

A BANK ACCOUNT.

USEFUL HINTS TO PEOPLE WHO KEEP MONEY ON DEPOSIT.

How to Guard Against Fraud or Mistake in Business Transactions—Check Book and Stub—Writing Up the Bank Book, Checks and Receipts.

The custom of the banks, when it is decided to open an account with a customer, is to require the customer to write his name in a book, kept for that purpose, at the time the account is opened. The obvious reason is to guard against fraud or mistake in all subsequent transactions in which the bank has to determine the genuineness of the customer's signature. If the genuineness of a check presented for payment to the paying teller is suspected, the signature may be compared with one with that recorded with the bank, as has been stated, and thus its validity be determined.

In opening an account with a bank the customer is furnished by the bank with a book in which is entered on the left hand, or credit, page the amount deposited by him. All subsequent deposits are entered in the book, with the date, respectively, of each deposit. At the time of opening an account the bank will, generally, furnish the customer with a check book containing twenty-five or more checks, and for this no charge is made. Persons wishing to have nicely engraved checks can get them, but a copy is usual in such cases, though the amount will not exceed seventy-five cents for a book of a like number of checks. At the same time the bank will also furnish to the customer a sufficient number of "tickets," which are small pieces of paper containing at the head a blank for the person's name to be inserted, also a blank for the date, and below the words "checks" and "cash." Whenever a deposit is made the depositor fills up a ticket, giving his name and the date, and writing in the column against the words "check" and "cash" the amount of each, respectively, deposited. These tickets should always accompany the bank book when a deposit is made. They are kept on file by the bank, and serve as vouchers for both the bank and the depositor, from which the accuracy of the account may be determined, if the question should arise at any time as to the amount, the time and the nature of any deposit.

A moment's examination of the check book will serve to show the depositor the method of drawing a check. It will be observed, first, that every check is numbered in its order, generally upon the upper left hand corner. Again, the place to tear off a check is indicated by the perforated line. When torn off at this line the part remaining in the book is called the "stub."

A check is merely an order on a bank to pay the person named in the check a certain sum of money. It will be obvious to any one who is about to draw his check that it should be dated, and the name of the payee, or person in whose favor it is drawn, should be inserted in the body of the check; that the amount to be paid should be written in, and also indicated by figures and the dollar sign, and that the check should be signed by the drawer at the place indicated. A check should always be drawn with great care and accuracy.

The stubs, to which reference has been made, are an important part of a check book, as they contain a complete record, if properly kept, of all transactions with the bank. They are transcripts of all checks drawn from time to time, and show the numbers, amounts, the dates and the names of the payees, respectively. In drawing checks filling up the stubs should never be omitted. It is not only important for the reasons stated, but is vastly important in determining the state of the account. By adding together the several amounts found in the stubs it is obvious that the amount drawn from the bank may be readily determined. This amount deducted from the amount deposited, which will appear in the bank book, will show the amount standing to the credit of the depositor. A gentleman, for the sake of convenience, once took out of his check book a number of blank checks, which he carried in his pocket, in order that he might use them at any time. He used them all, but neglected to keep an account of them, and would have done had he had the stubs before him, when, to his dismay, he was one day notified by the bank that his account was overdrawn. Small checks, like small and frequent accounts at a store, make terrible ironies upon one's bank account, and it is well to watch them closely.

A bank book should be regularly and frequently "written up," particularly when checks have been frequently drawn. This is done at the bank by a bookkeeper, who enters in the bank book the amount shown by the customer's account to have been paid from time to time. These amounts are compared with the checks drawn to insure accuracy. When this transcribed into the customer's book, the amount is found and subtracted from the amount deposited, and the balance carried to a new account. The checks are returned to the customer with his book when it is written up, and are the customer's vouchers. He may compare them with the stubs in his check book and determine whether they correspond in amount and are correct. It is well to keep these checks. In many cases they serve as receipts for bills paid. They are receipts. A check is given, for instance, to the dressmaker for her bill; it is payable to her order. Before she can get the money upon it she must endorse it; that is, write her name across the back. When returned by the bank to the drawer with such indorsement it shows that the check has been presented by her and paid; and it then becomes a receipt, or what is equivalent to one.—Demorest's Monthly.

Habits of Miser Paine.
The portrait of a miser which is being drawn in the contest over the will of James Henry Paine, of New York, would furnish rich material for a novelist. The habits of the man, who left \$400,000 tied in an old handkerchief, are shown by his visits to a restaurant for his meals. He was very fond of nutron steaks. Occasionally one would not suffice and he would call for a second; the price for a steak was the cents. Generally his pockets were stuffed with pieces of dry bread, which would at times fall out on the floor. He would order a stew, pile up crusts of hard bread taken from his pockets, throw over them about half a bottle of Worcestershire sauce and then swallow the whole with a voracity terrible to behold.—Chicago Journal.

Tilden and His Stocks.
Mr. Tilden frequently invested in railroad stocks whenever there was a decline in the market or a chance to get in on the ground floor in a deal. He noticed him, however, to be considered a speculator. He would indignantly repudiate the characterization, and say: "I am an investor, not a speculator. I buy when I consider stocks are a good purchase; then I decide on the figure I will sell at, just as a grocer marks his selling price, and I call whenever I can get my price, without reference to the market."—Chicago Herald.

A New Kink.
"So Miss Blank is married?" he inquired. "Yes," "I heard that her father gave her a check for \$10,000." "Yes, he did." "Was it good for anything?" "Well, that's the point that puzzles everybody who was there. They were all crowding around to see if it was certified, when she held it stiff and exclaimed: 'Dear father, but these diamonds are enough! She touched it to the gas and away it went. I think it's a new kink, and one intended to save the old man.'—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOVER'S REASONING.

Tell why I love her? Tell me why.
Turning from murky town and pushing men,
You love the woodland path, the placid sky,
I'll answer then.

Why do I love her? Analyze
When in the violet perfume is,
Where in the music's strain the tears arise,
Can you do this?

Tell why I love her? Yes, when you
Reveal the secret which in snowdrops lie,
Or strain the beauty from the drops of dew,
Then I'll tell why.

Why do I love her? First make clear
Whence steals through minister aisles the rest-
ful spell
That fills with mystic sense the atmosphere.
I then will tell.

Yes, love, I turn to thee from glare and crowd,
Tender as daisies in spring, as summer's cloud,
Soothing as gentlest soft, soft as perfume,
Purer than beads of dew, or snowdrops' bloom.
In thy presence rest, when tumult ceases,
The minister gate is closed, within is peace.
—Temple Bar.

ELECTION IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

A Day of Much Rejoicing—A Big Feast, Music and Dancing.

Election day is celebrated with much rejoicing, just as it used to be before Europeans came to America. The Spanish chroniclers tell us that it was then customary for those going out of office to give a banquet to their successors, and at the present time the authorities of those villages always spread a banquet election day. The entire report is placed on the table at once, except the tortillas. Fresh supplies of these are brought steaming hot to the table every few minutes. Only men take part in this feast of the politicians and boys wait on them. In the evening the hall is cleared for dancing; then the women and girls appear. They are dressed with colored embroidery and have bright colored scarfs around their shoulders. Bulk seems to be their idea of elegance, for each has several very full skirts, all stiffly starched. Their gold ornaments, earrings, necklaces and finger rings are very numerous—made from ore found in their native soil. Some of the girls are beautiful, though all are short in stature like the men.

The musical instrument most used by these people is the marimba, played after the manner of a dulcimer, but made of wood and pieces of hide. The tones of the marimba are plaintive, sweet and melodious. It can be heard at a long distance in the still night air.

The women sit around the room, but the men stand in groups. When the dancing is to commence one of them only advances to the middle of the floor and nods to the woman he desires for a partner. She leaves her seat and goes to face him, standing a few feet off. They perform a jig, hardly moving their bodies, though the steps are varied and rapid; occasionally they exchange places, but never clap hands. Without even looking at her partner, the woman returns to her seat when the fancy takes her, and he, without changing his position, invites some one else by a nod, for he is expected to remain on foot till the music ceases. Then another takes his place; so dancing is kept up till midnight, all conducting themselves with the greatest decorum, but merry peals of laughter are heard now and again, and every one seems perfectly happy, chatting gaily as they wait their way home in the soft moonlight.—Cor. Home Journal.

A Queer Bundle of Mail.

"We caught the mail in dead earnest the other day," said a mail agent on the Northern Pacific road. "One of the small packages were we catch a bag between Roseman and Billings, M. T. About three weeks ago the man who works the hook on the car saw what he supposed to be a mail bag suspended from the arm of the scaffold at the latter town in question. We were running pretty fast, considering the hard wheeling, and it took us but a jiffy to grasp the dangling sack. It fell upon the floor of the car like a log. A glance at the bundle was sufficient to satisfy us that it contained something more solid than letters or papers. The sack was ripped open and out rolled the dead body of a man—a man with a red beard and heavy, shaggy eyebrows. The body was frozen stiff, it having hung all night from the arm of the scaffold. There were three bullet holes in the man's breast, two more through his neck and one in each leg. Pinned on the left side of the dead man's coat was a piece of brown paper, which bore these words:

"This is a horse thief.
"Snatch him baldheaded."
"That was the queerest piece of mail matter we ever caught. We took the corpse to Billings, where we turned it over to the coroner. I suppose the fellow had been caught stealing horses and shot on the spot. They found a cheerful way out in that country of forwarding an objectionable corpse to a neighboring town."—Chicago Herald.

Spotted His Enjoyment.
The other evening, as the audience at the California gradually awoke and began to pass out for a drink between acts, one of the noble army of unemployed actors now engaged in propping up the Kearney street cigar stores said to another with a yawn, "Well, how does this strike you, Ned?" "It reminds me of a little incident during a barn storming trip I took with the 'Strickley Business Company,'" said the other. "You see, business got so infernal bad we had to camp out up near Vacaville. One morning we missed Bishop and hunted for him everywhere. After a while we found him snoring away under a tree surrounded by a flock of geese, who were hissing at him vigorously. We woke up the alleged comedian. 'Great Scott, boys!' he said, 'why didn't you let me alone. I was just dreaming that I was playing to a full house for once.'—San Francisco Wasp.

A Locomotive Gas Lighter.
The covered street at Milan, now well known as the Victor Emmanuel gallery, is roofed with glass and completed by a large dome, round the interior of which runs a chain of gas lamps. The lighting of these lamps at a considerable elevation used to present some difficulties, and was always a source of risk, until an arrangement was made for doing the work by electricity. A miniature railway has been constructed close to the gas burners, on which runs a little electric locomotive carrying a wick steeped in spirits of wine. When it is desired to light the burners the wick is set on fire and the locomotive started on its career. It flies round the dome, rapidly kindling the lights, and exciting much interest among the crowd that assemble nightly to witness the performance.—Boston Transcript.

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NILSSON'S BEGINNING.

THE STEPPING STONE TO THE SINGER'S FUTURE CAREER.

A Young Violinist Accompanying Her Own Voice at a Village Fair—Laying the Foundation of the Great Prima Donna's Fortune.

In a little hut among tall pines on the estate of Count Hamilton, in Wexio, in Sweden, the hut, consisting of two rooms, belonging to a poor forester, on Aug. 30, in the year 1843, was born a little headed girl, the youngest of seven children, who never spoke unless especially questioned, but continually sang, trying to imitate the birds or the murmuring of the waters—in fact, obeying an inner impulse to imitate the great models of nature, never having heard anything else. The Sjobohl (hamlet) of Snugga, to which the part of the forest belonged where she had first seen the light of day, was a few miles distant from Wexio, and the highest ambition of the poor child was to be able to get to the fair of Wexio and earn a few pence somehow in that great town of some 1,800 inhabitants. In order to reach that glorious result, little Christine, who had taught herself to play on a small fiddle which belonged to her elder brother, and which you can see any day you please in the magnificent mansion she has built for herself in South Kensington, entered into partnership with her brother, who was already her inferior as a violinist, and they started out together for the celebrated Wexio.

On they went, per pedes apostolorum, until they reached, on their way, Ljung-by (by means village), where there was held a small fair, and where the young violinist accompanied her own voice in the few Swedish national songs she then had heard and retained in her precocious memory. With great pride she relates that this, her first open air concert, brought her the treasure of threepence half-penny, forewarning her of the untold wealth which awaited the children at the town fair. Thither, then, they repaired with all the courage that success, glory and money can give, and arrived a little tired, but hopeful, at the fair. There was suddenly a big audience, who wondered if the violin played Christine or Christine the violin. When the admiring crowd assembled it attracted the attention of Mr. Fornerheim, the provincial judge, who tried to find out, as every one of us would, what was the matter. Well, fortunately for the great singer, the judge, a man over six feet high, looked over the shoulders of the people at the little girl who formed the center of attraction; and then he saw and heard, over and above the scraping of the little fiddle, what he thought the sweetest and most enchanting timbre of voice he had ever heard before.

A highly educated man, and accustomed to read in the physiognomy of the people who were brought before him their character and probable capabilities, he spoke first to the boy, then to the little girl, and there and then laid the foundation of the great prima donna's fortune by the present of an untold wealth—a sixpence. Christine, already frightened with the responsibility of carrying her Ljung-by funds, suddenly grown rich beyond her expectations, with great firmness insisted on their immediate return to the only place where so much money could safely be invested or deposited—their father's hut.

THE TOILET DEJOIR.

You can see in one of Christine's great salons the little skirt, which did not descend to the ankle, the toilet dejour of her first concert, minus the least bit of shoes or stockings; and the cherished portrait of two boys, paysans Soudo—father and mother—in a rich gold frame, which cost more than a long series of concerts at that time could have brought her.

Although not quite so rich as she became hereafter, she returned with the first money earned by her first success in public to her father, who saw, real and alive, nine and one-half pence, the product of two concerts, in his daughter's little hand. Strange as it may appear, the great success and the great financial result remained for a few days without any further consequences; when, just as a second artistic journey was contemplated, the above-mentioned judge, who naturally had some difficulty in unearthing the whereabouts of his small prima donna, came straight upon her father and asked him what he allowed his honor the provincial judge to take temporary possession of the youngest child, and if she were found to be so intelligent and gifted as she was supposed to be, to give her the education which would perhaps make the name of little Christine somewhat better known. The father referred him to the mother, as every well bred father will, and the mother, with that abnegation that makes of motherly love the only reliable, never-to-be-found-waiting love in the world, instantly consented to separate herself from her child—a youngest child to boot—so long as that sacrifice could do the child any good. This little preliminary arranged, the first important step in Christine's life was taken.—Louis Engel's "From Mozart to Mario."

New York Coachmen and Footmen.

It is getting to that pass that you can distinguish the degree of social standing of a person who keeps a coach by the size of the capes the coachman and footman wear. These extraordinary articles of parade uniform began modestly enough. They were simply big enough to make the wearers look odd. Now they have assumed the dimensions ascribed by the western wit to the Chicago girl's shoes, which he describes as number one—one like to each foot. The first capes imported into this country were on the shoulders of some of the ballet girls of an English comic opera troupe. Since the fashion invaded the stable stage has scornfully discarded it.

In an uptown outfitting you may find a gaudy collection of bearskin capes for coachmen. They are displayed upon wire dummies. The family coachman's size leaves just room for him to peep over the furry mound in front of him at his horse's ears. The sizes adapted to second coachmen allow the nose to become visible. The capes for coach and hansom drivers give a view of the mouth. No capes as small as these are, however, tolerated in private families with any pretensions to good style.

I came upon a footman one cold morning recently, standing like a petrification at a coach door. He wore a cape that spread out like a family umbrella. The tip of his nose was blue, however, and the moisture of misery was in his eye. A rude, small boy knocked his hat off with a snowball and jeered at him. As his cape prevented his seeing the hat when he stooped, I picked it up for him, and, after he had thanked me, remarked that he looked comfortable in his furry garment.

"I feel like a judge, anyhow," he replied. "If I knew the fellow that invented them, I'd—"

A lady came out of the shop and he went on duty like a machine, but with murder in his heart, if his eyes did not lie.—Alfred Trumbull in New York News.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches.—Seneca.

GODS IN CAPTIVITY.

IDOLS IN NEW YORK FROM CHINA, AFRICA AND INDIA.

Descriptions of Some of the Prominent Gods and Goddesses—Horrid Grotesqueness—The Chinese Adam—Buddhist Virgins—Vishnu's Four Incarnations.

There are about 500 heathen idols in this city, of which the Presbyterian collection has eighty-five. These embrace idols from China, India, Mexico and Africa, and include a sufficient variety to satisfy the most pronounced heathen. A heathen god doesn't pride himself on his beauty, but relies on his horrid grotesqueness to send a chill down the backbone of his devotees. One of the three Mexican idols is of wood. The sculptor evidently used a jack knife, and gave the idol great angularity in all directions, especially at the knee and elbow joints. The arms meet in front without the intervention of hands. The body is very long and the face utterly without expression. Another Mexican specimen resembles the old Aztec deities, with heavy masses of stone carving about the head, a stern expression in the face, and vigorous ugliness strongly predominant in every feature. The third of the Mexican gods is of wood and resembles a coal heaver with a profusion of black paint on his face, heavy muscles and a garment of green cloth.

There is one African idol. Its countenance looks like a distorted negro face, with lips as if cut apart by a huge plow. The nose is of triangular shape, and the ridge extends through the forehead to the hair, which is composed of braided cords. The dress is of black and white cotton cloth, and her shoulders are covered with a cape of red flannel. The arms extend nearly to the feet and are very clumsy.

VARIOUS CHINESE GODS.

Fis Sing is the Chinese god of literature. He is worshiped by all literary men. He is represented with one foot on the head of the sacred fish, and is evidently as much down on it as an American editor is on a fish story. He holds aloft in one hand a pen, which looks like a cigarette, and is made of paper. In the other hand he holds a tablet of papyrus. This literary god, he is very homely. He has large ears, and has apparently just received some news and is hurrying to get it in the last edition. His left foot is raised behind him, as if in the act of running.

Lai Kung is the god of thunder. Thunder and lightning are supposed to be under his control, and he is much feared. His upper lip is constructed on the principle of a cowcatcher. The nose is chopped off squarely at the bottom. Each cheek is ornamented with a brazen spot. His ears are large and broad, and above them are two large flaps like elephant's ears and red as bests. He wears a golden robe and looks generally as if he were running against a high wind. His right hand is raised, as if to touch off the thunder. Each foot has three toes, and his knees are covered with mail. He is seated in a large chair.

Prin Kih Wing, the Chinese Adam, was the first man, according to Chinese theory. He sprang out of chaos, and then remodeled the heavens and the earth. He is worshiped principally by erectors of meat sheds in China. He is seated squarely on a block, and holds one of the Chinese "diagrams," or amulets, in his hands, has a short skirt about his loins and a mantle on his shoulders. His forehead is high and streaked with black paint. His ears are large, face fair and his hair is raised in heavy lines. Deo-Low-Koon, a baldheaded, benevolent old fellow, with long tufts of hoarse hair whiskers, is one of the "Sees," an imaginary species of gentils, of men who have become immortal and inhabit the hills. His business is to teach men to find the Elixir of Life (or to make it), or a medicine which confers immortality.

THE BUDDHIST VIRGIN.

Kevan Len is the Buddhist virgin. She is attired in gold, has a face of the color of red clay, and is under a canopy with arms resting on a balcony. Two brother gods, without names, have deep black faces, with heavy whiskers and mustaches in tufts like logs in a swamp of inky water. One has his eyes turned downward; the other's are directed as if he had just ended a severe fit of choking. Above the one are strung a couple of black keys, and the other has ornaments of the same kind in white metal. Nearly all the Chinese gods have nicely curled mustaches. When they have whiskers they are in the tuft form, stiff as porcupine quills.

Foen-hau is the Queen of Heaven, and is very generally worshiped in China, especially by seamen. She is enshrined in every vessel, and has many temples on land. She has a gentle expression. There are several representations of her. In one she is seated in a large chair, completely filling it, and has a flat piece of wood on her head. In another she is represented in solid clothing, with her hands wrapped in a rich mantle. She has large ears, with drops, holds a scepter, and looks like a fat China woman. Kum-yau, the Goddess of Mercy, is worshiped by all classes. She is a large female in dark red, with large limbs, and is seated with a child resting on one knee. Her face has a mild expression and she is not particularly homely.

An image of Buddha, about to be consecrated when bought, was made in Siam, and cost \$21 cents in silver. The Sacred Bull is in marble, and is kneeling down. It is very heavy. No. 107 of the collection is a neckless. The Hindus think they cannot tell a man when this is on their neck. Sing Wan San Pooa is a god of riches and is a solitary character. It is an English and he is therefore heartily despised. Ram, incarnation of Vishnu, is in marble. He was found in Sutledge river, near Lodianna, having been thrown there because of a broken arm. When an idol has a limb broken he is thrown away. There are four representations of the incarnations of Vishnu. One is the Boar Avatar, which is looking up, supporting the world on his snout. He has a boar's head but a man's body. The Fish Avatar has the body of a fish with the head of a woman and four hands. He holds a scepter in his left hand and is trampling on a man. Kock Avatar has two scepters and a four handed.

A Clever Business Woman.

Riding with me through a thriving Maine town recently, a friend indicated a large tannery and remarked: "That establishment has an entertaining story. Its founder built up a large business and willed it to his daughter, instructing his executors to permit her to manage the business herself. The neighbors predicted a collapse of the concern; but the girl proved to be even a better business man than her father, and cleared \$7,000 the first year. She ran it several years and then a minister settled in town, who took to her. The taking was mutual. He married her, left the ministry, is now running the tannery with his wife's help and drives the fastest team in town."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Wanted the Spurs.

The Prince of Wales having expressed a desire to have the pair of spurs worn by Fred Archer when he rode Ormonds in his last race at Ascot, the executors have sent them to his royal highness, together with the saddle used on the occasion.

Atlantic City.

[New York Home Journal, January 26, 1887.]

There is an air of newness and freshness about Atlantic City now which no one can fail to recognize. The carpenter and painter have held the town since its evacuation by the summer army, and have left their marks on cottage and hotel. The large hotels have been lifted bodily from their foundations and moved down toward the beach. In their new locations they have also been enlarged and improved, so as to become practically new houses. For several years past the owners of these hotels have found themselves getting farther away from the sea. Land was being made for them by the recession of the ocean, and as Neptune seemed inclined to retreat, the landmen determined to pursue, and the winter guests of these houses will find their quarters over-looking the waves of this season.

Another large hotel has been completely remodeled and considerably enlarged. In all these improvements the latest appliances have been used which would enhance the comfort or contribute to the luxury of the guests. The houses will be thoroughly heated, and large spaces have been set apart for glass-enclosed postices, wherein the most delicate invalid can enjoy all the blessings of the glorious sunlight without exposure to the wind or weather.

Very many of the other hotels have been improved and re-fitted, and several new ones have been erected. The cottages look bright and cheerful in their new dresses of fresh paint, and the genial winter sunlight bathing in all its brightness, makes the city by the sea more attractive than ever.

There has been no storm this winter to injure the piers or the board walk. The board walk is a distinctive feature of Atlantic City. It is the common property of all, and it is broad enough and long enough to accommodate everybody. A morning walk over the boards from the Excursion House to Inlet, with the great Atlantic breeze against their supports, and the genial breeze from the Gulf Stream fanning one's cheeks, will bring the ruddy glow of health to the faces of those who have vainly tried to gain it elsewhere.

The sanitary arrangements of the city are now excellent. The new system of drainage adopted last year works very satisfactorily, and overcomes the only natural disadvantage the city ever had to contend against. With an excellent system of artificial drainage, and every essential element of health-making in location and surroundings, Atlantic City is certain to win and maintain high rank among the famous sanitariums of the world.

Not only is its winter temperature mild, genial and bright, but there is always a fresh bracing air which makes out-of-door exercise a positive delight.

The ocean sun-parlors are also very attractive features of life on the beach. These are great glass-enclosed pavilions, built on the strand, where one may sit all day and read or watch the ever-changing waves. In fine weather at midday the parlors are exchanged for the beach, and here, snugly wrapped, one sits in the sand and literally revels in the wealth of sun and air. There are very few days too inclement for going out; snow melts as fast as it falls, and rain makes no mud. One sits and sleeps in the hotel, and spends one's evenings there, but the hours of the day, all too short, are passed in the open air. The natural result of this kind of living is the acquisition of health and strength.

To the people of New York and the East Atlantic City is peculiarly attractive. Even if they are southward bound Atlantic City is on their way, and a stay of a few weeks will always result in pleasure and benefit.

From New York the express train leaving foot of Courtlandt and Desbrosses streets at 1:00 p. m., makes direct connection for Atlantic City by way of Trenton and Camden. A through parlor car is attached to this train, which runs through to the sea in four and three-quarter hours.

About February 1st the season will be fully open, and the engagements in advance indicate a very successful winter and spring. Representatives of the best society of all the cities of the Eastern and Middle States gather here during February and March, and form a brilliant social circle, who take their recreation in a restful and their pleasure in an unconventional way.

Will Knock Free Passes Out.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., February 11.—General passenger Agent Carpenter, of the St. Paul road, has sent a circular to all passenger agents, saying: "The inter-state commerce law, which goes into effect on March 31, 1887, forbids the issue of passes or the making of reduced rates to other than bona fide railroad employes. Therefore, from this date you will not issue nor recommend the issuance of an annual season trip or mileage passage or half-fare permits to any person on any account who does not come under the head of railroad employes for any person beyond March 31, 1887." This cuts off families of railroad employes, also newspaper men, hotel and theatrical people, etc.

LEXINGTON Ky., February 12.—

During a quarrel at Yosemite station on Friday G. M. Holland shot and fatally wounded Abe Minks.

1859-1887.

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