

OLD VIRGINIA SCENES.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE COUNTRY CROSS ROADS STORE.

Old Time Customs and Modes of Life Peculiar to an Earlier Period—The Country Merchant—Carrying the Mails, Jig and Juba.

The visitor from the wide awake and more energetic northern or western states in passing through Virginia will, first of all, be attracted by the old time and decidedly antiquated customs and modes of life peculiar to an earlier period which still cling like threadbare garments to the noble form of the old commonwealth.

These stores are in most instances kept by Virginia gentlemen whose property was swept away by war, and who have calmly settled into a drowsy state of slumber within the shadow of the ghostly old guide post at the cross roads to drone out a bare existence—a life as shadowy and unsatisfactory as though absorbed and lost in a Rip Van Winkle sleep.

The mode of carrying the mails is in places as quaint and primitive as that of many other sections of a century ago, employing carriages as anciently as time, in some instances being carried on horses as dilapidated as the revolutionary saddle upon which the not less dilapidated messenger rides; and, indeed, the United States mail department is represented on foot.

A favorite expression, and one which seems to have a soothing effect upon the dignified cross roads merchant and postmaster is "before the war," what he did and how he lived, and if then a seller of wares and trader in eggs and general country produce, he speaks with a feeling of romantic pride, savored with regret, of the superior stock and large sales "before the war," but times have changed, while, save in financial condition, the merchant remains the same.

Saturday night is the only time that the average store throws off its quiet, sleepy way of existence. The week's work is finished, and the colored population from far and near assemble at the place of fanciful name to spend the results of their labors and pass much of the night in social dance, songs and jokes, while the dignified percentage of the duller week day, in the "rush of business," becomes jolly and sociable, and waits upon the colored brotherhood with that ease and courtesy which the southern gentleman possesses so well.

These local peculiarities of life can in no way be so fully appreciated as by actual association, and no other means is so favorable to this as a tour on foot, being thereby thrown in actual contact to a greater or less extent with the more practical life of the people. In eastern Virginia, on one of the most picturesque of her numerous water courses, sits one of these little penny-a-day stores, seated on the white sand beach, at the very water's edge.

This disjunctive castle by the sea was visited on Saturday night, when ablaze with light and basking in all the glory of a "big night." It had assumed the boisterous revelry and unrestrained pleasure of some bacchanal feast. The oystermen for miles around had assembled to engage in their varied programs, which commenced with some old plantation song, sung in the rich though uncultured voice, full and clear, peculiar to the southern negro. Then the accordion, Jew's harp and violin played their several parts, while the jig and juba—most popular negro dances—demanded a series of grotesque attitudes and contortions of body.

Louisiana's "Natchez Men." Coming to the "colored" population of St. Bernard parish, it is found that no considerable portion of them are what are locally known in Louisiana as "Manilla men," either born on the Philippine islands or descendants of colonists from those islands. Some of them speak the original Tagalog, the dialect of the Tagals of Luzon, but Spanish is mainly spoken. The Tagal is a fine specimen of a Malay, with round head, high cheek bones and thick lips. These Manilla men have intermingled with creoles, negroes and others, producing a great variety of mixed races.

Cost of an Orange Grove. A writer upon southern California says frankly that it is little short of crime to induce poor men to try their fortunes in the colonies in the southern part of the state. An orange grove of five acres will give a good living when it is mature, but to get it in full bearing will cost from \$5,000 to \$7,500, without a house or other improvement.

Mrs Fortescue's surname is Finney, and her father is a successful coal merchant in England.

WHO CAN TELL?

We lost, yet couldst thou deem it best If thou and I had never met? Had never known the wild regret; Our hearts been formed to soon forget; Had never shed those scorching tears, That dimmed our eyes, and aged our years, And wrecked our souls' unknowing rest?

We lost, yet were it wise or well If sever we had known or cared? If 'twere our souls' wealth had been barred, And all our weal and woe been spared? If sever our two souls had run Their course care free, then blent as one? Mayhap 'twere best. I cannot tell.

We lost, yet all the grief and woe, The blighted years of care and pain, Hopes that its hedge bound leaves have lain Along my path, the strife so vain, The bliss so distant as to seem, But as the fabric of a dream, My soul deep treasures. That I know! —M. Eileen Holahan.

The Colonel and the Soldier. Col. Stephen A. Walker is now United States district attorney at New York city. Walker had served the Union in the innocuous position of assistant paymaster. One dark day while Mr. Walker was sitting in his office wondering how long he would be compelled to "loaf," on account of the inability of Uncle Sam to pay his boys in blue, a private soldier walked in, and confronted him. The soldier belonged to a Connecticut regiment. Imagine the paymaster's surprise when the following conundrum was put to him by the soldier:

"Say, when do you expect to pay us men, anyway? We haven't had a cent now in three months." The assistant paymaster glared at his visitor, and told him neither politely nor religiously that it was none of his business. This was far from satisfactory, and the soldier proceeded:

"But it is my business, and that is why I am here. The men are not treated with the slightest justice, and if the United States ain't able to pay them, why you can have a draft on a New York bank for the amount due my regiment."

"Hold on a minute; take your hands off! I tell you I mean what I say. I belong to the—th Connecticut, and I can afford to pay my regiment, if there's no objection. Something ought to be done, and I'm willing to advance the money. My name is Elias Howe!"

This gave an entirely new aspect to the case, and Paymaster Walker grew quite deferential to the man who stood before him as the famous inventor of the sewing machine. He could pay his regiment all their back pay; he had the will, and he had the money too. Col. Walker thought an apology was demanded. The apology was given and Elias received it with the air of a man who had but little to forgive.

"Well, colonel," said he, "when this trouble is over I want you to step down to New York sometime and see me." The "colonel" lived then in Vermont, and when the war was closed he managed to find himself in New York. He had started a law office; that is to say, he helped to occupy the office of a few friends of his. Business was not specially active. One day Walker thought he would step in and see whether Elias Howe recalled the misadventure of the war. Two years had then elapsed. Elias Howe was there and his memory was good. They sat down together and talked. Howe was from Massachusetts, Walker from Vermont. The Howe Machine company had just been organized. Walker was appointed its attorney. With an office in every city, town, and hamlet in the civilized world, no wonder the Howe Machine company was the foundation of Walker's fortune.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Charming Girl She Was. "I had a little experience once," said the young analytical philosopher.

"You don't seem to have kept it," said his friend. "I had a strange experience once," he went on. "You know I'm passionately fond of music. I went to a musicale in New York some years ago, and after some austere classical performance a young, pretty, blue eyed girl sat down at the piano and sang. She had a pensive far away, dreamy look in her eyes, and her whole soul seemed to go into the ballad she sang. I ever had one of the most glorious voices I ever heard. It touched my nature and I was so deeply entranced. I made her acquaintance, and by a little deft maneuvering I obtained an invitation to call upon her. I did so. She was alone to receive me.

"She was a silent, shy, reserved girl, with little to say, but she was perfectly charming. We had little conversation before she went to the piano and began to sing. She sang everything I asked her, and I could not restrain myself from little tender pressures and loving glances. She took them all kindly and even reciprocated them. It was a case of love at first sight, and I fell madly into it. She seemed as deeply affected, and later, when I took her in my arms and pressed my lips to hers, our spirits seemed to meet. It was very serious. I went off in the very seventh heaven of bliss. This was the ideal of my dreams. The love of my life had come at last. I was flattered, too, to win this thing of beauty at first meeting. A day or two after I met the lady who had introduced me to her. "What a charming girl she is!" said I. "Yes," she said, "she sings charmingly, but isn't it a pity she's not quite right in her head?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Returning to Primitive Simplicity. On a recent, a popular Russian writer, recently found a river scoundrel in the Caucasus piloted by a youth of 17, who, although he was possessed of remarkable intellectual qualities, had abruptly abandoned his studies for manual toil, with intent to put Count Tolstoy's doctrines into practice. Many Russian families—people of standing and education—are taking their children from school, abandoning the delusions of so-called civilization, and retiring into remote country districts, where they propose to realize some vague ideal of primitive simplicity. This strange movement is vigorously supported by Count Tolstoy. The count divides each day into four periods separated from one another by a meal, and he indulges in hard labor and in literary work alternately. He has thus become accomplished in bootmaking, expert in wood splitting and a very decent agricultural laborer. Whenever he visits his estates he assists his farm hands in plowing, sowing, and getting in the crops.—New York Sun.

London chimneys are relieved of the presence of 50,000 tons of soot every year, for which the sweepers receive about \$360.

EXPERIENCE WITH A BEAR.

A Farmer Goes Prepared for Work in Close Quarters—A Hint for Amateurs. "On the third day," continued the postmaster, "we had an exciting adventure with a large bear. Farmer Riddell, remembering his experience with the bear two years ago, had gone prepared in an extra way."

"How was that?" "He had been told by an old hunter that it was a good plan to carry about a pound of pepper loose in your pocket, so that if you came in close quarters with a bear you could dash a handful in his eyes and blind him."

"Was the farmer thus prepared?" "Yes; and on the day spoken of we had separated to look for deer. I stationed him on a big rock near a path, and proceeded around the hill, expecting to start a deer. I had not been gone more than an hour, when I heard the crack of the farmer's rifle, and I hastened to where he had been stationed."

"When did you discover?" asked Grier. "When I arrived, I might say surprise to find the farmer perched on the limb of a tree about twenty feet from the ground, and a big bear tearing around below, evidently in great pain."

"Had he wounded it?" "No. It appears that as he was standing on the rock watching for deer a bear came suddenly leaping along the path. Impulsively he raised his rifle and fired, but missed the bear. It at once made a dash for him, when he suddenly turned and clambered into the branches of a friendly oak tree near by, landing his rifle on the tree after him, when he thought of the pepper in his pocket, and as it was about to reach for him he threw a handful in his face. Fortunately the pepper filled the eyes of the bear, and it immediately commenced roaring with pain and dropped to the ground. Just as soon as I could draw a bead on the crazed beast I fired, and fortunately killed it. The farmer then descended the tree and related the story how he came to take refuge in its branches."

"When skinned and dressed it weighed 290 pounds. It was very fat, and we had a splendid roast next day for dinner. We brought about 100 pounds of the meat and the skin home with us. Farmer Riddell will have a robe out of the skin, and he will keep it as a trophy of his adventures in the Black Forest."—New York Times.

Alive with a Broken Neck.

It has generally been supposed by those unfamiliar with medical and surgical science that a man cannot live with a broken neck. Considerable interest is manifested in the case of Andrew Hamilton, who, according to a dispatch from Baraboo, Wis., last Sunday and is still alive. The dispatch is concluded with the statement: "This is supposed to be the first case on record of a person living so long with a broken neck." On account of the curiosity and interest felt in what appears to be an extraordinary case a reporter called on Dr. P. S. Connor, the eminent surgeon, who has had great experience in all such fractures.

"Is this case so wonderful, doctor?" "That depends upon where his neck was broken. If it was above the point of the phrenic nerve death would result instantaneously or within a very short time. This was probably a fracture of the lower vertebrae, which causes paralysis. There are cases on record of this character, and are not uncommon. One man lived eleven days, another fifteen months, another four months, another fifteen months, and still another fourteen years. A dislocated neck does not necessarily produce death, unless the spinal cord is snapped. I am satisfied that in the case you mention the fracture was below the second vertebra, and the injured man is a victim of paralysis. People live with broken backs, and when the compression of the spinal cord has not been severed injured men have recovered from dislocated necks. All the patients I ever had whose necks were broken above the phrenic nerve have invariably died. It is impossible for them to survive."

"How about men who are legally hanged?" "In my opinion very few of them have their necks broken. They die of strangulation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Ingenious Libel. The cuteness of the heathen Chinese was strikingly exemplified the other day at Shanghai. A Chinaman, having a grudge against another, wrote an article full of violent personal attack and imputation, and took it to one after the other of the two native papers. Both refused to insert what was clearly a libelous document. The Chinaman retired and thought the matter over. The next day he went to one of the papers and offered them an advertisement, simply saying that a person of entirely bad character had committed such crimes. As no name, date or other indication of personality was given, the advertisement was accepted and inserted.

Upon the following day an advertisement appeared in the other paper to the effect that the person who inserted the first advertisement ought to be ashamed of himself for blackening the character of so good a man as so-and-so—mentioning the name and abode of the person defamed—thereby calling the attention of the Chinese reading public to the libelous attack. The victim found that he could obtain no redress whatever. He could not bring an action against the first paper, for there was neither name nor address given, and he had no proof whatever that it referred to him. Still less could he obtain damages from the other paper, since their advertisement was of a complimentary character and he had no cause whatever to complain of it.

The idea of a highly ingenious one, but we should question whether, in an English court of law, the person who inserted the two advertisements would find his position altogether impregnable.—London Standard.

Uninvited Wedding Guests. One of the ills that society has to grin at and bear is the presence of uninvited persons at weddings and receptions. A lady who is in the habit of her neck tells me that she knew several men and women who attend large parties without invitation. "Why are they not ejected?" I asked. "Oh, it would make a scene, and we don't like scenes, you know," she said. "But I would rather be an actor in a scene than pose as a victim. Public opinion would not condemn, but rather 'raise you,' said I. "Oh," quoth Mrs. Frou Frou, "you are not a wise counselor in such matters. We have scenes, and would rather be imposed upon than enter into one." If this isn't a spirit of meekness I'm a cannibal.—New York News.

Kleptomane Geography. They say that some actresses, and even actors, do occasionally, in spells of absent-mindedness, carry off hotel towels on their peregrinations about the country, and the towels usually bear the stamp of the hotel from which they had been taken. A clerk in a city hotel told an anecdote that he overheard a conversation between two actresses who occupied a room adjoining his. One said to the other: "My dear, did you visit Rochester last season?" The reply was: "Really I've forgotten. Just wait a moment while I open my trunk and examine my towels."—Buffalo Courier.

FROM THE ASIAN SEA.

PECULIARITIES OF THE MALAYS WHO LIVE IN NEW YORK.

Gregariousness of the Colony in Their Various Relations of Life—Amusement of Turtle Fighting—Gambling—Matrimony—Boarding House—Religion.

So far as the western world is concerned the Malay is a sea nomad. Those who have settled in New York came there as seamen, who by accident or other cause were obliged to remain until they were more or less attached to their new home. In the years they have grown by accretion until they form a legitimate colony similar to those of the Chinese, the Italians and the Poles. This colony of Malays and falls in number according to the nationality of foreign seamen in port. It never falls below 300, and sometimes rises as high as 1,500. The Malay, contrary to popular belief, is not a pure blooded race, so far as the New York representatives are concerned. A leading man in the Sixth ward, Nik de la Cruz, has the build of a Falstaff, a round, full face, more like a German than any other nationality, a warm sepia complexion, long blue black hair that breaks in heavy curls upon his shoulders, and the physiognomy of an ideal philanthropist. Min Goo, who runs a queer gambling house in Mott street, is thin, wiry, fierce looking, straight haired, yellow skinned, and cat like in ways and actions. Malaba, a third, is almost European in his physiognomy, but as dark as a Louisiana negro in hair and skin. These differences are, perhaps, attributable to the fact that most of those in the metropolis come from Manila and other Malay seaports, where from time immemorial there has been a constant intermixture of all the Oriental races.

Like all the eastern people, they are habituated to the practices made needful by a dense population. No matter where they are they crowd together. It is not uncommon for fifteen or twenty to sleep together in a room of 12 by 20 dimensions. In conversation they squat or stand together till almost all engaged are in personal contact. When they visit a liquor saloon or one of the dance halls so common in the lower ward, they go in knots of five or more. The gregariousness extends to almost all the relations of life, and in some Malaysian communities enters the marital relation, producing that singular custom, polyandry.

Their amusements are few and simple. The most remarkable of these is turtle fighting. Two snapping turtles are carefully selected and trained. The best for sporting purposes are those that weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds apiece. Lighter ones are immature and not so muscular. Heavier ones are logy, slow and less vindictive. The training consists in teasing them three times a day with a bamboo rod and allowing them to hang from this by the hour after they once take hold. The only diet is raw meat and red pepper, even water being tabooed. The day before the fight the teeth and jaws are examined, overhauled, filed and scraped till they resemble knife edges.

The fight is conducted in a small ring not more than a yard in diameter. The snappers are produced and washed and each tasted by the second of the other. This is done to prevent corioli or poisonous drugs being placed upon the salient points whence it may enter the mouth, nose and eyes of the opposite antagonist. They are then irritated in the usual style with a sharp rod until nearly frenzied, and then placed in the center of the ring. There is neither wait nor running away. Each snaps at the other simultaneously. The best hold is an oblique hold. This enables the one that catches to reach the carotid artery and the windpipe without being compelled to bite through the massive cartilages of the neck. Next to this is a straight neck hold, in which the two jaws strike against the top and bottom of the neck. Below this again is the cross hold, in which the jaws strike against the two sides of the neck. Poorest of all is the leg hold. This is regarded by all Oriental sports as the acme of unintelligence, because if both the snappers take leg holds the fight is lengthened out interminably. The combat is to the death—one of the turtles always being killed and frequently both.

GAMBLING—MARRIAGE—RELIGION. The Malays, like the Chinese are great gamblers. Their favorite games for which we have no name in English, suggest and a few resemble faro, lottery, roulette, odd and even, dominoes and dice. Many of them have learned the American national game and draw and bluff with the sang froid of a Morrissey or a Ransom. In the home life they have made in the new world the Malays are industrious, affectionate and domestic. When they marry they pick out if possible a German woman, next to her a daughter of Erin, then a lady of color, and last of all an American. Why they prefer this order has never been ascertained. Nik de la Cruz is married to a German widow, who speaks but little English and he speaks even less German. When asked why he married her he said: "German women are not pretty, but they never get drunk; they don't fight; they work hard; they're good housekeepers, and they have lots of children." When married they herd together the same as when single. A typical boarding house in "Baxter Street Bend" is a compartment on the ground floor, about fourteen feet wide by seventy long, broken up by partitions into six rooms. Of these the front room is the office and store. The next, a compartment fourteen by twenty feet, is the living and sleeping place of the boarders, who vary from one to twenty in number. In the third sleep Nik, his wife and smaller children, in the fourth his larger children. The fifth is dining room and kitchen combined. The sixth and last is the store room. Such a place costs from \$35 to \$70 a month rent and nets its proprietor about \$3,000 per annum.

The Malays have been taught so many religions that they may be truthfully said to have none. Mohammedanism, Buddhism, the Buddhist, Mohammedan, Roman Catholic and Confucian faiths are found in every town and hamlet of Malaysia. They outnumber Protestant missionaries ten to one. Unlike the latter, they adapt themselves to their surroundings and become integral units of the community. They teach persistently. As a result the Malay faith as seen in New York is a vague mixture of all the religions named.—New York Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Dared Them to Hang Him. Prisoner—But do you think they will hang me? Counsel—Let them do it if they dare. It would be the best thing that could happen for our side—we would recover heavy damages.

The prisoner seems to understand the damages that would ensue, but thinks recovery doubtful.—Judge.

Asphaltum in Utah. A deposit of pure asphaltum, from fifteen to twenty feet thick, has been discovered near Thistle Station, Utah. It is worth \$40 a ton, and the expense of mining is only forty cents.

WITH THE LONDON BUSMEN.

Seventeen Hours a Day, and No Holidays. No Time for Home Pleasures.

"Seventeen hours a day! One hundred and nineteen hours a week! That's my time. I left the yard last night at five and twenty minutes to 2, and I was on my bus again this mornin' at half-past 8. It's these long hours that tell!" "But you get a holiday sometimes?" "If we like to pay for it. Whenever we're off duty we don't get paid. Whoa, there!"

And the speaker, a smart "whip" among the London omnibus drivers, ceases his conversation concerning his long hours of labor to pull up his horses and sling out loudly the destination of his omnibus.

They are quaint and curious men, some of these London busmen, with a rich fund of drollery all their own.

"You see, sir," said one, "I don't much care for a holiday; I've been so long on this 'ere bus that things look quite different like when I'm in the street below. I shouldn't know my own children in the street."

"Oh, come! that's too strong." "Fact, I tell ye, sir; I'm always away in the mornin' afore they're up, and not home till they're in bed at night, and I shouldn't know my little gal if I was to meet her out, especially if I was to see her off my steerin' a significant remark for a man to make in this latter half of the wonderful Nineteenth century—a remark not without a touch of satire and of pathos, too; and we find ourselves asking if it is a necessity of our advanced civilization that men must work so long and so continuously, day after day, that they never see their children except asleep! No sweet, simple prattle about the father's knee, no little fat, dimpled arms around the father's neck, none of the loving, softening influences which little people know so well how to exert over even the most stony hearted of men! Surely, O Christian civilization, these things are not necessities of thy development!

But yet the bus driver rarely complains or grumbles. He does not strike or congregate in mass meetings, or commit acts of riot, but he works patiently on, day by day, steering his horse marvelously well through the crowded London street, and surveying life with a philosophic calm from the altitude of his box, except when a child strays in the way of his horses, and then his language is, perhaps, rougher than are his real feelings.—The Quiver.

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY JOURNAL.

The Latest Product of English Life. Daily History of the Aristocracy.

But not only do the English of late years throw reticence to the winds when they write their memoirs, they have invented The Society Journal, the latest product of English life. I was living in London when Edmund Yates founded The World. It was so successful that Labouchere's Truth speedily followed, and eclipsed its original in daring freedom of statement and satire. Both papers were frowned upon at the outset and censured harshly by the rigid guardians of society, but read universally. They were seen in every drawing room in London, and in nearly every country house in England; commented on, declaimed against, and finally contributed to, by the fine folks who at first derided them. Doubtless the editors often went too far—sometimes they went to jail; untruths were invented, and libel suits were the consequence; but the journals were established, and to-day they are recognized as features, even powers, in the social and political system of England.

All this is natural under a monarchy. The "great" as they call themselves, are used to being discussed. Princes and princesses expect to be criticised as well as applauded. They know that the penalty of their position is publicity, and they do not shrink from the unveiling, any more than the actors who play Rosalind or Cleopatra. Their characters and lives, even their appearance and their manners, have been the theme of comment since the days of Pharaoh's daughter and Helen of Troy, and the talk of to-day is the basis of history to-morrow. The great perform in a theatre where the whole world is audience, and those who sit in the pit have a right to pronounce on play and players.

In England this is recognized. The queen herself corrects the court circular daily for the newspapers. She tells the people when she walks or drives, who dine with her yesterday, and in what order her guests went to table. The aristocracy in the same way allows its banquets and balls to be chronicled for the information of its inferiors; and so it goes downward, till fashionable people in London pay a guinea a line to have the accounts of their parties printed in The Morning Post. The very great are so important that the newspapers cannot afford to do without their daily history; but there are many who cannot afford to do without the notices, and these pay the price.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

Legend of the Book Agent.

There is a legend to the effect that the agents are made to practice their eloquence upon a wooden dummy set up for the purpose in the back offices of the agencies. They imagine the figure before them to be that of the most unimpressible of their customers, and harangue with the vehemence of an Antony and the pertinacity of a Demosthenes. After they have worked themselves into such a fine frenzy that the perspiration rolls down their faces and their voice rasps like a saw on the nail, they are considered efficient and are sent out on a commission to invade the homes of America with their wares.—Chicago Tribune.

A Splitting Car Called For.

There is a need that a splitting car be provided for those who chew tobacco, or that those who thus indulge be consigned to the same apartments as their more smoky brethren. It is certainly more of a nuisance to use the floor as a spittoon than it is to leave upon it a little tobacco ashes and the favor of smoke.—Independent.

Pin Money in Oil.

A Pittsburg oil broker received the following order from a lady who desired to make some money in oil: "Dear Sir—Please buy me 10,000 barrels of oil at 90 cents, and sell at \$1.10. Result was the difference, less your commission. Upon the promptness with which you execute this order depends my future patronage. Very respectfully,"—Exchange.

Couldn't Keep Their Gifts.

Jay Gould is said to figure that if he should give fifty men \$5,000 each to go into business for themselves, one-half would fail and lose all within five years, and the other twenty-five would be made because he was able to make \$10,000 and didn't do it. He argues that men appreciate their own earnings far more than a gift.—Chicago Times.

Tobacco at Yale.

About 30 per cent. of the freshman class at Yale university use tobacco. The average heretofore has been only 16 per cent. Dr. Seaver finds, however, that the class is unusually healthy, though not provided with a large number of large men.—Harper's Bazar.

Railroad sleepers of cast glass by the Siemens method are a possibility of the near future.

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