

THE RACKET

No. 9 and 11 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa. Opening Of The Holiday Racket! Of special interest to ladies. I have made arrangements for an Exhibition of Art Embroidery Dec. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Under direction of Miss Drew of New York City.

China Annex.

Hand decorated, opal ware at a price to U less than any store-keeper in this neck O the woods can buy it. The Racket is gradually putting on its Holiday clothes and this season, U can expect, this famous store to beat its own record. Stick a Pin Here. G. R. SPIGELMYER.

WE are doing the largest Overcoat business in our history because we are offering greater value for less money than elsewhere.

At this price we are offering a beautiful finished All-Wool, Blue, Black, or Brown Kersey Overcoat, handsomely tailored throughout, Style and fit perfect.

\$7.75

They are of the "Vitals" Brand make, which means the insides are tailored with care and thought.

A High-Grade, Absolutely All-Wool Kersey Overcoat, exquisitely lined with real Italian lining, sleeves lined with good quality satteen sleeve lining. Fine silk velvet Collars, guaranteed not to crock, i. e., wear off or soil the linen of the wearer. This is positively the most dependable Overcoat we have yet offered, at \$10.00

The "Vitals" (insides), the very foundation of the garment, are tailored right.

At this price we give you unrestricted choice of the swellest Overcoat that have been offered this season.

A very handsome All-Wool Covert, sleeve lining and broad satin piping. Or perhaps you prefer a soft, richly finished All-Wool Beaver, a High-Grade Kersey, or Chinchilla. The tailoring of all these garments is equal in every respect to High-Standard Merchant Tailoring. Swell dressers should see ours before looking elsewhere.

\$10.00

For Style, Fit, Quality and Price our Offerings are Unsurpassed.

Montgomery & Co.,

WANTED—Several Trustworthy persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$300 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres't., Dept. M. Chicago. 151.

Something New..

A large selection of prizes will be given to cash purchasers as follows:

- Oxford Bibles, Graphophones, Beautiful Pictures, loth Bound Books, Folding Sewing Tables, Gold Pens, Etc., Etc.

POWERS SHOE CO., BUSH ARCADE, Bellefonte. Penn'a.

CORRESPONDENTS DEPARTMENT

The News Gathered From Various Sections

HAPPENINGS IN CENTRE CO

What Our Army of Alert Correspondents See and Observe Worthy of Note—The Local Happenings of Every Community Will be Gladly Published—Send the News, We will Publish it.

Fairbrook.

The stone crusher has stopped for this year.

Mr. Frank Bowersox lost a valuable driving horse.

John Fry is running the clover huller for Mr. Garner.

Hurrah farmers, Mr. Johnston got his potato patch plowed.

The wheat crop this fall does not look so promising as that of last autumn.

John Hastings, of Gatesburg, has the fever again. We hope for his recovery.

Miss Gertrude Miller, of Rock Springs, is going to the hospital for an operation.

Rev. Guyer of the M. E. church, of this place, is holding a series of meetings beginning last Wednesday evening.

Last Thursday night some one poisoned two valuable horses for Mr. Shuey, of this place, with Paris green.

Mr. Shuey says he thought he heard something that evening between 8 and 9 o'clock but didn't think much about it.

The next morning he got up early as he expected to work on the roads.

He went to the barn and one horse was lying outside of the stable dead, and the one in the stable very sick.

He at once secured medical advice and aid but all in vain.

The second horse died that day. The poison could be seen lying in the trough.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, of Rock Springs, was unexpected and sad.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller drove to Tyrone on last Monday morning to do some shopping and when they arrived at her brother James Watts she was taken ill but finally felt better and at noon, sitting at the dinner table, she was taken with paralysis of the nerves.

From that on to her death her case was serious, she died on the 14th and the remains were brought to her home in the Glades.

Interment took place following Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at the Grayville cemetery.

She was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church.

The ones who mourned her loss are her husband and six children, one brother and sister of Tyrone.

Runville.

Miles Fulton, of Chestnut Grove, is ill with typhoid fever.

Elias Hancock is very low at present with typhoid pneumonia.

Mr. Williams, our teacher, has gone home for an indefinite time.

Edward Botorff, of Pittsburg, is at present visiting at Mrs. Anna Lucas.

Edward Lucas and Reuben Alexander of Julian, Sundayed at Charles Lucases.

A number of the church officers attended quarterly conference last Tuesday at Marsh Creek.

The protracted meeting, at this place, is still progressing. No conversions as yet, but the meeting is still growing in spiritual strength.

Rebersburg.

Griffith Garret, of near our burg, is improving his shop with weather boards.

Mrs. Sallie Hillbush, of Union county, came home on last Thursday to spend the forepart of the winter with her parents on the old home, near our burg.

Our so called, "wide awake politicians" in the persons of Calvin Crouse and Wm. Hockman, are already prophesying for the presidential campaign.

No doubt but their prophesy will become true.

Butchering season has opened already in our burg. Our store loafers have already opened their annual evenings butchering chat.

It is no wonder the young people become loafers, because their parents by example teach them about nothing else to do in the evenings.

Last Thursday morning Emanuel Harter's right eye, which was dead for some time and was threatening to inflame his good one, was successfully taken out by Dr. Sumner Musser, of Ataronsburg.

Dr. Musser is doing a great deal of work in our valley—the people are beginning to realize the importance of having a good physician.

Tuesday morning at about 5 o'clock Henry Detweiler's house burned, in which Emanuel Confer lived. It is supposed that the fire started at the roof of the house by sparks. Confer's furniture and even their clothing, was all burned, thus leaving a poor family of some six children with as good as nothing—homeless, nothing to keep house with and almost clotheless.

Port Matilda.

Joseph Goss has left his farm situated near Port Matilda and moved to Blair county, to engage in farming.

Henderson brothers are making sale of their farm stock and implements, having given up the farming business in Taylor township, Miles Hoover, from Ramsey, will succeed them.

An interesting wedding took place a few days since, in this place, the particulars we are unable to give. The contracting parties were Charley Crain, of Port Matilda and Gertie Melcher same place.

Died, Nov. 16, 1898, at the residence of Henry Wills, East Tyrone, of spinal disease Aaron Orwig, aged 78 years, 7 months and 3 days. The deceased had made his home in Taylor township for several years, most of the time with his son John Orwig, from which place he went to Tyrone for medical treatment with the above result. His remains were brought back to the residence of his son. Interment was made Friday the 18th in the Mount Pleasant cemetery. The pall bearers were Vinton Beckwith, G. M. Marks, Perry Spitzer, Benj. Fink, Adam Cowher and Samuel Hoover. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. N. Newell, pastor of the U. B. church, preaching an able sermon from a selection from the 11th chapter of Hebrews.

Cowher's Hall is now in a high state of finish, A. J. Johnson having put on the finishing touch.

Madisonburg.

Hon. John A. Woodward who has charge of the Farmers' Institutes in this county, will be at Madisonburg on Friday evening 26th, to arrange with the citizens of the community for holding the institute at that place on the 2nd and 3rd of February.

Coburn.

Our lot of pretty girls are all married now.

There are three more cases of typhoid fever in town.

Jacob Fryer expects to move to Sunbury, this week.

A. B. Moyer can boast of shooting the first bear the other day.

Kreider Stover and wife, of Poe Mills, made a visit at this place, on Sunday.

R. O. Braucht and family, of Millinburg, are circulating among friends at this place over Sunday.

A new crossing was put down in front of merchant Harter's store, something that was needed very badly.

The Lutheran Sunday school is making preparations to have an entertainment on Christmas evening.

Thomas Hosterman, the teacher at the Gentzel school house, came home very late Sunday morning. What was the attraction?

C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, bagged a fine lot of pheasants in two days, in company with Harter brothers, of Woodville. He went to Pine Creek and shot 75 pheasants. Mr. Sober is one of the finest shots in the state.

Joseph P. Condo arrived here from Effingham county, Ill., on Saturday evening. Mr. Condo is a native of Haines township, and a resident of Moccasin, Ill., for thirty years. Centre county has sent many of her boys west where they became useful citizens and reflected credit upon the place of their birth.

The Green Barr hunting party was to slate ridge last week and a mimrod, W. J. Rote, from this place, stepped in a big bear trap, while hunting in Dutweiler hollow. The trap was set in a path and covered with leaves without fence or notice. Let this be a warning for trappers, for such work is against the law. Mr. Rote has the trap and the owner can have the same by calling on him.

Nittany.

Mrs. Samuel Gobbie, of Lock Haven, spent several days in our community last week.

The sad news reached this place last Friday of the death of James Shaffer, of Martha.

Newt Dorman and wife spent Sunday at Abdera, as the guests of his uncle, Newt Bickler.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. B. F. Shaffer is under the weather. We hope it won't prove anything serious.

Nittany is a pleasant place to live in, but we think if everybody would observe the golden rule, and do unto others as they would be done by, it would be much nicer.

There is a young lady, not far from here, says she thinks the liver the best part of the hog. If she could only attend more butchering. We won't give her name.

Our blacksmith, N. C. Shaffer, started out for a week's hunt but was only gone two days when he received the sad news of his brother Jim's death. He returned on Saturday, but was too late for the funeral.

This is getting to be quite a lively place. Will Showers is building a stable; Chas. Robby a smoke house; Bill Emerick is putting a piece to his house; George Tolbert a chicken house; Howard Zerby is going to build a shed to his barn; Will Gates is putting up a dwelling house and Mr. Koyer will put up a wood house.

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Milesburg.

Harry Austin, of Linn & McCoy's iron works, is one of the happiest men living. His first son arrived on the evening of the 13th inst.

Rev. King and wife, of Williamsport, are guests at their son, Rev. George E. King, of this place.

Frank Baird, while working at Kittanning, received a telegram to come to Tyrone, where a good opening was awaiting him. He immediately came home for a short rest and to visit his parents, after which he left for his new field of labor. We have learned since that he was transferred to Philadelphia. He is in the employ of the P. R. R. Company. Frank is a good, steady, sober young man.

Harris Hagg and family returned home on Monday to Galeton. He was so fortunate as to kill two deer recently.

Jasper D. Knarr takes the lead in killing hogs. On Wednesday last he killed one that tipped the scales at 35 pounds.

The box sociable on Saturday night was a success. The vocal and instrumental music and recitations were splendid. The proceeds of the evening amounted to \$7.80. The sociable was held in the City Hall and was for the benefit of the M. E. church.

The first anniversary of the M. E. church on Sunday raised \$204.00 toward liquidating the church debt.

POLITICALLY the democrats can return thanks to-day over the result of the election. No crow to eat this day.

THE MEANING OF THE WORD.



Little Erastus—Poppy, why dey say Fanksgibbin' turkey, huh? Poppy—Dat's er cause yo' fank de owma ob de coop fo' leabin' de do' open.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

LOVE and a Thanksgiving Dinner

"EFFIE, Oh-h, Effie! What are you doing now?" Her mother's voice was muffled by distance, for she was in the kitchen and Effie was in the front bedroom upstairs. "I—just airing the front bedroom, ma." "Oh, I didn't know but you was stopping to look at that new dress again. No time to stop now, with all this Thanksgiving work to do. Land alive! are those pies burning?" Effie heard her dash to the cook stove and open the oven door with a clang.

She improved the opportunity to muffle the new dress in the old summer one which protected it from dust and hang it hastily upon its peg in the closet. Then her mother heard her sweeping the front stairs with all her might. Mrs. Hill shook her head. "I'll just bet she was standing still in the middle of the floor doing nothing, if she wasn't admiring that new dress. She's that absent-minded now, what'll she be when she gets grown up and thinking of beaux?"

Effie was almost 19 and her mother had been married at 18 herself, yet she always thought of Effie as a school-girl. Effie was cleaning the parlor now. It was the day before Thanksgiving, but warm as late October. The dead leaves rustled in the light wind and patches of green here and there showed that the frosts had been light. Effie began to decorate by pinning bunches of pressed ferns and autumn leaves in the Nottingham lace curtains. She rehearsed a scene to herself, as she did so: "Of course we'll get to church early to-morrow, pa'll manage that," she said. "We'll go traipsing up the aisle when only the old folks are there. I'll know when Granville comes in, though; I'd know his step anywhere!" She stood with a bunch of gay leaves poised in air; "I do hope pa'll sit back in th' corner of th' pew, as he does sometimes—then Granville can see me right away in my new blue dress. He didn't see anything like it in Cuba, if Lily Pettit did say the Cuban girls are so pretty. I never cared for such dark complexions myself. To be sure, Granville is dark himself, but that is different. I'll not look when he comes in; no, I'll not turn my head even a tiny bit. Then, after awhile, I'll just glance across and smile at Dan Archer—not much of a smile, but it will seem a good deal to Granville!" She started and ran a pin into her finger, as her mother's voice reached her: "What you doing now, Effie? Pinning th' leaves on th' curtains? Oh! I didn't know but what you'd got 'studying again; it was so quiet in here. Well, now, it does look nice."

Effie was working with guilty haste now. "Granville'll be waiting to see us go out; I know that," she said to herself. "To think he's been back two whole days and I haven't seen him yet! I wish we didn't live so far. I wonder if he's got the housewife I gave him yet? Lily Pettit says he told her he was afraid I was a kind of a flirt. Well, goodness knows, he can let me alone if he's afraid of me. I can't help it if Dan Archer does like me—at least, I don't suppose I could, and—yes, ma, I'm coming right now!"

Thanksgiving day was clear and colder. Mr. Hill hinted at the possibility of snow, but then he had no new dress to wear to church and could think calmly of falling weather. Evidently Mrs. Hill had something on her mind; all during breakfast she kept clearing her throat, and several times while they were washing the dishes she made as if to speak, then closed her mouth once more. As she hung the dishcloth on its nail, she turned to her daughter: "See here, Effie," she said, "I guess you'll have to stay at home this morning and get dinner. Your pa wants me to go. His cousin, Micah Hill, is coming over with his second wife and your pa thinks I ought to be there. You won't mind, will you? It ain't as if you had anything special to go for."

Tears sprang to Effie's eyes. She turned ner back silently, and her mother accepted silence as assent. "She don't mind," she said to her husband, as they drove out of the yard. "I guess she thinks it might rain an' spoil her new dress. Well, I do want to see th' woman Jane Hill's husband has married. Oh, Effie!" she called back, "don't get th' studying and forget th' cranberries. The herbs for th' turkey are on the right-hand shelf—" her voice died away in the distance.

Alone, Effie dropped her head on the table and cried. She must wait three more interminable days before seeing Granville! After awhile she went upstairs and, after listening a moment, though she knew there was no one in the house, she raised a loose piece of carpet and unearthed her greatest treasure. It was a tear-stained copy of the Weekly Clarion, and it described the landing of the gallant Third and the subsequent skirmish in which "Corporal Granville Barker, of this township, who had displayed great bravery," was shot in the arm. "And suppose he had died believing in

"WHY, EFFIE, I NEVER SAID THAT." those things Lily Pettit told him!" Effie cried. She was putting away the paper, the disappearance of which had caused her father such annoyance, when a thought struck her. "Mercy, the cranberries!" she cried, dashing downstairs to find a black, sticky mass in the bottom of the kettle. "Oh! what will ma say! Whoever heard of a Thanksgiving dinner without cranberries, and there are no more in the house!" The traces of her carelessness removed, the turkey in the oven and the fire "roared up," she stared dejectedly into the yard. "Oh, how I hate Cousin Jane's husband and his second wife!" she cried. "And why?" asked a voice she had not heard since May. "Oh, Granville! I—why aren't you in church?"

"Guess I wanted to see you, Effie, so I said my arm hurt a little; they'll let me do anything if I mention that arm."

"Oh-h, Granville, is it all right now?" she touched it reverently. "As good as ever, Effie. And I carried that housewife half over Cuba. But you never wrote."

"I—Lily Pettit said you guessed all the girls would write, so I—"

"Why, Effie, I never said that. I only wanted you to think of me, and—"

"But you haven't told me about the war, she broke in, blushing. "Did you ever kill a man, Granville?"

"I guess I did—one, anyhow. He was in a tree, picking off our fellows, and I took good aim and fired. He hit the ground pretty quick, and it wasn't the fall that killed him. Pretty soon I went down, though I didn't know I was hit. When I came to myself, a good many other fellows were lying about me. Shall I tell you what my first thought was?"

Effie nodded; she was crying. "I wondered whether you'd care if I never came back!"

Two hours later, when Mr. Hill drove up, his daughter gave a wild cry: "The turkey!" and ran into the house, which was full of the rich odor of incinerated fowl. That was the Thanksgiving day upon which Mr. and Mrs. Hill dined sadly on canned corn, pickles and pumpkin pie. As for Granville and Effie, they sat with hands clasped under the tablecloth and ate the food of the gods.

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