

The New Racket.

No. 9 AND 11, CHURCH EX., BELLEFONTE, PA.

....2nd Week....

Of the Eleventh Semi-annual clearance sale—interest increasing—special bargains placed on our counters. It will pay U to kom and C. U will not be urged to buy.

100 ladies and childrens waterproofs at 50 cents. IF U can get in out of the wet for so small a price, had'nt U better do it quick.

"Nickle Plate," a wrapped laundry soap, 2 big bars for 5c; is the wonder of our soap department.

Genuine Jamestown Dress Goods, 36 inch width at 15c, in black, worth 35 cents. Black serge all wool 46 inches wide at 40 cents. 10 pieces new all wool dress goods, actual width 39 inches, at 30 cents, all popular shades and a thousand and one other bargains. Again we say, kom and C.

G. R. SPIGLEMYER, SHERM SPIGLEMYER, JR.

CORRESPONDENTS DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from 7th page.)

BOALSBURG.

Boalsburg was all life and stir last week. Many strangers, good music and any amount of good things to eat, is enough to enliven a town like this.

A MUSICAL CONVENTION.—The convention opened on Monday evening with about a hundred singers, the music was excellent from the beginning and the three sessions each day were well attended. Prof. Meyer very ably conducted the class. He was assisted by Annie Brooks as organist, and Miss May Myten, solo soprano. Miss Myten is a very fine singer and one of the best in Central Pennsylvania. There were singers from many parts of the county. The convention was a grand success—the receipts were up to former conventions. Boalsburg always enjoys a feast of song.

Misses May Reish and Norah Miller, returned home from a visit to friends in Altoona. They report having enjoyed their trip very much. Alvin Meyer, who has been attending Lock Haven Normal, returned to school on last Saturday.

Mr. J. P. Meyer, son of Wesley Meyer, died at his home on Sunday night. Interment on Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

ZION TALK.

ICE PLENTY.—The farmers are busy putting up their ice, which article is plenty, but rather precious—costing 50 cents per load. We think the railroad company should be a little more reasonable in their charges.

RECEPTION.—A very pleasant affair took place at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Wise last Thursday evening, it being a reception given in honor of her son Milton and wife. There were quite a number of guests present and they all had a good time.

NEW BLACKSMITH.—A stranger arrived at the home of Jacob Stine recently. Jake says it is a boy and he is going to make a blacksmith out of him.

Rev. Pines of the United Evangelical church, expects to start a protracted meeting in this place on next Monday evening.

There will be communion services in the Lutheran church next Sunday morning.

NEW OFFICERS.—The Grange, at this place, elected new officers, some of which will be installed on next Tuesday evening. They are also having a special meeting on Wednesday forenoon, the 22nd.

Mrs. Newton Brumgard, of Wolfs Store, visited friends and relatives in this community last Sunday.

FARM SOLD.—Mr. M. Corman has purchased the farm of Squire Shaffer, and expects to have it occupied by his son William next spring.

NEW ENGINE.—Gentzel and Eby expect to put a new twenty-five horse power engine in their chop mill. The engine they used is a thrasher engine and is too light for the work.

ANOTHER WEDDING.—There are rumors of another wedding in this vicinity. Let the good work go on.

The Court's Work.

Many people think the office of a judge a soft snap, but it is not so much so as they think. In Centre county the average list of criminal cases for trial at each term of court will aggregate at least twenty-five, and the civil list about forty. There are four regular sessions of argument court at which an average of probably fifty cases are disposed of each session. Then in addition there are hundreds of petitions, orders, rules, etc., to hear and pass upon. To do this and do it right, requires constant study and thought the whole year through.

WOODWARD GLEANINGS.

We were glad to see Dr. Harter, from Millheim, make a call in our town. He has also done some teeth extracting. Thos. Hosterman left this place on Saturday morning, for Philadelphia, where he will be engaged in the bakery work again. The debate on Friday, on the subject of "Art and Nature" was very interesting. The decision was made in favor of Art.

Protracted meeting has begun in the United Evangelical church. Mr. Tom Motz has an overcoat that is too large for him. Anyone desiring to have a fine overcoat can get it cheap. We are glad to hear that L. D. Orndorf is giving his attention to establishing a Racket store.

The P. O. S. of A. boys are busy getting out lumber for their hall, which will be built next summer.

Oddities of Marriage.

Half the weddings of the country are celebrated on Wednesday and Thursday. Saturday has more than the average number. Friday is not a favorite, as few marriages are celebrated on that day. Widowers are more inclined to marry than bachelors, and widows more inclined than spinsters. Both facts are eloquently in favor of the comparative advantage of matrimony. For one bachelor that marries between the ages of fifty and fifty-five, seven widowers remarry between these ages. These are marriages out of an equal number of each class; the actual number of bachelors married will be the greatest only in proportion as they exceed by seven to one the actual number of widowers living at these ages. Under the same conditions, for every spinster married between thirty and sixty-five, two widows are remarried.—Ladies Every Saturday.

A Romantic Marriage.

H. S. MacMinn, a well known DuBois citizen, was married New Year's at Unionville, Centre county, to Miss Cora Fisher, daughter of William P. Fisher. The Courtier says of the wedding: A thread of romance attaches to the wedding. Miss Fisher was here some time since, and prior to the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. McLean, and Mr. MacMinn meeting her, formed an attachment for her. During the courtship which ensued the parties who were yesterday united in marriage unexpectedly learned that they were acquainted in childhood's days and that their parents were formerly warm friends and closely connected.

Valuable Work.

We have received a copy of the new book entitled "Andrew Gregg Curtin. His Life and Services." The work is a beautiful volume edited by William H. Egle, M. D., and published by the Nevill Printing Company, of Philadelphia. The book is finely illustrated and contains articles written by ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, James A. Beaver, M. S. Quay, Governor Hastings and others most intimately associated with him during his life. The book is valuable for its historical associations and will be a handsome edition to any library.

Royal Arcanum Officers.

At the regular meeting Monday evening, January 13th, Bellefonte Council, No. 1050, Royal Arcanum, installed the following officers for the ensuing year: Regent, B. C. Achenbach; vice-regent, S. M. Buck; orator, Claude Cook; secretary, Charles Smith; treasurer, John Meese; collector, Robert Cole; guide, H. H. Schreyer; chaplain, Geo. L. Potter; Sentry, Harry Fenlon; past regent, C. D. Krider.

—Fifty different kinds of the finest taffies you ever saw; always on hand at Sourbecks.

R. R. Officers Elected.

At a regular meeting of the stockholders of the Central Railroad Company of Pennsylvania, held in Philadelphia on Monday, the following officers were elected: President, Walter L. Ross; vice president, Charles W. Wilhelm; secretary and treasurer, William J. McHugh; directors, Edward L. Welsh, Charles O. Kruger, C. M. Clement, Robert Valentine.

Take Notice.

All accounts due Samuel Lewins, recently sold out by the sheriff, are assigned to me, and those owing same are requested to call at store and make immediate settlement.

LOUIS FABIAN, Bellefonte, Pa.

Congratulations.

The announcement of the marriage of Hon. John Harbison Holt, of Moshannon, and Miss Mary Hewitt Denlinger, on Thursday, January 9th, 1896, at Tamaqua, Pa., was received. They will be at home after January 17, at Moshannon, Pa. Mr. Holt's many friends will join with us in extending hearty congratulations upon this happy event.

A Superintendent's Social.

The regular monthly social of the Lutheran Sunday school, will be held this evening at the home of William P. Kuhn, on East Lamb street. The refreshments will consist of chicken and waffles, ice cream and cake, fruits, etc. Supper at 5 o'clock and everybody invited to attend.

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

FARMERS MAKE MONEY.

They Don't Know It, but Secretary Morton Says So.

J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, believes that there is money in farming. He is a man of much wealth, and a great part of his fortune has come out of the soil. He is highly cultured and college bred, but he is as plain in his ways as was Abraham Lincoln, and he has practical ideas of men and things.

"It is not half as bad as it is painted," said the secretary. "The farmers are making as much money as any other people in the United States. They don't make as much as they formerly did. No business is doing that. Why, we used to get ten per cent. for money out West on gilt edged security. I have paid twelve per cent. myself, mortgaging the best of real estate to get it, and have made money out of it. You can now borrow all the money you want for six per cent. The people are now contented with small profits. It is the same in the mercantile business. The storekeepers used to growl when their profits were less than twenty-five per cent. They are now glad to get eight per cent. The truth is that the farmers' profits have fallen the least, and failures are proportionately less among them than among any other class of business men. Take this matter of mortgaged farms. These farmers are doing business on borrowed capital, and now and then one of them fails. The majority of merchants do their business the same way, and ninety per cent. fail at some time in their lives. I believe the percentage of failures in the dry goods business is fully as high as ninety-seven per cent. The majority of the farmers succeed. They pay their expenses and in the end own their farms."

"What do you think of the way our farmers live, Mr. Secretary? Would it not be better if they lived in villages and not on their farms?"

"In many respects, yes," was the reply. "The farmer's wife has a dreary lot. She is in most cases little better than a slave to her work and her house. She drags out a sad existence, scrubbing and cooking, with few resources outside of herself. I can't imagine anything much worse than her condition, and it seems to me that the European system of farm villages is better than ours. And still, the most of our farmers' wives are bright women. They are as a rule industrious and good business women, but they get little for it. I believe in making women to a large extent the business partners of their husbands. They are not so in the case of most men. Take, for instance, a story I heard the other day about the family of an old farmer in Indiana. The man and his wife had lived together for fifty years. Their children had grown up and left them, and now, at 70, the farmer found the burden of his work too much for him, and he decided to sell his farm and live off of the interest. It was worth \$40,000, but when the deed came to be made the farmer's wife objected. She said she had helped to pay for the farm. She had worked all her life for it, and she was bound to have some of the money which it brought before she signed the deed. The lawyer and the husband were dumfounded. They had not anticipated such a complication, and at last one of them asked the old lady how much she thought she ought to have. She hesitated a moment, and then said that she believed she was really entitled to ask for as much as \$2."

Died With His Chum.

In the reminiscences of Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, himself a brave English soldier, a touching instance of courage and self-sacrifice is given. One June day in 1855 a detachment of English marines were crossing the Woronzow road under fire from the Russian batteries. All of them reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled:

"Look out! It is Whistling Dick!" But at the moment Blewitt was struck by the enormous mass of iron on the knees and thrown to the ground. He called to his especial chum:

"Oh, Welch! save me!" The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell tried to roll it off of his comrade.

It exploded with such terrific force that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found. Even in that time when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English Army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.—Youth's Companion.

He Got Food for Reflection.

Tramp—Madam, I have had nothing to eat in four days, and I would thank you heartily for anything in the line of nourishment.

Madam—I would be glad to supply your need, good sir, but I have just read there is bacilli in everything we eat, and my humanity revolts against giving you anything that might endanger your salubrity.

Tramp—Thanks, madam; sincerest thanks! You have, at least, given me food for reflection.—New Orleans Pictorial.

The Thoughtful Chauncey.

A good story is told on Chauncey Dewep. He received a letter from a young married friend in Albany asking for a pass for his mother-in-law, who was coming to make him a visit, and closing with the delicate hint: "Don't forget to have the return coupon attached." Mr. Dewep is nothing if not worldly wise and sympathetic, and in sending the pass he wrote: "I have not neglected the return coupon and have limited it to three days."—Minneapolis Journal.

THE CONEY ISLAND CHUTE.

It Terrified You the First Time, Then Remember.

Coming in at Coney Island on the Sea Beach route the first thing one sees is a lofty platform on the right opening into a long toboggan-slide sort of an affair, which in turn leads to a big, round pool. Down the toboggan slide ripples a shallow stream of water, bubbling into little wavelets and pouring into the pool, which is about eighty yards in diameter.

From time to time a long, dark object appears at the top of the slide. It fills with people. Then it topples on the verge, shunts forward into the stream, while a chorus of shrieks fills the air, flashes down the long slide, strikes the water with a tremendous concussion, bounds, rebounds, bounds again, and when the blinding spray has cleared away appears, to the astounded amazement of the unsophisticated, floating placidly along at the far end of the pool, while in its wake the torn water boils and swirls in a thousand eddies.

That is the great Coney Island chute. It is warranted to reproduce faithfully all the sensations of jumping down a precipice, being carried over Niagara Falls and encountering a water-spout head-on, for the modest sum of ten cents.

The first impression one gets from it is that it is the invention of a misanthrope, managed by murderers for the benefit of persons of suicidal intent. Then, as one sees boatload after boatload of shrieking humanity go whizzing down that awful course and come out alive, one feels a pressing desire to get nearer and see how it is done.

Ten cents admits you to the enclosure, where you can see the whole thing plainly from beginning to end, and hear the band play in a well meant but futile endeavor to drown out the shrieks and yells of the chuters. A sign informs you that for ten cents more you can do it yourself.

Nothing so fascinating as the chute has yet appeared at Coney Island. Beside it the roller coasters are tame. The chute is the first one built in the east. There was one at the World's Fair, and nearly every capital in Europe has one. The attendance at the Coney Island chute on fine days is from 8,000 to 10,000 and on holidays from 15,000 to 25,000. All day yesterday there were hundreds of spectators crowding the enclosure, beside the thousands that shot the chute.

The Man with the Gold Dust.

A couple of roughly dressed men sauntered into a Kearney street saloon the other day and ordered drinks. The proprietor thought he recognized the one who was doing the treating as a notorious saloon beat, and he became positive of the man's face when he calmly filled his glass to the brim without depositing any cash on the bar.

"I'll fix him," soliloquized the saloon keeper, as he picked up a ciphon of soda and motioned to the bartender to do the same. The men swallowed their liquor slowly and seemed to enjoy the whole length of the jolt. The one who ordered the drinks drew a dirty handkerchief from his pocket and laid the rag on the bar, while his companions attacked the lunch counter.

"Give it to him!" shouted the saloon keeper, and two streams of fizz struck the man at the bar and drenched him from head to foot.

To the surprise of the saloon men neither of the visitors attempted to escape. The man who treated sputtered awhile and looked indignant. Then he commenced to grin.

"I reckon you thought I wasn't going to pay for the drinks," he calmly remarked, as he untied the knot in the old handkerchief he had left on the bar, and emptied out a handful of gold. "There's your money," he added, "and now you can pay me for the damage. Don't judge a man by his clothes, podner."—San Francisco Post.

Horses at Red Rock Prices.

Jehn Switzer, of the Columbia River, who probably has more horses than any other man in the Northwest, has entered into a contract with the Portland Canning Company to deliver 3,000 head of horses on the north bank of the river at \$2.90 per head.

If he takes them across the railroad he is to receive \$3 per head. It is understood that the horses are to be slaughtered and packed for the Chinese trade, but they may find their way into the home market under the guise of choice corned beef.—Yakima Herald.

Food for Superstition.

The conversation turned upon the fatal number, Friday, salt spilling and other superstitions.

"It is not well to make too much fun of such matters," gravely remarked Brabantine. "For instance, I had an old uncle who, at the age of 77, committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of 13."

"And he died the next day?" Le Ribl inquired.

"No; but exactly thirteen years afterward."

A shudder ran through the audience.—Gaulois.

Woman's Economy.

Economy is such a coy, elusive thing. You may think that you have captured it and that you will be able to hold it fast and sure, when presto! it slips from your very fingers, and it's extravagance itself that you have grasped.

"I have often noticed," remarked a sagacious woman the other day, "that my most impressive fits of economy are invariably followed by far more impressive fits of extravagance. I save a penny or so on some dozen petty things and then suddenly rush into some rash expenditure costing ten times as much as all the money I've been saving. I always dread an economical fit, therefore, for I know that it merely precedes some outrageous expense." This is true of most women.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TO SEND MESSAGES THROUGH SPACE.

Experiments Which Prove That This Invention Is Practicable.

The continued success which has attended experiments in sending telegraphic messages through space promises to lead to remarkable developments. An English electrician says it is difficult to forecast the future of this new telegraphy. So far signaling has been carried on by this means in one direction only, but there is no reason why messages should not be duplicated, or even quadrupled. Further details are now at hand of the establishment of communication between the island of Mull and the mainland near Oban a few weeks ago, when the connecting cable broke down. It will be remembered that an insulated wire was laid along the shore of the island, and messages through it were sent to the mainland, across two miles of intervening space.

The official report states: "An ordinary Morse circuit could not have given better results. The chief difficulty was the incessant screaming of the wild fowl." W. H. Preece, in commenting on the achievements, finds a very different explanation of this supposed "screaming of the wild fowl." He says that strange, weird and mysterious sounds are frequently heard on long lines of telegraph in the calm stillness of the night, but whether they are due to terrestrial or to cosmic causes remains to be discovered. The sun's photosphere, when disturbed by spots, may be subject to violent electrical storms, and the vast jets of incandescent hydrogen that flame up with terrible velocity may excite electrical oscillations through ethereal space of such a frequency as to influence our terrestrial circuits. It may thus become possible for us to hear on earth the electric storms of the sun.—Buffalo Express.

Cost of Living in Paris.

An able statistician has been estimating the cost of living in Paris at the present time and has compared it with that of 40 years ago. He shows that in the fifties an average middle class family could do with a budget of 10,000f, or £400, annually. That did not mean luxury, but it was sufficient for comfort and required no economical engineering for the purpose of making both ends meet. Nowadays the case is different, and an official with a wife and three children dependent on 10,000f a year has to work miracles of saving in order to avoid getting into debt. Accordingly in less than half a century the conditions of life in Paris have been completely modified. It is no exaggeration, in fact, to say that prices have doubled, and with them has increased the desire for a more luxurious mode of living than that led by the average Parisian of the fifties. The statistician has revealed nothing new, but his figures serve to emphasize the fact that the French capital is the most expensive place of residence in Europe.—London Telegraph.

Eyeless Fish From a Well.

Workmen engaged in putting down an eight inch artesian well on the ranch of Bufford & Williams, near Ora Granda, San Juan valley, southern Colorado, had an odd experience a few days since. The well had been drilled to the depth of 185 feet when all of a sudden the tools appeared to penetrate a cavern filled with water under high pressure. Drills, rods, ropes and pulleys were thrown high in the air and scattered in all directions by the torrent of water spouted from the opening. The excitement was intense for some minutes, but when quiet was again restored it was found that the ground was literally covered with small eyeless fish, white lizards and clear colored bugs that had been forced from their homes in the pent up reservoir beneath. On careful examination it was found that the water had a temperature of 88 degrees and was strongly impregnated with medicinal salts.—St. Louis Republic.

Turkey's Subjects and England.

Probably Turkish rule in Armenia is not much worse than in Macedonia, and if the Armenians are to be pitied so are the Macedonians, for the Turk is a blighting curse to every subject race within his dominions. If we are sincere in our fervor for good government in Turkey, we must renounce the idea of sacrificing these races to our political aim of maintaining Turkey as a bulwark against Russia. This was the doctrine of Mr. Gladstone, and roundly has he been abused for it. The contrary doctrine has been that of Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery. Mr. Gladstone recognized the paramount obligation of conscience. Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury and many of their predecessors subordinated conscience to what they regarded as the exigencies of policy.—London Truth.

Best Little Purgative

I ever used," writes one lady, in regard to Hood's Pills. "They are so mild and do their work without any griping. I recommend them to all suffering from constiveness. They will certainly bring your habits regular. We use no other cathartic." Hood's Pills are rapidly increasing in favor. 25c.



Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected weekly by Geo. W. Jackson & Co:

Red wheat, per bushel.....	65
Rye, per bushel.....	45
Corn, ears per bushel, new.....	15
Corn, shelled per bushel.....	30
Oats—new per bushel.....	18
Barley, per bushel.....	25
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.....	00
Onions, per bushel.....	00
Butter, per pound.....	25
Tallow, per pound.....	03
Country Shoulders.....	10
Sides.....	10
Hams.....	13
Hams sugar cured.....	13
Breakfast Bacon.....	13
Lard, per pound.....	12
Eggs per dozen.....	20
Potatoes per bushel new.....	20
Dried sweet Corn per pound.....	10

FAUBLES



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.

FAUBLES



What Is Frog In Your Throat?

An innocent instantaneous remedy in tablet form, composed of cubebs, iou, licorice, hawthorn and wild cherry. They are useful in coughs, colds, hoarseness, "tickling" and soreness resulting from dryness of the throat and air passages. For "croupy" sore throat, and "smokers' sore throat." They are 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.