

The New Racket.

NO. 9 AND 11, CRIDER 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, hadnt U better do it quick.

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

Genuine Jamestown Dress Goods, 36 inch width at 15¢, in black, worth 35 cents. Black serge all wool 45 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. SPIGLEMAYER,
SHEM SPIGLEMAYER, 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 Brungard, 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. Ornford 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.

Romantic Marriages.

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 Courier 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. McLear, 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. Eggle, M. D., and published by the Avril 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,
21
Bellefonte, Pa.

Congratulations.

The announcement of the marriage of John Harbinson 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 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, & 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 Woronow road under fire from the Russian cavalry. 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 knee 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.—*Yakima Herald*.

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 are bacilli in everything we eat, and my humanity revolts against giving you anything that might endanger your health.

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

The Thoughtful Chauncey.

A good story is told on Chauncey Dewey. 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. Dewey 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 Terrifies You the First Time, Then You Get Used to It.

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 inclosure, 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 yellings of the chutters. 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 inclosure, beside the thousands that shot the chute.

The Man with the Gold Dust.

A couple of roughly dressed men sauntered into a Kearny 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 cipion 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 goin' 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 yer money," he added, "an' now you can pay me for the damage. Don't judge a man by his clothes, podner."—*San Francisco Post*.

Horses at Bed Rock Prices.

John Switzler, 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 \$2.00 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