"Guess, Nellie, with whom Louis Temple was parading the streets to-night," and Jennie Lambert curled up her thin lips scornfully, while carefully undoing her furs, and stretching her white hands over the cheerful blaze.

The familiar name brought a decided flush to the dainty face of Nellie Graver-

son. She was the only daughter of the Honorable John Graverson, the millionaire, and sole mistress of the magnificent structure situated on Regent Street, her mother having been dead these five

The lady whose sarcastic words open this story, was a cousin of the heiress, and was treated the same as a sister; her parents having died when she was but a mere babe. She hated her cousin Nellie with a deathless hate for her beautiful face, elegant manners, magnificent carriage, and half millioni while she, though really pretty, was made to appear plain and insignificant by the more radiant and dazzling beauty of her cousin. Still, it was to her interest to curb her hatred ; but she was continually saying or doing something which annoyed Nellie exceed-

ingly.
"Indeed, Jennie, I cannot guess. Guessing, you know, is not my voca-tion," and Nellie looked at her cousin in-

quiringly.

"No? then I shall tell you, as I suppose you are anxious to become acquainted with your future husband's friends. It was Renie Stewart, the pretty factory girl; and sne did look pretty to-night, leaning on Louis Temple's arm, and her face was raised to his in ouite an adoring fashion." malliciously. in quite an adoring fashion," maliciously. For once, Nellie Graverson gave her cousin the satisfaction of knowing that her shaft struck.

She drew herself up proudly, a dark red suffusing her neck and brow.

"Louis Temple walking in public with a factory girl! I cannot believe it!"

"Ask him, dear; I do not think it is

the first time. Ah! there goes the doorbell now. His tastes are fastidiousfrom the factory girl to the proud heiress," and with a low laugh Jennie van-ishes through the drawing-room door, leaving Nellie in a thoroughly wret hed

When Louis Temple opens the door, he feels instructively that something is wrong. Instead of his betrothed springing to me t him, she does not even turn

her head as he enters.

Thinking probably she is asleep, he goes up softly belind her chair and gently places a white, shapely hand over

Great is his surprise when a hand reaches up and frigidly removes his. She rises slowly and looks at him coldly. "Well, Mr. Temple, have you seen

Renie Stewart safely home ? "What do you mean, Nellie?" he asked, not quite comprehending.
"I mean this, I ouis Temple. You

have been seen on the street with Renie Stewart, the factory girl. I ask you, is

Why, certainly, Nellie, dear, but why do you look at me so coldly? Surely you would not have me pass a lady on the street such a night as it is to-night-so slippery one can hardly stand, without offering to assist her, especially with one whom I am well acquainted."

"A lady!" she repeated, scornfully, her fair face flushing hotly. "Pray, may I ask your opinion of a lady? Is your idea; jound in a factory girl?"

Louis Temple looked at his betrothed in pained wonder. He always knew she was proud, but could it be possible she carried it to such an extent?

"I certainly think Renie Stewart a perject little lady. The fact of her having to work in the factory does not alter

"It alters mine, considerably, Mr. Temple: and a man who places a factory girl on the level with me can never command my love. I shall not submit my self to be lowered to such an extent. Consider our engagement broken," and she haughtily pulled a beautiful diamond ring from her tinger and handed it to

His face grew white as death, for he loved the beautiful, proud girl before him as only an honorable man can love.

"Nellie, do you mean what you say? do you not think your pride a trifle over-strained and far-fetched?" "I think Mr. Temple forgets himself,"

she answered, icily. "You have not the right to question my actions," and she turned and swept majestically from the

"What fools men are!" muttered Louis Temple, dashing his hat down over his eyes and plunging tradiy along the cold deserted street. "One places all his love and confidence et a girl's feet only to have it thrown back in his face with a careless shrug of the shoulders. Catch me trusting another one of the heartless It was a fearful blow to him. He tried

to make himself believe that he did not care, but the beautiful face of Nellie haunted him incessantly, and he often found himself wondering what he would do with his empty life. Three days later he surprised his

friends greatly by leaving the town, bag and baggage, for parts unknown.

Nellie Graverson heard of Louis' departure with a caim, indifferent face, but when she was in the sanctum of her own chamber, the mask fell. Great heart-rending sobs shook the regal form. She had sent him off with a coldness that even surprised herself; but was she happy? would Louis' white reproachful

face ever be erased from her memory? Weeks and months flew by, and during that time Nellie Graverson changed wonderfully. The proud, haughty expression on her beautiful face was giving place to a sad pre-occupied one. The servants who always feared her before, were beginning to love their young mis-

tress; she was so kind to them. "I have broken my heart and spoiled my life." she would often say to herself, "and now I shall break my pride. Oh, Louis, Louis,! if I only had it to do over

again."
"My dear," her father said to her one day, "my dear, I imagine you look pale and thin. Are you not feeling well?"

"Yes. papa, I am as well as usuai," her heart neating quickly.
"No. pet, you are not. I shall call in a

"Oh, no, no, papa! I am not ill, indeed
I am not: but—but—"
"But what, dear ""

"Cannot we go away for—awhile? I am -1 - would like a change"
"To be sure, Nell; whenever you like." The following week they started for an

indefinite period on the Continent. Two years passed away and again Nellie was home. Her father was very much worried about her the two years trave, did her no poor, and Mr. Graverson brought his daughter home as list less and white as when he took her

People marveled at the change in lar: her regai head was carried just the same, but with a certain sweet humility on the

gentle, high-bred face.

One afternoon the Western express steamed up at the station, and a tall, familiar form stepped out on the plat-form. It was bitter cold, and although the fur collar on the great overcoat half hid his face, one could easily recognize

Louis Temple.

"Just the same place," he muttered, glancing around. "I wonder if—if Nellie is married yet? Oh, if I could only see her! Great heavens! is that—no—yes,

it is!"

His attention was attracted by an elegantly dressed lady on the opposite side of the street. By her side was a ragged little urchin, her half-frozen hands incased in Nellie's sealskin muff, and Nellie herself carrying the little girl's hand was a seal to district of the street of the st burden-a dirty oil-can and some salt

mackerel. Louis Temple stood petrified. Could that girl with the sait mackerel and ol-can be proud Nellie Graverson? Could that sad, sweet, smiling face be the same face which looked so coldly on him two years ago for kindly escorting Renie Stewart home? The face was the same, and yet it had undergone some marvelous

He stood and watched her until sho was out of sight, and then with a sigh walked on. The next night a grand ball was to be

given, and he ardently hoped once more to be near the girl he still loved passionately.

Nellie heard of his return, and dressed

with unusual care that evening.

"Maybe I can win him back. Oh,
God! how I have suffered for my foolish

The ball was at its height when Louis caught sight of Jennie Lambert, and he

hastened up to her. "Oh, Miss Jennie, you have not changed one particle in the two years I have been I would have known you any-

"I am delighted to find I have not been forgotten. I heard of your return, and was in hopes of seeing you here to-

i ouis' spirits went down ten degrees. Nellie had heard of his return then, and

stayed away purposely.
"Have you seen Neilie?" asked Jennie
Lambert, watching the effect of her words. She is here somewhere. Oh, there she is, to the right, on Gus Burns' arm. How happy she looks! Do you not think them a happy couple?" sweetly.

Nellie's face was indeed illumed tonight, but the happy light in the deep blue eyes and the delicate flush on the cheeks were not brought there by Gus Burns.

She tried to appear interested with the anecdote her con, nion was relating, but all the time sae kept saying to her-

"Will he never come? Oh, how I long to see him! If he only gives me a chance to show him how I have changed. "Happy couple!" exclaimed Louis,

making a bad attempt to appear unconcorned. "Are-are they engaged?" Then looking at him reproachfully: "Can you ask? Do not their faces tell

Louis Temple groaned inwardly. He forced a smile to his lips, and turning to

Jennie, asked: "Are you engaged for this waltz? I should enjoy it so much!"

"She shall not have the laugh on me at any rate;" and he waitzed away gayly with Jennie. Nellie saw the smiling face so near

She begged of her companion to be ex cused. She must get somewhere by her-

At last she reached the conservatory, and sinking down on a bench in a quiet, secluded spot, she gave herself up to

How long she had been there she never could tell. At last she was startled by a well-known voice exclaiming: "Gus, I suppose you will except a

friend s congratulations!" "Congratulations?"-bewild-ringly. "Yes, Gus, upon your approaching marriage with Nellie Graverson."

"Marriage-Nellie Graverson! Upon my word, Tom, you take one's breath away. I am not going to be married," Then going straight up to his friend

and looking him in the eyes: "The—the fact is, old boy, I thought you all solid there. What ever came be-tween you two? I thought if ever a

fellow idolized a girl, you did her."
"Yes, Gus, I did love that girl, and (I am ashamed to confess it) I love her ill. Only—only—"
"Only what?"—grasping his hand

sympathetically. "Only she did not love me. Gus," he burst forth, "if you value peace of mind, never trust a woman."

"Poor fellow! There goes the music, Lou, and I must go and hunt my partner. Will have a long talk with you to-morrow," and he hurries off, heartily sorry for his friend.

Nellie leaned against the bench for support. He loved her still! Oh, if he only knew. But no, it was impossible. She could never tell him; no, a thousand times no! yet she would-

In an instant she stood before him, her face flushing and paling alternately, and the jeweled hands were clinching and unclinching nervously.

She raised her eyes to his beseeching-ly, and again let them fall on her clasped

"tireat heavens, Nellie, why do you look at me like that? you madden me. Have you not made me suffer enough?" he asked in a low hoarse voice.

Her lips quiver piteously. He must have read something enconraging in the downcast face and quivering lips, for he clasped the tall figure in his arms.

"My darling, you did not mean what you said two years ago, did you?" and ne looked at her earnestly.
"No, no, Louis. God knows how I

have repented, since having uttered those heartless words. Can—will you ever forzive me?"

For answer he kissed the penitent face so near his own. As they entered the ballroom, a half hour later, two pairs of eyes noted the

bean ne 'ace. (was ubilant. And Jennie Lambert ground her white teeth together in impotent rage, and in her disappoint-ment she hated her cousin more bitter

-He: "Speaking of their marriage. think they both made a very good match." She "How can you say so? Why, she's brimstone personified, and he's a perfect stick." He: "Brimstone and a perfect stick—precisely the essentials to a good match."

LILLIAN'S LOVER S.

"Lillian! Dear little Lillian!" She lifted her head, and her shy brown eves met those of the speaker. A dan-gerously handsome man, Lloyd Middle-ton knew how to use his power, and the childish little creature whose soft eyes drooped before his gaze, was a woman

orth winning. For Lillian Raleigh was the only child of a very rich man, who fairly wor-shiped his motherless daughter; an ! Lillian had never known care, or a wish ungratefied. But her guardian angel must have trembled to see her so conpletely in the toils of the man at her

It was a pretty scene. A long stretch of sandy white beach; the dancing waves of a romantic Southern lake roll ing in at their feet, as they sat beneath the shade of a wide-spreading oak tree; while "the old, old story was told again."

"You love me, Lillian?" A vivid crimson flew into her fair cheeks. She turned her head away, but her small hand trembled. Lloyd Middle ton raised it to his lips, as she mittered

"My darling!" he whispered, in his eyes a look of triumph.

There was no room for doubt. Every look and action betrayed Lilian Raleigh's heart. She loved him with all the strength of a first love-wild, unreasoning—and she would love him until death came, or that which is worse than

death-disillusion. He bent his head, and the bold eyes gazed into her face. "May I speak to your father, Lillian, and beg him to give me his treasure?" the soit, seductive voice went on.

A richer tinge of crimson overspread the gir ish face, but there was consent in the soft brown eves which met his for an instant, then drooped again. He stooped and kissed the sweet red lips. "Heaven bless you, my uarling!" he

wh spered.

And Lillian went straight to paradise, and remained there half an hour perhaps, which is more bliss than most mortals are permitted to experience.

The awakening came in the shape of a pretty boat, which bounded over the waves like a white-winged bird; it's sole occupant, a man of so se five-and-twenty years, with a thoughtful face, and kindly gray eyes. Those eyes fell upon the pair beneath the oak tree, and he began at once 'tacking' for shore.

Lloyd Middleton frowned darkly.
"Confound the fellow!" he muttered
behind his heavy black mustache. Turning to Lillian, he observed, with as much carelessness:
"There's Tom Hunter coming to land!

Lily, he does not like me-he never did! Don't let him become between us, my darling!

One quick, impetuous glance from the big, brown eyes, and Lloyd Middleton was satisfied She loved him, and she was as true as The boat drew near, and Tom Hunter's

clear voice called gayly:
"Come, Miss Lillian. I want to take
you for a sail! You know you promised me the pleasure!"

Again that frown darkened Lloyd Middleton's handsome face.

"Ge if you wish it, Lillinn," he said in a low tone. "I can trust you. For I know that he is going to try and preindice you against me. You will be true!"

His eyes flashed with a steely glitter. Jennie's and a sharp pang shot through Tom Hunter assisted Lillian in upon a cushioned seat.

Lloyd Middleton touched his hat.

Will you come, Middleton ?" asked "No. Thanks, very much. Good-bye,

Lillian. Don't remain out too long. He turned away and sauntered down the beach, calmly oblivious of the glance of contempt from Tom Bunter's gray eyes, quite well satisfied that that gentle man would now understand that he had a right to control Miss Raleigh s actions. An angry flush shot athwart Tom's cheek for an instant as the little boat shot away from shore.

"Lillian Tom's voice broke the silence. "What right has that fellow, Middleton, to dictate to you or attempt to control your actions? Oh, Lily, Lily, you are so

dear to me!" "Hush!" She was trembling like a frightened bird. "You must not -speak to me in that way-Tom-Mr. Hunter! "Oh, Heaven! I am too late then?

Lilly, for pity's sake, tell me it is not true! Lillian Raleigh, answer me; this is no time for idle words, or apologies for plain speaking. I have known you all your life, and I must learn the truth, face the worst though it kill me. Tell me, are you engaged to Lloyd Middleton? Are you his promised wife?"

The shy brown eyes meet his with a fearless gaze. the was brave in defense of her lover.

"If papa consents," she returned slow-ly, "I shall marry Mr. Middleton." "Gol help you!" cried Tom Hunter, ervently. "No, no! don't be angry.

fervently. "No, no! don't be angry. Miss Raleigh—you must be Miss Raleigh to me now, I suppose—but oh! my little friend, how can I see you marry a man so base as he?"

"Take me home, Mr. Hunter, if you She was pale with indignation, her brown eyes flashing fire.

Tom sighed sadly; but he turned his boat homeward, and not another word was spoken until they reached the shore. Then he turned and faced her—pale and

"Lillian, listen to me just one mo-ment!" he cried wildly. "I must speak, though you will kill me with your indig-nation. Lillian Raleigh, that man Mid-dieton is a fortune-hunter. Let him once believe you poor, and my word for t, you would never see him again! Lily, I am telling you this for your own good-

"Good-evening, Mr. Hunter!"
And Lillian, trembling with anger,
white as the dress she were, hastened up

the beach and back to the hotel. That very night, the engagement be-tween Miss Lilian Raleigh and Lloyd Middleton was sanctioned by her father (who could not refuse his darling anything upon which she had set her heart, and it was forth with publicly announced.

One morning at breakfast, a few days later, a telegram was handed to Mr. Rai-

He glanced it over, and very pale, and trembling tau.y he arose from the table and sought be own apartment. table and sought his own apartment.

Half an hour after and a message to Lloyd Middleton requested him to call at Mr. Raieigh's rooms.

He obeyed at once. Only to have that gentleman hand the telegram which he had received through the open door, and

tersely bidding him read it, closed the door once more. The telegram was short and to the

"To Mr. John Raleigh:
Chadwicke & Powell, cotton house,
New Orleans, closed. Come at once.
W. L. Janwa,
thought Law."

Lloyd Middleton marched to his own room white as a ghost, with that sip of yellow paper crumpled tightly in his han i, in his eyes * Da I look.

For he knew that John Raleigh's for-

tune had been invested with the business house of Charwicke & Powell, and ruin for one meant ruin for all. Two hours later Mr. Lloy 1 Middleton

come down stairs.

Mr. Raleigh had taken the first train to New Orleans, leaving Lillian in charge of some triends. Lloyd Middleton found his fair be-

trothed alone upon the beach at their old tryst.ng-tree. She hastened to greet him, her sweet face flushed, a tender light in her brown eyes, both hands extended in eager wel-

"Oh, Lloyd! I was afraid that you ere ill! What is the matter, dear?" He had not touched her hand; he was gazing into her white face with stern,

"Miss Raleigh," (how coll his voice was!) "I have just heard of your father's failure in business. I love you madly, but it would be folly—madnes, for us to marry, both being poor. I regret it with all my heart, but-I give you back your Her beautiful face was set and stern,

her dark eyes blazed.
"You are a coward," she panted, "and
I am saved from a fearful fate! Good-

bye, Mr. Middleton." And she let him alone.

John Raleigh returned in a few days and took his daughter away. They went North for a pleasant trip,

and up in the White Mountains they ea countered Tom Hunter. Lillian was surprised to find how welcome was the sight of his honest face.
"Where is Middleton?" asked Tom,

after a few pre iminaries. Lillian's eyes flushed.
"I do not know," she made answer. "Tom, you were right about him, and I was an awful simpleton. It was my money that he wanted, and when he heard that it was gone he—"

She hesitated. "I understand," interposed Tom. "Oh, Lillian, if there were only a hope for me. I did not dare speak out before when you were rich and I a poor nobody. But, darling, I love you, and I am willing to work hard for you if only-only-She laid her hand in his, Lillian

Raleigh knew her own heart at last. When Mr. Raleigh heard the news, he gave his hearty consent. "Oh, dear," he exclaimed merrily, "won't Middleton be surprised and chagrined when he finds out the truth?

fom, old fellow, I lost very little in the failure of Chalwicke & Fowell. I had withdrawn most of my interest from that firm some weeks before its failure. y sole loss was not two thousand, and illian here is heiress to half a million in her own right. I rather think Middleton will be a little disappointed when he hears the truth.
Disappointed! I should think he was.

He went to Europe not long after, and the next news that reached his friends was his marriage to the daughter of a Jew money-lender, a woman tabulously rich and faoulously ugly. And he leads

a life, they say. Ah, well, it serves him right. And The boat's keel grated upon the sand : Lillian an Tom, happily married now, scarcely give him a thought. He is not

"Water, Water Everywhere." An optimistic person predicts that the beverage of the future will be water. When that day comes, in this life, the temperance orator will have considerable difficulty to find a "frightful example" to accompany him on his tours. A man ran't become a "frightful example"—a dil pidated, health-shattered sot - on

Wondrous Perspicacity.

"Temporary suicide by a man unknown while in an unsound state of mind," was the somewhat peculiar verdict returned by Coroner's jury the other The officer of the Crown rubbed his crown and sighed. All these jurers are passing through the world as fairly sane folk, and perhaps they are on ordi nary occasions. People often get mixed at "Crowners' ques s."

Most Likely to be Read. "I should really like to write something that would be read after I am dead," said a literary man who had had little success with his recently published works. "We'l, what's the matter with your writing your will?" replied a friend. "I'll see that it is read after you are gone."

Sending Far for Cheap Labor. The painting in the dome of the Capital at Washington is the largest in the world, and cost \$50,000. The unfinished frieze work at the base of the dome was completed by an Italian artist who was employed by the government at \$10 a day. Those in charge sent a long way for a cheap man .- Atlanta Constitu

A Geographical Solecism. "Mamma, what is color-blind?" asked

"Inability to tell one color from another, my dear." "Then I guess the man that made my geography is color-blind, because he's got Greenland painted yellow."

A Cruel Implication,

"Whenever I hear anything I don't understand I always go to the encyclo-

"Ah! And where do you keep your encyclopædia?"

"Why, at home, of course."

"H'm! What a home body you must

A Change of Sentiment. Broker (curb-stone, coming into New street saloon, briskly :- "Yellow label cocktail and a crab, Billy !" Billy begins to fondle ingredients.
Brooker (looking at ticket)—"Hold on, old man! Make that a beer and a cheese sandwich!"

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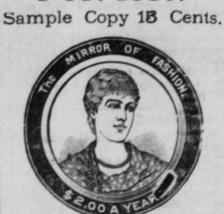
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