

# The New Racket.

No. 9 and 11, CROKER EX., BELLEFONTE, PA.

### Eleventh Semi-annual Clearance Sale

Thursday, Jan. 9th to

Saturday, Feb. 1st Inclusive.

#### SPECIAL OFFERINGS

In every department of the big store. If U do your trading in Bellefonte U won't do Uself justice if U buy before looking through The New Racket.

G. R. SPIGLEMYER, SHERIFF SPIGLEMYER, JR.

## CORRESPONDENTS DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from 7th page.)

#### COBURN ITEMS.

Mrs. George Wert, of Frogtown, is seriously ill at her home. At this writing she is improving slowly.

Miss Hartman, a very pleasant young lady from Millheim, visited her many friends at this place, last week.

Joseph Page, of Linden Hall, was visiting W. H. Meyer on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Wingard shot a large wild-cat last week.

Miss Verney Meyer, Miss Norah and Annie Kerstetter, attended the musical convention in Georges Valley last week.

Miss Annie Lambert, of this place, was visiting at Rebersburg over Sunday.

Gus P. M. and wife, arrived home Monday evening from a visit in Lancaster.

Mrs. John Weaver is on the sick list at present. Hope he will soon be able to be about again.

Andrew Harter and wife left for York county Thursday morning. They made a visit to their son, Dr. Harter, of Maytown.

J. Garbrick and wife, of Bellefonte, were visiting at Thos. Meyer's on New Year. A turkey is what brought them down from Bellefonte.

Miss Gingerich, of Linden Hall, spent a few days at Coburn, and was the guest of P. H. Stover.

John Rote is on the sick list at present. We hope he will soon be able to be about again and not be honed up.

Invitations will soon be out for a wedding in this community. Guess who it is.

On New Year a number of fanatics from Millheim were seen on our streets. The parade was well gotten up.

The Lutherans of this place are having a week of prayer.

John Hoffe is doing a rushing business in grain and coal, the last two or three weeks.

John Seiler, of Virginia, made a business trip to Coburn last week.

Ed. Robinson went to Pittsburg Monday evening.

#### PINE GROVE MILLS.

Mr. Earnest Musser, of Belssera, Ohio, has been the guest of Mrs. Eliza Musser, on Main street, for several days.

Mr. William Musser, Jr., contemplates starting for Illinois this week.

Mr. Jessie Piper spent the holidays with his parents, at Alexander.

**CHOPPING WOOD:**—Several of our boys left on Monday for the purpose of chopping paper wood for the Tyrone paper mill. Their camp is along the railroad from Penna. Furnace to Tyrone, near the Loveville crossing. We wish the boys success in their undertaking.

**GOOSE ROAST:**—One of the brilliant social events of the season, was a goose roast, at the hospitable home of John Gummo. But some of the young ladies seem to think that it was not a very social affair, as there were no ladies invited. All present were highly pleased with the excellent music furnished by the Reed and Meyer orchestra. Some fine solo's were sung by Mrs. Gummo and little girl; Ed displayed great skill in the use of the carving knife, and a wonderful capacity for goose. William Kepler filling the position of toast master in which some very interesting topics were discussed, followed by a number of others. The time for going home came but too soon, for all, feeling sorry that such occasions are so few and far between.

#### A Special Officer Now.

On Thursday Jesse Dawson, the mail Porter, was sworn in as a special Railroad officer. Dawson has instructions to arrest all persons who jump on the trains about the depot. He will enforce these instructions.

**HOOD'S PILLS** cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

#### MADISONBURG ITEMS.

Literary Society Organized—Lost her Purse—Dangersly Ill.

**DANGEROUS:**—Miss Rosie Hockman is at present confined to the house with diabetes, she is in a dangerous condition.

**TAKES THREE:**—Our friend, Thomas Wolfe, would like to get married, but it always takes two to make a bargain and sometimes three. In this case it takes at least, three.

**PURSE LOST:**—Last week, while Mrs. Geo. Botdorf was returning from Smith Bro's. store, she missed her pocketbook, she went back immediately but could not find it. The purse contained \$6.05 and is quite a serious loss to one of her circumstances.

**LITERARY SOCIETY:**—The schools have organized a literary society. There will be a regularly prepared program rendered each Friday evening, including a debate. The question discussed on Friday evening was, resolved: "That the farmers of to-day have more advantages than he had thirty years ago." It was decided in the affirmative.

#### WOODWARD ITEMS.

Cutting and hauling ice is the most important business of the people of this place.

Miss Ida Long, of Frogtown, who had been working at this place for some time, took ill on Sunday evening in church. She left for home on Monday.

Samuel Bierly, who had been going to school at this place, left for his former home, Kreamerville, on Monday.

Whenever our town is started by an explosion of dynamite, we take it as an evidence that our runaway neighbor is at home.

If you wish bargains in the line of leather and gum foot wear go to L. D. Orndorf. He is closing out stock and is selling at bottom prices.

#### Osceola and Forrest.

Many years before the civil war, when Forrest was filling an engagement in Charleston, playing nightly to large and enthusiastic audiences, I was a mere lad and was wild with delight when the night came that I could go to hear him.

In the audience was the Indian chieftain Osceola and half a dozen of his braves, who were then captives. They had been pining in confinement, and prompted by the humane motive of affording them some diversion the authorities took them to hear Forrest play.

His grand looks and majestic figure caught the copper hued auditors at once, and they appeared entranced from the very outset. Forrest soon observed the strange group and immediately formed a design to interest them particularly.

Forrest, in the midst of a stirring scene, he emitted an Indian war whoop. It fairly electrified his audience, and the effect on Osceola and his party was magical. Jumping to their feet instantaneously, they gave back an answering whoop that rent the air with its mighty roar and fairly chilled the blood of many a nervous hearer. Two or three ladies fainted.

The whole thing was so sudden, so strange and startling that it made a vivid and lasting impression on every soul in that assemblage. Forrest was frequently heard to recall the episode, and he was wont to declare that the action of those untutored warriors was the greatest compliment ever paid to his powers as an actor.—Washington Post.

#### His Fee.

B. F. Hamilton of Biddeford, Me., never talks much about his defense of an individual who was arrested and arraigned for breaking into a jewelry store and stealing a lot of watches. The court assigned the shrewd and energetic Biddeford attorney to defend the prisoner.

"I didn't do it," the prisoner told the lawyer. "I wouldn't do such a thing as that on my life. Really, Mr. Hamilton, I didn't do it. You can take my word as you hear me tell you, but I suppose they'll railroad me."

The trial was held before Judge Virgin. The prisoner was acquitted, and when he met his lawyer in the afternoon said to him:

"What is the amount of your bill?"

"Well, about \$100," replied the lawyer.

"Would you take \$25?" asked the free man.

"Well, that's better than nothing," said the lawyer, and he said, "Twenty-five it is."

They stepped outside, and the discharged man said to the lawyer, "Say, if you'll wait until I get to Boston so I can sell those watches I'll send you the \$25."

A week later Mr. Hamilton received his \$25.—Bangor Commercial.

#### Toole's Wasted Melody.

It was at St. Annes. Mr. Sims Reeves, the famous singer, was staying there, and Mr. Toole, the comedian, called to see him. Sims Reeves had gone out for a walk, and Toole strolled out to try to find him. "Under a sly tree comfortably seated with a newspaper," says Mr. Toole, "I saw my friend. He did not see me. I went quietly behind him and gave him a snatch of 'My Pretty Jane.' No response. So I thought I would rouse him up, and I began with an imitation of his forte style, 'Twain In Trafalgar Bay.' I had not finished when he turned round, with much amusement, and—it was not Sims Reeves!"—London Globe.

#### To Put Your Foot In It.

"To put one's foot in it" is an English country saying. After the milk is drawn from the cows it is commonly placed in large, flat pans and set on the ground to cool, in which position it is an easy matter for a clumsy fellow to put his foot in the pan.

#### AN ERUDITE BRAKEMAN.

A West Point Graduate Working His Way Up in the Railroad Business.

A rather grimy young man, in dusty corduroys and a stubby black beard, sat chatting with Freight Traffic Manager McCormick yesterday, says the Cincinnati Inquirer.

"Let me introduce Mr. Charlie Hine, a freight brakeman on our Chicago division," said Mr. McCormick.

Mr. Hine rose, and, acknowledging the reporter's greeting, put out his hand—he was shy a finger nail in the way of business as the result of his first month's experience on the road.

"Mr. Hine has resigned his commission as Lieutenant in the United States army to turn freight brakeman," continued Mr. McCormick. "He is a graduate of Washington High School, of the West Point Military Academy, and of the Cincinnati Law School. But he is ambitious and wants to graduate in the Big Four College. He is taking the operating department course and will go in for his examination and degree of superintendent one of these days."

The Enquirer published the announcement of Mr. Hine's resignation from the army a month or more ago. His old friends would hardly recognize him now. There is nothing of the trim and jaunty appearance left, and he has lost some pounds in weight while hustling local freight and twisting brakes, but he looks at you with determined eyes that smile cheerily and do not shift as he explains his position.

"My ambition is to be a superintendent," he says. "I have studied the theory, but I want the practice. Theory and practice combined produce the ideal condition in any profession, and in railroading, a profession which is comparatively new, nearly all the higher officers rose from the ranks."

"After the war there were thousands of educated men who came out of the service, and, finding themselves displaced in their old vocations, began life over again by taking subordinate positions on railroads. These men naturally rose, and now fill the official positions. I am simply doing for choice what many were forced to do by circumstances, that is all. There is nothing Quixotic about it."

"I suppose you didn't think there was enough danger in the profession of arms and thought that you would try freight braking?" asked the reporter. "The railroad companies killed or maimed nearly 35,000 employees in 1893, you know."

Mr. Hine smiled, and, glancing at his wounded finger, said that he "didn't propose to get killed or maimed if he could help it, but that was part of the game. I have just drawn my first month's pay, \$60.20," he added, "and I rather think that I earned it. My companions are good fellows and have received me very kindly."

"The work comes a little hard, but I'm not at all discouraged, and mean to go through with it. I have fallen through a cattle guard once and knocked off a finger nail and hustled freight, but it's all right; I knew what I was getting into when I began it."

The young man is 28 years of age, of spare figure, and it is evident that he is not very strong physically. He is a native of Virginia. He has no special influence or backing to bring promotion, and says that he doesn't expect it except as he earns it in the regular course.

#### A Mystery Explained.

The street-fight was almost over. One able-bodied gladiator lay prostrate on the sidewalk, and the other was enjoying the fruits of victory by kicking him in the ribs, while the crowd surged around to get a good view of the proceedings. Suddenly a figure appeared which caused strong men to hold their breath in astonishment.

It was a policeman! With a fixed gaze and unflinching step he advanced and laid his grasp on the shirt collar of the victor, who for a few seconds remained nerveless and paralyzed by the mysterious apparition, and then tearing himself away, fled down an alley with a cry of horror.

Award and silent, the crowd gathered round and gazed at the stern set face of the officer.

Suddenly a quiver passed over his features; he drew his coat cuffs several times across his eyes and looked helplessly about him.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

The mystery was explained at last. He was a sleep-walker.—Truth.

#### An Issue in Doubt.

Stranger—I was over to your courthouse to-day at the murder trial. I don't see why the jury deliberates so long; the prisoner proved a complete alibi.

Resident (Boomer-ton, Oklahoma)—Wal, I wouldn't like to gamble on the result. This is the first chance for a hangin' since the new jail's bin built, an' local pride's at stake!—Puck.

#### The Summer Girl Joke.

Of all the jokes the dearest That hangs on memory's wall, The old, old joke of the summer girl, It seems to be the best of all.

The ships have passed in the night time; Big sleeves are getting passe; Trilby has gone to the bow-wow, And bloomers have had their day.

We look with longing fondness At what we spruced last fall, And the old, old joke of the summer girl, Seems to be the best of all.

#### It Covered the Ground.

"The late editor's wife is something of a humorist."

"Indeed."

"Yes; took a line from his salutatory and placed it on his tombstone."

"What was it?"

"We are here to stay."—Atlanta Constitution.

A dog was advertised to play on a piano at a circus. When the time came for the dog to perform he got on a seat and began playing. Suddenly a wag in the crowd shouted "rats!" upon which the dog bounded off the seat. But the piano kept on playing.—Minneapolis Baptist.

#### CATTLE HORNS IN DEMAND.

They Are Highly Prized as Ornaments in the West.

Of the hundreds of thousands of cattle brought into Kansas City alive every year and either taken out dead or not taken out at all in any recognizable form, it is to be presumed that the majority have horns. These horns are not a part of the frozen, canned, corned or otherwise preserved carcasses of beef that leave the city in the unending procession of yellow freight cars.

Neither are they piled up anywhere in the packing-house district as they used to pile up buffalo bones out West awaiting the coming of the agents who bought them for fertilizers.

Then what becomes of the tons of horn that are brought into Kansas City every year through the medium of the stock yards?

While pondering this inquiry to himself a reporter for the New York Times stumbled upon some interesting facts concerning Kansas City's infant industries last week and incidentally discovered where at least a portion of the horns go to.

In the first place, it is not to be supposed that so utilitarian a business as that carried on within the walls of the big packing houses would suffer an important element to go to waste. Some one has said that when a steer enters the doors of a Kansas City packing house there is no part of him that is not put to some important use, except, perhaps, the animal's expiring bellow.

Even that may be utilized in time. At any rate, the horns of a Texas steer form no inconsiderable part of his fighting weight, and if they could not be put to some remunerative use the packers would soon insist upon having a little more steer and a little less horn.

Years ago, when Missouri was little more than a densely wooded wilderness, and Kansas did not exist, there was one article that the frontiersman invariably possessed. His hut might be lowly and of unwhewn logs, his bunk a miserable makeshift, and his table and chairs of the utmost simplicity, but by the door there hung the inevitable gunrack in the shape of a pair of branching antlers, and across these reposed the settler's trusty rifle.

In many cabins there were perhaps several magnificent pairs of antlers, and others could be had for the exercise of a little skill and courage.

But the passage of time and advancing civilization has changed all this. What then might be had almost for the asking has become an expensive luxury.

The rifle of the settler has given place to the umbrella or cane of the modern citizen. His primitive shot pouch and powder horn have had to make way in the front hall for the shining silk hat and immaculate gloves. But the demand for a rack is still active and unfulfilled. Only the citizen of the rural Southwest can no longer afford or is able to procure the proud antlers of the deer, and in their place is compelled to take the horns of a lowly and luckless steer.

#### No Collision Needed.

They were riding on a Detroit and Windsor ferryboat the other evening—and she—and some of the passengers noticed that their chairs were very close together.

That was nobody's business, however, and the boat continued to dance o'er the rippling waves like an antelope coursing the plains. By and by, as the great white moon suddenly hid her silvery face behind a cloud which came loafing along, the young man heaved a sigh and said:

"I wish we'd run into another boat!"

"Oh, my!" shrieked the golden-haired angel beside him as she choked over a gumdrop.

"Or another boat would run into us!"

"Oh, dear, how awful!"

Then the great white moon got further and further behind the loafing cloud, and the angel queried:

"Why do you wish for a collision?"

"Because it would throw you back on my shoulder, and then I should put my arm around you and—"

There was no collision, but her willowy form slowly swayed over until it rested on his shoulder-blade, and then his right arm stole and stole around her waist, and as he reached up his hand and took her peachy ear between his thumb and finger the old codger six feet away who had been trying to catch all they said turned away and remarked:

"If such things hain't stopped I'm goin' to quit riding on these 'ere boats!"—Detroit Free Press.

#### On Hand All Right.

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual.

"Bless papa and take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened.

"Never mind about it now, Lord, ended the little fellow, "I hear him down in the hall."—Albany State.

#### A True Genius.

Yabley—Who was it that said "genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains?"

Wickmire—I don't know who said it, but if it be true my wife is a genius. She never reads a patent medicine almanac without at once taking all the symptoms it describes.—Indianapolis Journal.

#### Too Realistic.

Brushie—That meadow picture of yours, "New Mown Hay," was a good one. Why didn't you exhibit it?

Ezel—It was too good. The cows got at it and ate it up.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Illustrated Daily.

Jiblet—What is meant by the common run of people?

Hilo—Suburbanites catching their morning train.—Boston Courier.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

#### Translators and Translations.

The translator is reported to be badly paid by the publisher, and this, to the general reader, naturally suggests inferiority in the nature of his wares. He is generally ranked among the unskilled workmen who hang about the market place of literature and are glad of odd jobs.

If this low estimate of the translator's services were confined to the general reader, it would matter comparatively little, but it is unfortunately too often shared by the translator himself. There are of course conspicuous exceptions, but for the most part the industrious writers who "do into English" much of the continental fiction read in this country would themselves readily disclaim any very close resemblance to Goethe's noble portrait of the "interpreter of the nations" whose office, "whatever may be said of the inadequacy of translation, is and remains one of the greatest dignity and importance." With the dignity of their office they are not concerned. They are ignorant of its importance, and the result is that foreign authors are constantly presented to us in a garb so slovenly that no company that was not essentially indifferent to the quality of literary workmanship would admit them at all.

Those who have given their attention to this matter have sometimes wondered why, in so benevolent a world, no one has yet attempted to organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to foreign authors. These persons do not indeed always belong to the class described by philanthropists as deserving, yet the wrongs inflicted on them and the innocent helplessness of their attitude should surely appeal to some generous soul.—Macmillan's Magazine.

#### Total Loss of Memory.

A very curious instance of those sudden and total losses of memory which raise such perplexing and appalling problems as to the nature of the personality of man is reported this week from Brighton. While sitting on the sea front a woman felt something break in her head. She thereupon became unable to tell her name, address or anything connected with her past life. She is at present in the Brighton workhouse, her contingent cry being, "Oh, shall I get my memory again?" Her clothing does not contain a single mark or initial whereby she might be identified. She is a respectably dressed woman, apparently fairly well to do. The following is her description: Age about 56; dressed neatly in black; appears to be a nurse or companion; well educated; wears a wedding ring.

We hold, and it seems to us are bound to hold, that the notion of a life beyond the grave which will be endowed with memory of this life is tantamount to annihilation. But if the state of this poor woman is permanent, then she has already suffered a sort of annihilation, though of course death may revive her lost faculty. Still, if she goes on living she will in effect be another person, and how are these two personalities to be linked and reconciled? In truth, the whole thing is one of the most shocking of mysteries.—London Spectator.

During the winter just past fresh cucumbers from Boston were a feature of the markets in the eastern cities. They were grown under glass in what is the largest hothouse vegetable producing plant in the world. The great feature of the work is that the vegetables are grown by electric light. The projector of this ingenious system of market gardening finds that it increases his profits 15 per cent. By this he means that the cucumbers and lettuce grow 15 per cent faster under the electric light than they would without its use. He employs the light at night from 1 o'clock from Nov. 1 to March 1. The light is fixed 30 feet above the glass.

By June 1 Atlanta will have finished the work on the buildings for the International and Cotton States exposition. Five hundred men have long been at work on them. Atlanta is more fortunate in the matter of climate than Chicago was. The reason that the work on the World's fair structures was so far behind was that the materials needed could not be shipped in time on account of cold weather.

Several recent legal decisions indicate that when a man is a low down, common thief he will get punished if he is caught, but if he occupies a high official place he may safely count on being whitewashed. Moral: Don't steal till you get into a very high office.

The Hawaiian republic should give its Japanese residents the right to vote and to enjoy full citizenship.

## Easy

To buy, easy to take and easy in effect, are characteristics peculiar to Hood's Pills. They are small, tasteless, and purely vegetable. They set gently but thoroughly and satisfactorily. They do not irritate or inflame the intestines, but leave them in natural, healthy condition. 25 cents.



# FAIBLES



It Is Just This Way!

You buy one of our 7.50 suits — you pocket from 3 to \$5.

You buy one of our \$10 suits — you pocket from 5 to \$8.

## Actual Saving in Cash

We show you the largest assortment; We show you better made goods; We show you better fitting goods; We show you a way to economize;

## Will You Trade with us?

Will you save money when you can? We await your presence for the answer.

# FAIBLES



## What Is Frog in Your Throat?

An innocent instantaneous remedy in tablet form, composed of eucalypti, eucalypti, licorice, hoarhound and wild cherry. They are useful in coughs, colds, hoarseness, "tickling," and soreness resulting from dryness of the throat and air passages. For "cleverness" sore throat, especially useful to singers, speakers, teachers and all voice workers. Price, 10 cents per box. Sold by the box, dozen or gross, at

## GREEN'S PHARMACY

Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

#### Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected weekly by Geo. W. Jackson & Co:

Red wheat, per bushel	65
Rye, per bushel	45
Corn, ears per bushel, new	35
Corn, shelled per bushel	38
Oats—new per bushel	28
Barley, per bushel	30
Buckwheat, per bushel	40
Ground plaster, per ton	9.50
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES & C. (as corrected weekly by Bauer & Co.)	
Apples, dried, per pound	04
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	18
Beans, per quart	60
Onions, per bushel	60
Butter, per pound	25
Tallow, per pound	08
Country Shoulders	70
Sides	10
Hams	12
Hams, sugar cured	13
Breakfast Bacon	12 1/2
Lard, per pound	07
Eggs, per dozen	20
Potatoes, per bushel, new	20
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10