On the Plains of Chalmette-A Troop of Panie Stricken Fugitives-"No Food for Cowards"-Bread and Meat for

At 7 o'clock the battle began, and the roar of the artillery, with the discharges of musketry, was almost as distinctly heard as if in our immediate neighborhood. There was not the slightest noise in the apparently dead city. It held its breath in awful suspense. There was not a human being to be seen moving in the streets. We, the two boys and the ladies of the household, petrified into absolute stience by the apprehensions of the moment, stood on the balcony until 9:30, when the firing gradually ceased. But still we continued to remain on the same spot; for what was to happen? Were our defenders retreating, pur-sized by the enemy? These were hours of anxiety never to be forgotten. About 11 o'clock the oppresive silence in the city was broken by the furiously rapid gallop of a horseman, shouting as loud as he could: "Vic-tory! victory!" He turned from Chartres street into Dumaine and from Dumaine into Royal, still shouting "Victory!" The voice had become hoarse, and yet no human voice that I ever afterward heard was fraught with more sweet music. That night we went to bed with thankful hearts. The two boys soon s'ept soundly, as boys sleep, with that blissful unconcern which appertains to their age. but I doubt if our kind hostess and her daughters closed their eyes, for they had hus-bands, brothers, sons on the battle field, and they did not know at what cost to them the victory had been achieved.

In the morning of the preceding day the famous battle of the 8th was fought on the plains of Chalmette, four miles below the city. In a bee line the distance must have been very short between the field of action and the Bore plantation, six miles above New Orleans by the windings of the river, for the furious cannonading and the discharge of musketry were prodigiously distinct. The ladies of the family, pale with the natural emotions of fear produced by the dangers of the situation, were grouped in the broad gallery in front of the house. No man was visi-ble, for the only one who had remained at ome (on account of his age) had when the began ascended with slow but firm steps a flight of stairs which led to the top of the portico. At every volley of artillery or musketry I flung myself on the floor, exclaim-ing: "Ten Englishmen killed!" "Twenty Englishmen flat on the ground!" and so on. I continued rejoicing in the funcied destruction of our invaders notwithstanding the remonstrances of my poor mother, in whose alarm I very little participated. The battle had not yet ended when my grandfather Bore came down from his post of observation with the same measured step and the same self possession with which he had ascended and said to his daughters, who anxiously interrogated his looks: "Dismiss your fears, the Americans are victorious."

"But, father, how do you know it?" inquired

"You forget, my dear child," replied M. de Bore, with a calm smile, "that I have some military experience. My practiced ear has not been deceived, I am sure. The American guns have silenced the English guns. The enemy is defeated."

These words had hardly been spoken when, in the long avenue of pecan trees that led to the river, there appeared a troop of about a hundred men rushing toward the house. "The English! here come the English!" was the simultaneous cry of the women. M. de Bore stretched himself up to his full height, shaded his eyes with his transfer and height, along looked steadily at the advancing crowd, said, contemptuously:
"These men the English! bah!"

feet high, on which we stoot, and along which ran a wooden balustrade. M. de Bore did not understand one word of the language spoken by these unexpected visitors, whose ragamuffin appearance was no recommendation. But if they were bandits, it was comfortable to see that they all were unarmed.

"Who are they, and what do they want?" inquired Mr. de Bore, surveying them evidently with no friendly eye. He was informed by one of his family that they were fugitives who reported that the Americans had been completely routed, that they themselves were a portion of the defeated, and that they begged for food. The blood ran to the cheeks of the old soldier, his eyes flashed, and he shouted in French to the men: "You lie! The Americans are victorious. You have run away; you are cowards. Never shall it be said that I gave a hospitable welcome to dastardly fugitives from the battlefield. Hence, all of you, or I will call my negroes to drive you away." His words were not comprehended, but his indignant wrath was visible, and his pantomime was expressive. One of the beggarly crew seemed to apprehend his meaning, for he took off his hat and pointed with his index finger to a hole which looked as if made by a ball. He no doubt intended to intimate that he had faced danger, and that he was not as cowardly as supposed. In making this exhibition he had proached close to the piazza and held his hat aloft. The old gentleman retreated a few steps: then rushing back to the balustrade of the piazza, on which he leaned forward, and, looking down upon the suppliant below. shouted: "In thy hat! in thy hat!"-striking his breast violently-" there is where the ball should have been received, and not through thy hat, when probably thy back was turned to the enemy. No! no food for cowards, There is food in the British camp; go and get

He was supero at that moment, and turning his back upon the pitiful looking postulants, he kept up pacing the piazza like a chafed lion in a cage. My mother followed him a few feet behind, as he walked to and fro with a hurried step, and thus expostulated all the while.

"Father, they look so miserable,"
"No! no food for cowards. I have said

"They seem to be so jaded and hungry."
"No! I say no!"

"Father, they are so wet and shivering with cold."

'No! no food for fugitives from the field of

honor."

But, father," continued my mother, in a pircous tone, "they may not have fled, after ail. Perhaps they only retreated."

Grandfather, wheeling round with a smile on his lips, and with the usual expression of benevolence on his face, said: "Daughter. I am inflexible. No food shall I give to those wretches. But I am going away, and in my absence you may deal as you please with those heroes of retreat" (avec ces heros de la retraite). True to his word, he disappeared, and was not seen for the remainder of the day.

of the day.

Meanwhile the little boy, who had grown

Meanwhile actogenarian who writes these Meanwhile the little boy, who had grown up to be the octogenarian who writes these lines, had a grand time of it, for big fires were lighted over the vast court yard, calves and sheep were killed and roasted, huge pota of hominy and of rice were prepared, and he keenly enjoyed the barbecue, if he may be permitted to use this well known modern expression, that was given to those men, who were a detachment of the Kentuckians that had fied from Col. Thornton's attack upon Gen. Morgan's command on the right bank of the river, as related in history.—Charles Gayarre in Harper's Magazine. OUR FATHERLAND.

From the shores where liberty's portal
Shines fair to earth's ultimate span;
From prairies where Lincoln immortal
Won loftiest manhood of man;
From beyond those mountain peaks hoary
Where Fremont, the brave, saw, each way,
Our after time transcendent glory;
From the land of Calhoun and Clay;
Americans! make thy song ever
At the God of all nation's command;
Our fatherland sweeps to both oceans.

Our fatherland sweeps to both oceans, From the lakes to the far Rio Grande!

Great men of the east, where fruition Smiles sweet upon heritage won! Strong men of the west, where the glowing Of hope beckons endlessly on! Brave men of the northland, toil girded, Clear visioned and firm in thy tread!

Grand men of the southland, transfigured In the light of thy sorrow and dead! All: all: let our anthem be ever
At the God of all nation's command:
Our fatherland sweeps to both oceans,
From the lakes to the far Rio Grande!

Here are birthrights noble in story; There, graves of a consecrate throng; Here, mountains and valleys of glory; There, echoes of immortal song. O freemen! we are but each others'! All these have been pricelessly won! Rise, rise! to the love height of brothers,

Invincible, evermore one! Then, deathless, our song shall be ever At the God of all nation's command Our fatherland sweeps to both oceans, From the lakes to the far Rio Grande

AT A NEGRO FUNERAL.

Ceremonies of Old Slavery Days Still Prevailing in the South.

Not long since I was visiting one of the towns in upper South Carolina, I and a friend were taking an afternoon stroll into the adjoining country. We had proceeded some distance, and were passing through a dense wood, when suddenly my companion stopped and nervously inquired: "What's that!" I came to a halt, and listened. A weird, mournful sound floated through the trees and reached our ears. It seemed to come only a short distance; appeared to em-anate from the copse on the other side of the road. We crossed over, and followed, bent upon investigating what it was. We had scarcely gained the opposite thi feet when we dobouched into one of those country burial grounds which are to be found near every hamlet in South Carolina.

It was a strange picture that met our sight, and one that belonged more to heathen lands than our own civilized country. There, around a newly made grave, about twenty five negroes were collected. They all held hands and were slowly moving to and fro, while they wailed forth dirges, and at intervals would ejaculate wild, incoherent words. In the midst of the circle, at the head of the grave, an old woman sat who rocked back-ward and forward. Her eyes rolled wildly, and she moved in a mechanical way. This was the widow of the deceased, and it was her required part in the ceremony to loudly moan at appointed intervals during the singing. Something in this way their hymn sounded, as nearly as I could eatch the words:

De white horse he rode, Wid de sickle in he hand, And slew down our brudder From among our earthly band.

And here the widow would reintroduce her heathenish incantations. These were kept up for some time, when suddenly they ceased and the negroes prostrated themselves upon the ground, while the minister, a tall, very dark negro, stood and offered up a prayer. After the "amen" was uttered they rose and two of the number took from a basket near some articles with which they decorated the grave, as if they were placing upon the tomb floral offerings. They then slowly formed in procession and silently marched out of the what the peculiar mode of grave decoration was, proceeded to the spot where an old man was shouldering his spade to quit the place.
"Why, old man," said I, "what are thou

things they have left on the grave? Bottles, shoes, a jug! Why, what does it all mean? "Well, boss," said the ebony grave digger, with an air of importance, "you see, we puts de articles dat de departed brudder use to use on de grabe for to keep away de bad sperrits, and I spose it is a sort ob spectful way ob treating de memory ob de lost sister or brud-You see, dars de bottle dat he take the medicine from when he be sick. And dars de jug't had de last dram he drunk 'fore he joined de temperance meetin', an' de boots I spose is de shoes dat he gwine to change for de golden slippers dat he put on when he jine de ban' up yander," and a beam of placid

faith illuminated the old black face. It certainly was a strange sight. Here were numberless graves, all bearing the same picturesque decorations. Children's graves covered with broken toys, tin horns, gaudily colored clay cats, dogs, and owls. One mound was almost beat to the ground with age, and on it rested in dilapidation an old hat and the remnants of a banjo, also a clay pipe, and a coon skin. Near by them was the grave of a blacksmith, with the implements of his craft wedged in the ground, and rusty horse shoes formed a circle around the mound.-Atlanta Constitution.

The Short Hair Craze.

The short hair craze died some time ago, but the disease has broken out again, and the headachey dames, married coquets and girls who go the pace have taken up the fad again. The regular "close cut" is ordered; and then follows a confure a la Cupid. This consists in having what is called a steam curl, the process being the same as that employed by barbers in turning the mustache ds of club men. An improved curler heated by steam is used in the operation, consuming an hour or so. The curls are short, close, but thick little ringlets exactly like those that the sculptors have identified the blind boy with. Only fifty cents is charged for the dressing, which is remarkably cheas, considering the tenacity of the curis. Think of curis for three weeks retailing at fifty cents-curls, too, that women can sleep in, and look pretty in, which is best of all features. No dressing is needed to keep the head

When the fair damsel arranges her toilet after getting in and out of numberless skirts, it is only necessary to run a rack comb diag onally through the lanky tresses to have them as roguish and graceful as though twisted; by nature's own curling iron. Indeed, the curis are improved by much tossing and blowing about, and if the girl is half pretty, and any place under 25, she is sure to have in her jaunty wig a captivating air .-- Inter Ocean.

Steel Engravire; of Washington. A bad boy in a Massachusetts village sur-prised and pleased his teacher by promising to contribute a fine steel engraving of Washington to aid in decorating the school room on Feb. 23. The teacher left a large space among the evergreen trimmings on the wall, and the boy brought her a two cent postage

One of the Four. The late Professor Edward R. Sill was a

sophomore at Yale when John Brown was killed, and was one of the four students who on that occasion broke into the chapel and draped it with mourning emblems.—New A DEATH BROKER.

BUSINESS WHICH REVERSES THE OPERATIONS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Making Post Obit Investments, as They Are Called-Buying Legacies of People With Expectations-Benefits and Losses

It was in a real estate broker's office on Court street, and the time was after dinner. The broker had just disposed of a big brick swell front house on Commonwealth avenue with as much ease and as little difficulty as you could sell a pint of peanuts at a cattle fair. He was a man of business, that broker was, and to use an expression which he delighted in, he liked to see things go at the first "crack,"

I rather liked him, although I was not "stuck" on him, for I was taught in my earlier and innocent days to be cautious in my dealings with the man who talked business as cold bloodedly to me as an Anarchist hurls a bomb at a czar of all the Russias.

"You buy legacies?" I remarked. Such a flat, stale and unprofitable remark, I thought, beside the vigorous and prolonged push which he gave to his alacritous vocab-

"Yes," he replied, "I make and have made a great many contingent investments—post obit investments some call them. You will perceive that my business is a novel one, in this country at least. It is of frequent occurrence in England for a young man who has been bequeathed a sum of money, or left some real estate, to sell his right to such property, the buyer, of course, not realizing his benefit until the death of some guardian, uncle, aunt or parent. Of course we take no chances on simple wills of living persons, as such persons may change their wills a dozen times before they go over the river. Where would we be if we did! We'd be in the river, and not afloat, you bet.

BENEFITS OF THE BUSINESS. "Let me give you an illustration of the benefits of this business. Only a few days ago a sailor chap steps in here. Says he, 'I've just come ashore, having laid alongside one of Uncle Sam's guns for years. I haven't a nick, ye see, and a chap as would like to go with me to see Jake Kilrain and Joe Lannon maul each other give me the tip that I sell what right I has in the property left me and me brother by the old man. I can't get a pick until the ole woman dies, and although she's near 90, shiver me timbers if I don't think it'll be a big break before she goes aloft. So, ye see, I goes to me brother, and axes him what he'll give me fur my share. He tells me that my share ain't worth a schooner of beer. I'm disheartened, d'ye see, until this chap as wants to see the fight—a feller as reads, he is, though he does booze-tells me that you could do me up. Now, if ye can, and does, I'm no tar if I don't drink yer health more'n wunst. Ye see, cap'n, we want to get a peep at the mauling.

"Questioning the fellow further, I was assured that his claim was solid, and I offered him \$500 for it at the first crack. He went away and soon returned with the information that his brother had abandoned the schooner of beer theory, and would give him \$1,000 in cold cash. I went the brother \$200 better,

however, and we closed the trade. "So, you see, I have not as yet received a copper in return for my expenditure, and won't until the sailor's mother died. Of course, the chances are against her living long enough to euchre me out of my investment. You must remember there are cases where the principal and compound interest of the sum advanced may in time exceed the sum realized in the end. You see, some old women never die. What's to kill them? Having passed through all the critical stages of secondary lives, retiring early and not arising too early, drink-

"You see this business is the reverse of life insurance. While the life insurance man is interested in the prolongation of human life, the legacy buyer looks upon death as the messenger who unlocks the safety deposit vaults of Dives, and makes the heart of said legacy buyer happy. Thus the dark pall be-comes an immaculate wedding garment."

THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED. He went on: "I'll tell you another thing. It often happens that this contingent investment business operates in favor of the one who takes the risk and the one who sells the legacy. Thus, to protect myself, I frequently get the life of the man in question insured for sum equal to the expected legacy. So, if be dies before I get my legacy, why I am protected by the insurance. It has so happened that I get my share all right, while the man who is insured, or his family, is not left

"But I do wish I had those old ladies, good souls, off my hands. I've got three of them already, and may have more before winter thaws out in the lap of spring. However, I prefer them to some of the beats I come in contact with. You can't imagine the numerous forces against which I am obliged to work sometimes. Dishonest legacy hunters, unscrupulous trustees and such. There is a wide scope for a man who wants to be Now, if I buy a legacy from a fellow there is nothing to prevent him from selling it again to some other man. The courts in this state have decided that the investment belongs to the first purchaser. Therefore, if a fellow comes in here to offer me a legacy for sale, how do I know that he

has not already sold it to somebody else! "But you ought to see the array of cranks with whom I have to deal," he went on. Why, they come here from all parts, from all classes and conditions, imagining that they have got some money tied up somewhere. Why, I had a woman come in here not long ago who told me that Jay Gould held \$500,-000 in trust for her, and that she would sell it for two-thirds. Of course, she did not fool me. Then a colored woman, who claims to be Queen of Africa, and who speaks of her daughter as the princess, is a frequent caller. She says that she owns a gold mine or that she will own one when her father, who is 1,000 years old, dies. She says the mine is in the Congo country. I think it must exist in the great desert of Sahara; that is, in the only casis of her brain. Then there is a Chinaman who wants to sell me his interest in a tea field, which he says is thirty miles outside of Canton, China. His is a sad story. He declares that he was a merchant of respect and prominence in Canton, but, through a love of optum, neglected his business, which finally fell into the hands of creditors, with the exception of a certain field, which, by a Mongo lian law, se old as Confucius, still remains his, but which he cannot dispose of while living. He thinks he can sell it when he is dead. I don't believe it. He says be keeps a laundry now on Howard street."-Boston

Selling Wooden Safes. An agent for a safe company several nonths ago made sales in Bad Ax, Mich. A few weeks ago an agent for another company came along, and, according to the local news-paper, by the aid of a jack knife and a gimlet proved to the safe buyers that their safes had a lining of wood, a filling of clay and a covering of thin sheet iron.—New York Bun. EN ROUTE TO, TRIESTE.

Curious Scenery in Austria-Semi-Tropical Vegetation of the Adriatic.

St. Peter is scarcely more than twentyfive miles as the crow flies from the shore of the Adriatic at Trieste. But as far as resemblance or suggestion is concerned it might be at the antipodes. Imagination can scarcely conceive that a semi-tropical sea shore as dreamy as that of the lotus enters lies so near to barren, wind swept hills, towering into peaks that are the abomination of desolation. But though the region is curious, with its scooped out valleys and its summits as bald as the high Sierra, the district that you traverse in going to Trieste is far more singular. The circular valley gives first its distinguishing characteristic to the scenery.

am not in the secrets of the geologists, but these valleys seem to be a repetition on a larger or smaller scale of the depressions in the limestone districts of the western states, called "sink holes." A great part of the re-gion is made up of them. Sometimes they have a diameter of 100 feet, sometimes of a mile. In one or two cases the formation broadens out into a circular valley several miles in diameter, containing several villages They are generally, however, of moderate dimensions, and their depth usually has a certain correspondence with the diameter The sides are barren nearly to the bottom, which is usually surrounded by a circular wall, within which may be a patch of grass in summer, a vineyard or a little crop of some cereal. The area inclosed may be a few square yards or several acres, but the aggregate of fertility compared with the aggregate of barren and stony hillside indicates a contest with nature which would appall even the stout heart of a farmer in northern New Hampshire. Sometimes the form of the depression is slightly varied, and there is level ground which has received equally niggardly treatment from nature, elsewhere and not far distant so prodigal of her gifts.

The road descends at first almost imperceptibly. Towns with Italian names become more frequent. The aspect of nature gradually brightens. There are vineyards of good size, orchards that begin to show the semi tropical vegetation of the Adriatic. There are hillsides on which the work of afforesta tion is evident. There are others in which the little farms are laid out in long, marrow, parallelograms, like the stripes on our national banner. But as one looks off across the barren tracts, strewn with small bowlders, piled up with rocky masses, or pierced with points, edges, triangles and fantastic forms of stone, interspersed here and there with cases of green pasture or casual cultivation, the idea of unkind, sullen, unrelenting nature endeavoring to drive man from off its face ever presses painfully upon his spirit. What a paradise this must have been for the men of the stone age, with the material for tools, weapons and domestic utensils so plen-tiful and cheap. But men who were not savages came here and toiled and delved in the very dawn of antiquity, and later, when Rome absorbed Italy, when its galleys plowed the Adriatic and its cities and villages dotted its brown shores, its effervescent life bubbled up and frothed over this rim of hills on to this plateau that I have endeavored to describe.-Austria Cor. San Francisco Chroni-

St. Louis' "Mining Promoters." There is one cless of men in this city who should be gotten rid of, if possible, and that is the class of wining "promoters." These men are leeches, at once upon the mine own-ers and the public, and have done more than any others to bring mines and mining into disrepute. These are the men who boom worthless mines, and nearly all properties which have resulted in loss to St. Lo vestors were handled and boomed by these men. To the mine owner they are perfect their mode of procedure is as follows: A mine owner comes to them with a request ing tea and eating toast, why shouldn't they live long enough to baffle me? Some day—certain price, offering a fair remunfar away—they may dry up and blow off; eration for his services. This the promoter will not accept, but says that if the owner will represent his property as being of a greater value, he (the promoter) will negotiate a sale, giving the owner the amount of his original valuation, and retaining the excess himself. Thus a mine, which would pay well upon the price at which the owner is willing to sell, fails to yield an adequate return upon the inflated value due to the manipulations of the promoter, and miners and mining are brought into disrepute, and the public robbed for the benefit of the broker. All honest miners are most anxious to get rid of this old man of the sea, who has fixed him

Globe-Democrat Interview.

self upon the mining trade, and it is to be

hoped that the public will soon lears to treat

these men with the neglect they deserve .-

Civil Courts on the Continent. I was very much interested in the mode of procedure in civil trials in courts on the continent on the occasion of my visit to Europe. In England a trial is conducted very much like it is in America-the attorneys examine, cross examine and re-examine witnesses at length, and the judge has very little to say. On the Continent the witness is examined by the judge, who asks all the questions and the lawyers have nothing to say. Especially is this true in Germany, France and Austria. I was much interested in a trial that I witnessed at Paris. There were three judges on the bench, and one of them, as if endeavoring to bring out all the facts, interrogated a witner in a very searching manner. It looked odd to see the lawyers in the case sitting opposite the judges but saying nothing; I don't think the average American lawyer could have stood it. At the conclusion of the evidence the lawyers can address the court, and when the verdict is returned can appeal to a higher court if they want to.—Globe-Democrat.

A Generous Collector.

Thomas Collier, the New London poet, has a passion for collecting. His book of autographs of poets and literary people from all parts of the world is very complete and he takes much pride in exhibiting it to callers. At one time he was interested in collecting coins. He had a valuable series near completion when he learned that a friend had a similar series even nearer the full number chare his own, and, further, that the coins missing from his friend's collection were ell in his own. Without hesitation he despoiled his series of the coins required to complete his friend's, and sent them to him. It was act of generosity that only those can fully appreci ate who have been possessed of the collecting mania. Said Coilier, making light of it: "What a mean man I would have been to play the dog in the manger just for a few coins. It was better that one collection should be complete than that both should ever remain imperfect."-New York Sun.

A Shekel of Christ's Time.

A young woman of Boston was recently presented with a very valuable coin, a shekel of the time of Carist. She took it to a jeweler to have it mounted with pearls as a breastpin; and when she west for it was horrified to find that the jeweler had scoured off all the eacred accumulations of ages, and the shekel shone as bright as a new nickel.

It whose all right to forgif your enemtes, but if you can lick 'em first it comes easer and vhill last longer .- Carl Dumler.

SECHLER & CO., Groceries, Provisions, FOREIGN FRUITS and CONFECTIONERY MEAT MARKF in connection.

SUGAL. -Granulated Sugar Sc a pound All o ader s. lowest prices.

SY RUP: Good bargains in all grades.

M(A851 ,-Finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. COFF. Fine assortment of Coffees, both green and coasted, Our roasted Coffees are always fresh. TOBACCOS .-- All the new and desirable brands.

CIGARS.—Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in

TEAS.—Young Hyson, 60c. 80c, \$1 per pound. Imperial, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound. Gunpowder, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound. Mixed green and black, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound. Mixed green and black, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound. A very fine uncolored Japan tea. Also, a good bargainin Young Hyson at 40c per pound.

CHEESE .- Finest full cream cheese at 16c per pound.

VINEGAR.—Pure old cider vinegar made from whole cider. One gallen of this goods is worth more than two gallons of common vinegar.

WATCHES

YOU SLEEP

DRSINES

SYRUP

CURES

COUGHS

COLDS.

WILLIAMS'

Wall Paper and Win-

dow Shades.

EMPORIUM,

NO. 46, HIGH STREET BELLEFONTE, PA.

---()o()----

We are now ready for spring trade. Our

line is now full and complete; choice

goods of all grades from 10c, to \$3 50

BROWN BACK 10c; PATENT BACK

12c; WHITE BACKS 15c; SATINS

20c ; MICAS 30c ;

EMBOSSED GOLDS from 60 to 90c

HAND PRINTS and VELOURS,

from \$1.00 to \$3.50

A FULL LINE OF

FIXTURES

Can put them up at short notice.

and house painters.

Are prepared to execute jobs in town or country

Have telephone connection.

----()t)()-----

Please drop in and see our line, or call us and we will

come to see you and bring samples,

S. H. WILLIAMS.

-We are now prepared to do all

JOB PRINTING

and

BOOK BINDING.

All work warranted, and satisfaction

BLANK BOOKS

of all descriptions made to order, and

all kinds of papers magazines and peri-

odicles bound in the best style and for

the lesst money. Call at the CENTRE

W.R.CAMP

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FINE

and Embalming

Bellefonte, Pa.

SPECIALTY.

DEMOCRAT and see for yourself.

kinds of plain and fancy

guaranteed.

We also have good paper hangers, ceiling dec

BRONZES from 40 to 50 cts;

STONEWARE.—In all sizes of all the desirable shape best quality of Akron wars. This is the most satis factory goods in the market.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods to be had. We buy the best and juciest lemons we can find. They are better and cheaper than the very low priced goods.

cheaper than the very low priced goods.

FRUIT JARS.—We have the new lightning fruit ja and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known it is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half galions.

MEATS.—Fine sugar-cured Hams, Shoulders, Break fast Bacon, and dried Beef. Naked and canvasse We guarantee every piece of meat we sell,

OUR MEAT MARKET.—We have fifty fine lambs dress for our market as wanted. We give specia-attention to getting fine lambs and always try to have a fine flock absect. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times.

SECHLER & CO., GROCERS & NEAT NAME T Bush House Block, Bellefonte, F

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1887. Sample Copy 18 cents.



\$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE Beautiful Premiums to every Subscriber.

Terms to Clubs. Extra Premiums to Club Raisers

Copies......\$3.50 For list of Premiums and terms to larger

clubs; send for Sample Copy, which will give you fall information.

GODEY'S, at the present time is admitted by press and people to be superior to any ladies' magazine in America, having the greatest variety of departments,

The literary features are : Serials, lovelettes, Short Stories, Charades, Novelettes, Pomes, etc.

WINDOW SHADES AND Among the popular authors who will contribute to Goder, are; J. V. Phichare, Miss Emily Reed, John Churchill, William Miller Butler, Emily Lennox and others.

> Engravings appear in every number, of subjects by well-known artists, and produced by the newest processes. In its Colored Fashions Goden's leads in colors and styles. Both modistes and home dressmakers accord them the foremost

> Paper Patterns are one of the important features of this magazine : each subscriber being allowed to select their own pattern every month, an item alone more than

> subscription price. Practical Hints upon Dressmakink show how garments can be renovated and made

over by the patterns given. Practically hints for the household show young housekeepers how to manage the

culinary department with economy and skill. Fashion Notes, at Home and Abroad delight every lady's heart.

The Colored and Black Work * Designs give all the newest ideas for fancy work The Cooking Recipes are under the cop tro of an experienced housekeeper.

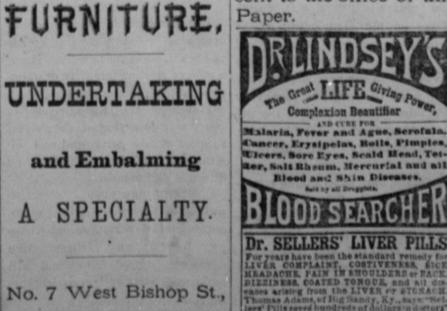
The Architectural Department is o ractical utility, caseful estimates being given with each plan. CLUB RAISER'S PREMIUMS.

GGDEY'S has arranged to give elegan Silver Plated Ware of superior makers a premiums, the value of which in some in tances reaches over \$25 for one premiem-Send 15c, for Sample copy which contain Illustrated Premiums with full particu

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

Philadelphia, Pa.

In Club with this paper, GODEY'S and The Centre Democrat. Price \$2.73, which should be sent to the office of this Paper.



ilis in his county." Sold by bruggs s

Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.