

CAPITOLA HERO.

Westville is not down on the maps, but it really exists, and two years ago the Westville Young Ladies' Literary Society gave a picnic which was a great success, and was largely attended. In fact everybody turned out to participate in the festivities of the day, except the poor lunatics confined in the State Insane Asylum, which was located at Westville, all of whom, of course were kept safely under lock and key!

Most of the asylum medical staff attended, and the two young doctors, Claud Aultman and John Benton were there, dancing attendance upon the President of the society, and the acknowledged belle of Westville, Miss Capitola Stern, who lived in the big brick house, just beyond the asylum grounds, and whose father was the lone millionaire and the owner of the Westville Cotton Mills.

The usual primi sports had been indulged in until everybody was tired out, and most of the picnickers were returning into the shade patiently awaiting the summons to dinner.

The accomplished young President Miss Capitola, surrounded by her staff of club associates, and by their attending admirers, was seated apart from the others, receiving very consciously the homage which wealth, beauty, and intelligence are sure to command.

Dr. Claude Aultman, who was very fine-looking, an excellent waltzer, and a splendid tenor singer, had the post of honor and was seated on the right side of the young heiress.

Dr. John Benton, who as one of the village girls pithily put it, was as "ugly as blue mud" (his hair and whiskers were red; his features prominent and angular, and his form rather loosely knit and ungainly), was on Miss Capitola's left.

The beauty was listening in listless way to the soft nothings which bubbled from under Dr. Claude's blonde moustache. Fiercely she glanced at the face of the little watch which hung from her belt.

"It's only 2 o'clock!" she said with an ill-suppressed yawn. "How stupid! The dinner hour is set for 3. How shall we fill the interim."

No one made a suggestion, and after a moment's thought Miss Capitola jumped to her feet and clapped her hands.

"I have it!" she cried. "We'll climb the cliffs and hunt for ferns!" "How nice!" cried the girl chorus, and the gentlemen nodded their heads in a pleased sort of way.

Giving some directions to the servants who were sitting the table for the banquet, Miss Capitola waved an adieu to the people who remained under the trees, and set off at the head of her particular party for the tall cliff which loomed up behind the picnic grove.

She was escorted by the two doctors who on all occasions constituted themselves her special body-guard, and during this particular ramble vied with each other in hunting up and presenting to their divinity the rarest and most graceful ferns.

From the top of the cliff one commanded a good view of the surrounding country, and when the height was finally reached the whole party were tired enough to seat themselves under the shadow of a great boulder on the edge of the cliff, and feast their eyes on the glorious landscape stretching away for miles at their feet.

Capitola was an enthusiastic lover of the beautiful in nature, and Dr. Claude Aultman called her attention to a particularly fine "fit," which could only be viewed to advantage by leaning around the corner of the boulder, where it projected around the cliff edge.

Supported by the doctor's arm she leaned over the cliff. It was composed of rotten, sandy stone and crumbled beneath her feet.

"Look out, Miss Stern," cautioned Dr. Benton, "you are dangerously near the edge."

His medical colleague, who rather liked the task of holding the heiress in his arms, laughed.

"Never fear!" he cried, "I will take care of Miss Stern."

And then he whispered to that young lady:

"There is no danger; lean over as far as you like; I will take care that no harm comes to you."

Thus assured the young girl bent far over the cliff and Dr. Benton sprang to his feet. He heard the cracking of the treacherous rock, and darted toward the pair uttering a cry of alarm, just as a high piece of the cliff on which they had been standing slipped away and rolled down the precipice.

He was just in time to save the venturesome couple from what would have been a horrible death, for the cliff at this point was at least 200 feet high and a sheer descent.

He had no time to think about proprieties, but bracing himself, hurled the pair back against the boulder. Both were thrown to the ground. Dr. Claude picked himself up with a laugh and hastened to the assistance of the prostrate young lady. When she rose to her feet and found the red-haired doctor, an angry look dyed her cheek.

"You hurt me!" she cried, and stamped her foot angrily.

"I am very sorry," was Dr. John's penitent answer, "But I assure you there was no time for indecision. In another moment you would have been precipitated over the cliff."

"I beg pardon, John," interrupted Claude, "I would have looked to Miss Stern's safety."

"You would have gone over together," said the homely doctor. I—"

"How unfortunate," cried Miss Stern, interrupting her rescuer. "I've lost one of my slippers."

Dr. Aultman approached the edge of the cliff and looked over.

"It has caught in a crevice of the cliff, just below," he said.

"Will you please get it for me?"

"With pleasure. John give me your hand. I think I can reach it with a little assistance."

"Don't attempt it, Claude," cried Dr. Benton warningly. "You are risking your life for a paltry bit of leather, and if I lend you my assistance I risk my own."

"Coward!" cried Miss Capitola hotly, and the angry red mounted higher on her face. "Will some gentleman who is not afraid to risk his precious life for a lady please give Dr. Aultman the assistance he desires?"

Several volunteered their services and Dr. Barton stepped back, rather ill at ease under the scornful contempt of the woman he secretly loved.

They lowered the handsome young doctor over the cliff, the missing slipper was regained, and when he was hauled up again he waved it triumphantly, and with a low bow presented it to the angry beauty.

"It was a very hardy undertaking!" was Dr. Benton's comment. "I would not put my life in danger like that for a thousand slippers."

"It is no to be expected that a coward would make any sacrifices for his fellow-kind," cried the beauty in tones of the most withering contempt.

The doctor made no reply, but his face crimsoned as he turned away to walk down the little path leading to the picnic grove.

The occurrence put a constraint on the whole party, and but little was said during the journey back. Dr. Benton did not, as usual, walk by the side of Miss Stern, who bowed on the arm of his colleague.

When they reached the grove dinner was ready, and Miss Stern signaled for the picnickers to take their places at the table.

The white-haired village minister was offering up thanks for the bountiful repast, when a man mounted on a horse, darted into the grove, throwing everybody into consternation.

"The asylum is on fire!" he shouted and instantly the tables were deserted and everybody was hurrying toward the burning building.

The two young doctors ran side by side. The crowd followed close behind. All was excitement, and the only cool-headed man in the party seemed to be the homely young doctor.

When he dashed through the gate of the institution, he ran straight to the side of the chief surgeon, who was surrounded by the frightened nurses and their more frightened charges.

"Are all safely out?" panted Dr. Benton.

"All but those in ward 5," was the answer.

"The incurables!"

"Yes. The fire broke out in that

ward, and we were unable to get to them. The nurse escaped with his life."

"Where is he?" cried the young doctor.

"Here, sir?" answered the attendant, coming forward. "The fire drove me out, sir, before I could unlock a door."

"Give me the keys!" cried Dr. Benton. "I will save them."

"Benton! Benton!" cried his chief as the young man started toward the building. "For Heaven's sake, don't. You can do no good."

"I'll try!" was the answer, and he caught up a bucket of water and dashed it over his clothing.

He ran toward the burning building, and despite the warning cries which went up from the crowd, sprang through the smoke and flame and was lost to view.

"He will never reach the ward!" cried the chief surgeon. "He will sacrifice his life uselessly."

Capitola Stern, standing near by heard these ominous words and a prayer for the man in the burning building rose to her lips.

She leaned forward with excitement, and her slender hands were clinched in an agony of suspense.

Suddenly a great shout went up from the throats of the crowd, and the poor lunatics ran shrieking from the building which in a few minutes would have been their tomb.

They were promptly secured and taken in charge by the asylum attendants.

"The doctor!" cried Capitola hoarse ly. "Is he—"

"There he comes now!" shouted a man at her side. "Hurrah for brave Doctor Benton!"

In his arms a man was struggling. He was a desperate lunatic and had refused to leave the building. An attendant sprang forward as he emerged and seized the maniac. Other lent their assistance, and the poor creature was secured.

The doctor was blackened and burned and his clothing clung to him in shreds. They crowded around him, shouting praises in his ear.

"Give me air!" he said, and staggering, would have fallen had not a dozen willing hands been outstretched to save him.

"He has fainted!" cried several. "Take him instantly to my house," commanded Capitola's father, and he hurried about to have preparations made for the reception of the hero.

They carried him very tenderly, and Capitola walked by the side of the extemporized stretcher, mute agony shining from her glorious eyes.

The chief surgeon examined his injuries and shook his head.

"Oh, doctor," cried Capitola. "Do not say he will die!"

"We must have hope," he said, "but he is terribly burned. He may live. We can't say. If he does survive, he will be blind and a cripple for life."

They bandaged and swathed the poor disfigured body and applied cooling lotions to the seared flesh. That night the wounded man's life hung by a thread, but towards morning he rallied, and the doctor said he would live.

There followed long weeks of pain and suffering, where careful nursing and the best of medical care were required. The chief surgeon was a constant visitor, and Capitola hardly left his bedside. One day he was able to sit up and they carried him out on the porch, and placed him in a great easy chair.

The convalescent inhaled the soft perfume of the flowers, heard the sweet songs of the birds, realized that never more would he look on the fair prospect, which he knew was before him and a sigh struggled to his lips. Capitola was seated beside him, and took his poor seared hands in her own. Tears stood in her eyes when she spoke.

"Oh! John," she said, "you are sad and I am happy—happy because you have been spared to me. I should have died if you had been taken away."

"You do not mean—" he began and his sightless eyes were turned toward her face.

"Yes," she said very softly, and kissed the disfigured face.

He gave a great cry of joy, and drew her toward him. Suddenly he

released her.

"I am blind!" he said, "and the doctor says I will never be anything but a helpless cripple. You are so young and beautiful that it seems wrong to bind down your happy, active life to the caprices of a poor mis-happen creature like me."

She checked him with a kiss, and wound her arms about his neck.

"You are my hero!" she said softly "and I am very, very proud of you. It is true I have health and strong limbs—all the better you can lean on me. I have splendid eyes, and you shall see all the beauty of the world through them. I love you! I love you! I love you! Let me be your slave. I have been wrong and foolish, and unjust. Let me make atonement. Forgive the past John, and—love me."

"There is nothing to forgive, and I do love you," he cried.

He was able in a few months to hobble about on crutches, and one day they were married. Dr. Claude Aultman was the only attendant, and a happier couple than Dr. and Mrs. John Benton I never met.

The Cabinet Members.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer from Washington says: I stood for half an hour at the front door of the White House yesterday and watched the different Cabinet Ministers as they came in to attend the regular meeting of the Cabinet, which is held at 10 o'clock on three days of the week. Postmaster General Vilas was the first to arrive. He came promptly on the stroke of 11, in a stylish coupe. His horse is a magnificent dapple gray, and he has an English coachman with stiff side whiskers of the same color as the horse. This coachman is a skeleton in livery. He sits as straight as a line and as solemn as a funeral while he drives along at a smart trot. Mr. Vilas brings his assistant with him, and he is the most business like of the Cabinet Ministers. When he jumped from his coupe on to the White House front doorsteps he had a portfolio as big as that of an artist under his arm and his left hand held a bundle of papers. He stopped not a moment, but rushed into the White House and hurried up the stairs. Next came the Secretary of the Treasury in a two-horse close carriage. The Treasury adjoins the White House, but it takes two horses and a double carriage to bring Mr. Manning half a block. Manning is the Jumbo of the Cabinet. He is much like Cleveland, and about the White House strangers always take him for the President. He looks much like Grover Cleveland and Albany he and the Governor were dubbed the two Dromios. Manning seldom hurries. He stepped slowly from the carriage to-day and sauntered into the Executive Mansion as though he expected to live to the age of Methuselah. The next comer was the Secretary of State, who came on foot from the State Department, walking along jauntily with a bamboo stick in his hand and a tall white hat upon his head. After Bayard came Secretary Lamar in the carriage which he paid for out of his own pocket. Lamar is not well and he does not look well. Endicott and Garland were absent from the city and they did not of course appear, but Whitney was present, and he came in last of all. It must have been 11:30 o'clock before he entered and calmly walked up the stairs as though he was first instead of last.

The postoffice organ of this place, it is said, publishes political articles of such mean character as to be an insult to every democrat who resides in the town and sees a republican postmaster draw the salary of right belonging to a democrat. The democracy of Clearfield have a right to demand of president Cleveland, through Mr. Curtin, that this state of affairs cease to exist. Unless Mr. Curtin wants to see this part of the 20th district in open revolt against the anti-democratic policy of the present administration he will take the necessary steps to have such offensive office holders removed and their power of doing the democracy harm materially lessened.—Clearfield Democrat.

Why don't you prefer charges against the sardine.

—Reliable school shoes at Mingle's.

Chronic Ulcers and Catarrh.

Mrs. Christian Zelle, aged sixty-three years, of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri, had a chronic ulcer on her leg which had been running for forty-three years. To use her own language, she had "tried all the doctors," but without perceptible benefit. Two of the most noted of this city advised her, as the only alternative from death, to have the leg amputated below the knee. She was troubled with an intolerable itching sensation, which only gave way to a distracting pain, which made death her daily wish. She could not sleep or rest. On March 21, this year, she commenced using Dr. Hartman's PERUNA, and to-day the leg is entirely healed, and the thoughtful old lady says she has slept more during the last three months than she did in the previous forty-three years.

Miss Alice Brady, of East St. Louis, Illinois, suffered from catarrh of the bladder for five years. On April 27 she began treatment under Dr. Hartman. For a year before she was a patient of two of the best known oculists of this city, but they signally failed to help her. After one month under Dr. Hartman and his PERUNA, her eyes have almost entirely healed, and according to her own statement, he has done more for her in this short space of time than the oculists did in the previous whole year. PERUNA, of course, did it.

Miss Annie Baker, First Avenue, Milwaukee, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending PERUNA. For years I have suffered from Catarrh. I was induced to try PERUNA. It promptly cured the irritation, and its continued use renders me a recovered and less frequent. I am confident it will cure me completely."

Walker Brothers, druggists, Detroit, O., write: "Dr. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, O., Dear Sir: Some two weeks ago I had a very peculiar case, and after a few questions were answered, I came to the conclusion it was catarrh of the stomach of the worst kind, of ten years' standing. The patient had consulted every physician in the city. I recommended her to try our PERUNA and MANALIN. She had been having spasms every three or four days, and the fifth day kept them off, and they have not returned since."

W. M. Griffith, Ashland, Ky., writes: "The large chronic ulcers of fifteen months' standing, are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. PERUNA is a wonderful remedy."

PERUNA is sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle, six bottles \$5.00. If you cannot get it from your druggist, we will send it on receipt of regular price. We prefer you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but order from us at once as directed. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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I hereby certify that the following testimonials are a true and exact copy as given by me by the parties whose names are attached thereto.

W. G. McCLEAREN, Bellefonte, Pa., March 20, 1885. Suffered and labored before me, this terrible day of June, 1885, with Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostration of the Court of Missions county, Pa. PARALYSIS AND CONSTIPATION. Mifflin, Pa., May 26, 1885. Gentlemen—I deem it a pleasure as well as a duty to state that I have worn them for several months and have gradually improved from the effects of Paralysis of one side and Constipation. Since using the appliance have been free from the trouble, beside I have improved in my general health. I therefore commend them to any who may be suffering from the same trouble. D. M. CONYER, NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND SLEEPLESSNESS. Mifflin, Pa., June 1, 1885. Gentlemen—My wife has suffered for years with Nervous Prostration, so much so that life at times seems to her a burden. Her rest a sleep was so much broken and disturbed that she could not much difficulty perform her daily household duties. She was induced to try the Howard Shield, has worn it for two months and now sleeps well at night and even during the day, can work with comfort that was a burden before. She has improved in general health and complexion. I consider your appliances invaluable for nervousness, sleeplessness and general debility. JOHN COX, NO MEDICINE NEEDED. Bellefonte, Pa., March 20, 1885. Gentlemen—I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Howard Shield, No. 2, for constipation. I have worn it since May, and would not like to do without it. I now feel thankful for your appliance as my husband advised others to give them a trial feeling sure that they would be benefited as I have been. C. B. PEACOCK, WHAT A LEADING DOCTOR SAYS: Mifflin, Pa., June 2, 1885. Gentlemen—I have suffered many years with Cramps in my lower extremities, mostly from indigestion having to rise and walk the room for relief. I procured a Howard Shield and have been wearing it for a long time, and it has cured me of my trouble. I had the most wonderful relief since wearing it over the small of my back and have gained strength of muscle to a most wonderful degree. I can therefore recommend the use of these appliances of all Rheumatic and nervous complaints particularly nervous debility. I have recommended them to my patients and in every case with benefit. A. H. HARTSHORNER, M. D., THE PRESIDENT OF THE 1st NATIONAL BANK SAYS: Ashland, Pa., March 9, 1885. Gentlemen—I know what your Appliances are from personal use and I therefore recommend your shield to Mr. Hanzbarger some time ago for Sciatica of induced her to send for one which she did and has used it for about four weeks, and she is now able to be around and feels entirely cured. Yours truly, GEO. H. HELFRICH, President of the 1st National Bank. Another Article From a Prominent Citizen of Ohio: NERVOUS DEBILITY IN ITS PURE FORM. Columbus, O., Cor. Friend & Sand's Yards, 5-3, '85. Gentlemen—I take pleasure in saying that I had almost every known remedy, as well as so-called electric appliances without any benefit. I was weak nervous, a quivering, despondent, almost without hope, almost entirely paralyzed, lacked power and will force, in a word was afflicted with the worst symptoms of Nervous Debility the effects of which are so well known to every sufferer. I can truthfully say that the Howard Shield Appliances and the Howard Shield entirely cured me. I commenced their use in 1881 and was restored to perfect health. I am now married and have never had recurrence as my former trouble. You can refer anyone to me as I shall ever feel grateful to you. Your treatment is an recommendation. You have proven yourselves worthy of the confidence of every sufferer. AUG. F. WILKMAN, Personally appeared before me, A. G. F. HILMAN, to me known, deposes and swears that the above letter certifying as to the curative powers of the Howard Shield and Spinal Appliances is true. I am now and subscribed before me this 6th day of May, A. D. 1885. THO. H. PECK, Deputy Clerk of Courts of Franklin Co., O. For further information, we send our Illustrated Pamphlets giving a large number of testimonials for other ailments. AMERICAN GALVANIC CO. 1153 Chestnut St. Phila. Pa.

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