

## "COFFEE BOILERS."

### BOUNTY-PAID RECRUITS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

What a Private Saw in the Field and on the March—Cowardice of Unpatriotic Wretches in Line of Battle—A Disgraceful Crew.

The potent cause of the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac was the worthless character of the recruits who were supplied to the army in 1862. In 1864 requisitions calling for 500,000 troops were made on the north. So thoroughly exhausted was the breed of fighting men in the north that but 150,000 of the enormous number of men raised by purchase ever stood in battle ranks, and they stood there because they had been unable to elude vigilance or corrupt the honesty of the guards who accompanied them from the recruiting barracks to the front. Since man has been on earth the race has been divided into two classes, one of which is the criminal class. This class lives by plundering the producing class. They live by theft, by murder, by cheating, by pandering to the ignoble vices of men. When the northern townships—inspired by confidence, and not by patriotism, as the rising generation is taught—began to pay bounties for recruits to fill the quotas allotted to them the criminal class of America quit preying on society at large and turned their attention to swindling the government. They accepted the bounty offered by the towns and enlisted. When the bounties were paid to them they deserted and enlisted in another town, to a main desert.

Bounty jumping was the safest and most profitable business in the United States during those days. The boldest and most intelligent of the criminal class never appeared at the front. They escaped. The weak, the diseased, the feeble minded joined the army. They were the scum of the slums of the great European and American cities. To these were added the scum of rural almshouses and the never-to-wells of villages. The recruits were faint-hearted and stupid. Many were irreclaimable blackguards, wholly given over to numerous ignoble and innumerable vices. They were moral lepers. They were conscienceless, cowardly scoundrels, and the clean-minded American and Irish volunteers would not associate with them.

Directly after the battle of Cold Harbor these pretended soldiers began to be noticeable in the Army of the Potomac. They were the heavy artillery men drawn by Grant from Washington to make good his losses. We had no better troops than those. But these men were the bounty-paid recruits. They were the white slaves whom greedily and unpatriotically men preyed on the necessities of timid communities, gathered from the slums, from Castle Garden, from the almshouses, from the cots of venereal hospitals, from the bars of criminal courts, from prison cells, and from the unnatural parents of weak minded sons. After gathering the foul creatures they kept them in pens and private prisons. Over the doors of these foul dens swung signs, and blazoned on them in gilt letters were shameful legends which announced that within a man dealt in alleged men, and that the honor of townships could be pawned there. A Mississippi slave dealer was a refined and honorable gentleman in comparison with a northern bounty broker, who sold men to the townships which filled their quotas by purchase. I have seen these foul recruits, many of them unable to speak English, vermin-infested, rough skinned, stinking with disease, their eyes running matter, their legs and arms thin and feeble, their backs bowed, and their rattle and idiotic heads hanging low, join the army, to be virtually kicked out of the decent commands they were billeted on. They were scorned, kicked and cursed by the volunteers as many curs. These degraded men formed the "coffee boilers."

I first saw systematic "coffee boiling," a sure sign that discipline was relaxed, at Cold Harbor. In the woods to the rear and right of my battery groups of unwounded men cooked and boiled coffee. These men had dropped out of their commands as they approached the battle line and had hidden in the woods. There were scores of them in the army at Cold Harbor. There were hundreds of them around Petersburg. Oh, these "coffee boilers!" How my gorge rises against them! They sneaked away from their regiments during battle or while marching, to battle, to rejoin them when on the march. They were always present when nations were issued. They were never present when cartridges were supplied. They were, without exception, thieves. They robbed the dead. They stole from the living. They were strongly suspected of killing wounded men at night. More cowardly creatures were never clad in the uniform of English speaking people. They plundered houses. They frightened women and little children. They burned dwellings. To call a soldier of the Army of the Potomac a coffee boiler was an insult to be promptly resented.

These worthless creatures weakened every battle line they were forced into. No matter how brave a veteran soldier may be, he relies on the men on either side of him to stand there until they fall. He relies on them to accompany him in the advance, and to be by his side when slowly falling back before a superior force. It is essential that a soldier hears the voices of his comrades when he is charging. He must know that his comrades are as staunch fighters as he. Then he can fight with comparative comfort. How was it with the larger portions of the bounty paid recruits? It did not lie within the power of any regimental officers to hold these undisciplined blackguards steady under fire. Dozens of times I have seen them break and run, throwing away their arms as they fled, yelling, to the rear and to their coffee pots. They weakened the battle lines, as no man can fight when surrounded by cowards, who are easily panic stricken, and who are unrestrained by any consideration of pride from ignominiously running away to save their lives.

No man really enjoys a battle. One has to string up his nerves and take a firm grip on himself morally, and hold himself in the battle flame for a few moments until warmed to passion. The impulse is to run out of the danger. The men the bounty brokers supplied to the army had no morality, no sentiment except of fear, and they could not and would not stand fire. They desired to live to enjoy the spending of the money they had received. So they shirked, and ran, and boiled coffee in the rear until gathered up by the provost guards and sent to their regiments. They were disciplined somewhat during the winter of 1864 and 1865. Previous to the spring of 1865 the larger portion of the bounty paid recruits would not have been worth burning Confederate powder to kill, as their presence in our ranks impaired the efficiency of our army. They could have been safely killed with clubs.

After the battle of June 18, 1864, the enlisted men frequently discussed the condition of the Army of the Potomac. They sat or night in groups behind the intrenchments, and talked, talked, talked of the disintegrating force which Grant commanded. Enormous losses of prisoners were reported, losses that were incurred while charging earthworks, which fact clearly showed that our troops had surrendered after reaching the Confederate intrenchments—surrendered

rather than attempt to take them or to return to our line under the deadly accurate fire of the Confederate infantry. Many of the volunteers vehemently asserted that the bounty paid recruits really deserted during action to seek safety in Confederate prison pens. The enlisted men who had gathered into the ranks under McClellan, and who had been forged into soldiers by that admirable drillmaster, all said that the Army of the Potomac of 1862 was far superior, man to man, to that which crossed the Rapidan in May of 1864, and immeasurably superior to the coffee boiling outfit that lay in the trenches before Petersburg in July of 1864.

"Drown them!" exclaimed a young soldier who was raised on the shore of Sunapee lake, in New Hampshire. "Drown them! Curse them! I am afraid to fight with any of them standing by my side. There is a cur from Manchester who was paid \$1,000 for enlisting, whose place in line is next to me. It kept me busy to hold him from running away whenever we are under fire. Some day he will be so badly frightened that he will run toward the Confederates instead of away from them, and then I am going to kill him. If ever he gets a little ahead of me, so that I can safely kill him, I will gather him in." No one seemed to be shocked at his intention. "Drown them!" he scornfully replied. "Let's veterans drown them. Yes, they could push them into the James river with pine poles, and as they sank they would howl for mercy in twenty-seven languages. See here men," he added impressively, "if Grant ever intends to take yonder earthworks," jerking his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the Confederate lines, "he has got to give these bounty jumpers about six months of steady drilling, six months of severe discipline, six months of punishment and savage abuse. They have got to be punished and hammered until they are in abject fear of their line officers, and are taught that to shrink means death. If Grant gives them that, they can be made to fight a little next spring. Good God, men!" he exclaimed, "I was sent to City Point the other day and I passed a short column of troops who were moving to the front, and I saw dozens of the men fall out and endeavor to hide in the brush and woods. Behind the column came a detachment of the provost guards, and these soldiers had to pick up and head off the provost guards. They are not Americans; they are not volunteers; they are the offspring of Europe. They disgrace our uniform." Here his scorn overcame him. He spit on the ground, arose, and disappeared in the forest with a yell of disgust. And I knew that every word he uttered was true.—Frank Wilkison's Letter.

**A HEN AND HER CHICKS.**  
Peculiar Effect of an Electric Lamp on Mother and Brood.  
A motherly, fussy old hen, with seven fussy chicks, boards in the show window of a Madison street furniture store. The window is paved with sand, sawdust and gravel. The seven chicks eat oatmeal out of a hat box cover, while the mother consumes corn and gravel with intermittent regularity. Together they form quite a contrast to the busy scenes of city life, and a crowd of curious, gaping people stand in front of the show window all day and even into the night. Two weeks ago, when the family first moved in, the mother had a black eye, a triumphant "cluck," and the chicks were round, plump and "chirpy." Now the signs of city dissipation are visible on all. The cluck has degenerated into querulous cackle, and the anxious matron has grown nervous in her manner and erratic in her movements. The chicks, in their uncertain wanderings over the sawdust floor and their wary-eyed contemplation of the observers, begin to remind one of very young men who have been making a night of it, smoking cigarettes and consuming small beer and sarsaparilla pop. A big electric lamp which hangs directly over the window is to blame for it all.

The old hen, with the obstinacy of her sex, has been going through the same performance at 7 o'clock every evening since she moved to the city. At that hour she struts around her cage several times, clucks excitedly, picks out a good spot, scratches violently for a minute or so, and then calmly squats down. Then by a series of clucks, often practiced by all well organized mother hens, she calls her brood about her, ruffles up her feathers and tells the youngsters it is time to go to bed. Of course the little fellows are not a bit sleepy, but there is no disputing the maternal authority, and in a moment all are snugly ensconced under the feathery covering. The old hen clucks softer, the chicks pipe shrilly, and in a little moment the whole family is fast asleep. Soon following this nocturnal ceremony the trouble brews. With a buzz and a splutter the big electric lamp goes into light. It casts a mother glow on the old hen. She wakes up, cocks one eye and surveys the big, strange orb in surprise. It certainly is the sun, reasons this old hen, and while she is studying over the matter out pop all the seven chickens, and in a shrill chorus chirp good morning.—Chicago News.

**Investigating Tyrotoxiolion.**  
At the July meeting of the Michigan board of health Dr. V. C. Vaughan reported the results of his investigations on tyrotoxiolion or cheese poison, which has recently been discussed at some length in the medical journals. He put several gallons of normal milk into clean bottles with glass stoppers and found the poison in one of the bottles after it had stood for three months. In some instances it appears much earlier. The production of the poison is in all probability due, directly or indirectly, to the growth of some micro-organism. In the cheese, milk and cream, in all of which the essayist found the poison, there was present more or less butyric acid, and it may be that there is some intimate relation between butyric acid fermentation and the production of the poison. He adds that there is a great similarity between symptoms of poisoning by tyrotoxiolion and those of cholera infantum, especially the violent choleraic diarrhea, to which the best medical authorities now restrict the latter term. This investigation is of especial interest, as it tends to throw light upon the cause of a disease which carries off a great many infants, and it is not impossible that the inquiries in this direction will result in a material lessening of the ratio of infantile mortality.—Chicago Tribune.

**In Praise of the Sweet Pea.**  
The sweet pea is now fashionable. It has not the gaudy, leonine beauty of the sunflower, and it lacks the tawny, titanic toggery of the tiger lily, while as a dollar jerker to the Jacqueminot rose the sweet pea is a nonentity; but for neat, unadorned reminiscences of the back yard and your first girl, with her hair down her back in two braids, the sweet pea sweeps the dock with a royal sequence of the boyish past.—Philadelphia Press.

## WATERMELONS IN MISSOURI.

### Selling Them to Dealers Along the Road. A Quick Sale.

Probably there is no place in the United States to-day where better watermelons are raised, or where they are grown with less labor and expense, than in certain counties of southeast Missouri. The melon crop is just now at its height, and this delicious fruit is passing out doors daily in car loads. One of the stations from which much of this fruit is shipped is Bertrand, which is on the Cairo branch. It is not an uncommon sight to see as many as fifteen or eighteen cars on the siding, waiting to be filled with melons. The country around Bertrand is a rich, sandy bottom, and melons oftentimes grow to half the size of men. All the farmers of that locality raise more or less melons, and all of them invariably do well with the crop. All the melons shipped from that station are put in car load lots. A car usually holds 1,300 melons, and the growers sell them to middlemen, or dealers, at from 50 to 125 per car load. The first fruit that is put in the market sells at about 125, or a little less than 10 cents each, while later in the season it drops, until sometimes they even sell as low as 40 per car, or 3 cents each. The freight on a car load of melons between Bertrand and St. Louis is about \$30, or in the neighborhood of 2 cents a melon.

Dealers from all parts of the country flock around the locality where melons are sold at this season. Speculators out of a job try to make a few dollars out of the crop by buying up the fruit in car load lots and selling it along the road. From Bertrand the melon crop is shipped by local freight. The speculator, for instance, starts out of Bertrand with two cars of melons en route to St. Louis via Poplar Bluff. The train stops at every station from five minutes to half an hour to load and unload freight. This is the melon man's opportunity. Dealers at all the small stations understand the kind and are at the depots as the "local" comes in. Perhaps the melon car is back a quarter of a mile from the station. But they rush back and are not long in finding the man in charge. If a deal is made at all it is made mighty quick. This is about as the conversation between buyer and seller would read were it reported verbatim.

"What you got?"  
"Peerless and Mountain Sweet."  
"How much?"  
"Sixteen an' quarter."  
"Good."  
"Second car load. Best—all ripe."  
"Twenty-five of each. Quick—bell ringing."

And out the watermelons fly. Perhaps by the time the fifty melons are all out the train has started. The train stops at every station from five minutes to half an hour to load and unload freight. This is the melon man's opportunity. Dealers at all the small stations understand the kind and are at the depots as the "local" comes in. Perhaps the melon car is back a quarter of a mile from the station. But they rush back and are not long in finding the man in charge. If a deal is made at all it is made mighty quick. This is about as the conversation between buyer and seller would read were it reported verbatim.

**Around the Roulette Table.**  
It is interesting to watch a roulette "lay out" when a dozen or more players are sitting around it. I dropped in on one the other night. The center of attraction, of course, is always the "big winner." In this instance he was a young fellow about 25. He was a heavy player, too, for, though he never had less than \$200 in different bets at every turn, he smoked his cigar leisurely and lolled back in his chair unconcernedly while the ball spun around. But he never uttered a word, and no matter what way fortune went his features were wholly without expression. The man who bet on "combinations" sat next to him, garrulous about the infallibility of his scheme, but paying into the bank more than half the time.

Then there was the "single number" man, who thought that his selection would certainly turn up once out of thirty-five times; and next to him was the red and black fiend, who is satisfied with even money, and never bets on anything else. The scientific player, who has figured the "percentage" down to a fine point, and who sits around a roulette wheel as often as he does a poker table, sat at the head of the "lay out." What poker player has not met him, and what gambler has not blessed his lucky stars that such a steady victim was ever born? He was at the roulette wheel, covering eight numbers at a time on a scheme that he felt sure would win. He was \$1,300 out of pocket when I left.—Long Branch Letter.

**Curious Freak of Lady Franklin.**  
When Lady Franklin, the widow of Sir John Franklin, of Arctic fame, was visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Childs, in Philadelphia, she took to their house her own bed, bedding, candlestick and toilet, as well as the other luggage with which she had been traveling about the world, and actually used all these things of her own while in their home. Mrs. Childs, having company to meet Lady Franklin at a meal, was mortified to see a most respectable-looking, shabby toilet on the table, and was about to order its removal when the servant whispered to her that it belonged to Lady Franklin, who had asked her to have her own tea made in it. Lady Franklin carried no trunk with her in her travels, but about twenty packages, large and small, containing the articles above named and others accompanied her wherever she went, whether she stopped in private houses or hotels. She always used her own property in preference to the most elegant things provided for her for similar purposes by host and hostess.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

**Forged Bank of England Notes.**  
For the past two or three years the continent has been deluged with forged Bank of England notes executed in a style defying detection, even by the most experienced. From Paris, Copenhagen, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Rome, all the towns of the south of France, frequent complaints have been made by the victims of these frauds. It is evident that the forgers have found access to the bank paper or have found means of copying it exactly, for the strictest comparison between the real and forged notes fails to show any difference in the water mark or quality of the paper, and, in fact, high authorities in the Bank of England say that it is impossible to detect the difference except by signs and numbers known only to themselves.—New York Sun.

**Couldn't Provide for Both.**  
About a mile from the station at Mississippi City, we stopped at the cabin of a white man for a drink of water. The mosquitoes were pecking away at us and our horses, and the settler and his family were slapping their arms about as they talked to us.

"They are bad things," observed one of the party to the man.  
"Well, they do pecker some."  
"I see you have a fish net over your bedroom window. Is it there to keep mosquitoes out?"  
"Hi! No!" he replied. "That's to let the 'klosters in and keep the bats out. We're powerfully poor and can't afford to provide for both."—Detroit Free Press.

**A "Dummy" at Rehearsals.**  
Edwin Booth will not attend rehearsals next season. He has engaged a "dummy" to represent him on those occasions.

## PARIS PET DOGS.

### SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE MOST NOTED OF FRENCH CANINES.

Their Artistic Liveries and Trousseaux. Summer Resort Toilettes—The Artist as He is Revealed in Dress Inventions. The Rothschilds' Dogs.

Every dog has his day; for pet dogs this day is a very happy one, at least in Paris. Every grand lady's dog is far better known by her friends than her children, for the latter remain in the nursery with nurses and governesses, drive out and dine alone, are never seen in the drawing room, while Hero and Finette are ever at their fond mistress' side; they have their privileged corner or seat in the reception rooms; after the mistress, they are the ones next saluted by callers and guests; the best tid bits of a sumptuous table are given to Gyp and Moppe; in their best bib and tucker they are driven in madame's carriage, in which the best places are reserved for their dogship. At the present day the aristocracy of dogs is as well defined as the aristocracy of their masters, and dog brain is not so dull as to be oblivious to the great distinction made in their favor; the noted pet dog of Paris knows its rank and looks down on plebeian churls accordingly.

A chic dog has his fashionable tailor, and he would think himself degraded if he did not have his things made at the renowned dog tailor, Lesobine. The trousseau of a dog varies according to the race to which he belongs; it is composed of shirts, vests, coats, artistic collars and the variety of ornaments to be put on them, bracelets, leashes and flower boutonnieres. Their livery corresponds with that of the house. Their articles of toilet comprise a whole collection of combs, brushes, scissors and shears; some whose paws are delicate have rubber boots. The wife of Gen. Turr had a hood made for Niniche, a Havana pup, whose ears are so delicate that it makes the thing nervous to have rain drops fall on them when caught in a storm.

**SPECIAL PROFESSIONAL ATTENDANTS.**  
These dogs have their special professional men, such as bathers, hairdressers, shoers and doctors, who daily come to attend to their wants. I really think it necessary for an English philologist to coin a name for such fine animals; I feel as if I were insulting them to call them dogs. The poodle is of the kind which demands the most care. The Marquise Belloc, Duke de Morny's sister, has a passion for poodles. Not finding a shaver to suit her in France, she induced an artist, a specialist in the shaving business, to leave Spain, his native country, to attend to her many poodles. To be specially shored the dog must be gigantic or lilliputian, it does not matter so much as to its kind; however the favorite ones are the Danish, the black and white poodles, the griffon and the terrier; the bull dog has been taken into favor since the princesses of Orleans have adopted him.

Nero is one of the most noted dogs in the capital; he belonged to the Czar Alexander II, and is now under the care of that emperor's morganatic wife, the Princess Jonkevsky. He drives at the Bois every day with his mistress, his long, silky, black hair is admired by every one who takes time to notice dogs; he refuses to sleep anywhere but in his mistress' bedroom. Don Francois d'Assisi's favorite dog is a white fox terrier. When he desires to pay a particular favor to one of his lady friends of noble birth, he sends her a young terrier accompanied with its whole trousseau; at first, he takes it to a fashionable tailor to have an extensive outfit made, after which he orders a dog house, which, in its sumptuousness of rich, satin upholstery, lace, gold and silver ornamentations, deserves the name of palace. He thus presented the Infanta Eulalie with a white Danish dog of untold value, whose collar was of silver, set in real pearls.

**THE DOGS OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.**  
Mme. Maurice Ephrussi, nee Rothschild, the day of her marriage, had her favorite terrier dressed in white satin, with garlands of orange blossoms. The whole Rothschild family are possessed of the passion for dogs. The Baron and baroness had two different houses built for their canine specimens, who must have declared war with each other. The baroness has a whole family of married ones terriers. Rigolo is the gentleman, Beauty the lady; the lady possesses the good graces of her mistress to the detriment of her husband; she travels with her, her trousseaux are made of finer materials, and afterwards the gentleman dog's jealousy is excited by being deprived of the much coveted Rothschild coat of arms, which his wife wears embroidered in relief in one of the corners of her coat. The Baroness Nathaniel Rothschild has all of her dogs wear the white and yellow colors of her livery. When the wife of Gen. Turr takes her dogs out on a yachting expedition they wear dark, blue coats with marine collars, anchors embroidered in the corners and paraphrased with the mistress' name.

The rarest of all Paris dogs is probably the one Mme. Theo brought back from America. Pistache was given to its mistress in a bouquet of roses, at her last performance in Mexico. It belongs to a race of dogs which is almost extinct, the Chiwasas; they can now only be found on the summit of a mountain in Mexico, on the day of public markets. One of her great admirers sealed that mountain to bring the dog-loving across that marvel among dogs. It is to be hoped American women are far too sensible to imitate the Frenchwoman in her inordinate love of dogs. I have heard strange stories of American women's passion for pets, that turtles, lizards, chameleons were taken to the opera by their admiring mistresses. I consider that a vile, calculating falsehood, for I deem the American woman as the one having the most good sense of her race, capable only of occupying her time in useful work, instead of killing it by caressing things that are too brookly to return her affection.—Paris Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

**Queer Effects of Electricity.**  
At 150 Nassau street, New York, the other night, there was a roar like a cyclone and a bright ball of fire was seen blazing in the doorway. For several minutes the ball of fire, larger than a man's head, burned, sizzled and cracked alongside of the doorway about five feet from the sidewalk. What made the fire the more mysterious was the fact that it appeared to be a section of heavy tin pipe that next door to the hat store is a tailor shop where electric lights are used. The electric light wires came in contact with the iron frame of the awnings and a powerful electric current at once passed along to the tin pipe. There it could go no further and the explosion occurred. The tin pipe, which was struck by the current, was burned for a space of several inches in two places.—Chicago Herald.

**Curiosities of Mormonism.**  
It is among the curiosities of Mormonism that its projector, Smith, was born in Vermont; that the second spiritual and worldly high priest of the system, Brigham Young, was originally from Vermont; that Edmunds, the framer of the Edmunds law, was and is a Vermont senator, and that the Republican commissioner selected from Iowa was born in the same Green Mountain state.

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.  
MY DAUGHTER WAS VERY BAD OFF ON ACCOUNT OF A COLD AND PAIN ON HER LUNGS. DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL CURED HER IN 24 HOURS. ONE OF THE BOYS WAS CURED OF A SORE THROAT. THE MEDICINE HAS WORKED WONDERS IN OUR FAMILY.  
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