is different from any that have ever been discovered in the way of bird effigies. The highest point is near the upper portion of the wing, the slope of the wings being proportioned so as to show which way the long feathers run. These described, are only the more striking ones of the 125 effigies surveyed.

**The Theosophical "Sisters" of Thibet.**

(Lawrence Oliphant in Nineteenth Century.)

Suffice to say, that in the fairy-like pavilion which was my home, dwelt twenty-four lonely sisters and their twenty-four brothers. I was to make the two families—four in all—complete and absolute harmony, and that their lives presented the most charming combination of active industry, harmless gaiety, and innocent pleasures. By a proper distribution of work and proportionment of labor, in which all took part, the cultivation of the land, the tending of the exquisite gardens, with their pishing fountains, fragrant flowers, and inviting arbours, the herding of the cattle, and the heavier part of various handicrafts, fell upon the men; while the women looked after the domestic arrangements—cooked, made or mended and washed the clothes and their own (both men and women were dressed according to the purest principles of aesthetic taste), looked after the dairy and helped the men in the lighter parts of their industries.

Various inventions, known only to the occult sisterhood by means of their studies in the esoteric science of mechanics, contributed to shorten these labors to an extent which would be scarcely credited by the uninitiated; but some idea of their nature may be formed from the fact that methods of storing and applying electricity, unknown as yet in the west, have here been in operation for many centuries, while telephones, tying machines, and many other contrivances still in their infancy with us, are carried to a high pitch of perfection. In a word, what struck me at once as the fundamental difference between this sisterhood and the fraternity of adepts with which I had been associated, was that the former turned at their occult experiences to practical account in their daily life in this world, instead of preserving them solely for the subjective conditions which are supposed by mahatmas to attach exclusively to another state of existence.

**The Card-Writing Industry.**

(Chicago Tribune.)

Within the last three years this industry has assumed quite remarkable proportions, and at the present time a much more respectable class of men is engaged in it. Said one of them: "For a week I had so much business in writing Christmas and New Year cards that I had to engage an assistant, to whom I paid \$10 per day. My sales ran all the way from \$1 to \$8 per dozen, and I worked twelve to fourteen hours each day, but my assistant only worked eight hours for his \$10. After paying my rent for space I clear about \$2,000 a year, besides which I have 160 pupils who take a course of twelve lessons either at my house or their own. It keeps me busy, but I am making money, and I don't care for the hard work. During the holidays there were an army of itinerants in the field, but they have folded their tents and gone no one knows where." There are persons engaged in this occupation at most of the hotels, and most visiting cards and many drummers' cards are written instead of printed.

**Shaking Chimneys.**

(Scientific American.)

A soundly-built chimney vibrates, or swings from side to side, as a whole, under sudden and violent shocks of wind, and is in reality safer when it does so than when it stands in sullen and unmoved resistance. The vibration indicates that the several constituent parts of the structure are firmly compacted into one coherent, continuous, and, as it were, homogeneous mass, which can sway from side to side like a steel rod, or spring without any tendency to dissolve its continuity and break assunder at some intermediate point.

The absence of vibration, on the other hand, means that there is not this integrity of coherence, and that there are, so to speak, fissures of substantial continuity in the structure, at which disruptive strain is unavoidably developed. Sudden shocks of wind bursting upon lofty columns of brick-work in such circumstances tend to break them across at the joints where the interruption of continuity occurs.

Uncle Esck: There are lots of people who never know anything until they run against it, and then they know too much.

Inter Ocean: Seventy-five newspapers have come into life, sickened and died in New York within the past thirty years.



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