

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

It was six years ago, and I had then been two years a widow. You know whether I loved my husband—you still remember, I am sure, how passionately he loved me. I still wear mourning for him. My daughter was 5 years old. We were both visiting some country friends at the house of old Madame Matouchka, whom you all know, and who lived about twelve versts from Moscow. She had determined to get me married again; and in the hope of maturing her designs she had invited me to pass the first half of the autumn season at her place. The only circumstances which could have justified anybody in speaking to me of a second marriage was that all my fortune had been invested in certain manufacturing enterprises—once very lucrative, but at the time I speak of gradually diminishing in financial importance through the lack of firm and skillful management. I had not been in the country residence for quite twenty-four hours when a friend of my husband came to ask her hospitality—a Frenchman, quite a hand and some young fellow, and highly educated—a graduate of the Ecole Centrale. I had always liked the French, without regarding their protestations as altogether sincere. They are quite charming, too—the desert of the human species, or certainly the entremets. At least I now tell you what I used to think of them those days. Still, I had always been told that while they might make the most adroit lovers in the whole world, they make the most execrable husbands imaginable. Such were our ideas in Russia. Well, this young man, M. Claude Marbillot, had completed his studies with the highest honors, and only needed a small financial start in order to make his fortune. Madame Matouchka, who wished him well, immediately thought of me. I did not immediately comprehend his danger, and exposed myself to it with absolute impunity. M. Marbillot rode very well indeed; we used to take our hour's ride through the country every morning. M. Marbillot sang quite agreeably; our evenings were spent at the piano in the execution of duets. M. Marbillot knew a host of fairy-tales and children's games—the funniest things conceivable. He could cut out paper men as well as anybody, and was never afraid to go down upon all fours in order to play at "wolf," my little daughter would cry if she passed only five or six hours without seeing him. M. Marbillot was in constant correspondence with the most eminent engineers and scientists in the whole world. Every morning at breakfast-time, when the mail was brought to him, he would hurriedly glance at the envelopes and exclaim, "It's from that dear old De Lesseps," or, "At last—here is the reply of friend Edison,"—"Here is a note from my dear friend Pasteur."

So finally, one day Madame Matouchka, doubtless thinking I had become sufficiently fascinated, said to me: "Hakona, there's just the husband you want—you will never be able to find a better one. That young Frenchman is just charming, very charming I think, and so well educated and so full of good positive poetical knowledge. He needs only one thing to make him perfect—a nice wife like you. Why he swears by your name; he is always talking about the beautiful Hakona. And if you have as much good common sense as you have charms and fine qualities, your wedding will be celebrated in less than a month. Now this brusque attack upon me proved a very unfortunate thing for Madame Matouchka's protégé. It suddenly illuminated the path I had been unconsciously traveling. I was thoroughly frightened when I found how far I had gone already, and still more frightened when I reflected how few steps there remained for me to take in order to become Madame Marbillot. From that moment the combat proceeded with all the batteries unmasked. The postulant openly declared his pretensions. The old lady became absolutely annoying. At first I endeavored to call to my aid the memory of my dead husband. But this plan I was soon obliged to give up for the good reason that such a sentimental proceeding naturally provoked comparisons which were all to the advantage of the newcomer. There is no better trump-card in a wooer's game than the mere fact that he is playing against a dead man. Finally one day, being pushed to the last extremity, I demanded to be left alone for twenty-four hours in order to reflect calmly about the matter and make a decision. It was provisionally agreed upon that in case of refusal M. Marbillot should leave at once without asking for reasons. I must confess I was very much puzzled. The hands of the clock seemed to run around the dial with crazy swiftness; there were much fewer seconds than those minutes. I thought, then in ordinary minutes. At eleven o'clock I went to bed—although, as you may well suppose, I had not the least feeling of sleepiness. My little daughter slept in a cradle which came to my bed. She was 5 years old. I think I told you so before. At this very moment I can see that room again just as plainly as if I were in it—the wicker chair that dimly illuminated the chamber; the windows, looking out upon the past, their lower panes darkened by the silhouettes of shrubbery without; their upper portion showing a gray sky speckled with stars. The portraits nailed to the wall looked at each other smilingly, as though they wished to say "good night" before closing their eyelids of canvas or paper. I can still hear the tic-tac of that clock, and the regular breathing of my little girl. Perhaps I had been weighing the pros and cons of my dilemma for about two hours, when turning suddenly on my side, toward the edge of the bed, I said to myself: "No—I will never give my child a step-father."

Just then (I am telling you the truth) I saw—just as distinctly as I see you now—Andre, my dead husband, smiling at me, standing between the bed and the wall. I recognized the dress he wore on the day I met him for the first time. His face did not look unpleasant; and my first impulse was to hold out my arms to him. But when I saw him approaching me, then—ah, damn!—fear seized me; and I sat right up, with my eyes wide open, my arms rigid with terror, my hands clenching the pillow they rested on. I felt my hair move, and a chill sweat beaded my forehead. Still smiling, his left hand to his heart, his right lifted to his lips as though to wave me a kiss, he approached still nearer. When he was quite close—very, very near. He bent over me; and I knew that his lips were seeking mine. A bonny recollection! Some strange pain prevented me from turning away my head, or lifting my arms. Still I tried to draw my face back—and as the face of the dead man, at first so kindly, stooped

neater and nearer to me, I saw it becoming more and more fleshless; and I saw the worms gathered within the cavities of the eyes. Still I could not avoid that kiss. How did his teeth wreathe! The cry I gave awoke my little girl. She jumped up, and kneeling in her little bed exclaimed: "Oh! there's papa!" Now fancy the horror of that!—she seeing, just as plainly as I did, the shadow of her father. We both remembered it well, though we try sometimes to persuade each other it could not have been so. I took her in my arms, and we remained hugging each other until day break watching, not daring to move or to call anybody. By the time they knocked at my door early in the morning my trunk had all been packed and I hurried away from the house in a fright, without giving my hosts any explanation. "What," exclaimed one of her audience, "you might at least prevent your marrying again afterwards." "Ah! no indeed! I even had the reading of the laws dispensed with, in order to get married as quick as possible." "Why, what was the matter?" "The matter was I was so afraid that a month might elapse before I had married him again."

The Cafes of Madrid. The cafes in Madrid are one of its peculiar excellencies. They are almost innumerable and excellent. In the United States we have no corresponding establishments. Here nearly every one after breakfast, which is from 10 o'clock a. m. till 1 o'clock p. m., instead of having taken a cup of coffee with milk during the month of a city of banquets, afterwards adjourns to one of the many cafes, where he has his coffee, and where he is just in counter friends, and so his cup of coffee instead of being a matter of a few minutes, or an hour, or an hour and a half at a cafe. The same custom is preserved at dinner, which is from half past 3 to 4 o'clock, and the post-prandial coffee at a coffee-house carries one along until bedtime perhaps. Wines, liquors and cigars are to be had at the coffee-houses, but the Spaniards are not a nation of hard drinkers. The white or red wine of the country is the usual beverage of the lower classes, unless something stronger is desired, when aguardiente comes to the rescue. This is liquor mixed with anise, that disguises the taste of alcohol. It is very sweet, very strong, and very cheap, an ordinary wine glass costing usually 5 centimes—i. e., 1 cent of United States money. Notwithstanding that such a strong drink costs so little money, one does not often see a drunken man in Madrid. Europeans in Algeria. The area of land cultivated by Europeans and natives in the colony of Algeria is 45,000,000 acres, and the agricultural population is nearly 3,000,000, having at its disposal 393,747 impiments, valued at \$2,413,000. The animal population consisted at the beginning of the year of 104,421 horses, 69,243 mules, 281,483 donkeys, 181,350 camels, 1,048,829 head of cattle, 6,066,983 sheep, 3,618,392 goats, and 59,741 pigs, making in all 11,499,395 head of stock, out of which number 658,891 belonged to Europeans and 10,840,504 to natives. These figures show an increase of 1,380,000 over the previous year, the number of sheep alone having increased by nearly 1,000,000. The area of land sown in grain was about 1,150,000 acres belonging to Europeans and 6,150,000 acres belonging to natives, the total yield for these 7,300,000 acres being 40,377,293 bushels or less than six bushels an acre. Upward of 15,000 acres of vineyard were planted in the course of the year, and Algeria has a total area of over 110,000 acres, and a crop for 1893 having been 18,483,208 gallons. A Mammoth Cheese. [London Agricultural Gazette.] By the City of Berlin, which arrived at Liverpool last week, Mr. Thomas J. Lipton received a consignment of a cheese of extraordinary dimensions. It weighs no less than 2,400 pounds, and there are others from the same dairy, now due on the Clyde by the Anchor steamer Anchoria, which together weigh fully 6,000 pounds. These monster cheeses are said to be the largest in the world at the present moment, and were made by Dr. L. L. Wright of Whitesborough, New York state. Six days' milk of 1,200 cows was required to make the three cheeses. Only a few days previously, Mr. Lipton received four smaller cheeses, each weighing over 1,900 pounds. They were made by the Cloverfield Cheese Factory company, one of the best known factories in America. Wolves and the Telegraph. [Popular Science News.] In Norway it is believed that wolves are frightened away by telegraph lines. While a vote was pending on a grant to a new line, a member of the Storting remarked that, while his constituents had no direct interest in it, they would support the grant, because the wires would drive away the wolves. It is said that, however hungry a wolf may be, he will never go into a spot that is enclosed by ropes stretched on posts. It is a remarkable fact, that since the first telegraphic line was established, twenty years ago, wolves have never appeared in its neighborhood. Novel Test for Physicians. [Cor. Boston Globe.] What a cleaning out there would be if each physician had to pass this test: Has he kept himself and his own family from sickness during the past five years? I would not allow a doctor to begin practice, even after obtaining his diploma, until he had married and could pass the above five-year examination. So long as physicians themselves suffer from chronic rheumatism, gout, etc., and even allow themselves to fill up with foul humors to the degree indicated by pneumonia, they may well be called "blind leaders of the blind."

A Novel Greeting. [Exchange.] About a decade ago a German postal official hit upon the idea of printing a New Year's wish upon the bands of wrappers of mail matter that was addressed to foreign countries. The conceit took, and now the middle of this in nearly every country in the postal union greet each other, at the beginning of the year, in this novel way. Stored Electricity. [The Current.] One may now buy for \$5 a flask which will contain enough stored electricity to supply a four-candle lamp for four hours, and which may be recharged for only 12 cents. The Current. Not high toned, but human—the quiet satisfaction with which the industrious editor beholds his ruthless contemporaries stealing his glaring errors along with his valuable facts.

NOBODY REALLY CARES. [Margaret Eytting in Harper's Weekly.] If you've anything to grieve you, And fill your heart with tears, If Poverty bids her you, And your days are dimmed with tears, If you feel that soul despairing, No answer to your prayers, Don't say a word about it, for Nobody really cares. If health and strength forsake you, And pain and sickness bring A gloom that clouds the sunshine And shadows everything, If you feel that lot so weary, But seldom mortal bears, D-n't say a word about it, for Nobody really cares. This world is fond of pleasure, And, take it at its best, 'Tis sadly bored unless you Meet it with smile and jest; It yawns o'er want's complainings, At sorrow coldly stares, S-never tell your troubles, for Nobody really cares. Cheap Lodgings with "Inducements." [Chicago Tribune.] "A bowl of coffee, two doughnuts, and obliging for 10 cents" was the sign that hung from a dark street establishment another day, and caused several loafers to wonder what caused the manager to make such inducements. Forty tattered customers were enjoying the coffee and doughnuts when a reporter called to inspect the place. It was not embellished in any great degree, but the surroundings were perfectly adapted to the class of patronage. "Competition is the life of trade," said a customer, "and the man who offers the best inducements is the man who is to walk off with the products of the bakery." "Do you find it a paying business?" "Since I introduced the coffee and doughnut scheme trade has begun to pour in—forty beds, all full last night. There is any amount of 10-cent lodging hereabouts, but the coffee and doughnut scheme will become universal before long. You see, a lodger generally wants a bowl of some kind of stimulant in the morning, and though a bowl of coffee is not just the thing, still a man prefers it to water. Some would rather have whisky, but they are dying off." "What kind of coffee is it?" "It's not Mocha, I'll assure you; but it's an original blend of all strengthening." "The doughnuts, I presume, are flexible?" "Yes; they're of the army cracker kind, invulnerable to tender gums, but when soaked in the coffee are palatable. The beds are of the soft-plank order, with horse-blankets for covering. I'm running on the salubrious plan, and my guests are all healthy men." A Sanatorial Stamp-Collector. [Edmund Allen in St. Nicholas.] Charles Sumner was one of America's greatest statesmen, and I found him to be one of the kindest men in the world. He was an ideal American gentleman, was always polite to every one, and I never heard him utter a cross or hasty word. He had an extensive correspondence and received letters from all parts of the globe. One time, while at a page, I had a mania for gathering stamps, and as those on many of his letters were very rare, I asked the senator if he would kindly put the envelopes in his desk, so that I could get them, instead of tearing and throwing them upon the floor. He said he would save them for me with pleasure, and, sure enough, the next day he came to the senate with a large collar-box in his hand. He put this in the drawer of his desk, and when he had opened an envelope with a foreign stamp attached, he would tear off the stamp and deposit it in the box. Several weeks afterward he called me to him and handed me the box, filled with the choicest and most curious collection, saying, "Now, if you will empty the box, I will fill it again for you." And he was true to his word. I have met hundreds of eminent men in my life; none, however, more prominent than Sumner, who cares to burden or distract their thoughts with this kind of senator from Massachusetts, yet I think few of them would, under similar circumstances, have gone to so much trouble merely to humor the whim of a boy. Professional Exhibitors of the Elephant. [Cor. Philadelphia News.] Standing near the desk of the Fifth Avenue hotel a day or two since I saw a newly dressed, gentlemanly man step up to the clerk and say: "I want to see the town, and am a stranger stopping here with you." The clerk without delay turned and whistled for a bell-boy. "Call M—," said the clerk. In a moment a large, good-looking man, as well dressed as any gentleman on the street, appeared. The clerk introduced him to the person who wanted to see the sights of a great city. "Whatever this man does I'll do," said the clerk to him. "He is my man, and he knows the ropes." The two stepped aside, talked in a subdued tone a moment, and then parted to meet again later. The next morning I saw the two men in the bar-room drinking seltzer water. They both looked as though they had made a night of it. All the great hotels keep good-looking, well-informed men to show a stranger around. It is a costly business to the visitor, but any one going to New York is willing to be robbed, especially if he is bent on seeing the elephant. "A Bushy Head of Hair." [The Lanet.] Abundant hair is not a sign of bodily or mental strength, the story of Samson having given rise to the notion that hairy men are strong physically, while the fact is that the Chinese are the most so during all races, are nearly bald, and, as to the supposition that long and thick hair is a sign or token of intellectuality, all antiquity, all mad-houses, all common observation are against it. The easily-whorled Esau was hairy; the mighty Caesar was bald. Long-haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers and soldiers and statesmen of the world. Rivals the Boy of the Burning Deck. [Atlanta Constitution.] Capt. W. W. Lawson, who is himself a famous hunter and fisherman of Burke county, says that many years ago his father, who was fond of the sports of the field, had a white pointer, and one day while hunting in an old field where the sedge was high and thick he lost his dog. No calling could bring the dog to his master and no search could find him. The next spring, when the field was being cleared for planting, the skeleton of the dog was found within a few inches of a covey of birds—the dog still "on the point." South Africa's Diamonds. Diamonds from Kimberley are said to reach an annual value of \$18,750,000, and the total quantity mined since 1870 is reported to have attained the enormous sum of \$200,000,000.

BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR. [W. Gilmore Simms.] Oh! never sink beneath Fortune's frown, But brave her with a shout of cheer, And cry her fairly—face her down—She's only stern to those who fear; Here's "Better luck another year!" Another year! Aye, better luck another year! Will I have her smile instead of sneer— A thousand smiles for every tear, With home made glad and goodly cheer, And better luck another year— Another year! The dancier fortune still denies The plea that yet delights her ear; 'Tis but our manhood that she tries, She's only to those who doubt and fear, She'll grant the suit another year! Another year! Here's "Better luck another year!" She now denies the golden prize; But spite of frown and scorn and sneer, Be firm, and we will win and wear With home made glad and goodly cheer, In better luck another year, Another year! Another year! Emanation of the Workingman. [Emma W. Rogers in The Current.] What Goldwyn Smith says of English workmen is equally applicable to the same class in the United States: "A slight change in the habits of our workmen would add more to their wealth, their happiness and their hopes than has been added by all the strikes or by conflicts of any kind." Whisky, tobacco and loafing are, without doubt, the weights that drag down the laboring class, in spite of efforts to elevate it, both from within and without. These have blocked the way of every advance movement and they threaten defeat to any experiment that should require sobriety, energy and industry on the part of the workingmen. In the twelfth annual report of the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor the objection urged by manufacturers against the uniform ten-hour law is stated by the chief of that bureau to be the misuse the laborers make of leisure, resulting in loss to their employers as well as to themselves. "Whiskey, tobacco and loafing," he says, "of these three evils were almost daily urged against ten hours. It is not too much to say that the sober, industrious and frugal operatives, and all who seek for better things for them, have to carry the loafers, the tipplers and the saloon-keepers on their backs." If the laborer desires to share more largely in the increasing product of industrial enterprise he must acquire capital, and to do this he must learn to save. (Extracts from England's annual report of 1890, which he thinks belongs indisputably to the laboring class, as an answer to the assertion that the laborer's income leaves no margin for saving. "The obstacles to saving," he says, "are not physical but moral obstacles, and, supposing laborers had the virtue to overcome them, the first step toward their industrial emancipation would have been accomplished.") A Novel Clock. [Exchange.] A novel clock is described in the newspapers of Liverpool, where it has recently been set up. The clock is made on the simple principle of a counting or registering apparatus, and indicating in large legible figures the exact hour and minute throughout the whole day and night. The dial consists of a series of equal sized plates, on which the figures are marked. These figures are arranged side by side, and exposed to view through an aperture, a division being made in the center of the opening to distinguish between the hours and minutes. The figures on the left indicate the hours, those on the right the minutes past the hour, in the same manner as the time is shown in railway guides. The figures remain stationary for a minute at a time, and precisely at every second second the figure on the right is instantaneously exchanged for the next in succession. Every ten minutes two figures are thus replaced, and at every hour they all suddenly disappear, and the exact time is simultaneously shown. The figures, being formed by openings in the plates glazed with opal glass, always show bright and clear, and at night are illuminated by the electric light. A Curious Traffic. [Independent Enquirer.] The national interchange in fish-eggs has reached enormous figures, and in fact this traffic has become one of the curiosities of commerce. One of the Glasgow steamers recently brought nearly 500,000 eggs of Loch Leven trout, which were delivered to United States Fish Commissioner Baird. He placed them at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, where he has a suitable depot, but they will soon be sent to various hatcheries. These eggs were contained in six cans, and were thus kept in excellent condition. Carrying out this international exchange the commissioner has shipped nearly 100,000 eggs of lake trout, whitefish and brook trout to the Fish Cultural association of London. He has also sent 1,000,000 white-fish eggs to Berlin, where they are placed in what are termed the "Ischerie Verein." A half million of the same kind of eggs were sent to Bern, Switzerland. Commissioner Baird has on hand 1,000,000 of white fish eggs ready for any demand, and expects to hatch 500,000 of salmon for our own rivers; also a large quantity of tom-cod carp. He has 500,000 eggs of the tom-cod which will also be hatched during the coming season. Grant's New Endeavor. [Cath. in The Enquirer.] Poverty is not so dreadful when it comes as we may think. It inclines new energies. Gen. Grant immediately set to work to be an author. He had given away great volumes of books; allowed pictures of himself to be taken by anybody who wanted to sell them; had allowed newspaper writers to go with him around the world and make books for their own wealth. He now began to see that he had been too prodigal, and started on his own composition. If Grant had never allowed a picture to be taken of himself there would be a fortune in his mere photographs. George Sand, the French authoress, declined to have a photograph taken until rather late in life, when Nadar, the balloon photographer, paid her for the privilege. A New Ceramic Product. [Scientific Journal.] A new ceramic product, according to Mons. Hignette, is now made from the abundant white sands of French glass-factories. The sand is molded into blocks by immense hydraulic pressure, and is then baked in furnaces at a high temperature. The product has remarkable solidity and tenacity; it is not affected by frost, rain or sun; it resists very high temperature; it is very light, and it has a fine white color. It is predicted that the material will be used for many architectural effects in combination with brick or stones of other colors.

Quick Railway Time. Rockford, Ill., Jan. 1880. This is to certify that we have appointed Frank P. Blair, sole agent for the sale of our Quick Train Railroad Watches in the town of Bellefonte. ROCKFORD WATCH COMPANY, BY HOSMER P. HULLAND, Sec. Having most thoroughly tested the Rockford Quick Train Watches for the last three years, I offer them with the fullest confidence as the best made and most reliable time keeper for the money that can be obtained. I fully guarantee every Watch for two years. FRANK P. BLAIR, No. 2 Brookerhoff Row, All other American Watches at reduced prices. DIGHTON, Jan. 27, 1882. The Rockford watch purchased Feb. 1879, has performed better than any Watch I ever had. Have carried it every day and at no time has it been irregular, or in the least unreliable. I cheerfully recommend the Rockford Watch. HORACE B. HORTON, at Dighton Furnace Co. TAUNTON, Sept. 18, 1881. The Rockford Watch runs very accurately; better than any watch I ever owned, and I have had one that cost \$150. Can recommend the Rockford Watch to everybody who wishes a fine timekeeper. S. P. HUBBARD, M. D. This is to certify that the Rockford Watch bought Feb. 22, 1879, has run very well the past year. Having set it only twice during that time, its only variation being three minutes, it has run very much better than I ever anticipated. It was not adjusted and only cost \$20. R. P. BRYANT, Off College! The oldest and best appointed Institution for obtaining a Business Education. For circulars address P. DUFF & BORN, To impart a Practical Business Education has, for many years and with great success been the aim of Duff's College, No. 49 Fifth Avenue. The faithful student has here facilities for such a training as will qualify him for an immediate entrance upon practical duties in any sphere of life. For circulars address P. Duff & Born, Pittsburg, Pa. Duff's Bookkeeping, published by Harper & Bro., printed in colors, 400 pages. The largest work on the science published. A work for the general railroad, business men and practical accountants. Price, \$2.00. DO YOU WANT A NICE, COMFORTABLE BOOT or SHOE! IF SO, CALL AT MICHAEL COONEY'S Well known Boot and Shoe Stand, McCafferty's Building, opp. Depot. ELLEFONTE PENNA STUDIO, 2nd floor Bush Arcade, (Room opp. Dr. Rothrock's Dental office.) I am now ready to do all kinds of PAINTING, Such as PORTRAITS in oil, LANDSCAPES, SIGN and ORNAMENTAL FANCY DECORATING and GRAINING a SPECIALITY. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. I would be pleased to have you call, and examine specimens of work. Instructions given in Painting. VERY RESPECTFULLY, C. P. Hilder. HERBERT BUTTS PRACTICAL HARNESS MAKER, HIGH ST., NEXT DOOR TO BEZELER'S MEAT MARKET. Is prepared to do all kinds of Fancy and Heavy Harness Making at Reasonable Prices and in the Most Skillful Manner. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. We challenge competition in prices and workmanship. Give us a trial and be convinced. All work guaranteed before leaving 1-3m. ADVISE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WIGGLESWORTH'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery, diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WIGGLESWORTH'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists three-fourths of the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 5-7-ly AUDITORS NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of A. D. Hahn deceased, the undersigned an Auditor appointed by said court, in said case to have and pass upon exceptions filed and to make distribution of the funds to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet all parties interested at the office of D. S. Keller, Esq., Friday February 27th, A. D. 1880, at 10-30 A. M., when and where all parties concerned may attend. HENRY KELLER, Auditor.

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