Our after time transcendent glory; From the land of Calhoun and Clay; mericans! make thy song ever At the God of all nation's command: er fatheriand 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 scuthland, transfigured

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 i

Here are birthrights noble in story;

There, graves of a consecrate throng; Here, mountains and valleys of glory; There, echoes of immortal song smen! we are but each others'! All these lave 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! -Edgar L. Wakeman in Southern Bivouac.

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 stopped and nervously inquired: "What's dense wood, when suddenly my companion I came to a halt, and listened. weird, mournful sound floated through the trees and reached ovr ears. It seemed to come only a short distance; appeared to emanate 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 thic et when we dobouched into one of those country burial grounds which are to be found near every miet 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 backward 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 fiymn sounded, as nearly as I could catch the words:

De white horse he rode, Wid de sickle in he hand, And slew down our brudder A moan! sister, moan!

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 those

things they have left on the gravef 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 oined 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

It certainly was a strange sight. Here were numberless graves, all bearing the same pictpresque decorations. Children's graves were 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 day 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

de ban' up yander," and a beam of placid faith illuminated the old black face.

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 coiffure 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 club men. An improved curier 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 curls. 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

sightly.
When the fair damsel arranges her toilet a ter getting in and out of numberless skirts. it is only necessary to run a rack comb diag o ally through the lanky tresses to have them a rozuish and graceful as though twisted by nature's own curling iron. Indeed, the curls 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 Engraving 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. 22. 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 ore 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 York Tribune. EN ROUTE TO TRIESTE.

Curious Scenery in Austria-Semi-Tropi-

cal Vegetation of the Adriatic. 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 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.

I 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 de pression 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 gradu ally 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 na tional banner. But as one looks off across the barren tracts, strewn with small bowld ers, piled up with rocky masses, or pierced with points, edges, triangles and fantastic forms of stone, interspersed here and there with oases of green pasture or casual cultiva tion, 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 plentiful 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 the class of mining "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. L. vestors were handled and boomed by these To the mine owner they are perfect sharks, and rob both him and the public. Their mode of procedure is as follows: A wner comes to them with a reque they place his property at certain price, offering a fair remun-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 himself upon the mining trade, and it is to be hoped that the public will soon learn to treat e men with the neglect they deserve.-

Globe-Democrat Interview. Civil Courts on the Continent. I was very much interested in the mode of procedure in civil trials in courts on the conpent on the occasion of my visit to Europe. In England a trial is conducted very my 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 witness in a very searching manner. It looked odd 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 be takes much pride in exhibiting it to callers. At one time he was interested in collecting coins. He had a valuable series near con pletion when he learned that a friend had a imilar series even nearer the full number than his own, and, further, that the coins sing from his friend's collection 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 appreciate who have been possessed of the collecting mania. Said Collier, making light of it: "What a mean man I would have been to play the dog in the manger just for a few 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 Christ. She took it to a jew-eler to have it mounted with pearls as a in; and when she went for it was horrified to find that the jeweler had scoured off all the sacred accumulations of ages, and the

It whas all right to forgif your enemies, but if you can likk 'em first it comes easier und vhill last longer.-Carl Dunder.

shekel shone as bright as a new nickel.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

AN OLD ENGINEER TELLS WHAT HE KNEW OF THE BUSINESS.

In the Days When Negroes Were Brought From Africa and Sold in New Orleans - White Girls Sold to African

"Yes," said William Jack Haynes, the centenarian, the other day, "I was in the slave trade for three years-that is, I was engineer on the steamship Grampus, which ran from New Orleans to Africa for three years, buying negroes in Africa and selling them in

"How did you get possession of the negroes to bring them over?" "I will tell you how we generally managed, and we always had a good load on our return You know in those days, fifty or sixty years ago, the servant girls in the south were of a very ordinary and worthless kind, and would do almost anything. Many of them had no home, and few, if any, friends, and so no one noticed their departure. The captain of the ship Grampus would induce a num ber of these girls to go on board as servants. and when we reached the coast of Africa we would cast anchor, and the captain and his men would have the boats lowered and so ashore. They would soon ascertain where the chief or head mean of the tribe lived, and then they would take one or two or the girls ashore with them and pay a visit to the head of the savage tribe. The girls were always willing to go 'and see the country,' and when they reached the African chief they were made an article of merchandise, just as were the trinkets that we carried over with them. The captain would negotiate by signs when no interpreter could be had, and the savage chief most always was charmed with the white girls, and was possessed with a strong desire to have them remain. He would give

MORE OR LESS STRATEGY.

them all kinds of presents and make much ado

over them, and it was by taking advantage

of this weakness that the captain was almost

for as many negroes of his tribe as he could

carry away. Sometimes he would have to

leave two girls if he brought back very many

These girls were then forced to stay F' "There was always more or less strategy used, and they generally consented to remain until the ship returned. Through the overtures of the chief and the assurance that everything the country afforded would be at their command, and partly through the threats of the captain and his promises to return, they generally remained, seemingly con tent to wait for our return, but always waited in vain. We would make up our load of slaves, turning a certain number of them in each evening and storing them securely in the hold, and, by repeating this each day, we would, with the chief's help, soon get as many as we cared to sail with. They were never obstreperous, and seemed perfectly content as long as they got plenty to eat, and were joy-ous in their barbaric conversations in the ship's hold. Occasionally one would die, and red Virginia creeper and old man's we would throw him into the sea, and then the others would make strange motions. I think they worshiped the sun and moon

when in their own country." "And could you get a ship load of negroes for two servant girls?" 'Yes, sir; that's what we did. Of course,

there were more or less trinkets given, but we never hoped to accomplish anything until we had made peace with the chief of the tribe, and this could most always be done with two We never left more than three with

"What kind of slaves did you prefer to bring! We always picked up the young bucks

say from 17 to 20 years old. We also brought a number of females about the same age. frequently brought them all up on deck, but when a storm came they would drop back to the hold in an instant at the wave of a white hand. They were obedient, and I never knew one to show any inclination to be other-

"What report would you give on your return of those girls who went out with you?"

THEY LEARNED THE TRUTH.

"They were, as a rule, never inquired after, but on one occasion a girl whom we left happened to belong to a pretty good family, and when we returned to New Orleans her friends were on hand to meet her, and when she did not appear they be sought the captain eagerly as to what had become of her. He informed them that she had preferred to remain in the sunny land until the good ship returned. This did not at all satisfy them, and they pushed into round sheets the circumstance. their inquiries day and night until they learned the truth, and Capt, Johnson (for this was his name) was in danger of being mobbed, when he quietly set sail one evening and passed down the river and out through the gulf, and I never heard of him afterward."

"Then you did not return to Africa?" "No; it was just at this time that I had an offer to take charge of an engine on the first steamboat ever run on the lower Mississippi, and I accepted it."

"When you were in the slave trade did you ever return to the place from where you secured your previous cargof"

"No, indeed; we would always go to some other point, but we heard afterward that the girls left there did much good for the natives, aching them to sew, cook and work." "Did the Africans have any idea at the time

that they were being sold into slavery?" "Not the slightest. They thought from the signs that had been made to them that they were coming to a place where all was lovely; where the sun shone brighter and the moon looked larger, and to eat tropical fruit would be their chief employment. Sad, indeed, must they have felt when they began to realize that they had been sold into slavery, from which it was as impossible for them to extricate themselves as it would be to change the color of their own skin."

"How many did you bring to America "I kept no record of this myself, but on

one occasion I remember well we had one thousand on board, and we landed them safely in New Orleans. They were all sold in less than a week. We brought six ship loads over during the three years I was with the ship, and I suppose the total number would be at least 7,000,"

"Where were they kept in New Orleans until they were sold?" "They were taken to what was known as

the negro pen, which was an inclosure where a large shed was built. In this inclosure were cots of straw, and they slept there until they were driven off by their new masters to the cotton and sugar plantations, from which many of them were never released until death.—St. Louis Republican.

Looking Out for Him. Countryman (in an uptown hotel)—What time is supper ready, mister?" Clerk—Six o'clock, sir. Countryman (with an air of vexation)—

I eat, an' I'm 'fraid I won't git back till 'bout

Clerk-Pil have the cook put somethi away for you on a plate.—New York Sun.

In dinner-table decorations one dominant tone of color seems to remain as the fashionable craze, notably pink. "Pink" dinners have become a "thing of beauty" if not a joy forever, White, yellow and turqueise blue china swans and boats are used for flowers. The latter are ten or twelve inches in length and stand on a glass or plush mat, with leaves of ferns arranged to fall over the sides. Old brass or bronze bowls are filled with stuars. Granulated Sugar Se a pound All o brown leaves, yellow and white chrysanthemums. A wooden plateau circular, oval or in star shape covered with plush is often seen beneath these receptacles. Flowers of differ TOBACCOS .- All the new and desirable brunds. ent classes are seldom mixed now but CIGARS.—Special attention gives to our citar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in town. especial receptacle. Heather is always admired but difficult to obtain. Ladies possessing mirrors for the

table use them with a length of gold or ruby plush laid around it, slightly crumpled to show the lights and shades, but arranged in a few horrizontal folds at each end of the table. The dishes of fruit, cakes, etc., are usually at the four corners, with two long, flat boats at each side on the glass; smaller boats of glasses are scattered about. A beaten brass cal. always successful in bartering them to him dron flower-pot is frequently put in the center of a table, with flowers and glasses put in irregularly; a piece of plush is wrapped around the base, which in turn, is frequently finished with a border of leaves. A gilded basket of graceful shape may be put upon the table for a center piece; if it has a tall handle it is twined with ie easily in the dish and serve. a creeper and a velvet bow tied on tor. Tables of orchids, mauve, yellow, brown and white, are lovely, but costly. All decoration should be kept with the comfort of the company. Long sprays or half wreathes on the table itself are a great success. The beard are lovely for this purpose. Supposing the centre to be hidden by or shaded toliage.

> PIE CRUST .- Sift a pound and a half of flour into a pan; cut threequarters of a pound of butter into two equal parts; cut one-half of the butter as possible. Mix it well with the flor, wetting it gradually with a little cold water. Spread some flour on your paste-board, take the lump of paste jout of the pan, flour your rolling-pin, and roll out the paste into a large sheet. Then stick it over with the remaining half of the butter in small pieces, and laid at equal distances. Throw on a little flour, fold up the sheet of paste, flour it slightly and roll it out again. Then fold it up and cut it in half or in four according into round sheets the size of your pieplates, pressing rather harder on the rolling pin. Butter your pie-plates, lay on your under crust and trim the edge. Fill the dish with the ingredients of which the pie is composed and lay on the lide in which you must prick some holes, or cut a small slit in the top. Crimp the edges with a sharp knife. Heap up the ingredients so that the pie will be highest in the middle. Put no salt into the paste. It tends to make it

BEEF ROAST A LA ORLEANS .- A rolled rib roast is best for this purpose. The night before you mean to cook it put into a broad pan three tal espoonsful of salad oil, four table spoonsful of chopped onion, a dozen whole percorns, and the juice of a large lemon. Lay the roast in this, and at the end of two hours turn it overanointing the side well with the sauce. In the morning turn it again. When ready to cook it put into the drip pring-pan, dash a cupful of boiling water over the top, and as it heats baste with the sauce in which it has lain over night, mingled with hot water and sauce.

STEWED EELS,-Clean skin and cut eels into pieces two inches long, layin a sauce pan with a little minced parsley, a sprig of theme, a teaspoon full of minced onion, and a teaspoon full of butter, the juice of half a lemon, pepper and salt, and just enough water to cover them. Cook gently until tender: take up the fish a perforated spoon, keep hot on a chafing dish while you strain the gravy, thicken it with flour and boil it three min-

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utes. Beat up tw , eggs, stir into the same quickly and remove from the fire before they crudle. Pour over the eel and serve.

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BOMBAY TOAT -Take one o ince anchovies, wash bone and pound them in a mortar with one ounce of butter till reduced to a paste melt in a saucelow on the table, so as not to interfere pan; add the beaten yolk of two eggs and pepper and salt to taste, and spread the mixture on some slices of nicely toasted bread. Serve very hot.

OYSTER TOAST .- Boil one cup of ovster liquor with one cup of cream, tablespoon of butter, pepper, and salts lycopodium, place around it long pour over some nicely toasted bread, sprays of trailing roses with their own and set in the oven five minutes; then lay broiled oysters on the slices of toast and serve hot.

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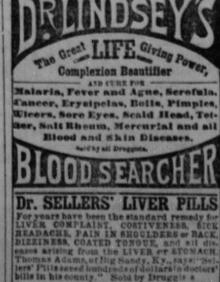
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