

EXPERIENCE WITH ELEPHANTS.

A Camp Raided at Night—An Elephant in a Rage.

An instance of elephantine ferocity, combined with stealth and shrewdness, occurred on our trip. Six of us were seated through a wood in search of signs of the presence of elephants, when a "solitary" sneaked out of a jungle where he had been hiding and rushed upon my horse. I was two miles away, and one of the natives saw the performance. He said the elephant broke cover as stealthily as a man, carefully approached the horse, and was only a few yards away when discovered. Then he trumpeted and made a rush. His sudden appearance seemed to strike the horse with terror, and he made no move to escape. The great trunk, held aloft as the beast charged, struck the horse a "side wipe" and knocked him flat, and he was no sooner down than the elephant knelt upon him and kneaded him into bloody pulp. When his vengeance was satisfied he rose up and retreated to the same thicket, sneaking along as if he was seeking to hide his trail. It was an hour later when I reached the spot, and I was so angry over the death of my steed that nothing the men could say would stop me from entering the thicket in search of the destroyer.

Joe followed me, bearing a gun, and both of us were ready for any trick the beast might be up to, but we were too late. We found the spot where he had stood for hours and from which he had sallied out to attack the horse, but he had quietly sneaked off. The elephant, when pursuing an ordinary course through the forest, leaves a broad trail behind him. He breaks down branches, uproots small trees, and the prints of his big feet could be followed on horseback at a gallop. This fellow had gone off so softly that we were half an hour in picking up his trail. There was not a broken branch, and he had set his foot down with the utmost care, and selected the hardest soil. After getting a quarter of a mile away he had selected a rocky ridge to travel on, and we soon lost him entirely.

Our camp was about three miles from the spot where the horse was killed. We always had one guard and a couple of fires, and as there was only the wild beasts to look out for, we had slept in perfect content.

On this night, soon after midnight, the guard awoke me and stated that some danger menaced the camp. He had heard what he believed was a body of men lurking about, and the bullocks seemed greatly excited. The camp was aroused as quietly as possible, the fires were allowed to burn low, and in a short time the statements of the sentinel were verified. Somebody or something was lurking about. We were in the lion country, but the movements were too heavy for the king beasts. The noise passed clear around the camp and back, and then all was quiet. We were under arms for half an hour, and then, all being still, we lay down, and all but the sentinel were soon asleep. An hour later, as suddenly, as if shot from the gun, the old solitary of the day charged into our camp, trumpeting like the blasts from a locomotive, and evidently in a great rage. It was he who had been lurking about for two or three hours. He had approached the camp as carefully as a man could walk, and had passed around it to locate everything and decide on a plan. He placed himself in the shadow of some bushes, and the natives, who examined the spot, said he stood there for an hour and a half without moving a foot.

Bloody and destructive work followed the charge of the elephant. He stepped on and crushed a sleeping native, picked a second up and dashed him to the earth a corpse, and broke the back of a third who was trying to get out of his way. He was soon among the bullocks, knocking them right and left with his terrible blows, and just then I got my gun ready. His charge had been so sudden and fierce that we were all demoralized for two or three minutes. Fortunately for us all, some one had the sense to throw light brush on one of the dying fires and started a big blaze. This seemed to disconcert the elephant, and he showed signs of retreating. In this he was encouraged by two of our bullocks, who dashed at him for a fight, and raked him severely with their stout horns.

I was dancing about waiting to get a shot, and I'll tell you what I saw that elephant do. He picked up a bullock weighing at least 900 pounds, and that with his trunk alone, and swung him aloft as easily as you can lift an axe over your head. He held him in the air a minute, and then flung him clean over our Cape Colony wagon to the ground. The bull alighted on a large heap of freshly cut grass, and was but little injured.

I opened on the elephant just as he flung the bullock, and he at once bolted out of camp, carrying three bullocks with him. He had scarcely got away when he stepped into a hole in the ground, lurched forward, and went down with a broken leg. Before he could get on his feet again I had given him his death blow. He had killed three men and four bullocks, and his death gave us deep satisfaction.

The Tobacco Pipe in China.

The Chinese use a handsome little water pipe made entirely of brass or silver. It is all in one piece except the bowl and neck, which is merely a tube with an upper chamber for the tobacco. The mere pinch of long cut tobacco into the bowl, and one filling is only expected to provide one or two whiffs. The body of the pipe contains a neat compartment for tobacco. The long, claw-like nails of the Celestial are used in reaching in this little box for a pinch of tobacco as deftly as a pair of tweezers. Long strips of prepared paper are used for lighting. This paper burns slowly, and when required for lighting the pipe is blown into a flame by a peculiar puff. Any Celestial man, woman or child can produce this flame with a single puff, but a European acquires the same ability only by considerable practice. As each filling produces only a couple of puffs, the pipe has to be refilled over and over again to obtain satisfaction. Every time a pinch is smoked the remnant is blown out by lifting the tube and blowing vigorously through it from the lower end. The rapidity with which a devotee of this pipe fills it, puffs the paper into a flame, lights the tobacco, blows the paper out again, lifts the tube, blows out the refuse, fills it again, etc., is quite a remarkable performance. The common Chinaman uses a pipe of primitive pattern, merely a slender point of bamboo, with a hole bored in the side near the closed end. A pinch of tobacco is laid on this hole, affording one or two whiffs.

A BATTLE WITH RATS.

The Story Told by a Professional Rat-catcher in Philadelphia.

"I have caught and killed plenty of big rats in my time, but the biggest ones were captured along the wharves," said old Jack Gregory, or "English Jack," as he is called by his acquaintances. Gregory is a little old fellow, not more than five feet in height, and pressing close upon his sixtieth year. He lives in Camden, on William street, below Key-bow. When he starts out on his rat-catching expeditions he is always accompanied by two little Scotch terriers, chain-d together. With a box of ferrets thrown over his shoulder, "English Jack" presents an odd picture.

"I have followed rat-catching for a living for forty years," said Gregory; "out the most vicious chaps are generally found along the wharves, near where the sewers empty into the river. They grow up in the sewers, and eventually find their way to the water's edge, and there settle permanently, or else take up quarters in the warehouses near the docks."

"I don't mind clearing a stable of rats. That's fun for me. But when I am called upon to clean out a warehouse I always know that it means tough work, with probably the loss of two or three ferrets. Nine times out of ten, a rat will run away from a ferret, and when they emerge from their hole a my dog and I just lay for them and kill them as soon as they show themselves. But I have had many a valuable ferret killed by wharf rats. The rats being used to eating garbage, greedily devour everything they come across, and grow to be tremendously large. I have seen lots that were as big as cats, and ferocious fellows they were, too. I remember once of a pitched battle that took place between three of my ferrets and five rats, down at the sugar-boiling house on Delaware avenue, below South street. Each rat was fully iron fifteen to eighteen inches in length, and must have weighed from four to five pounds. They had hot and heavy for a quarter of an hour. The ferrets fairly chewed the rats to pieces and came out victorious, though they got severely bitten themselves. Subsequently one of the ferrets died.

"That night I succeeded in killing ninety rats. But I have seen larger rats than those in my time. A few years ago my dogs caught a rat down at the Washington avenue grain elevator which was much bigger than that cat. It was two feet long and weighed twelve pounds. He must have been quite old and unusually fat. I guess he was the king rat about the elevator. I was very anxious to capture him alive, and it was hard work to drive the dogs off, so eager were they to put an end to him. He had fought them hard, notwithstanding his age, and the dogs had their dauber up. I managed to drag them away, and then I threw a net around him and brought him home to Camden. I doctored him for three weeks, and his wounds healed pretty well. A saloon keeper near the old navy yard made me an offer of \$20 and I sold the rat to him to place on exhibition. He did not make much by the venture, as the saloon keeper's wife was afraid of the big rat, and being anxious to get rid of the animal, poisoned it. While the animal was on exhibition there was a sign displayed on the iron cage in which it was confined, saying: 'Don't feed with the rat.' This caution was rather unnecessary, for all the customers willingly refrained from poking their fingers between the bars to stir him up. His looks were enough to frighten folks."

Reconstructing a Shark.

When the famous phosphate beds were discovered in South Carolina some years ago, vast numbers of bones and teeth were unearthed, showing that in early times this locality had been peopled by a great concourse of strange forms. Among the most abundant curiosities, as the workers termed them, were the remains of enormous teeth triangular in shape, and serrated on the cutting edge. When shown to a naturalist they were immediately recognized as shark teeth, and it became evident that at one time the vicinity of Charleston was the bed of an ocean, and that gigantic sharks flourished there in great numbers. Whenever the beds of the Ashley and Cooper rivers are dredged to-day numbers of these teeth are brought up, and one in my collection is nearly as large as my hand. As the bones of the shark are of cartilage, they have long since been destroyed, and only these beautifully polished teeth—for they are as fresh and glistening as when first discovered—are left to tell the story. It would appear to be an impossible task to restore this giant from a single tooth. But it is not so difficult as one might imagine. From the shape of the tooth of the great Carcharodon we can form some idea of its appearance by comparing it with existing sharks, and from its size we can determine how large it was. One day I attempted a rough restoration to gain some idea of the dimensions of the giant. I had in my possession the jaw of a shark which I had caught in the Gulf of Mexico, which would at the time pass readily over my shoulders. The shark was about thirteen feet long, and the teeth about an inch and two-eighths wide, and an inch and a half in length. There were eight rows of these, each row being a little smaller than the last, until they dwindled down to mere points. I took as many of the fossil teeth as I had, and built up a jaw after the existing model, using teeth where I had them and leaving space where I did not. Gradually the great mouth grew on the floor until I found myself a small item in the area, and when completed I found that the largest fossil shark could have opened its mouth and allowed me to drive a nail into it, and that its length could not have been less in proportion than one hundred and twenty-five or thirty feet.—C. F. Holder, in Wide Awake.

Nitro-Glycerine.

Dr. M. H. Leskerstein, of Chicago, reports the remarkable effects of nitro-glycerine in resuscitating life. His patient was a woman, who sank rapidly and was apparently dead. Any action of the heart was imperceptible, the temperature of the body had fallen to 92 degrees F., and every indication of death was present. A solution of nitro-glycerine was administered hypodermically, when there was a gasp, followed by three others within a minute. During the second minute six respirations were noted, with a faint fluttering of the heart, but no wrist pulse was discernible. During the third minute eighteen respirations were evident and a feeble pulse. During the fourth minute the pulse rose to 180 and above, the face was flushed, the eyes rolled, the muscles slowly relaxed and the patient became comfortable.

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

The Readiness With Which She Understood a Financial Object Lesson.

A man having large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the value and purchasing power of money. For some months every whim, no matter how extravagant, was promptly gratified by the indulgent husband, who always gave his check for any amount of money asked. One day the bride of a few months to carry out some caprice, requested a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was somewhat staggered thereby. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her an object lesson in the financial line. Accordingly, with a smile of seeming acquiescence, he remarked that the supply of checks was exhausted, but he would send up the promised money cheque, not in crisp \$50 bills, as was expected, but in sterling silver dollars, the sum total being several specie bags. The wife was at first vexed and then amused, and finally, before the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her better half came home to supper she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the hall, where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said: "My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?" "It is, my love," was the reply. "And did you have to take this all in dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question. "Yes, my dear; it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor," he answered, gently. "Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, "send around a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose."

Dean Swift's Joke.

The witty priest was never happy unless jesting. He had once printed and circulated some last words of a street robber named Elliott, purporting to be written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: "Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good unto the public. I have left with one honest man—the only honest man I have ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and which I have been their accomplice, and which I have been their accomplice. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or house-breaking he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the Government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it." The joke was a good one, and had, at least, as is rarely the case with practical jokes, a good effect, for street robberies were for a long time suspended.

The Origin of Ear-rings.

According to the Moslem creed the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear ear-rings is attributed to the following curious legend: Sarah, transition-tidus, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give her life to no man until she had mutilated the face of her hated rival and bondmaid, Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfil the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid, she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of ear-rings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear ear-rings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael the founder of their race.

A Paralyzed Bridegroom.

A recent despatch from Bethel, Ky., says: Two years ago Calvin Stowers, whose wife had been expected to die with pulmonary disease for several months, was called to her bedside to say farewell. She placed a small iron ring that she had ordered made for the purpose on the third finger of the left hand, and extorted an oath that he would never marry again. Then she died contentedly, saying that if he broke his word she would haunt and ruin his life. Recently he was married to Emma Brickel, a girl to whom he was engaged before his marriage, but they had disagreed. The ceremony was a private one, only a few friends witnessing the rites. The bride took the ring from his finger, saying it was superstitious to regard a wish so selfish. Within two hours following the bridegroom's left side was paralyzed, strangely enough beginning in the finger that had worn the fatal ring. A charn-worker in the neighborhood declared that nothing would restore strength to the limb but the wearing of the ring. This, it was discovered, could not be restored to its place, being much too small, whereas it had been before amply large. The bridegroom is terror-stricken, and has apparently lost interest in his young wife. Stowers is a frugal, intelligent farmer, well known and liked, as is also his wife, who is an industrious woman, respected for her good common sense.

A Scientific Secret.

An effective method of petrifying animal bodies was claimed by Dr. G. B. Massadogia, a distinguished Palna chemist who died more than forty years ago. The secret of the process was left for his legitimate heirs, who have only recently been found. The discovery so long locked up is now eagerly sought, and large sums have been offered for it—thus far unsuccessfully.

Aristocratic Surnames.

Phonographers complain that a rarely one English word in a thousand is spelled correctly—that is, all its letters are not sounded precisely as they are in the syllables. An such criticism is perfectly just, though from the force of habit we seldom notice the faulty orthography of common words. But if we meet proper names, of persons or places, their eccentric spelling is more observable, and sometimes even puzzling. Highly educated persons often hesitate in pronouncing a proper name which they see for the first time. This remark especially applies to some aristocratic surnames, and will be seen by the introduction of the sin-and, with their recognized pronunciation. Claranald must be sounded as if written Claronald. Derby, in speaking either of the peer, the town, or the race, should always be called Darby. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillon, with the accent on the first syllable. In Blich this the is dropped, and the word becomes Bly. Lyvelen is pronounced as Livelen, and Pepsy as Pepia, with the accent on the first syllable. In Monson and Monsony the first o becomes short u, and they are called Munson, Pansony. In Mount the o is silent, and the word is spoken as Blunt. Brougham, whether referring to the late illustrious statesman or the vehicle named after him, should not be pronounced with two syllables—Brawham or Brougham—but as one—Broom. Colquhoun, Duchesny, Mar, oribanks, and Choinmody—four formidable names to the uninitiated—must be called Choon, Dukarn, Marshbanks, and Chumley. Choinmody is also called Chumlay. Mainwaring and M'Leod must be pronounced Mainwarring and MacLeod. The final x in Moxoux and Yveroux is sounded, but the final x in Devereux and Des Vaux is mute. In Ker the e becomes short a, and the word is called Kar; it would be awfully bad form to pronounce it Cur! In Waldegrave the de is dropped, and it becomes Walgrave, with the accent on the first syllable. Berkeley, whether referring to the person or place, should be pronounced Barkley. Buchan is called Bukan; Bessard, or Bessardk, is Bessari, with the accent on the first syllable; and Beauvois as Beauvor. Wemyss is pronounced as Weema, and Willoughby D'Esreby as Willowby D'Esreby; St. John must be Ninjin as a surname or Christian name; when applied to a locality or a building, it is pronounced as spelt, Saint John. Montgomery, or Montomerie, is pronounced Mangumery, with the accent on the second syllable. In Egin g take the hard sound it has in give; in Gifford and Giffard it takes the soft sound as in gin—as it also does in Nigel. In Cozyphan the o becomes short u, and the name is called Cunningham. In Johnston the t is silent. Strachan should be called Strawn; Heathcote, Hethcut; and Hartford, Hartford.

The av is dropped in Abergavenny, which is called Abergenny; and the n in Penrith, which is called Penrith. Beauchamp must be pronounced Beecham; Bourne, Burn; and Bourze, Burk. Gower, as a street, is pronounced as it is written, but, as a surname, it becomes Gor. Eyre is called Air; and Du Plat is Du Plah. Jervis should be pronounced Jarvis; Knollys as if written Knollys; Menzies as if written Mynjes; and Macnamara must be pronounced Macnamara, with the accent on third syllable. Sandys should be spoken as one syllable—Sanls; St. Clark is also one word—Sinclair; and St. Leger is called Sellager. Vaughn is spoken as one syllable—Vawn; and Villebois is Vealbooh. Villiers is called Villers, with the accent on the first syllable; Trywhit is called Tritrit; and Tollemache is pronounced Tollmash, with no accent on either syllable. The pronunciation of a dead Conservative Premier's title is Beckons eid; Methuse should be spoken as Beeton, and Milnes as Milk. Charters, by those moving in what James calls the "Hupper suckles," is pronounced Charters, and Giamis is called Giamis. Georgehan is always spoken as Gagan, and Kutbyen is pronounced Riven. It will be observed that most of the above names are much abbreviated in their pronunciation, as recognized by "society"—a fact which forms one of the many protests against the cumbersome nature of English orthography.

Couldn't Bother With a Drummer.

Recently I was awaiting the convenience of one of these "aristocrats" whose store is in a small inland town in the State. While I was patiently putting in my time on a convenient chair a gentleman, carrying two grips similar to those used by drummers, entered with a business-like air, and putting his baggage upon the floor began to make a minute inspection of the contents of the show-cases. The autocrat was arranging his window, and now and then casting an interested glance into a dressmaker's work room opposite. He paid no attention to the new arrival, supposing him, as he afterward I tearfully remarked, to be "only a drummer." The stranger glanced at him several times, and was plainly growing impatient. Finally he evidently decided that he had waited long enough, and with a muttered exclamation that he couldn't buy anything if he wasn't shown anything, he seized his grips and vanished through the door before the astonished jeweler could recover his scattered senses. They were still more widely scattered a few days afterward when he learned that his competitor, a few blocks away, had sold the stranger a pair of diamond earrings and a two-carat stud. Now when a drummer comes into his store the autocrat's obsequious manners almost make his visitor's hair stand on end in astonishment.

Young Married Folk.

In this country, many matrimonial engagements are broken off because the families are antagonistic. The young people may love each other, but one future mother-in-law hates the other, and hence there is quarrel, discussion, and separation. "My daughter shall not live with Mrs. So-and-so," says Mrs. This-or-that. They manage this thing better abroad, by deciding that the young couple shall live in their own house, have their own income, and be not dependent on either mother-in-law. While the family relations are kept up with even greater vi. or than with us, yet the independence of the parties to be married is respected. In this one respect the etiquette of engagements abroad is far better than ours. It is a sensible outlook, perhaps lacking that wild romance which is supposed to accompany a true-love match, but it has its advantages in the happiness of security. Nothing is left to chance or caprice, and the too much mother-in-law, which sometimes wrecks the happiness of young people both before and after marriage in America, is carefully guarded against.

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