

The Centre Reporter.



TRUTH, JUSTICE AND OUR COUNTRY.

FRED'K KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FRIDAY JUNE 19th, 1868.

VOL. I.—NO. 11.

APPEALS.
Notice is hereby given, that the Commissioners will hold Appeals for Centre county, at the place of holding elections in said townships, as follows to wit:
Bellefonte Borough May 26, 1868.
Tatton township " 27, "
Hallowton tp " 28, "
Ferguson tp " 28, "
Harris tp " 29, "
Potter tp " 30, "
Greig tp June 1, "
Penn tp " 2, "
Haines tp " 3, "
Milos tp " 4, "
Walker tp " 4, "
Marion tp " 6, "
Boggs tp " 8, "
Howard Bor & Howard tp " 9, "
Curtin tp " 10, "
Liberty tp " 11, "
Union & Unionville " 12, "
Bonner & Spring tp " 15, "
Worth tp " 16, "
Taylor tp " 17, "
Shaw Shop " 18, "
Burnside tp " 19, "
Rush & Philipsburg " 23, "
Huston tp " 25, "
By order of Commissioners,
J. S. MORAS, Clerk.

TINWARE! TINWARE!
J. REIBER,
Cuts grain or grass no matter how much it may be lodged.

Respectfully announces to the citizens of Potter township, that he is now prepared to furnish upon shortest notice, and as cheap as elsewhere, every article in the line of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

SILVERPLATING.
For articles executed in the finest and most durable style. Give him a call. His charges are reasonable. ap10/88, 1y.

HOF FARMERS, LOOK HERE.
GET THE VALLEY CHIEF REAPER & MOWER,
Manufactured by J. Marsh & Co., Lewisburg.

It is a self-raker. Cuts grain or grass no matter how much it may be lodged.

This celebrated Reaper & Mower, can be seen at the residence of the agent, one mile west of Wolf's store. It is the latest invention, all cast iron and steel, and when in operation weighs only 500 pounds. It is a two-wheel machine, and warranted to work satisfactorily, an 1 ft. does not work according to guarantee it will be made to work at the expense of the manufacturer.

Price of machine \$200 cash, or \$240 on six months credit. Price of Mower \$175 cash, or \$210 on six months credit. W. M. EHRHART, Agent, ap10/88, 1y.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES!
J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa., Manufacturer of all kinds of Buggies, would respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that he has on hand

with and without top, and which will be sold at reduced prices for cash, and a reasonable credit given.

Two Horse Wagons, Spring Wagons, &c., made to order, and warranted to give satisfaction in every respect.

All kinds of repairing done in short notice. Call and see his stock of Buggies before purchasing elsewhere. ap10/88, 1y.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF
Bellefonte, Pa.
(LATE HUNES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.)

E. C. HUNES, Bank. J. P. HARRIS, Cash.

This Bank is now organized for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States.

Certificates issued by Hunnes, McAllister, Hale & Co., will be paid at maturity, and Checks of deposits at sight as usual on presentation at the counter of the said First National Bank.

Particular attention given to the purchase and sale of Government Securities. E. C. HUNES, President. ap10/88, 1y.

C. H. GUTELICH,
Surgeon & Mechanical Dentist,
who is permanently located in Acronburg, in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Neff, and who has been practicing with entire success—having the experience of a number of years in the profession, he would cordially invite all who have as yet not given him a call, to do so, and test the truthfulness of this assertion. 227 North Extracted without pain. may 22, 1868, 1y.

HENRY BROOKERHOFF, J. D. SUGRETT, Cashier.

MILLIKEN, HOOVER & CO.,
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest.

Discount Notes, Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coins. ap10/88, 1y.

JOHN D. WINGATE, D. D. S.
DENTIST.
Office on Northwest corner of Bishop and Spring st. At home, except, perhaps, the first two weeks of every month, he would cordially invite all who have as yet not given him a call, to do so, and test the truthfulness of this assertion. 227 North Extracted without pain. may 22, 1868, 1y.

P. D. KIEFF, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Centre Hall, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter and adjoining townships. Dr. Neff has the experience of 21 years in the active practice of Medicine and Surgery. ap10/88, 1y.

H. S. McALLISTER, JAMES A. BEAVER,
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Penna.

ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
Attorneys-at-law, Bellefonte, Pa. ap10/88, 1y.

DAMHOY—ATTORNEY AT-LAW
Office on High Street, Bellefonte, Pa. ap10/88, 1y.

JOHN P. MITCHELL—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in the Democratic Watchman Office. ap30/88, 1y.

W. B. LAITNER,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Bellefonte, Pa., Office with the District Attorney, in the Court House. may 15, 1868.

D. R. SMITH, offers his professional services. Office, Centre Hall, Pa. ap10/88, 1y.

TERMS.—The CENTRE HALL REPORTER is published weekly, at \$1.50 per year in advance; and \$2.00 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements are inserted at \$1.50 per square (10 lines) for 3 weeks. Advertisements for a year, half year, or three months at a less rate.
All job-work, Cash, and neatly and expeditiously executed, at reasonable charges.



CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19th, 1868.

DEMOCRATIC STATE NOMINATIONS

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:

HON. CHARLES E. BOYLE,
of Fayette County.

FOR SULLYVOR GENERAL:

GEN. WELLINGTON H. EXT,
of Columbia County.

The Tribune on Grant.

[From the Tribune, August 12, 1867.]

How happens it that every renegade from Radicalism is so vociferous for Grant? What is the "mystic tie that binds" our Weeds and Bennets, our backsliders from everything Republican but the leaves and fishes, in such loving accord that Grant is our only man for President? Is not here incitement to reflection?

[From the Tribune, August 15, 1868.]

Here are certain statements of facts which we challenge in kindest spirit:

I. When has General Grant ever departed from what is called "his habitual reticence" to sustain Congress, or in any way criticise the President?

II. When the President began his attack upon the policy of Congress, did he not send Grant down South to make a report which could be used to neutralize the effect of the exhaustive and able report of General Schurz? Was not the report of General Grant effectively used against the policy of Congress?

III. Did not President Johnson state in a letter recently printed in these columns, and written by a trustworthy gentleman, that he had never doubted that General Grant was a supporter of his policy?

IV. In the very crisis of the Presidential struggle with Congress did not Grant accompany the President on his electioneering trip? Some of his apologists have said whisperingly he did it by official command. Has anybody ever seen the order? If the order compelled him to visit the White House and stand at the side of the President while he cried over the Philadelphia Convention?

V. And now when Mr. Stanton, rightly construing a law of Congress to mean that his office is not in the hands of the President, distinctly states that he will make an issue with the President and fall back upon Congress, do we not see General Grant slip in, "acceptance" so completely disarm Stanton that he retires? Does not every reasonable person know that had General Grant declined the appointment—

which, being a civil office, he had a right to decline—the President would not have succeeded in removing the War Secretary? Is it not well understood that General Grant is keeping warm the place until some Conservative may be found to take it? *

We do most decidedly object to the attempt of the Times to make him (General Grant) a Radical, when there is no written or spoken word that we have ever seen or heard to justify the assertion, and while all his acts, and the acts of his loudest friends, lead to the contrary inference. *

The World writes a long article to show that in entering the War Office Grant acted of his own free choice, and was not coerced by the compulsive stringency of military discipline. Grant himself notified Stanton of his "acceptance." The word is plain enough to all men. *

We sustain no man whose record is not as clear as the sun. We follow no leader who does not tell us which way he intends to travel. Above all things we have as a party been too terribly juggled to run the risk again. Therefore we challenge the statement of the Times that Grant supports Congress, and demand the evidence.

[From the Tribune, August 15, 1868.]

General Grant took his

"popular influence" over to the side of the administration last summer when our worthy President paraded over the country abusing Congress. But we had no difficulty in beating the administration, "popular influence" and all. We admit that this new deed of the President loses much of its unpopularity by the fact that General Grant is the instrument of its accomplishment.—We know that but for the influence of Grant, the President to-day would be powerless for evil, and that he would not have dared to put his finger upon Mr. Stanton. Grant on the side "of the administration," is a strong opponent. We are sorry to find him there. But it is well that his friends are frank about it that we may know whither he is steering.

[From the Tribune, August 17, 1867.]

People tell us with wisemutterings that Grant is sagacious, that he hides his time, that the politicians will not trap him, that he will run uncommitted, that if he takes the Presidential office he will do his best, and rise above party. Probably Gen. Grant can afford to be a deaf-and-dumb candidate, but the country cannot afford to elect a deaf-and-dumb President. If these were ordinary times of peace, and the executive office meant the appointment of tide-waiters, post-masters, and consuls, we might be content to see Grant in the office, even if he never had an opinion. If the country were in the condition it was when Johnson was elected we might say "take Grant," he is available, and we shall have an easy, pleasant canvass, and no "bother." But we are now confronted with a problem more serious than any before in our country. It is a problem that will not permit of conservatism or compromise. It must be radically treated and we must have a man whose soul braves the work. A timid, hesitating, unsympathetic President, would bring disaster, especially if his policy were masked by the dazzling and seductive splendor of military fame. *

He (Grant) cannot carry our banner unless he wears our uniform. He cannot lead this party unless we know where he means to go.

It is reported that in three counties in North Carolina over four hundred families, have joined the Emigration Society, with a view to removal from that State during the present summer and settling in Indiana.

It is stated on good authority that at the municipal election in Washington "any number of negroes could not give their names or places of residence" were allowed to vote by the Radical election officers.

Mack says: Among the most disappointed at the failure of the impeachment is Mr. Ashley, of Ohio. He had his nomination all arranged. Every man in this district was to be the post-master of Toledo, or something else. They don't "see it" now as they did a few weeks ago; but James is still hopeful. He has a good conscience which helps him considerably.

Carl Schurz, temporary Chairman, called on Bishop Simpson to open the Chicago Convention with prayer. Schurz is the German infidel, who, a few years since, in a public speech at the West, spoke of the Almighty as "the ideal gentleman beyond the skies called by some people, God!" He certainly needs the prayers of the Bishop and every other good man.

Murders.

MEMPHIS, June 8.—A negro boy wounded Gilbert Femer, and shot Lloyd Brown, his brother-in-law, with a shot gun, killing him instantly, for threatening to whip him. The boy escaped, although the deed was done in the middle of the day, and in the centre of the city.

UTICA, N. Y., June 8.—A man named Moses Johnson was murdered on Thursday or last in his house at Brookfield, Madison county, and his body was cast into a well. He was first robbed, and then butchered with an axe.

SEAFORTH, Huron County, Canada, June 8.—A man named James Malady, and his wife, residing near this place, were brutally murdered their residence yesterday. Their son has been arrested on suspicion.

Ex-Governor Bigler & Son are erecting a large steam saw mill in Clearfield.

The Funeral of Ex-President Buchanan.

The funeral of Ex-President James Buchanan was very imposing. The cortege extended all the way from his home at Wheatland to Lancaster, a distance of a mile and a half. Delegates from New York, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, York, Pa., Reading, Pottsville, and from the National Congress, as well as from associations, benevolent, political and otherwise, walked over the route. About three thousand persons were in the line of procession. The family carriage of Mr. Buchanan conveyed his immediate mourners, including Mrs. Johnson (formerly Miss Lane,) and the Rev. Edward Buchanan, the only brother of the deceased, was present with his entire family. The mansion at Wheatland was thrown open to the public, and the body was exposed in the hall, while the family waited in the room in which Mr. Buchanan died. The ex-President was dressed in a satin shroud, white neck tie and high collar as in life. His face looked very natural and expressive.

The coffin and hearse was of a solid plain character, according to the directions of Mr. Buchanan himself. A band of music played a funeral march on the way to the grave. The Masons assisted throughout the ceremony, and their burial service accompanied the religious rites. All denominations of clergymen assisted at the grave, but the immediate ceremony was read by the Rev. Dr. John W. Nevin. Wreaths of laurel, ivy and "immortelles" were deposited upon the coffin. The funeral was not merely a political ceremony. It was remarked that the leading Republicans of the country did equal honor to the ex-President with his old party associates. The bells of the churches tolled during the passage of the procession, business was universally suspended, and the people crowded the streets through which the body passed to Woodland Hill Cemetery, the place of interment, which stands on the edge of the town, in an opposite direction from Wheatland. It was crowded by a respectful assemblage of people, long before the procession arrived.

Mr. Buchanan gave explicit directions in regard to his funeral, to his executor, on the Saturday preceding his decease. He requested that there should be no large or expensive monument erected over his remains, but that there should be a simple but substantial oblong tomb erected, the base to be of the finest and most durable marble, on which he specially requested there should be cut, in Roman letters, the following inscription, and nothing more: "Here rest the remains of James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States. Born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. April 23, 1791. Died at his residence, at Wheatland, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on—," adding the day of my death, now so near (which was June 1, 1868). In the same interview with his executor, who was one of his intimate friends, he said: "The principles of the Christian religion were instilled into my mind in my youth, and from all I have observed and experienced in the long life Providence has vouchsafed to me, I have only become more strengthened in my conviction of the divine character of the Saviour, and the power of atonement through his redeeming grace and mercy." At the conclusion of the interview, he remarked, in reply to an expressed hope that he might yet live to see the country fully restored to peace and prosperity, and his career completely vindicated:

"My dear friend, I have no fear of the future. Posterity will do me justice; I have always felt and still feel that I discharged every duty imposed upon me conscientiously. I have no regret for any public act of my life, and history will vindicate my memory from every unjust aspersion."

The will of Mr. Buchanan will be opened to-morrow. He is understood to have left a legacy to the poor of the city of Lancaster. His estate is computed at \$300,000. His last words were "Oh, Lord Almighty—Thou wilt."

A cow belonging to a Mr. Bachman, who resides near Allentown, gave birth recently to five calves. Three of these were of immature birth and died, but the remaining two are large, healthy and well formed.

Tornado in Texas—Terrible Destruction.

[From San Antonio (Texas) Express, May 21.]

Yesterday the sun set as usual, with no appearance of a storm. At half-past seven o'clock, p. m., the heavens darkened, the wind commenced to blow from the North, and the lightning became very brilliant; it continued thus until half-past eight, when the wind freshened, the rain commenced to fall, and within fifteen minutes it had increased to a hurricane, accompanied by the most fearful hail shower ever known. Chunks of ice fell as large as a good sized pitcher, one weighing two and a half pounds by actual weight. Every exposed glass toward the north in the city was dashed to pieces in an instant. Fronts of stores were opened, merchandise destroyed, houses blown down, and men cut to shreds. Among the details reaching us, we learn of two men on a dray; Mr. Louis, one of the party, was knocked off the dray, and returned badly battered, and bleeding profusely, not knowing what had become of his companion and dray. The old Presbyterian church, opposite this office, and next to the Kleopfer Hotel, was unroofed and nothing left but the wreck of the side walls, the ends having blown clear down. Trees two feet through were twisted off like pipe stems, and the hail dashed through tin roofs, leaving holes as clear as cannon balls would have done. A roof forty feet long sailed off the Alamo and landed two hundred yards away, in the center of the Alamo Plaza. Blinds were dashed in, and hail lay a foot deep in places. The front of the Express office is among those dashed in drenching the statum and damaging the library. A number of houses were unroofed, and we hear painful rumors of persons perishing; but of course details are impossible at this late hour. The damage of this city alone cannot be less than \$100,000, besides the destruction of all the fruit and crops.

We cannot give the extent of the storm; but from the time it lasted, it is judged to have extended over considerable territory.

The Pennsylvania Radicals who were opposed to Ex-Gov. Curtin's nomination circulated a report at Chicago to the effect that he is a common drunkard. When Radicals concoct falsehoods like that about their political opponents?

Call a Man.

A SNAKE STORY.

The following story from a bashful young man, if not literally true, has a verisimilitude rarely attainable in such fiction, which will furnish any apology it may need for its introduction into polite literature. We do not know its origin.

As novelists say, it was a beautiful day in August. The heavens were clear, serene and beautiful, the trees were laden with golden fruits, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. We were about to say the "earth had yielded her beautiful harvest of a year's grass and clover, and honey-suckles, which the noble yeomanry of Chesterville had gathered within their store-house," but upon a second thought have concluded to write thus: "The farmers of Chesterville were done harvesting."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting party that afternoon; his father had gone to get some wheat ground, and John was left to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow for cutting the meadow grass; suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about the house in the afternoon he would be called in at the time, and be required to do the honors at the table. To avoid this he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow at all, and thus avoid seeing the girls. The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest which effectually shut out what little breeze there might be stirring. The sun poured down its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, until he had to sit down and cool off.

Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants he might be more comfortable. There would be no im-

propriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person. So John stripped off, and with no covering save his linen—communally called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself on the good time he was having, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring about his neck. John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of snakes. "Self-preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed upon John's mind—"legs, take care of the body," was the next. Dropping his scythe, and spinning around like a top, he was ready to strike a 249 gut, when at that moment his snakeship was near enough to look his crooked teeth in John's shirt just above the hem. With a tremendous spring he started off with the speed of a locomotive.

His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and John stole a hasty glance over his shoulder; he was horrified to find the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the speed with which he rushed forward kept the serpent at an angle of ninety degrees with his body. Here was a quandary. If he continued the race, he must soon fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how his dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of home, and as he had emerged from the forest a feeling of security came over him. Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind of the true state of affairs; his father gone—and worst of all, the girls! This new horror sent the blood back gurgling about his heart and he came to a dead halt. The next moment he felt the body of the cold clammy monster in contact with his bare legs as though his snakeship only mislaid a little fun by the way of tickling John upon the knees. This was too much for human endurance. With a yell such as man never utters, save when in mortal terror, poor John again set forward at break-neck speed, and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake in his old position, somewhat after the fashion of the tails of comets. On, on they flew. John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake. His first wild shriek had started the quilting, and forth they rushed, working if some mad hobnob was not prowling about. By this time John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he might keep one eye on the snake, and with the other observed what course he must take; the bars now concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he once more halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to entangle the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by "circumstances over which he had no control," poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the bars the snake came round with a whizz somewhat after the fashion of a coach-whip. Having reached the barnyard, to his dismay he found the bars up. The time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. He gathered all his strength, bounded in to the air, snake ditto, and as he alighted on the other side his snakeship's tail cracked across the upper bar.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corner, his snakeship came around with a whizz that was quite refreshing. While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out—"Call a man!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight, and as quick as thought reappeared upon the other side of the house—"Call a man!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly falling. Nabby Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John reappeared, brought

it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and his hold upon John's garment.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at tea-time appeared in his best Sunday suit, looking but little worse for the race, and to all appearances entirely cured of bashfulness.

That night he walked home with Nabby Clark. The next New Year's they were married, and now whenever John is inclined to laugh at his wife's follies, she had only to say, "Call a man," when he instantly sobers down.

The Norristown Niggerites have sent a petition to Hon. John M. Broomall, of the house, asking Congress to "recall the extreme having upon it the faces of S. P. Chase and W. P. Fessenden." The Philadelphia Age explains this by saying that the Reds, are ashamed to look an honest man in the face. The Age is ahead!

GALENA, the home of Oregon Grant answered the voice of Oregon by electing the whole Democratic ticket, on Friday last, by three hundred majority. Every election that takes place points to one result—a crushing defeat of the Radical party and its expediency candidate in November next.

Election of a United States Senator.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 9.—Mr. Sprague was to-day re-elected to the United States Senate, without opposition in either branch of the Legislature.

The late Reverend Dr. Sutton, vicar of St. Paul's, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon: "Mr. Peech, how is it that you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" said the vicar; "then how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

"What's the matter, my dear?" said a wife to her husband, who had sat for half an hour with his face buried in his hands, apparently in great tribulation. "Oh! I don't know," said he; "I have felt like a fool all day." "Well," replied the wife, consolingly, "I am afraid you will never get any better; you look the very picture of what you feel!"

COACH MANUFACTORY.
HARDMAN PHILLIPS,

AT HIS manufacturing establishment at Yeagertown, on the Lewistown and Bellefonte Turnpike, has now on hand a few rods of the very best seasoned stock by which he may be seen in quality and style to any manufactured in the country. They are made of the very best seasoned stock by first class practical workmen, and finished in a style that challenges comparison with any work out of or in the Eastern cities, and can be sold at lower prices than those manufactured in large towns and cities, amidst high rents and ruinous prices of living. Being maker of his own situation, anxious to excel in his artistic profession and free from any annoyance in his business, he has fine and ability to devote his entire attention to his profession and his customers, receiving satisfaction alike to all patrons, operatives, his country, and himself.

Call and examine his stock and learn his prices, and you cannot fail to be satisfied. H. P. A. I. R. I. N. G. of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and reasonably. Yeagertown, June 12, 1868.—1y.

LADIES LOOK HERE!
FAIRER & CO.,
Bellefonte,

Is the place to buy your Silks, Mohairs, Mozambiques, Hops, Alpaca, Delains, Lains, Brilliant, Muslins, Calicoes, Tickings, Flannels, Opera Flannels, Ladies Coating, Gents' Cloths, Ladies Sacques, White Cray, Linen Table Cloths, Counterpanes, Crib Counterpanes, White and Colored Tuckers, Zephyrs, Insertings and Edgings, White Lace Curtains, Zephyr & Zephyr Patterns, Tidy Cotton, Shawls, Work Baskets, &c.

SUNDOWNS.
Notions of every kind, White Goods of every description, Perfumery, Ribbons—Velvet, Taffets and Bonnet, Corda and Braids, Veils, Buttons, Trimmings, Ladies and Misses Skirts.

HOOP SKIRTS.
Thread, Hosiery, Fans, Beads, Sewing Silks, &c.

LADIES AND MISSES SHOES
and in fact every thing that can be thought of, desired or used in the

FANCY GOODS OR NOTION LINE.
which he has concluded to sell at figures as low as any other in Philadelphia and New York retail prices.

Also the only agent in Bellefonte, for the sale of the

ODESSA PATENT COLLAPSING SKIRT.
Its peculiarity is that it can be altered into any shape or size the wearer may desire, so as to perfectly fit all ladies.

G. W. FAIRER & CO.,
June 6, 1868. No. 4, Bush's Arcade.