"Flinor," tenderly, "I have loved you so long. Must the devotion of years have been lavished in vain?"

The pleading accents awake no answering sentiment. The fair, white face is calm. A faint, pitying smile hovers around the tender curves of the sweet

mouth.
"Disdain," he thinks, "were better than such supreme indifference. ". I-inor!" What a passionate yearning is in

"Don't, please, Arthur! I almost feel as if I must be terribly to blame for your

suffering." "You to blame? Ah, no, dearest. I

could not help loving you from the mo-ment when, a youth of fifteen, I first saw you in church. I said to mys if saw you in church. I said to mys if then: 'Arthur Gordon, there is one girl in the world for you!' From that time forth my only happiness consisted in thinking of you; planning what I could do to give you pleasure. After four years of such worship, I have been unable to move your heart. I have touched your life so lightly that, were you never to see me again, you would not bestow upon me one regret." upon me one regret."

"Indeed, you wrong me," interrupted the young lady, earnestly. "Linor Garrison never forgets a friend—and who has been a truer friend to the orphan

than you, my brother?"
Gordon raised her dainty hand to his lips, with reverential gesture. "I accept the title, dear love," he said, gravely. "If I may not be more to you, at least I will be your brother, ever ready to care for your interests, loving you with all my might, yet hoping for nothing in return." A slight blush stained the pale cheeks. "You are too noble, Arthur. You de-

serve more. Forget me; and find another upon whom to pour out such disinterested affection."

"The world holds no other for mo" he answered, tenderly, a beautiful smile illuminating his frank countc-

Meeting those clear, gray eyes, Elinor felt that here was a man to be trusted. Why could she not care for him as she desired? Rich, handsome, upright, what more could any woman demand? Sho

"You have heard the latest, of course, Ellie?" gayly inquired a pretty girl, as she tossed aside her gloves, preparatory to spending an hour or so with her friend.

"No," answered Miss Garrison. "Why, I thought he must have told you himself, so I ran over purposely to hear all about it."

"Of whom are you speaking?" was the quiet respouse. "Of Arthur Gordon. His engagement

to a Miss Marion Hepworth of Boston is announced," watching Elinor furtively as she answered. The latter appeared courteously in-

the latter appeared courteously interested nothing more, as she resumed the etching which Olive Lindsey's entrance had interrupted.

"You are not mistaken, Olive?" with a great assumption of indifference.

a great assumption of indifference.

"Certainly not," with some spirit, as
the young lady drew a tiny package of
rick-rack from her pocket and began to
work nimbly. "Brother Frank heard it
at the club last evening. You know,
Ellie, I never repeat a story unless very
sure of its truth." Miss Garrison smiled. I was not

doubting you, Ollie," she said, soothingly. "I know you are not a bit of a gossip." A moment later, "Have I shown yea my new spring suit?" adroitly turning the conversation.

Once fairly launched upon this fascinating topic, Miss Lindsey forgot to refer again to Gordon's engagement, and after a half hour that seeined interminable to hlinor, took her leave. o," thought Elinor, while her red lip

curled half scornfully, "this was the end of all those protestations of undying It was a disappointment to find him no

different from other men. Her heart beat more rapidly at the recollection of

"The world holds no other for me."
"Ah!" whispered Elinor, triumphantly, "he loves me only. I wish Miss Hepworth joy of her prize."

In a village, one's private affairs are common property. Every one knew of Gordon's long devotion to Miss Garrison.

All were anxious to see how she would stand her knight's desertion. But none were able to read her real feelings, though many were the sur-

close of a fortnight he returned, and sought Elinor's house the first of any.

Her greeting, though free from embarrass nent and perfectly courteous, had a something indefinable, which struck the gentleman.

"Elinor," he said, softly, and his me-lodious tones thrilled the dormant heart of the woman, "you are not like yourself. Have you forgotten our parting compact, little sister?" a silky mustache brushing the averted cheek.

"That agreement is no longer binding!" she cried, indignantly, her usually gentle eyes fashing. "Do not dare to touch me, Mr. Gordon!"

Fxcitement lent an additional cherm to the mobile face. Gordon gazed at her admiringly. His love; restrained for years, would no more brook control. In an ecstasy of longing he caught her in his arms and kissed her madly, over and over, until the scarlet hue of the beloved countenance warned him to desist.

"I will never forgive yon," she panted, breaking from him-"never!" tears rolling swiftly down. "Leave me!"

What have I done? I have lost her respect, her friendship," thought he regretfully. Yet the bliss of that supreme instant, when he had held her close to his throbbing heart, more than repaid for the self-denial of the past.

And Elinor? Bewildered, frightened, aroused from her calm a athy to a rectorances of the truth, at burned her burning face in the sofa pillow, solbing. The in pessioned, uncontrollable arder of the man had in one moment swept away the berriers of collness and pride. Elinor Garrison knew that she loved. But, alast the knowledge came too late.

Walking homeward, Gordon received so many congratulations upon his en-"rimply because I visit Elmor first, they must need link our names," he muttered. "It is well she does not hear it. I only wish it were so," a smile playing around his firm mouth.

"Well, when is it to be?" called Miss

Olive, saucily, as, obeying a beckoning finger, Gordon drew near her as she sar by the open window. "Now do not pre-tend ignorance," she continued, "for I want to hear all about her. Is she beau-

tiful, rich, etc.?"
"I shall be better able to answer you when I hear the fair one's name," was the laughing reply.

"What an actor you woul I have made!

"What an actor you would have made:
The lady lives in Postou, whence a
c rtain gentleman has just returned."
"o, then, they have not referred to
Llinor," thought Gordon, thankfully.
"I assure you, Miss Lindsey, that I
lave no idea of whom you are speaklive laughed. "Miss Hepworth, I

helieve her name is."
A tall, sim, drabish spinster rose before Gordon's vision. His mouth twitched, but he said nothing.

"Well?" said Olive, inquiringly.
"Oh, excuse me, please; good afternoon," and much to the young lady's surprise, the tall figure was striding down "Manners!" she grumbled, as she

closed the window.
Entering the familiar side door, Gordon

stepped lightly into the room he had so intely quitted.

Flinor sprang hastily to her feet. The traces of weeping were evident. She would have fied, but strong arms detained her, gathering her in a close, fervent A truthful voice murmured tenderly,

"It was all a great mistake, darling. How could you doubt me, Elinor?"
"Was it not worth while, since it showed me my heart?" was the low reply, as her shy, glad eyes were lifted to meet her lover's.

### LOVE FINDS A WAY.

Rosalic and I were seated in the cosy back parlor looking over our wardrobes. I had an array of faded old dresses that I had turned and made over and dyed until there was nothing could be done

with them.

Rosalie, who was the pet of the family, exulted in the possession of a new white muslin, and I must say I was a little

We expected a visit from our cousin, Dale Ardavan, and were rather ashamed of our poor little house and surroundfor herself, as she had done everything since I was a baby, but I liked the big. manly fellow just the same.

If Dale noticed our shabbiness he said

nothing about it when he came. I saw very little of him, as I taught the village sch ol, but he was generally on hand to speak a kind word when I started out. Rosalie and he spent whole days together, and it looked very much as though a match would result.

one morning as they were starting off to go to a picnic lie stopped me with an earnest look on his face.

"Why will you work yourself to death?" "Better come with us to the he said.

But I shook my head. I could not tell him that mother and Rosalie were de-pendent on my efforts. All day in the not school room his kindly eyes followed me and cheered me.

In the atterboon, just as recess was over, a terrible storm came up and I had all that I could do to reassure the children, who were crying around me. I began to pray, for I was terribly frightened at the thunder. The next moment there was a flash of lightning and the roof of the schoot house fell in.

I can remember being picked up in

some one's strong arms and feeling tears upon my face, and hips pressed to mine; tuen all was blank again.

But one morning-oh! sweet, blessed relief!-I opened my eyes on our own homely little room, never before a para-

dise to me. Everything was still, so very still, and I slowly took in each familiar object. Seated by the window, his face hidden in his hands, was Dale Ardavan. "Dale", I said, in a thin, weak voice,

He started lorward, but checked the words that rose to his lips, and came and knelt quietly by the bedside, and I am quite sure that there was something moist on the pitiful wasted hands he bent over, but he said never a word.

"Dale," I went on questioningly, scarcely positive yet as to my own identity, "I have been very ill."

"Yes, very ill, iny-Miriam; but you must not talk, not ever so little. You are better now, so much better, but quiet essential."

"Tell me then, everything, all about it, for I can never rest until the dreaming and the reality are separate and dis-He told me then of how he and Rosalie.

seeing the storm, had returned from the house intending to bring me home, and found nothing but a frightful mass of brick and mortar, of hew the village had congregated, and men, women and chil-dren to, had worked as never before in an agony of fear, for it was their own fiesh and blood that lay buried beneath.

"You escaped better than most of them, Miriam," said Dale in conclusion, "and had it not been for the fever raging "and had it not been for the fever reging in your veins, and in any case inevitable, you would not have suffered greatly from the accident; as it is, you have had an unquestionably severe time. We knew this morning," and there was a little quiver in the voice, "that the chances were ten to one you would open your eyes on the other world instead of this. Thank God the latter is the case; but I knew it would be too much for you to I knew it would be too much for you to hear at once," for I had closed my eyes and the room was swimming round in a

It was a most sweet coming back to It was a most sweet coming back to life. Aunt Winnifred, gentle and considerate, snowing more tenderness toward me than I had deemed possible. Rosalie, quiescent, to say the least, for she was chever enough to discern that this was the wisest card she could play just now, and Dale Ardayan with his ever thoughtand Dale Ardavan, with his ever thoughtful, attentive kindness that left nothing undone that could be done to tempt back my old friends health and strength. Small wonder, then, that my recovery

One evening, a bleak, gloomy evening, two raw decide ily for me to venture out to thy accustomed drive, as I lay on my accurate easy couch that half found its way along with a great many other com-forts into my humble home, the door opened softly and Dale entered, his bright sunny face scaring away the shadows gathering with the dreamy twilight.

"A letter for me?" I asked, seeing he brought the mail. "No", but you may read mine that is, if there is light sufficient," and he came and stood beside me.
"Oh! I can see," I said, reaching up.

for the letter.

It was short enough, very short, to hold all that it did for me. The experienced physician, who had accepted Dale as his partner for the coming winter, had grown impatient of his prolonged stay and was begging an immediate return.

It had come, then, this thing that I had been resolutely shutting my eyes to for the past few weeks—this thing that was too terrible to even think of. He was

going.

The twilight shadows were most wel- me to mesel'.

"When do you think, Miriam," he asked, half lightly, half earnestly, "that you will be well enough to dispense with ing my medical attentions?—when will you be your o'd self, the light-hearted, lightfooted little girl that sprang into my arms the first day I came, do you remem-

I did not answer Immediately; I was thinking, thinking that I could never again go back to its old, cont-n led, un-broken level. But such thoughts must not be put into words, and silence could not last forever, and so, after a little, answer came, common-place and

quiet:
"I am getting better and gtronger so rapidly, and your duties demand your presence so imperatively, I think I can do very well without you now."

A prim, awkward speech, primly (2)

awkwardly spoken.
Dale laughed and knelt beside era. "Complimentary, indeed; but elippose, Miriam, that I can never do without you again—at least," slipping an aria about my head, and taking captive both hands, "I do not mean to try the experiment if there is the slightest chance of taking a wife home with me any time between this and Christmas. What do you say, Mir-

The twilight shadows were deepening repidly abut us now, but the light of a rapturous love was breaking, and in its golden train sweeping all shadows from

### LOVE AND LOTTERIES. & Story of Ticket "Fe. 787,407."

The Onslows were in London when they heard of the great French lottery, and immediately Florry and May, the two sisters, insisted that the family should take a run over to Paris and try their fortune. May has one particular reason for wanting to win some money. The has recently been left a fortune by a leatant nucle but a contestant less are a leatant nucle but a contestant less are less as a leatant nucle but a contestant less are less as a leatant nucle but a contestant less are less as a leatant nucle but a contestant less are less as a leatant nucle but a contestant less are less as a leatant less are less as a leatant less are less as a leatant less are less as a less are less as a less as a les as a leatant less are less as a les as a less as a distant uncle, but a contestant has arisen and would like to break the will, and the expenses of the lawsuit will probably be heavy. May is in love with young Jack Hatherly, a briefless barrister whom Mr. Onslow regards with anything but favor, because he is poor and not ashanted

As for Florry, she wants to make some money, because she is jealous of her sister May and her superior beauty and because the extra amount she may earn will

enable ner to dress well. The girls arrive duly in Paris and for many nights they dream about numbers and spend their days in consulting cards

and dream-books.

Mr. Ons ow presents his daughters each with ten tickets and expresses the hope that they will each bring forth a

At the theatre three nights before the drawing who should the Onslows meet but Mr. Jack Hatherly, as large as life. May, in spite of her lather a frowns, talks to him all the evening and goes home in a flutter of happiness to tell her hope and fears to Mis Sims, her companion. Florry in the meantime, consumed by jealousy, sits in her room sauding over her lo tery tickets and thinking of her interview with a fortune teller test morning who had given her a lucky con-

Now Florry had no positive and dofined reason for wishing to win a prize, as May had, but she had set her heart upon it, nevertheless. She did not see why May should have all the good things of life, while she was left out in the cold and she sat contemplating her tickets and her supposed wrongs till her evil an el was triumphant. She worked herself up to that pitch of mental crookedness which usually culminates in some wicked act. She shuffled the tickets together, drew one out from their centre and thrust the others into the pocket of her dressinggown. Then with one ticket in her hand she went toward a door leading from her room into that in which she believed May and Sims to be sleeping.

She opened it very gently-a reillnuse cast a sharlowy dim light over the s enc. She listened for a moment to her sister's soft breathing, glunced at the bed, where Sims was almost hidden from view by an enormous down-quilt. "Are you both asleep ?" she asked, in

Receiving no answer she crept across the room to May's bed, knelt down beside it, abstracted the tickets with a trembling hand from under the pillow. glanced over them rapidly—the floating wick in its oil bath gave sufficient light. "757, 67!"

It was in her pocket in an instant and the ticket she held in her hand put under the pillow with the rest of May's precious board.

Three days have passed, during each of which Mr. Onslow, sometimes accompanied by Jack Hatherly, sometimes alone, goes to the drawing and alone, goes to the drawing and brings back the numbers of the prize-winning tickets, but as yet neither of the girls has so much as won an omnibus or a pipe of ink, a ton of candles or any other trifle, although more than half the prize numbers have been drawn.

May is beginning to clamor loudly over her ill luck, but Florry is so reserved and quiet as to make her family fear she is not well, while even Jack, who has caught the general excitement wanders about in a very unsettled mann r. On the fourth day, just when the girls are dressed, waiting for Mr. Onslow to come back and take them to dinner, he rushed in, looking very triumphant.

"A prize at last for Florry -757,867!"
Florry turns deadly white, and clutches the back of a chair for support, white May cries: "How delightful, how beautiful! What

is it, papa ?"
"Thirty thousand france, my love." "Oh!" and May gives a little scream. She is charmed at her sister's good fortwine, still she is sadly afraid two such prizes will not be bestowed by Fate on

A fearful thud makes her look round.

Florry is on the floor, in a dead faint.

It is some time before they can revive her, and then she will not explain.

Florry having sufficiently recovered they all went to inner, but no one ate

they all went to sinner, but no one ate nuch. The girls were quite upset: Mr. Onslow was disappointed at not seeing more joy as the result of so much luck, while Jack, who was one of the party, strove in vain so cheer May, who gradually got more and more dispirited as she saw her bopes for a successful prize fadding from her view. In fact, when she got back to the hotel she rushed to her own room and let her overwrought feelings is one in a correspondence of the same during the lings loose in a torrent of tears, during the shedding of which she was surprised by Sims, who she thought was safe at the Hippodrome, where she had expressed her intention of going with one of the other maids staving in the hotel. "My daring Miss May, what is the matter? Pray don't cry like that."

nothin s. Sims; do go away and leave

"No, that I wont, as long as I can be a confort to you, and I i cheve I can, he it along that dratted ticket you are cryh. I don't know. It is vory w'osen'. tut leo eet so disappoint of landed some aconcy so much. You know what

na e is bios. Miss Florry has no nore radicio that prize than I have, who hadu t

"on, Sire, how can you say so?"
"idu't I see her come in with my own eves in the dead of night, take a tick throm teneath your own precious pillow and put one of hers in its place."" There would not do such a thing."

"No more creaming than I am et this moment, but it you con't believe in a us. look for yourself. Your tickets all run ernight on. 102've showed then to me often enough."

"Yes, they began at 757, 53."
"Then how could Miss Flory Lava number '757,867,' if she hadn't cheated?" "I don't know what her numbers were," said May, thoughtfully. Then she started up: "I can't believe it, Stars! I den't want to; let us say no more about it."

"Leave it there?" cried the indignant Sime; "that I wont, as sure as tick-ta is tickets! I litell my master. I shouldn't never rest happy in my bed again if I

hadn't seen justice done."

"Oh, no, no, Sima; dest, kind Sima!
You will not tell on Florry. I can bear disappointment and waiting. I'm sure to marry Jack some day, but you must 

threshold of the door stood Florry, her cheens aglow, her eyes gleaming.
"cims is right, May," she said, in a
very low voic. "The ticket that won
she price is yourn." May sprang forward.

"You darling Flo, and you won it for me! How did you know that was the lacky number?"
"I was told by a divineuse de cartea,

"You go d old sister! Do you think your divi one will be able to predict the result of the lawsuit? Sime, did I not tell you that Florry was incapable of a her pardon directly." So generous hearted May helped her

sister out of the scrape, and Florry was more than grateful. May won her lawsuit with the money the lottery brought in, and now signs herself Mrs. John

### A RANDOM SHOT.

In days long ago the Russians got a footbold in Upper California and for a time held possession of that port on of the Pacific shore from Russian river, northwar I. Their principal colony was at Fort lioss, now in the northern part of Sonoma County, where, for over thirty years, the busin as of seal fishing was successfully

carried on. Tue Russians sold out to Capt. John A. Sutter, who in turn sold that vast estate to Wm. Dennettz an intelligent Prussian, some years previous to the discovery o. gold in California. For over thirty years the latter lived at Fort Ross much in the style of the old feudal Barons.

In 1862 I had occasion to enjoy Mr. Demettr hospitality and heard from his own tips some thrilling adventures of the then long ago. Of the many incidents narrated one will suffice here.

Said Mr Bennettz: "At the time I purchased the Fort Ross property there were around and in the neighborhood of the Fort about two hundred Indians. Voluntarily they had become almost part of the estate and as obedient to my orders as it mine, soul and body. I then taised a large amount of grain, and had thousands of head of cattle, which gave me ample opportunity to utilize the labor of these antutored aboriginees. As my influence over them mainly depended or the kindness and consideration with which they were treated, I let no opportunity pass to give them evidence of my

regard for their pleasure and welfare. They, like all Indians I know of, were passionately fond of personal decoration and for ornamentation prized nothing more highly than the plumage of birds. One day my Indians were noticing some vultures, or California condors, on the pine trees seme distance up the mountain ade back of the Fort, and I overheard them expressing a wish that they had some of their feathers.

"Saving nothing. I quietly took my rifle and sallied forth, determined if possible to gratify their desire. By tacking backward and forward along the mountain-side I gradually worked my way up to the trees where the vultures were. The heavy toliage of the pine prevented my getting a ready view of the game I was seeking. With my gun cocked and the mazzle pointing up I was moving quietly sidewise with eyes peer ng into the canopy of boughs when I was startled by the breaking of a stick

"One look was sufficient to set every bar of my nead on end!
"Not much over the length of my gun

from me stood erect on its hind feet, a mizzy bear of monster size-at the time he seemed to me ten feet high! 'By impulse I wheeled, brought my gun to a level, and without any attempt

at taking aim, fired. The bear pitched forward upon me and we tell together-my gun flying out of my bands, and some distance away
"I was frightened beyond the power

of language to express ! The bear and I had fallen together, but I had given myself a rolling farch down the mountain which, for the moment took me out of the reach of his dreaded jaws This advantage was not to be lost and I kept going over and over without I had got at least two bundred yards from where I felt, and when I stopped rolling it was a problem with me whether I was most dead or alive.

"I ventured upon my feet and looked cautiously around, but could see no

"To borrow a miner's phrase T began prospecting around." I had an earnest desire to get hold of my gan, but a dis-sike to the neighborhood in which we had parted company.
"With the utmost cantion I worked

my way up to a position overlooking the spot where I and the grizzly together "To my surprise and gratification as well there lay the bear stretched at full length, and dead.
"My random shot had proved what seldom occurs to grizzley bears, a dead

shot.
"That," said Mr. Bennettz, knocking
the ashes out of an elegant meerschaum,
"was the biggest scare of my life."
Sam Cassidy.

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