The vexed Indian question was never more

brightly and pointedly stated and discussed than in the following sketch abbreviated from Harper's Young People:

I am a joily little Indian papoose. I keep per the close to my mother. She does not pretty close to my mother. She does not often like to face a responsibility of my size, but she will shoulder it any time, and so we are bound together by the strongest

When I am at home I live in a wigwam which mother and I built. We made it of poles covered with bark and skins. We built it together. Mother did the work, and built it together. Mother did the work, and I backed her up heavily, and between us both we pulled through without interrupting father, who was busy sitting around basking in the sun and smoking. He works at basking and smoking and eating nearly all the time when he is not sleeping, unless there should be a war or a hunt; then he

bes off with a gun.
Mother and I do all the rest of the work; we plant and hoe and harvest the crops; we grind the corn between stones, or pound it in a mortar; then we make it into cakes, and roast them in the fire for father to eat. Mother does it, but I keep right around after

her, and see to it all. Sometimes we have nothing to eat-roots, Sometimes we have nothing to eat—roots, berries, acorns, everything gives out. Then we start for the Agency to get rations. It is a long tramp, but I don't mind it, for mother does the walking. We form a procession of two—a double header. Mother heads the front and I head the rear. As the column moves forward I go ahead backward like a born leader of the hindmost, and I pass everything on the road that is not going my way. Of course I can not see what I am coming to till I am going away from it, and I can't dodge it till it is past. That is what comes of going ahead back-

My people are pretty much like me. The old Mother Government straps them upon a board and shoulders them around from one place to another. If she hears them moan with hunger, she feeds them: if she sees them shiver with cold, she blankets them; when they shrick and kick with rage, she beats them. She lets them live on hind side of somewhere till somebody else wants it, and then she bundles them off to the other side of nowhere which nobody

White men who stay home and make books say my people are dying out; but white men who look around and count say my people are living on, as many as ever.
Oh! it is chaps like me that keep the Indian
question going. There are thousands upon
thousands like me, but we are always on the
hind side and looking backward.
There are thousands while belief who

They say there are white babies who are carried upon their mothers' hearts and next to their cheeks; these babies always look forward, and everything starts small and grows large and comes toward them, and they can catch it if they want it. These babies have their eyes and ears trained to find out what is coming, their foreheads bulge out to meet future events, and their noses are sharpened upon them as they whiz by. So these babies grow to be strong men.

Oh, old Mother Government, take up my poor people and bear them upon thy heart! seed them with the milk of human kindness; give them justice, and teach them, by exam-ble, the law of love. Then shall my people li't up their heavy hands; they shall "look forward, and not backward, up and not down, and lend a hand."

Where Weeds Come From.

It is a question which will probably never be satisfactorily settled, whence come the seeds of the plants suddenly found starting up in out-of-the way and desert places where none of their kind has ever been seen before. For instance, a space may be cleared away in the centre of a great forest, many

miles from cultivated fields or clearings of any kind, and no sooner does the sun enter than various plants, hitherto unknown to the place, are found springing up everywhere. The common are-w these sudden growths, and chickweed, burdock, and the dandelion are generally far behind. It is not difficult to understand how the dandelion seeds might be conveyed to these isolated spots on the wings of the wind, but it is not so easy to explain the appearance of the other plants. It seems as it the seeds of some of them must have been waiting in the ground, perhaps for centuries, for the right conditions of growth. No sooner are the trees and other forest growths sooner are the frees and other forest growns awept away than the strangers appear from the ground as easily and naturally as though it had always been their home. Up springs the fire-weed in dense array, silver-leaf and the liver-wort close upon the heels of the wilder forest plants, as much as to say. "Well, if you are not going to occupy this ground, we might as well have a chance." Various theories have been propounded to assount for this curious upspringing of pis. is. One is that the seeds of the plants have been lying dormant in the dants have been lying dormant in the ground for time out of mind, waiting, as it ground for time out of mind, waiting, as it were, for the summons to appear in the direct beat of the rain and the sunshine, but this theory will hardly stand the test of rigid inquiry. Another explanation, and perhaps the most plausible of all, is that the new growth is brought about through the agency of these common carriers the the agency of those common carriers, the birds and the winds. But this explanation does not fully satisfy the queries which are raised by this phenomenon of nature.

The Highest Compliments in Montana.

Luther Lafin Mills, ex-State's Attorney, has been out in the mountains of Montana. After his arrival at Butte City he was anxious to see one of the characters which has given the West a literature peculiar to itself. He didn't have far to walk, for the ountains run right down into the streets of Above a crown of snow, regal in the Butte. Above a crown of show, regat in the sun the year out; below the treasures which make men everything except contented, Mr. Mills came upon one of those miners in whose grasp there was something higher than any "order" ever gave. Having stopped the old man and looked into his face, that appeared as honest as the hills, Mr. Mills said:

"I am looking for a man by the name of Yed Smith. Do you know anything about him, sir ?"

"Is he a friend of your'n?" was the quick "I hope he is," replied Mr. Mills.

The old man looked the Chicago lawyer in the face just a moment, and answered: Well, stranger, I know him. And he'll stand without hitchin'."

That was a tribute from the heart. Education would have spoiled the thought.

Why the Crow is Black.

The Indians of the extreme Northwest have some very remarkable legends about the creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious is that which ac-counted for the raven coat of the crow. One tight, while making a tour of his dominious, right, while making a tour of his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and verged for a lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but, ou count of the scarcity of water, he refused to ree him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to look for water, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum-wood apon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke as sped, but the Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow smally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.

MEMORIES OF BEECHER.

Some Examples of His Sympathy, Humor and Brilliancy.

The following extracts are selected from the Beecher Memorial, a little volume edited by Mr. Edward W. Bok, Brooklyn, and composed of short tributes to Henry Ward Beecher's memory and delineations of his many-phased nature by a number of distinguished men and women, many of whom were intimate friends of Mr. Beecher. Says

Many a long ride had we together in the rail-cars, going to great distances. His an-ecdotes never gave out, and we never had so good a time together as when we got into discussions in which we were diametrically opposed. He on the way to Cincinnati, and I on the way to Chicago, while nearing Pittsburgh, he said to me: "Talmage, you don't know anything about mathematics." I said to him, "I know as much about them as you do." So we went into competitive examina-tion on the "multiplication table," and he tried "eight-times," and broke down, and I tried "nine-times," with similar discomfiture.

We then agreed never again to make any allusion to the subject of mathematics.

Charles Dudley Warner thus describes a remarkable intellectual tilt, in which Mr. Beecher successfully defended himself gainst overwhelming numbers:

Mr. Beecher on the platform, and excitedeither by opposition, which roused the lion in him, or by the cause, which evoked the deepest emotions of his soul—was a marvel. I heard him deliver once one of the foundation discourses on preaching to the theological students at Yale. It was an address of very considerable power, suggestive, reminiscent, witty, full of the wisdom of experience; but the great intellectual display came afterward, when he said that he would try to answer any questions put to him. Of all people to ask uncomfortable and insoluble people to ask uncomfortable and insoluble questions, I suppose that young theological students, freshly familiar with all the dogmatic niceties and doubts of the books, are the most troublesom; and Mr. Beecher, who always freely laid himself open by great breadth of statement, was a most delightful target for their ingenuity. The first question keyed him up to the keenest enjoyment of the situation. For some three-quarters of an hour he stood there, alert, excited, but never more completely master of all his powers, and replied to the questions thrust at him from every side in rapid succession at him from every side in rapid successionquestions of every conceivable sort, in theory, practice and speculation. His re-plies were always brief, and they came as quick as a flash of lightning. I never saw before or since—for it seemed as if you could see his mind flash—such an intellectual dis-play. He was witty, sarcastic, subtle, hu-morous; his replies went to the mark like a bullet; they were commonly the very essence of common sense. But the marvel was in the agility of his mind, turning instantly to a new question shot at him without warning, and without an instant's hesitation in his answer. The answer was not always a per-fect solution; when you thought it over, it was sometimes a witty evasion which turned the laugh upon the interlocutor, but it was a flash that did the work for the moment per-

And Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins) brings out before us the pre-eminent and

compelling sympathy of the man: In all of his humor, Mr. Beecher never harmed a human soul. His mirth was innocent and his wit was for a grand purpose.

The kind heart of Mr. Beecher, and the

effect of his sweet life upon humanity, can be no better illustrated than by a little inci-dent which happened one cold, wintry morn-ing, as the kind-hearted preacher was buying a newspaper of a ragged, shivering frish

"Poor little fellow!" sighed the sympathiz-ing clergyman, while his eyes moistened, "ain't you very cold?" "I was, sir, before you passed," replied the

Chopin's First Romances.

It was in 1820 that Chopin succumbed to his first love. Her name was Constance Gladkowska. She had blue eyes and yel hair, a charming presence, a clear and vibrant voice; she was prima donna at the Warsaw Opera House, and Chopin adored her. He was a sentimental and timid youth, however, and he appears to have left his passion unuttered, and to have departed-never to return—without a sign. Had he been less afflicted with adverses his life pright have been very different from that it might have been very different from what it might have been very different from what it was, for Mile. Gladkowska was not at all disposed to be severe, and Chopin might, Count Wodzinski opines, have won her for the asking. As he did not, she married some one else. Chopin, it may be added, was slow to replace her image with another s. It was not until 1835, when he conquered a position as one of the first of European virtuosi, that he fell a victim for the second time. She was a great lady (Count Wodztime. She was a great lady (Count Wodz-inski gives not her name but her initial only, which is identical with his own,) but Chopin and she had known each other for years. Her brothers had been inmates of years. Her brothers had been inmates of the Pension Chopin; from the first the little pianist had been a frequent visitor at Sluz Ewo, where Marie (her name was Marie) lived; and she herself had taken lessons of him—was, indeed, the first pupil he ever had. Since then, however, a great deal had happened. The Polish insurrection had burst forth and been trampled out: Marie and her family were in exile and Chopin, as we have said, had conquered recognition as one of the first of living pianists and one of the most original and charming of living musicians. They met this time in Dresden, where Marie was in residence with her uncle the Palatine, and a year or so afterward at Marienbad. Chopin put his fortune to the touch and lost it all. at his fortune to the touch and lost it all. They might, it seems, have been happy but for Marie's people! The Palatine, however, was not musical enough to bestow his niece upon a mere pianist, even though that pianist was Frederick Chopin, and in 1837 Marie married a certain Count Skarbeck, from whom she was presently divorced.

Composing a Poem.

The poet Halleck, the auther of "Marco Bozzaris," used to keep his poems by him a long time, that he might give them the last and happiest touches. Possessing a tenacious verbal memory, he composed his poems without committing them to writing. He revised them in the same manner, murmuring them to himself as he walked the streets of New York, or rambled in the country. Mr. William C. Bryant, in his address on Halleck's life and writings, told this story illustrating the poet's habits of composition:

"I remember that once, in crossing Washington Park, I saw Halleck before me, and quickened my pace to overtake him. As I drew near, I heard him crooning to himself what seemed to be lines of verse, and as he threw back his hands in walking. I perceived that they quivered with the feeling of Composing a Poem. ceived that they quivered with the feeling of the passage he was reciting.

"I instantly checked my pace and fell back, out of reverence for the mood of in-spiration which seemed to be upon him, and fearful lest I should intercept the birth of a poem destined to be the delight of thousands of readers."

There are those who still read Halleck's poems. "Marco Bozzaris" remains a favorite of declaiming school boys, because they admire the gracefulness of the diction, and the melody of the words, and the transparent clearness of expression which allows the thought to enter the mind undimmed or undirected.

These qualities, not so marked in modern

These qualities, not so marked in modern poetry as they should be, were not gained by hasty composition, but by patient revision, such as Horace commends.

"It is much harder work," said a learned judge, "to re-write an old opinion than it is to write a new one; but the old opinion is more likely to be a better one, and the work of revision is a mental benefit to myself."

GREELY IN BOSTON.

The Great Journalist's Impression Fifty Years Ago.

The Christian publishes the following among other letters written by Greely. It is dated Amherst. N. H., September 28th,

"Who says I can't go a visiting, luck or no luck, money or no money? If there are any off your way just walk them out here and let me talk to them. You see, jumped aboard the Boston, when I left you, and after a most nfernal night of ser-sickness, rough water, nd some rain, was landed at Providence on the next morning at 9. Rather a hard night, that same of Friday last. I could not go under shelter all night for sickness, though it showered some rain and a prodigious quantity of cinders on the deck where I was; but I had to stretch myself up against the side of the boat and hold my head over.

"We got into Providence in a cloudy, fog-

"We got into Providence in a cloudy, foggy, disagreeable morning, but I stayed till 1 o'clock and gave it a looking over. It is an inferior, ill-looking place, about half-way between Boston and Brooklyn in appearances. At one I took the stage for Boston, and dropped in at the Franklin House at half-past 8. The next day (Sunday), not being able to find my friend, I took the opportunity to give the renowned Literary Emporium a thorough running over. mporium a thorough running over. On the whole it does not equal my expectations. The streets are miserably narrow and crooked, and the houses are built without any regard to regularity. However, in the matter of taste and neatness, the houses sur-pass those of New York; and the situation

s superior in regard to airiness and pros-"One thing I could not help remarking-Sunday was really a Sabbath, as much so as in Poultney. This to a New Yorker looked singular enough, and so I remarked to one of the ladies belonging to the first circle of good society in Boston. It is because we are mostly Unitarians here, she answer-

ed. I bowed and was convinced. "You will not of course suppose that I allowed my anxiety to examine the capital of New England to prevent me from insteading to the pure milk of the word. Oh! no by no means. I walked into friend H. Balow's large church and larger congregations, and fistened to a couple of discourses, which were after his own fashion. They were such as you never heard, and probably never will. They were rather too high-toned, even for me-re-ainding me strongly of Hamlet's dialogue with Polonius on the subject of the slanders upon old men, of which I adopt the sentiment of Hamlet in reserence to the subject. All which, though I do most fully and potently believe, yet I hold it not fitting that it should be so set down, etc.

Middling kind o yours, H. GREELEY."

A Texas Story.

In the summer of 1860, on a hot night in July, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranch farther north, near Helena, Texas. As he passed down the banks of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day, about noon, a band of Texas rangers overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen. It was before the days of laws and court-houses in lexas, and one had better kill five men than teal a mule worth five dollars; and this perdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut his story short. offered to turn over all the cattle not his onered to turn over all the eattle not his own; but they laughed at his proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd in such cases, and that they usually left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others. The poor fellow was completely overcome. They consulted apart a few moments, and then told him, if he had any explanations to make or business to do, they would allow him ten minutes to do it

and to defend himself. He turned to the rough faces and commenced :-

"How many of you men have wives?"
Two or three nodded. How many of you men have children?" Two or three nodded "Then I know you'll hear me," said frightened herdsman; "I never stole your cattle. I have lived in these paris over three years. I came here from New Hampshire; I failed there in the fall of '57, during the panie. I have been saving; I have lived on hard fare, I have slept on the ground; I have no home here. My family ground; I have no home here. My family stay East, while I go from place to place. Days seem like months to me, and months like years; and, but for the letters from home"—here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife—"I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts;" and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgement. "I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good old mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it tenderly. "Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for doing what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much cent of, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle, when I am dead. Can't you send half their value? My family

"Hold on now; stop right there!" said a rough ranger. "I say, boys, he's no thief, That kind of man don't steal. We'll take our cattle and let him go. Give us your hand, old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free, but

"Let's do more than that," said a man in Texan garb and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt, "let's buy his herd, and let him go home now.

They did; and, when the money was paid over and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest stage route; and, as they shook hands when bidding him good-by, a happier band of men was seldom seen.

A Sicilian Breakfast.

It is safe to say that the sardines of Messina are not to be surpassed, though they may possibly be equaled. Like Greenwich whitebait, they are rather a specialty of the place. The waiter breathes a shrill whisper through the speaking tube which communicates from the ground floor to the kitchen. A satisfactory response comes very promptly in the shape of a faint sound of frizzling. As the whitebalt are merely immersed for some time in a wirework cage In boiling oil, so the sardines are sent up with startling celerity, considering the Italian habit of procrastination.

The tiny fish, delicately browned, are served on a soft bed of frizzled parsiey. By way of condiment, there is simply a sliced way of condiment, there is simply a sliced lemon, and the result is so tempting, so fragrantly appetizing, that you scarcely take time to disengage the fish from the bones. Should you have followed up the sardines by the veal cutlet the waiter will sure y have recommended, or by what he is pleased to call a filet, you will have cause to repent it, though the man is not to be blamed for auggesting them, as both dishes are popular with the ordinary patrons. If you are wise you have ordered green peas or asparagus, which seem to flourish in the Sicilian gardens all the year round. all the year round.

After these you can hardly do better than call for macaroni a la creme or with tomato sauce, having taken the precaution of warn-ing the cook to boil the macaroni sufficient-ly. Should the quals chance to be in, they ly. Should the quals chance to be in, they are sure to be plump and delicate; the chickens, which may be fried in sweet oil, are generally good and fat, though scarcely equal to the capons of Bresse, and for desert or indeed with the bourgeois soups, the granted Parmesan cheese is always delicious; while you may crown your repast in the early Spring with a profusion of magnificent mountain strawberries.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Our Per entage of Crimina's is Creater T an any Country in Europe.

In the United States to-day there are shout 2.500 jalis and prisons. Out of the 2., (a) persons annually arrested, 170,0.0 are co-victed and made prisoner for ionzer or shorter terms in these places of criminal confinement. If we show that 4.0 per an of these, which is a high estimate, are "repeaters." we will still have over 100, as namally introduced and broken into what moutally introduced and broken into what naw he icroses criminal experience and su-fering the passisment of a crimion. More then \$2000 0000 have been expended to building a dequipping these institution— Each year we expend over\$400, 50, 50 more for expenses of prisoners in jai. Add to this the value of \$56,000.00 more, paid by the governmen for arrests simply, and then \$20,000,00) more as interest on the capital invested, and even then we do not have the full

One would imagine that with this vast penal machinery, and expensive police, crime would be effectually repressed and property

perfectly protected. But the fact is far different. Each year the number of criminal increases more rapidly than the population. The young are not det rred, the vicious are not repressed, and crimes of the most revolting character are o frequent occurrence. Our percentage of crimina s is greater than that of any country of Lurope. It is greater than it was in our own country a decade ago.

These facts suggest the pertinent query whether there is not something radically wrong in our penal machinery, and whether it is not founded or operated upon a fallaunexpectedly deplorable results.

How Bohemian Glass is Colored.

The ornamcutation of the glass is done rartly in connection with the exposure in the iurnace, and partly in the finishing-snops, where the work is completed by cutting, polishing, tarnishing, etching, painting, and mounting in metal. The glasshouses have at their command a very complete color-scale for transparent, opaque and clouded glasses. But it must not be supposed that a crucible is placed in the furnace for each color, from which glass colored for each ornament is to be made The colors are worked out by means of what are called pastes, which are kept on hand in sticks or cakes. From pieces of these pastes previously warmed till they are soft, suitable mantities are cut off, laid upon the founds tion of white or colored glass, and then spread out by drawing or blowing. By this means only is an economical use of such costly materials as gold and silver composi-tions possible. Some of the glasses thus treated-gold, copper, and silver glasses-remain still little, or not at all, colored after the melting, shaping, and quick cooling: and do not take on their bright bues till they are reheated. This is the case with the ye low-silver glass, which continues un-colo ed after the intermelting of the silver alt until it is exposed in the farnace again Very fine effects are produced by blending or overruning of the paste-colors provided proper attention is given to the laws of har-A blue glass cup is, for example overlaid with silver glass at its upper edge and this is drawn down in gradually thinne ones till it fades away at the foot of the vase Gold and copper raby-colors are thus combined with green glasses etc. Another brilliant effect is produced when a still hot bulb of glass is rolled in finely pulverized aventurine glass, and after this is melted, and previous to the shaping of the vessel, is oversaid with a coating of either colore : or colorless gla s.

A Sad Mistalie.

The masculine girl makes the common error of confounding notoriety with popuerity. She does not see that though men are amused by her slangy manner they are de more respectful and courseous there She only sees that she is a favorite with a that she always has partners and coand is invited every where. Men are at their ease with her; but, be assured there is a mighty difference between the girl one loats and smokes with, and the girl one prefers for a wife or a mother. The very tashion that in moderation was charm-ing, in excess is disagreeable. The slangy, lolling, sprawling men-hunters—and some girls of the period are little more than that— have spoiled the liberty which it was deightful to see woman accepting in modera-ion. There is a liberty that makes us free, and a liberty that makes as slaves, and the or s who take liberties with modesty of peech and manner, and who cross well over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more slavish than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the very means taken to gain it. There is one young woman who has been a belle for two winters. One day she remarked to the writer that now she was obliged to do the marketing: that her mother had al-ways done it but 'at last ma kicked.' When the writer said to a friend of a young woman, that she would not get married for several years unless she changed her manners, he was told that she received more attention than any girl in her set. Nevertheless, that young woman has had two seasons and is still disengaged. She is a type of the short-sightedness of some of her sex. She has men about her in plenty, and 'she shall have music wherever she goes, but men are bet-ter than they appear. At bottom men love kindliness, gentleness, modesty, purity in act and thought in women.

Carbolic Acid on the Field of Honor.

A triumph of autiseptic surgery which was probably unforeseen by Sir Joseph Lister is recorded by the French papers. As is well known, the duello still flourishes among our neighbors with a vigor that would have de-lighted Captain Bobadil. As a rule, honor is very easily satisfied in these encounters, and all the scientific thrusts and lunges end usually in wounds which are well within the range of minor surgery. It appears, how-ever, that in a recent affair of honor the principals, who "meant business," ran each other completely through the body. Great, therefore, was the amazement of their friends to see both the heroes of the fray walking about a few days after as if nothing had happened. This fortunate result is attributed to the fact that the surgeon who was in attendance on the ground had taken the precaution to dip the swords in a strong solution of carbodic acid before they were used. This humane idea might possibly be still further improved upor, and the combatants might be compelled to fight in suits of antiseptic gauze and protective, and under a cloud of carbolic spray. The sterilization of pistol bullets may follow, and the impetuous politicians on the other side of the Channel will then be able to indulge in their favorite recreation with even less risk than at pres-

And the Cock Crew.

Why should cocks figure on the tops of steeples? Christians connect the custom with the reproach the cock once conveyed to St. Peter. But the cock used to be placed on the tops of sacred trees long before it was transferred to church steeples, and in North Germany it still stands upon the Maypoles. It was partly a watchman and partly a weither prophet, and by its crowing it could dispense evil spirits and all approaching calamities. Its life was sacred in India and Persia, and Cicero weaks of the ancients regarding the killing of a cock as a crime equal in blackness to the sufficeation of a father. Our weather cocks are doubtless the survival of these old ideas. Why should cocks figure on the tops of

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