Noah Stephens was a miser. The spirit of avarice, born in him, was strengthened by caltivation. From his carliest boyhood he had struggled to earn money, not to use, but to hoard. His earnings from picking berries and from od l jo s were carefully put in a tin box, and the spending money, which most boys would have used lavishly, remained untouched by him. When any of the saver pieces became tarnished, he would rub and scour them, and exult o er his little property. It was his cherished dream to become a rich man, and the best energies of his life were devoted to the accumulation of wealth. At fifty years of age he was the possessor of half a million dollars, gained entirely through economy and in ustry, combined with fine business ability. He gave sparingly to the church of which he was a mem-ber; he paid his bills promptly and was honest in his transactions; but he knew uct the meaning of the word philanthropy, for his soul was too narrow to contain any love for his fellow-men. He had bank and railroad stock, government bonds, and houses in the city and country. The more he possessed, the more his greed of gain increased. One morning, as Noah Stephens sat in

his office, Mrs. Ruth Ames came in. She was an old school-mate of Mr. Stephens, and was highly regarded by him. Mrs. Ames was a woman of culture and influence, whose precious deeds were a bright and shining light everywhere. She was a member of the Woman's Lelief Society.

After a few moments conversation, she said, smilingly: "Mr. Stephens, God has blessed you in all things; times are hard, winter is coming on, and there is a great deal of suffering in our town. You have thousands of dollars more than you can use; will you give me a little to relieve the unfortunate?"

He frowned, shut his lips tightly to-gether, but said nothing. "So many apply to our relief society for help," said Mrs. Ames, "that we find it difficult to meet the demands. Here is a list of cases wanting immediate aid."

She took out a paper and was about to read several names, when Mr. Stephens interrupted her; "Don't want to hear anything of that kind! People needn't come to want if they work; lazy folks must expect to go cold and hungry, and drunken, shiftless people deserve to suffer. I earned my own living from a boy; nobody ever gave me a cent. don't believe in helping an idle class, it encourages them in greater indolence and improvidence.'

Mrs. Ames looked down upon her "Do listen to me, Mr. Stephens," id entreatingly. "Here is Joe she said entreatingly. "Here is Joe Brintnell with a broken leg. His mother is sick, and his father, who was a carpenter, fell from the house he was building and was killed. Can a boy with his leg in splints and bandages take care of

"How did he break his leg?" anked Mr. Stephens. "He fel! from a loaded wagon." "Is David Brintnell his uncle?"

"Yes, I think so." "Then let his uncle help him; he can

Mrs. Ames read another name from her paper: "Mrs. Martin, paralyzed, aged seventy. She needs coal and groceries; an excellent woman, in great want; her religion alone sustains her. "Let her go to the almshouse. Heaven is just as near her there as anywhere, said Mr. Stephens contemptuously.

Mrs. Ames read on: "Mrs. David Lee,

a widow with six children and no means. working woman. Don't you think she deserves help?"

"Well, perhaps so," returned Mr. Stephens coldly. "Let the church help

"Noah Stephens," said Mrs. Ames. "you and I are old friends, and that gives me the right of plain speaking. Your hair is becoming sprinkled with gray; the signs of time are on your face; a few years more, and you will be numbered with the dead. You can carry nothing with you. What will become of all the money you will leave behind?"

He made no reply.
"To whom much is given much will be required," continued Mrs. Ames, in a solemn tone. "You are a member of the church, Noah Stephens, and you profess to be a follower of Christ. Think of what I have said.

Mr. Stephens spoke not, and there was

"The light of your earthly lamp will soon go out," she continued earnestly, with eyes fixed full upon him, "Will you let it go out in darkness? Oh, I hope God will not appoint a discipline of pain and trial to bring you to your senses n order to make you see what a worth-less thing your hoarded gold is, when you might comfort and bless so many. Good morning, Mr. Stephens."

She left the counting-room and went her way, and Noah Stephens pursued his own thoughts. Her plain speaking was far from agreeable to him. He did not like the wholesome truths to which he had been forced to listen.

The day wore away, and when twilight was coming on, Mr. Stephens rose from his easy-chair and prepared to go home. He put on his warm overcoat, hat and gloves, and walked rapidly down

It was a bitter cold night; the side-walks were crowded with hurrying people, and the jingle of sleigh-bells sounded constantly in his ears. There was a sheet of glare ice in his path just before reaching his house, and as he went over it his foot slipped and he fell violently to the ground. He tried to rise, but sharp pains darted from his leg throughout the body. In a moment half a dozen people, who had seen the acci-dent, were on the spot to give him asdent, were on the spot to give him assistance. Mr. Stephens grew white and dizzy from pain, and the pitying people carried him home and laid him on his sed. Dr. Howe was summoned immediately. His leg was broken, and the physician pronounced his injury a secious one. His leg was put in splints and bandages until the broken bone could unite, and he would have to lie quietly several weeks.

Poor Mr. Stephens! He was unused to suffering, and to be thrown helpiess upon his bed in a moment, was a trial a most beyond his power of endurance.

One night he could not sleep. It was the last night of the year. He heard the cock strike eleven. The old year was fast going out; a new year would soon be ushered in Noah Stephens began to think. He did not want to think; there think. He did not want to think; there was nothing pleasant in his reflections, but there was nothing else for him to do. He thought of Mrs. Ames' words, which had come again and again like unwelone visitors to his ears: "Will you let the light of your earthly lamp go out in darkness? Oh, I hope God will not ap-

NOAH STEPHENS' NEW YEAR, point a discipline of pain and trial to bring you to your senses, to make you see what a worthless thing your hoarded gold is, when you might comfort and

bless so many."
Again and again he asked himself if he was like what Mrs. Ames had said. Was he avaricious? Was he hard-hearted? What was to become of his money? He was worth half a million of dollars; he could not take it with him, but he must account to God for its use. Hoarded money! He began to see it in the light of a dangerous thing. It might stand in the way of his eternal happi-

> "Gold, gold, gold, gold, Bright, yellow, hard and cold,"

Was he a miser? He did not like the word. There was pain in his broken limb, pain in his head, and pain in his heart. He hardly knew which caused

the most suffering.

Morning came; it was New Year's day, bright and sunny. Mr. Stephens sent a messenger to ask Mrs. Ames to come to him, and to bring the list of names she had read to him. She obeyed the summons immediately, and soon sat by his bedside. Mrs. Ames kindly in-

quired how Mr. Stephens was, and then wait d for him to speak.

After a moment's pause he said: "The plain truths you told me in my office that day, have proved a blessing to ma. For one month I have not been able to take a step, and have suffered intensely. My thoughts have been busy, and daily your words have returned to my min i. I have thought it over and over, and now I see how mistaken I have been. You said you hoped God would not appoint a discipline of pain and trial for me, but you see he has; and I am thankful for it, for without this suffer no and your plain speaking, I shoul i never have realized how much good I could do with my means. I made a resolve last night to do everything I can for the sick and poor. Now that I have suffered myself, I realize that others do. With you please read that list again, and let me help you aid them?"

Once more Mrs. Ames read from her paper the name Joe Brintnell. "Joe Printnell?" said Mr. Stephens. "Is he the one with the broken leg?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames. "Poor fe.low!" continued Mr. Stephens. "How har lit must have been for him! I have had every comfort, and it was all I could endure, but he must have lacked many things he needed. Here is some money for him, which I will give you to expend as you think best. You see how changed I am. Six we ks azo I should have considered my money thrown away; but now I know I could not make a better use of it."

A look of pleasure came over Mrs. Ames' face as she took the money, and Mr. Stephens continued: "You said there was a widow with six children who were in great destitution. You know best what she needs, and if you will give me a list, I will have the thing; s at to her immediately. I wish to keep my resolve. Mrs. Ames, you have spent your life in doing good; I have spent mine in making money. How much richer you are in the sight of God than I!"

Mrs. Ames put into his hand a paper containing several names and the necessities of each, and took her leave.

New Year's day passed rapidly away. What a happy, useful day it was to Mr. Stephens! He sent money to individuals, and donations to his church, the relief societies, the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Orphan Asylum,

Home for the Destitute, etc. Never before had his thoughto been turned so completely upon others. Strange to say, in caring for and blessing the unfortunate, his own physical suffering was almost forgotten. Several thousands of dollars were sent forth on

errands of mercy. During the next week Mr. Stephens received many calls from the people whom he had helped, and many expressions of thanks and gratitude fell from their lips. That memorable New Year's day was the birthday of a new and brighter life. When he recovered his health and returned to his place of business, his countingroom wore a different aspect. It was no longer a place where he was to invent schemes to gain money to hoard. The worth of money lay in its use, and no man during the subsequent years of health and prosperity which followed, knew better how to spend it wisely and well than Noah Stephens. May he live to enjoy many more Happy Years!

SARAH'S NEW YEAR.

She was taking a little bit of comfort before she dressed herself; a great lovely bunch of clematis, that she had gathered yesterday from the decorations, clasped lovingly in her hand. It was the only New Year's present she New Year's present she expected, and that she had given berself. She had but a few minutes to love it, for a clear voice sounded from the foot of the stairs:

"Come, Sarah, what makes you so late this morning? We have been waiting for you this long time." Then Sarah flew around; she knew it would be a flew around; she knew it would be a busy day. In fact all days were busy ones to her. Poor lonely little Sarah! Three years before, her father sailed away in his ship, leaving her at Mr. Smith's, to be boarded for a year, leaving money to pay for her board. The year passed, and then another year, and then another, and the father never came back! Neither did his ship; it was lost on the ocean.

ost on the ocean. Poor Sarah stayed on at Mr. Smith's: but there was no more money to pay for her board, or buy her clothes, and Mr. Smith had daughters of his own and not a very great deal of money; so, from being a boarder, Sarah had gradually become a little maid-of-all-work whose business was to run hither and thither all day long, wherever Mary, the kitchen girl, or Mamie, the grown-up daughter, or Louise, the twelve-year old daughter, or Howe, or Harry, the sons chose to

send her. They were not unkind to her; Mrs. Smith often said, "Poor child" in talking about her, and they gave her decent clothes that kept her warm in Winter. But nobody kissed her, or planned for her pleasure, or gave her anything pretty; and Louise, without really meaning to be ugly, often reminded her that she must work for her board and clothes, and should therefore do without fretting whatever she was told to do.

Sarah shed a few tears over the silver she was polishing that morning. She felt

Sarah shed a few tears over the silver she was polishing that morning. She felt more foriorn than usual; she always felt worse on holidays. Besides, she was dreadfully disappointed.

A Sunday-school sieigh-ride was to be taken that alternoon, Sarah's class being among the number. At the breakfast-table, Sarah passing in and out, bringing fresh plates of buckwheat cakes, heard the talk. "It won't be possible for me to let Sarah go this afternoon; the poor

shild has no coak, and her old sack really does not look suitable; they will all be dressed in their best. I am sorry; I would have got her something respectable if we could have afforded it. Louise, you must bring her some of the ca mand candies, and she will have to content her ell at home.'

Now Sarah, had resolved on being a martyr, and wearing the ugly-looking old sack, two years to small for her, for the sake of the sleigh ride. No wonder the

Dinner was over, and Louise was fluttering apstairs and down, trying to get dressed to her satisfaction.
Sarah, with a pale, sad face was doing her hidding here and there, when the

door-bell rang.
"There!" said Louise, "I do believe they have come, and I'm not half ready. Sarah, why don't you hurry and button my boots? I do believe you are as slow

as you can be, on purpose."
Harry went to the door, before
Sarah could get down stairs. Half-way down, she heard a loud, ringing voice : "Well, my hearty, do you live here? Yes; well, where is my little Sarah—do you know? She must be-rialloo! I've

And behold little Sarah with one wild shout that was either a laugh or a cry, threw herself into the strong arms of her father, and was hugged and kissed, and carried through the hall to the dining-

Then what talking and exclaiming there was! "Got shipwrecked among those jappering natives, and couldn't get word anywhere nor do snything; had a fever, too, that laid me up for a spell." This was in brief the sailor's story. In the midst of the talk, came word that the sleigh-riders would not be ready for half at hour.

"What's that?" said the sailor; and it was all explained to him. He asked more questions, and Mrs. Smith, with red cheeks, explained about the bad-looking shawl.

"Oh, oh!" he said, "Guess we can fix that. Of course she must go sleigh-riding. You two boys len I a hand and let me get my box in at the kitchen door. Good thing I brought that one instead of the others. There!" as after a little tugging he drew out a heavy package. "I guess that will cover up the faded gown. Rather too short that gown is and not as pretty a color as it might be, but we'll fix it all right now that father Behold, in less time than it takes me to tell it, Sarah was arrayed in a long fur sack that almost covered her dress, a dainty little fur cap, to match the sack, perched on her head, and Louise, looking on, said, "As true as I live, that is seal skin!"

"It's all that," said the sa'lor, nodding his head in pride and pleasure over Sarah. "I di in't get wrecked and bring up in the good regions for nothing. More than that, while I was about it, I've got something else here that belongs to Sarah to do what she likes with;" he drew out another sack and cap as sad victims of cruel disappointment,—much like Saran's as possible, only a And such is the fate of man! subject much like Saran's as possible, only a triffe larger. "Oh father!" she said, with sparkling

eye, "I think it will just fit Louiss!" "All right, my birdie; if you want it to fit Louise, why, say the word." And the two seal-skin sacks and caps went sleighriging together that afternoon.

NEW YEAR'S FROLIC.

"But we may try, mayn't we?" pleaded Bob and Archy, and their grandms smiled as she answered:

"Certainly, you may keep awake if you to, and welcone in the New Year at midnight. Only mind that you don't set the house on fire.' "Then we may keep the lamp?"
"For a while," said grandma.
The boys pranced up to bed very merry, and certain that they were wakeful

enough to watch the old year out. It had been a trial that grandma would not iet them sit up and stay dress d, but she such gran l'opportunities to live exalted said they would surely take cold, and it and noble lives; an I while we indulge in would not be allowed. "If we do keep awake we may here first wish, mayn't we?" asked Bob.
"And I know what that will be!" ad-

ded Archy. "Grand new sleds, with steel runners." "And if I get first wish it is new spec tacles to replace those you tied on the cat and she lost in the barn, eh?" said

The boys hurried away, not caring to reply, for, as Archy said, "Spectacles cost so much when a fellow's pocket money is only a quarter a week."

It was at first to keep awake, telling stories and guessing riddles, but present-ly Archy's voice grew faint, and Bob heard a slight but unmistakable snore, which made him punch Archy vigorous-

"But you are awfully sleepy," he said good-naturedly. "Take a nap, and then I'll wake you, and you can watch while I have one."

It was not so much fun being the only boy awake, and Bob must have dozed a bit, for suddenly he heard the clock striking and sprang up.
"Happy New Year, Archy! Wake up, old fellow."

"Indians? Where?" said Archy, greatly startled by the shout in his ear. "Nowhere. Happy New Year!"

Bob tumbled up and went thumping down-stairs, shouting his greeting to grandpa but behold! there was the good man still reading the paper, in the sit-ting-room, and pointing with a smile, at the clock, which plainly said ten. The boys retreated, and though they laughed, they felt rather crestfallen.

And keeping awake was so hard that dawn had come before Bob opened his eves again.

"Must be daytime, for I can see the light," he said, and hurrying into his clothes, he stole down-stairs, this time certain that the New Year had come. He opened the kitchen door with such a shout that Keziah, who was just litting the pail of new milk to strain it, let it fall, and she and Bob, who rished to help save it, got well wet with the warm white fluid. Bob did not care so much as he would if grandpa had not called from his bed-room that the boys had curtainly got ahead of him this time. tainly got ahead of him this time.

So, after breakfast, when Bob and Archy devoured an astonishing number of New Year's cakes, made very large, very sweet, and fried very brown, the happy boys received the longed-for sleds, and set out for Three Mile hill. This and set out for Three Mile hill. This was a grand coasting place, and to-day many of the village boys were enjoying it. You may be sure Bob and Archy displayed their sleds, and enchanged rides, and ran races, and all other things that boys with new sleds are apt to do. It was Ben Brice who dared Bob to slide down-hill, backwards.

"I can, and I'll do it on the other side, too," said Bob.

ting on his sled with his back to the descent. He went pretty well for a little, then the sled spun aroun I, shot or to one side, and suddenly both it and Pob se uned to disappear and sink into the

ground. Mr. Plummer's old well?" cried

Archy, in horror. "It's dry, and partly filled up," said Ben, and all the boys ran pell-meil down the hill to rescue their comrade. They drew him up by a line made of their sled ropes. He was not much bruised, as the well was partly filled with snow, and there was no water in it. But the new sied was rather battered.

"I'm thankful New Year's day only comes once in twelve months," said grandma, when she heard the tale.
"I'm not," said Bob and Archy both at

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Another year has gone, to come no more; Its scenes of joys and hours or grief are done; 'Tis gone where other years have gone before, Where all must end that ever was begun : Where gaunt and gray oblivion loves to dwell, And infant Time first lisped the hours fare-

We have passed over the boundary that lies between the Old and the New Year, and, looking backward, we have little left but the memories of days that are no more. Memories that are pleasant to recall; memories that are sad to reflect upon; memories that make us smile, and memories that make us weep.

The year has gone. Its tasks, its troubles, its joys, and its pleasures are all ended. The work that we have done, both for good and evil, cannot be undone; the mistakes that we have made cannot be rectified; the errors that we have comm tted must forever remain a part of our life history.

Our lips have uttered unkind wor is that we would gladly recall; our hearts have entertained unpleasant feelings that we sincerely wish had never been permitted to enter them. All who are human are fallible. We make go d reso-Intions every New Year, and then break them. We often have the best of intentions, but lack the firmness and moral courage to carry them out.

Looking buckward, adown the path in

which we have been journeying, we find it strewn with wrecks of good intentions, and it is sail to think of.

In the life of nearly every one the past year has wrought and changes. Many on whom fortune smiled, now grown in poverty. Many were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er unruffled 8 as or happinessa yas rayo, but are now wrecks ruin on the shores of affliction; many on who a the sun shown propitously have met misfortunes; and many whose expectations were bright at the dawn of the year, found themselves at the end the to changes in a year - nay, in an hour!

There are graves in many a busial groun I that were not made one year ago. Some are little graves, over which many a mother's tears have fallen, and many a father's heart has been bowed in anguish. There are vacant places at the table an ! by the fireside. There is sien o where happy voices were heard. There are lit tle prayers that are said no longer when bed-time comes, and when the darkn's falls upon the silent world.

The New Year comes with many bright promises and possibilities. To whom will it bring joy? To whom sor-row? To whom riches? To whom pov-To whom friends? To whom love? To whom hatrel? To whom happiness? To whom misery? To whom health? To whom sickness? To whom life? To whom death?

Let us never cease to be thankful that we have been spared so long and given dreams of pleasure and prosperity, let us not lorg that above all transitory things there is one unfading dream whose blessed reality is heaven, the home of the soul, and looking into its pure light, so let us live.

"That every thought and every dead May hold within itself the seed Of future good and future need."

The Changing Years.

Every moment ends a year, and be gins another. The year is always new an i always old; or rather, the year is a circle, which has neither beginning nor en'l. But the convenience of society re quires that some particular day should be fixed upon, by common consent, as the commencement of the annual round of the seasons. And when the day returns, it seems to place us upon an eminence where we may pause for a moment to throw back a glance over the past, and look forward to the future with the eye of anxious anticipation. Thus the ancients depicted Time as having two faces; one aspect for the present and another for the future.

Let us gaze, for a moment, upon the past. How precious was the year that sped so swiftly away! Did we get the full value of it? Every one of the shining sands in the hour-glass of Time is, beyond comparison, more precious than gold. In nothing is waste more ruinous, or more sure to bring unavailing regrets. Better to throw away money than moments. One has justly said, "The lifeblood of the soul runs out of wasted time." The years which have passed away from us, have gone to the recording angel. He has noted every thought, word, and action of our past lives.

Standing on this border line of the year we have only space to the real and control to the recording the standing on the standing on the standing of the real time.

we have only space to turn, and cast a momentary glance toward the future. But there all is wrapped in mist. We know not what a day may bring forth. We can see only a step before us; and can only know that a boundless hereafter awaits our coming. And, looking either way, we can see but two eterni-ties, with their ceaseless surges rolling evermore. And when time shall be no evermore. And when time shall be no more, a measureless immortality spreads itself far out, beyond our keenest sight. Here we stand, upon a barrier of quicksand, which one of these seas is continually throwing up, and the other is continually washing away. This moving bar, thus incessantly fluctuating between the opposing tides, is human life—the earthly state of man, which never continues in one stage, but is always riscontinues in one stage, but is always ris-ing out of the infinite future, and is al-ways sinking into the infinite past, as they rush over into each other. And what an Isthmus! How fra I and nar-row! How soon to be absorbed into an eternal state! In that awful guif centu-ries are infinitely less than drops of water. It is a flood without a boundary, "without dimensions, without length." too," said Bob.

The boys cheered. Three Mile hill breadth, and height, where time and bad two sides down to the meadow land.

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