

The New Racket.

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

New Dress Goods

Our selection for the Spring of '96 are now ready for your inspection, among them are specialties not to be found elsewhere, nearer than Williamsport or Altoona. The attention of ladies is asked to the following new weaves of American manufacture and your patriotism will give them first consideration. "Wheelwear," Basra Cloth, Sigilla, Mohair Cheviots and Cheviotine. They combine the height of good taste, use and beauty. Imported goods for which our order was placed in November 1895 embrace silk and wool plaids made in Germany. Jaquards and novelty suitings from France. Buttons and trimmings to match.

THE SILK DEPARTMENT.

Dreams of beauty in Printed Wares, Taffeta, Corded Kaika, India and Shantongs.

North Window—Men's seamless 1-2 hose, fast black, tans and natural. Price card says 5 cents a foot, and when a man ordered a rod of 'em it nearly took our breath, but he got 'em all the same.

G. E. SPIGLEMYER, SHEM SPIGLEMYER, JR.

CORRESPONDENTS DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from 7th page.)

STATE COLLEGE NOTES

The Adelphi Club held one of the most enjoyable dances that ever entered the University Inn parlors.

Mr. Boyd A. Musser circulated among his many friends, on election day.

Mr. H. D. Rumberger, of the Acme Oil Co., of Philipsburg, was about town on Tuesday.

Mr. J. P. Aikens, of Millroy, attended to the interests of Wanamaker & Brown on Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. Thompson was busy about town on Tuesday, hustling up the delinquent road-tax people.

The Epworth League held a very enjoyable social at the M. E. parsonage, on last Friday.

Mr. R. D. Phillips, representing the Vermont Farm Machine Works, is conducting tests of some agricultural machinery at the Experiment station.

Our jolly business friend, S. Oliver Glover, left on Wednesday for his usual business trip down the valley, after which he goes East for a short, but well earned vacation.

Wm. Foster, of Philadelphia,—the man with the pet knee—talked thorough and public schools to some of our prospective councilmen, the latter part of the week.

Dr. Chas. E. Simon, of Baltimore, Md., who has been making a very pleasant visit at the home of his brother-in-law, Dr. H. T. Fernald, returned home on Tuesday.

Rev. James Heany, of Shamokin, greeted many of his friends about town on Tuesday.

The line of the proposed borough was run the early part of this week, and it developed only a very few objectors.

We are informed that one of our barbers has concluded to move away from town, but has not as yet taken all his things.

A couple of Bellefonte bloods, with a good deal too much on board, had a squash up down the pike that splintered things, scattered a buggy over the road, and injured one of the men. Shame on such proceedings.

Spontaneous Combustion.

Brookville Democrat: More fires occur from spontaneous combustion than people suppose. Last week Daniel Dunkelberg was rubbing down some wooden cases in Zeller's jewelry store, using for the purpose rags saturated with linseed and kerosene oil. On going to supper he threw the cloth on a table. When Mr. Zeller came into the store he picked up the cloth, thinking to rub the front of his safe, but found it so hot he could not hold it. He called in another party who also found it too hot to hold. They watched the cloth for a while, and saw smoke come from it. After a little they threw it on the floor and opened it up to the air, when it began to blaze. This all happened in less than two hours after Dunkelberg quit using the cloth to rub the cases, and shows the danger of letting rags of cloths lie about that have been saturated with grease.

Sheriff Against Editor.

The Kane Republican says the publisher of the Emporium Echo has secured a license which permits him to carry arms for protection against the sheriff of Cameron county, who, he says, has threatened him should his name ever appear in this paper again.

A Poor Clerk's Sharp Move.

Old heads in the banking business at Boston are astonished at the successful plunge made by Abraham White for a share of the new issue of bonds. Up to a week ago White was an unassuming clerk, on a modest salary, with not a dollar in the world. His wife had some real estate in her name in Reading and they negotiated a mortgage on it, enough to secure an option on a little gold. With this White made a bid for some of the issue, and has secured \$1,000,000 in his own name, at 111.53, while his wife was awarded \$500,000 at the same figure. He had everything to gain and nothing to lose even had he been awarded the full \$5,080,000, the aggregate of his bids. By a bold stroke he had made himself the envy of hundreds of men who are out in the cold. White has already netted \$10,940 profit by selling \$200,000 at 117, and he is holding off for \$100,000 bonds on the bargain, having refused \$10,000 less than that. He says that he expects to realize \$150,000 on his foresight, as he has no doubt that the figure will up to 130 or more.

For The South.

The Atlantic coast line, via Richmond Va., has again placed at the service of the traveling public the celebrated "New York Florida special." Here is one of the triumphs of railroading as it enables tourists to reach the beautiful Winter Resorts of the South in perfect ease and with luxurious surroundings. One night only between Boston and Florida. Ex-pullman vestibuled train composed of dining, sleeping, library and observation cars. A perfect road-bed running through a section of the country historical and picturesque. The route is via Washington and Richmond to Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville and St. Augustine. This is the quickest and best line, also, to points, Cuba, Jamaica and Nassau.

Before deciding on your trip be sure to consult the illustrated pamphlets and descriptive matter of the Atlantic Coast line.

Write to Mr. H. P. Clark, G. E. A., 229 Broadway, New York, for illustrated books and pamphlets of the Southern Hotels.

Free Coinage Beaten.

The House of Representatives has done well by the country in hitting silver a slap in the face—one of the hardest it had every received. It was literally snowed under. On Friday afternoon, Ex-Speaker Crisp made a motion to adopt the Senate's free coinage substitute for the bond bill, which was rejected by a vote of 215 to 90, and thus it was sent to a Committee of Conference by a majority of 125. This vote shows the increase of the sound money majority in the House, the steady decline of the silver strength, and the consequent return of the country to its normal condition on the financial question.

A Big Grindstone Bursts.

One of the big grindstones in the axe factory at Mill Hill burst while running at the rate of 140 revolutions per minute a few days ago, and scattered fragments of broken stone in all parts of the factory, but fortunately no one was injured. The stone was six feet in diameter, was six inches thick and weighed a ton and a half. One of the men who was working at the stone had left it a few minutes before it broke. One of the pieces was thrown through a door. The speed at which it was running was not considered high.

Will Make Another Effort.

Hon. Leonard Rhone, worthy master of the state grange, says the revenue bill framed by the Pennsylvania state tax conference, which was defeated by the last legislature, will be introduced early in the next session. The grangers are more determined than ever to secure a bill for a more equitable distribution of state taxation and will make an earnest effort to have this measure become a law with a few modifications.

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.

Farming That Pays.

A. Bechdel, who occupies a farm near Howard of 50 acres, this year sold from it 49,925 pounds of choice timothy hay. He also had 6 1/4 acres that yielded 358 bushels of corn and 1/4 of an acre that yielded 253 bushels of Irish and 14 bushels of sweet potatoes.

A Mistake.

The article in the Philadelphia Times the other day stating that Dr. Furbay, of Tyrone, had been called to the pastorate of a leading Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, was simply a mistake, is any truth in it.

Wanted.

A salesman to sell cigars for the Lancaster Cigar Manufacturing Co. in Centre and joining counties; for further information please apply to the company, Lancaster Pa.

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

A BOLD, BAD THIEF.

"It isn't because I am tired of our flat that I want to live in the suburbs, but the doctor says we both need change," concluded Mrs. Perry Thorne, who was making her first plea for country life.

"I agree with the doctor that we need change of one sort, at least," answered her husband.

"Don't be flippant, dear. I am in dead earnest; and oh, Perry, I know of such a dear cottage, one of a row."

"I dislike rows," said Perry. "However, if you are determined to be suburbanite, and with the suburbanites stand, I may as well agree to go. I will at once take lessons on the flying trapeze, so that I may sometimes be able to catch a train. I shall study to acquire that dazed suburban stare that people who eat their breakfast and dinner by lamplight assume, assisted by catching their quota of sleep in depots after they have missed their train."

"Oh, we won't be there long enough for that," said his wife; "and, Perry, the air is just heavenly—so sustaining."

"That's good, as we shall probably be twelve miles or more from a grocery store. Have you caught your house yet, Maudie?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Smead has one in the same row, and she told me about ours. It is the southwest corner house, while hers is the southeast. Isn't it strange, Perry, that I never have been introduced to Mr. Smead? I wouldn't believe there was any such person if I had not seen him."

"Nothing strange about it," growled Perry, in what his wife called his "bulldog" voice. "I suppose you want to know him because he has the reputation of being a lady killer."

"Perry!"

"I am told by fellows we both know that he prides himself on his beauty."

"I hate beauty men," said Maud, soothingly. "they are all vain, conceited creatures. I never would marry a handsome man."

Perry mumbled something and went away, first giving his wife permission to do as she pleased about taking the suburban house.

A week later both families were settled in the row which fronted a street and a railroad track, and was equidistant from two depots.

Mr. Smead did not take as kindly to the change as Perry Thorne did, but he told his wife, thoughtlessly, that one good feature of suburban life was having the Thornes for neighbors.

"Where have you ever met Mrs. Thorne?" asked his wife, suspiciously.

"Don't know her from Adam, my dear, but isn't she your friend, and have I not heard her praises sung ever since we were married?"

"I'm! We have a calling acquaintance, and now that we are to be neighbors I suppose you will meet. But you are so susceptible, and she is so giddy, I just know you will set people talking."

"Great Caesar, Laura, you give your best friend a great send-off! I suspectible and she giddy? We must be able for each other!"

Mrs. Smead looked volumes at her handsome husband, but where is the man who does not enjoy being a bone of contention among his women folk, and if Smead had a special and particular virtue it was that of being good-natured.

Mrs. Smead, like the woman of history, had two treasures—her sewing machine and her husband—and she drew the line at lending either, and if people wanted to call her selfish they might. Fortified by this law, she reared the southwest cottage.

Saturday night! The invisible bridge spans the distance between the world of labor and the world of rest. The tranquil air gave back no murmur of the multitudinous voices that had filled it with cries of sorrow, anger or gladness during the working days of the past week. It was the ante-chamber of the Sabbath, a time so sacred to our ancestors that all work and all pleasure was suspended that the soul itself might rest.

A great throng of people was hurrying homeward, and all bore the happy burdens of Saturday night—new shoes for the feet of the little burden-bearers, a new bonnet for mother, the Sunday dinner—and among them Perry Thorne and Amos Smead, who had struck up a neighborly acquaintance and were now hastening to the same train, going out to their suburban homes for their first Sabbath of rest. They were both laden to the ears with brown paper packages and had just time to make the train, after purchasing their commutation tickets.

They went loping through the gates in approved suburban style, and caught on just as the train moved out, and then Perry shouted in a voice that sounded above the roar of escaping steam:

"We've left our Sunday dinners on the window stand of the ticket office. You go on, Smead, and I'll take the next train out."

He swung himself clear of the train, turned a somersault, and waved "all right" to Smead, who mopped the cinders and perspiration from his face and remarked to the man standing next to him, in a friendly way:

"Nice way to spend the summer, living in the suburbs."

"Yes, if you don't care what you say," growled the man.

Then Smead took a bit of pasteboard from his pocket and began to study it.

"Southeast corner, Terrace Row, Oakland."

Smead asked his gruff neighbor if he got off at that station.

"No, I don't," said the man. "You couldn't hire me to live in that swamp. I go out ten miles further, where you don't have to sift the atmosphere to keep the mosquitoes from choking you."

slowed up for every cow on the track, and he wrapped himself in a speculative reverie until the brakeman called "O-land," as if only the deaf lived at that station.

Mrs. Smead was waiting for her husband, whom she expected on the 6.30 train, but the train had come and gone, and instead of the handsome, well-groomed Mr. Smead, a frantic woman, her neighbor, Mrs. Thorne, rushed into her cottage.

"I've caught him!" she gasped. "He's locked up in the library! Oh! oh! oh!"

"Caught whom?" asked the mystified woman. Then seeing that her distracted visitor was nearly fainting, she collected restoratives and brought back Mrs. Thorne's scattered wits.

Maud explained as soon as she could speak that a desperate-looking man—a burglar, she was certain, and a convict as well, by the cut of his hair—had feloniously entered her house a moment before she came, and walking boldly into her library had been locked safely therein by herself.

"The windows are nailed down; I have been waiting for Perry to open them, so he cannot escape that way," she concluded.

"I expected Amos on the last train. I don't see what is keeping him," said Mrs. Smead, "but he has not come yet."

"Neither has Perry, but perhaps they will come together. Isn't it dreadful! I don't go back with that man in the house. I know by his looks he is a murderer. Our girl hasn't come, and I am all alone. Oh, if Mr. Smead were only here!"

"I guess I'll do just as well," said Mrs. Smead, coldly. "I will take our revolver, and you can bring the stove-lifter, and we will interview him through the door."

"But what good will that do? He may be-o-o-t first!"

"Come on," said Mrs. Smead contemptuously.

She was only a young matron herself, but she was not going to be ignominiously routed by a one-man army, and she led the way to her neighbor's cottage. No other people lived in the row, so they had all the fun to themselves.

But at that identical moment the 7.40 train, sometimes called the husband's train, so many of them went out to spend the week's interval with their families, stopped at the nearest depot, and Perry Thorne, with his double load of packages, hove in sight. Both women were overjoyed to see him.

"What's the row?" he asked, dropping his bundles on the veranda.

"A man!" said both women at once.

"Where is Smead?"

"That is what I would like to know," said Mrs. Smead; "I expected him on this train."

"I haven't seen him. Who is the man?"

"A burglar, and he's locked up in the library. Don't you think I was brave?" asked Maud, who, now that her husband had come, felt that she might pose as a heroine.

"Burglars already? Ha! this is a diversion. Give me the key, Maud. I'll take your revolver, Mrs. Smead. Now, ladies, stand aside," and Perry made a valiant rush for the library door, which he unlocked and threw open, at the same time presenting arms according to the best manual practice.

"Don't shoot!" cried a familiar voice that trembled, not with fear, but merriment, as Mr. Smead stepped smilingly forward and bowed low to Maud.

"I am Mrs. Thorne's captive," he said.

"What does this mean?" cried Perry, his face flaming.

"Yes, what does it mean?" demanded Mrs. Smead, in the measured syllables of the divorce court.

"It means," explained Mr. Smead, "that my wife has not yet learned to box the compass. She gave me 'southwest,' and your wife locked me up in a room that has no ventilation, and under a criminal ban. But I forgive her," he added, with gallant protest, whereat Maud's cheeks grew red with embarrassment, and Mrs. Smead said:

"Come home! After this I will meet you at the train and see that you don't get into the wrong house."

"Do forgive me, Mr. Smead," said Maud, penitently, while Perry glared darkly like a jealous stage lover, "but you did look so—so—"

"She said you looked like a convict," remarked his wife.

"At least it has made us acquainted," observed Mr. Smead, true to his colors, and with this parting shot he followed his wife to the "southeast" cottage.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hawk's Strike at a Horse's Ears. Hartford Mail Carrier Miller's colt, the most docile and placid animal in town, suddenly skipped away from his post at the railroad station yesterday, scaled a fence, huncy the mail wagon on the rails, and scampered across lots in a panic. A big hawk had scared the beast. The hawk had been silently and slowly describing a wide circle high overhead, in the way peculiar to his kind.

The sleepy horse, far below, nodded, now and then wagging his ears at a caucus of flies on his neck. Of a sudden the hawk shot straight downward with the swiftness of a rifle shot, struck the animal squarely between the ears, and fixed its talons in those conspicuous and hapless ears. That settled things for the colt. He was used to happenings and terrors, but the hawk had fallen on him from the clouds, like a Nutmeg thunderbolt, barbed, feathered and explosive.

A Family Matter. Mrs. Perkins (calmly reminiscent)—Jonathan, we've bin married forty years next Tuesday, an' never had a cross word yit. Mr. Perkin—I know it. I've stood yer jawin' purty well. Mrs. Perkins—Jonathan Perkins, you're a mean, hateful, deceitful old thing, and I wouldn't marry you again fer love nor money.—Judge.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Pope and His Ways.
Pope, as he tells us, was the unfortunate possessor of a "crazy carcass," and though when leaving London he bids farewell to "luxurious lobster nights" it is probable that "sober, studious days" were more to the taste of one who had to make a constant study of his health. When in town, however, he was "as sure to be in a bustle as a porpoise in a storm." In early life he was fond of riding, and in 1715 journeyed with his friends Arbuthnot and Disney from London to Bath on horseback, their luggage being on a very small scale, for Arbuthnot, the commander in chief of the party, allowed but a shirt and a cravat to each traveler. The following year he describes his pursuits in a letter to the sisters Blount: "I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a-hunting (at Cirencester), eat heartily, talk tender sentiments with Lord B. or draw plans for houses and gardens, open avenues, cut grades, plant firs, contrive water works—all very fine and beautiful in our own imaginations. At night we play at commerce and play pretty high."—Chambers' Journal.

The Atlanta Exposition.
Margherita Arlina Hamm says in Peterson's Magazine about the Atlanta World's exposition: "The World's fair in the south is a pregnant and tremendous fact. It means more than the passing away of old ideas and traditions—it means more than the creation of a new and keen eyed spirit of industry and progress looking out over the fields once consecrated to a dying cult; it means the regeneration of an entire people."

The Boiling Point.
There are some curious things about the boiling point of different liquids which the most thoughtful never take time to reflect upon. If you have been out of school six months, it is 10 to 1 that you have entirely forgotten the meaning of the term "boiling point" as applied to the different elements. It is "the temperature at which the elastic force of the vapor of any liquid is equal to the pressure of the atmosphere." The various liquids have different boiling points. Sulphurous acid boils at a fraction above 17 degrees of the Fahrenheit scale, aldehyde at 71, ether at 96, wood alcohol at 151, water at 212, sulphuric acid at 620 and mercury at 662. The above refers to tests made at sea level, barometer at 30 inches. When the barometer stands at 30, it shows a pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. Remove this pressure, or even a portion of it, and the boiling point of all liquids changes correspondingly. In making reckonings on this score it is calculated that there is a diminution of one degree for each 510 feet of ascent. In the City of Mexico water boils at 195 degrees F. and in the Himalayas at 180. By the above it will be seen that "boiling" water is not always equally hot. This explains why it is next to impossible to cook beans, potatoes, etc., in mountainous regions.—St. Louis Republic.

John Bright and Milton.
Mr. John Bright once quoted the lines from Milton:
I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor hate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bend up and steer
Right onward.
The reporter was not familiar with the passage, and having no idea that Mr. Bright was quoting poetry he turned it into prose, in the third person, as follows: "He would not argue against the hand or will of heaven, nor would he hate a jot of heart or hope. He would still bend up and steer right onward."—Macmillan & Stearns.

An Old Fire Horse's Good Memory.
Eleven years ago a horse was purchased for the fire engine Portland No. 2, on Munjoy Hill. The horse was called Old Tom, and it helped draw the engine for six years and was then disposed of. It has been drawing an ash cart of late years, and the other day went by the engine house. Engineer Loring, who knew the horse well, since they came to that engine in the same year and were there together for six years, fell into conversation with the driver and told him that he hadn't a doubt that if the old horse was put in his old stall and the gong was sounded he would rush for his place in front of the engine just as he used to do. The driver doubted this and they agreed to try it. The old horse, now 15 years old, was put in his old stall, where he hadn't been for five years. At the first sound of the gong he started for his old place under the harness in front of the engine. He tried to go quickly, but made but a sorry exhibition of nimbleness compared with his former habit.—Portland Press.

Sad, Very Sad.
Michael Becare, of Bens Creek, a few days ago made an information before Alderman Lehman against Mrs. Elizabeth Kiock, of the same place, charging her with perjury. Becare alleged that he and the woman were at Ebensburg and obtained a marriage license, the woman announcing her intention of marrying him. Afterwards she refused to marry him, and instead became the wife of a man from Bennington, near Altoona.

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How Can I Have Beautiful Teeth?

By keeping them thoroughly clean—they should be brushed with pure water after every meal and before retiring at night. A little good tooth powder sprinkled upon the brush will add much to their appearance and to the freshness of the breath. After forty years experience in the drug business we can recommend nothing better than our "Rose Dentrifrice" and "Saponaceous Tooth Powder" which we have sold for years with satisfaction to our customers and ourselves. So well satisfied are we of their merits that we will sell you a trial bottle of either for ten cents.

Our line of tooth brushes is large and select, prices from five cents to fifty cents.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

Insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GREEN'S PHARMACY
Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.