Do you wish for kindness? Be kind.
Do you long for truth? Be true.
What you give of yourself, you find
Your world is a reflex of you.

Bos life is a mirror. You smile. And a smile is your sure return.

Bear hate in your heart and erewhile
All your world with hatred will barn.

Set love against love. Every deed Shall armed as a fate recoil. You shall gather your fruit from the seed That you cast yourself in the soil.

That you cast year.

Bach act is a separate link
In the chain of your weal or your wee;
Gups you offer another to drink.
The taste of their drags you shall know.
—Exchange.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

Great was the consternation when the rumor was circulated through the office that Harding was to be married -nectually married to a woman," as Dikins remarked, in a voice of mingled pity and contempt, as he imparted the news to Judkins, the night editor.

Every one was disgusted, for wasn't parding the exclusive property of the Advocate's men?

And to share him with any woman was beyond all question.

"Fun's all up," dolefully remarked Judkins, as he buried his hands deep his pockets, and blessed his stars for is own unattached condition.

"Just imagine Harding's rooms with a woman in 'em," in a voice of utter contempt. "No more midulght gatherings there, my boy; no Welsh rarebit, so cards, with a seasoning of smokech, hang it, no nothing. Tidies, and ribbon, and bric-a-brac, and goodness knows what, wherever you step. Just a little call, and 'Good evening, Mrs. Harding; no, can't stop, have an assemment,' and off, leaving Harding trying to look happy, with a silk scarf twisted round his neck, and his feet plumb up against some other work of Brt. Hang it, what is the man thinkof?" and Judkins started up as if be would go to the protection of his misguided fellow editor.

But that same misguided young man seemed in no apparent need of protection, for he laughed and foked with boys in his old-time manner, and when Judkins's dismal prognostications were related to him his amusement knew no bounds. Then and there invited them to just come up and ese, when he was married, for "I'll warrant you," he said, "that Mrs. H. will prove a strong rival to my box of Arcadian mixture, to which Edkins is so attached, and every blessed one of you will wish you were in my shoes before the first evening is over, for"and here Harding, for the first time in the history of the office, descended to trite and commonplace—"she isn't the other girls, you know-she-"

But here an explosion of pent-up wrath burst from the group, and Harding was suddenly ejected from be closed doors, behind which came most undignified sounds, he was heard murmur:

"I wonder what I said," which goes prove that even a callous editor is smetimes human.

But this was all a year ago. Now Barding was safely married. The boys out giving his superior editor a chance were sure of that. As a proof of their to speak. devotion they had suffered themselves be bride as "the boys, you know," and efter paying due attention to the pretty bridesmaids, they had retired to the cace, and there held secret conclave ever glasses and pipes, and there early morning had found them, still wonder- Harding's wife. ing how any sane man could be so incane as Harding had been.

Now things were different. "She im't like other women," Judkins had seluctantly admitted after their first

"She really isn't, you know; and I guess, after all, it won't be so bad. She's almost one of us, you know, only box how better and sweeter, and all and I shouldn't wonder if we'd better ease up a little on Harding." And so, to quote Judkins, she was

almost one of them." Harding's rooms had never seemed so hospitable as now, his big chairs mover so tempting, and nights when the boys couldn't drop in for a moment's chat, at least, were off nights

with them. "I tell you it braces a fellow up," Edkins explained, in apology, the second time Judkins found him there.

"She's so awfully interested in all that we do, you know, and gives a fellow lots of tips. She ought to be on the paper herself, and I told her so, but, bless you, she blushed, and asked If I didn't think that she was better adapted to making chocolate, and banded me a cup, just as I like it, and as no one else on earth can make it but

"That finished you, old boy, of course," and Judkins laughed.

"But, houestly, you're right. Harding has improved wonderfully, and your pet column has gone up 50 per cent., and the society stuff isn't half

"We're almost up to the Vindicator now, and if it wasn't for the confounded scoops they get on us we'd lead the town; but I say, Ed"- and here Judkins paused and glanced down the street, as if he feared the approach of some one-"it seems kind of mean to say it, but did you ever think that Harding isn't just square with his wife, but makes deals with that woman on the Vindicator staff?

"No, I'm not crazy," as his companion stopped short and faced him. T've been looking this thing up, and If it wasn't for Mrs. H. I'd give the

fown the biggest sensation in years. "It would mean discharge to Harding and promotion to me, and, hang it, K it isn't a temptation. But there is

that wife of his somebow"-and he spoke slowly-"somehow I don't like to hurt her.

"Oh! yes, I've got facts," as Edkins

started to interrupt bim. "Mat upset the waste basket on my desk one morning, and didn't pick all the scraps up, and there on my desk was a letter signed 'Daisy.' Thought I'd have a chance to guy some of you fellows, so I read it.

"Twas from the editorial rooms of the Vindicator, and was addressed to Harding, and said, 'Meet me at 1 in the park. I must see you. Daisy.'

"You could have knocked me flat, but I followed it up by sending a boy to follow Harding. I knew enough not to follow him myself, and he came back with a full account of Harding meeting a veiled lady in the park, and they stood for a long time in a secluded spot talking very eagerly, and Harding held her hand, and, as the boy expressed it, looked 'sweet' at her. "Then I put that with the fact that

Harding was the only one who could get an interview with the Vindicator on that Maybee affair, and every one knows that the power behind the throne there is a woman. And it strikes me that we have a pretty plain case. Harding is struck on the girl, and she is playing with him for the benefit of the Vindicator.

See, my boy?"

Edkins drew a deep breath. "Yes, I see what you say, and if it's rue, by jingo, Judkins, we'll thrash Harding, that is all.

"I'm off," and Edkins departed with an abruptness that was unusual, even o that eccentric individual.

The story grew, as it was whispered from man to man, and there was an uneasiness in the little circle that was wont to gather at the Hardings', for all save Harding and his wife were acutely conscious of what the others were thinking. They alone were bright and cheery.

But the plot deepened as young Foster, who had been simply tolerated as a clever young fellow by the older men, became a frequent caller at the Hardings.

"The boy is in love," was the verdict of the older men, "and now we're in a mess, and how are we going to get out of it?

Affairs were in this condition when one night Judkins and Edkins reached the Hardings' earlier than usual to find Harding very ill at ease, and his wife's face flushed and her eyes bright. There was an awkwardness for a

few moments, which even Mrs. Harding, with her quickly recovered composure, was unable to dispel. Suddenly, without the least cere-

mony, the door opened and young Foster walked in. He hardly noticed the men, but

walked straight to where Mrs. Harding sat in her low chair by the teatable, and, kneeling down beside her, the office, and as he stared blankly at he caught her hand in his and raised it to his lips. The faces of the men wore a puzzled

expression, and Judkins burst out, "It's time this thing was cleared up! For heaven's sake, Harding, what is it all about?"

"This is what it's all about," young Foster's manly voice rang out, with-

appear in evening dress at the wed- Judkins, with your clues and your sto- of the animals near a certain ding; had been properly presented to ries, and all that. Harding here is the swamp. I accosted a native: only sane man on the paper.

"The nice little story you trumped up is all bosh, for here is your Vindicator girl whom Harding is struck on," and he smiled down into the face of Editor

"Yes, you fellows," he continued, "this is your 'girl' who managed all the scoops, and 'played with Harding' for the information she got.

"She's the smartest newspaper woman in this country, and the best woman in the world.

"Do you know what she has done? "No, of course you don't; you've been to busy ferreting out your mys-

"Well, every blessed one of those scoops you thought stolen she worked out for herself, and had it all in copy before you ever dawdled here and gos-

siped about it. "And when she might have had the biggest scoop of all, and been known the country over, and had her price for it all, she gave it up, gave up her position on the Vindicator, all because it touched the honor of one of our men. As she told the managing editor, when she absolutely refused to give the

names he asked: "'I have been an editor, but, thank God, before I was that, and, despite of it. I have been a woman also, and I am Editor Harding's wife, and I will not betray the good name of one of his

men. The strong voice broke. "It was my father's name," he continued, "and

now my father is dead." There was a silence for a moment. Then it was broken by the sweet

voice of Editor Harding's wife. "You take two lumps, I believe, Mr. Edkins? You see I remember."

"Which goes to show," said Judkins, as they trudged home an hour later, "that really she isn't like other women'."

The Comfort of Job.

Porter (returning in a hurry)-Beg pardon, sir, but I was a-makin' a mistake when I says your train starts from No. 6 platform. I have ascertained that it 'as previously started from No. 5. In hother words, sir, you ave lost it .- Pick-Me-Up.

A French Canadian couple, Louis Darwin and his wife, living in St. Paul, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their marriage. The husband is 107 years old and his wife is

STRANGE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS. A Process in Which No Pigments or Col-ored Washes are Used.

The London Times says a private exhibition was given a day or two ago of some of the results obtained by the new process of color photography which has been devised by a Cornish man, Mr. Bennetto. The methods and indeed the principle employed, remain the secret of the inventor, and it is intended that they shall remain so until several more details and applications of the invention have been more fully worked out. All that is at present known is that the inventor, who has been occupied with the subject for the last eight years, claims to have discovered the first true and direct system of color photography by which can be transformed to a photographic negative and thence printed on glass or paper the exact natural colors of the object toward which the camera has been directed. He employs no pigments, his plates have not to be washed with various colored solutions, and it is not necessary to view his pictures through any combinations of tinted glasses. The colors are imprinted on the plate just as are the light and shade in an ordinary monochrome photograph and are directly visible to the eye. It may be mentioned that Mr. Bennetto in his earliest experiments could get no effects with a less exposure than three minutes; now he is able to work with exposures of sixteen seconds. Whatever may have been the meth-

ods used, the pictures produced by them attain a high standard of excellence. One of the best specimens shown was a study of a sunrise, taken early one morning in the middle of June, 1895, in which the flery orange of the dawn and the heavy masses of clouds were admirably represented. The clouds, again, were excellent in a typical picture of Cornish seashore scenery, and the tints of the sand and rocks and their reflections in the pools were faithfully reproduced. On the other hand, in some pictures flowers were rather lacking in lustre. Possibly this is a question of exposure. Perhaps the picture which best illustrated the capabilities of the process was one of a champagne bottle standing on a white tablecloth and surrounded with various fruits. Here there were three or four different whites which were all distinguishable, but which it would probably have taxed the powers of any artist to represent by painting. The gold foil on the bottle was exactly rendered, and It was possible to tell that it was full by the prismatic gleam of the liquid. The one unsatisfactory thing in the picture was a spoon, whose sparkle was quite lost; it looked as if it might have been made of cardboard, covered with dull silver paper. The inventor looks forward, among other things, to revolutionizing by this process the illustration of books and magazines, and hopes to show in the future how to flash a picture on a screen so that a permanent copy may be left behind.

Hunting Down South.

The most patient man on earth and the most uncommunicative is the cracker of Florida,

I employed one to go with me and carry my traps on a deer hunt. I had "It means that you are an old duffer, | been informed that there were plenty

"I am informed that there are deer in this section?"

"Yaas."

"Are there?"

"Yans." "Can I hire you to carry my lug-"Yaas."

We got ready, and I asked: "What direction?"

"Don't keer."

We tramped all day, cracker carrying the traps and not saying a word. We camped out at night, the cracker building a fire and cooking supper. The next day we found no indication of deer, and still the cracker said nothing. That night I asked:

"How soon do you think we will find any deer?" "Never."

"I thought you said there were

plenty?" "Not hyar."

"Well, where are they?"

"T'other side swamp." "Why didn't you say so long ago?"

asked, angrily.

"Yo' never axed me." The next morning we retraced our steps and two days later reached the other side of the swamp without another word from the cracker. We had not been there an hour before I killed a fine buck, and we secured four the first day. It was a beautiful hunting-

denly come upon a large residence. I could not understand how the deer remained so close.

ground, and I was surprised to sud-

"Who lives there?" I asked the cracker.

"Jedge Simmons."

"Who is he?"

"The man as owns this park and these deer." I did not wait to interview the

Judge, but paid the cracker and left that part of the State.-New York World.

A Misnomer. The stage manager was thoughtful. "I think we'd better cut that line,"

"The one that reads 'Apparel oft

proclaims the man." "I don't see why. It has come down to us without protest from the day that Shakespeare wrote it until now," said the manager, irritable, "of course it was all right when it was written. There were no girls in knickerbockers then, and very likely there was a good deal of truth in it."-Pearson's Weekly.

A GIANT IN TROUBLE. Found that Earache Wasn't So Terribly Easy to Endure.

It was after the medical association had adjourned the other night that the gruff old doctor called in several of his professional brethren into a corner and told his story.

"Never had a pleasanter case in my life," he chuckled. "You know what a big, powerful fellow Sems is. Never was sick a day, and has always derided the idea that pain was a thing to make such a fuss over as is made by some people. Even his wife and children never got any sympathy from him, and he was always ready to give them a going over for not displaying more stoicism.

"Tuesday morning about 2 o'clock there was a terrific ringing at my telephone. On answering it I was urged by an agitated voice to hurry to Sems as quickly as possible. It was a case of life and death. Getting there post haste, I found that great big fellow walking the floor in his night robe, groaning so that he could be heard anywhere in the block, growling out orders to the whole household, looking pale as a ghost, and stopping every few minutes to hold up one foot while he howled. His head was enveloped in towels, and one side of it steamed with hot poultices. He sailed into me for not getting there sooner, said that half the people died while waiting for a doctor, jawed his wife because she hadn't sense enough to tell him that he had no slippers on, and then told her to call a lawyer so he could put his affairs into shape. I vetoed this until we found out whether there was anything the matter.

"'Anything the matter!' echoed Sems. 'Great Heavens! man, the side of my head's coming off. I can't last till daylight in this torture. No mortal ever suffered such agony. If you're going to do anything, do it quick. My own opinion is that I'm done for,' and he let out the loudest howl of the night. What do you think was the matter with the big calf? Earache; just common, old-fashioned earache. His little girl had had it worse and gone to school with a piece of cotton in her ear. I fixed him up, and then told him if he happened to prick his finger with a pin or bump his shin against a chair, not to hesitate to call me out of bed even if there was a blizzard."-Detroit Free Press.

A SHREWD TRICK. Which Helped the Excavators in Digging

People in general cannot understand the doings of a student of nature. Especially quite ignorant persons are apt to conclude, when told that the objects of his search are fossils or minerals. that under this explanation is concealed the purpose of securing some buried treasure, for that is the only thing that would induce them to dig. Mr. A. L. Adams relates an amusing instance of this reasoning:

While excavating a large cavern on the southern coast of Malta, we had dug a trench in the soil on its floor some six feet in depth, in quest of organic remains. The natives in the vicinity, hearing of our presence, came in numbers daily to witness the proceedings, interrogating the workmen with reference to the object of our researches, of which the workmen were about as ignorant as themselves.

One afternoon three stalwart fellows paid us a visit, and whilst they sat on the heap of dirt staring down into the dark ditch below, I dropped a Spanish dollar on a shovelful of earth, and the next moment it lay with the soil on the heap. Picking it up in a careless manner, I put it into our luncheon bag, and a few minutes afterward our friends disappeared, muttering to one another as they went.

Great was our amusement the next morning to find that our trench had been carried fully four feet below the level we had gained on the previous evening. Not only that; several other excellent sections of the floor had been made by the natives in expectation of finding buried treasure.

Accepted Her Suggestion. She looked up into his eyes pleading-

"Algernon," she said, "I've a little

favor that I should like to ask of you. I'm sure you will grant it, won't you, dear? It's about your farewell bacheler dinner." "Certainly," replied Algernon Wine-

biddle.

"You won't think me silly, will you? Well, then, Algie, won't you please have it after we are married? The indictment of the prospective bridegroom after the dinner always takes up so much room that the papers say hardly anything about the wedding at all."-New York Herald.

A Pleasant Exchange.

Joseph Gillott, the manufacturer of pens, once visited the artist, Turner. "I have come to swap some of my pictures for yours," said he. "What do you mean?" exclaimed

Turner. "You do not paint." "No, I do not, but I draw," said Gilstt, unfolding a roll of Bank of England notes, "and here are some of my pictures." The "swap" was effected .- Pearson's

Weekly.

Profound Profundity.

The following interesting statement "What line?" asked the leading appears in the report of the Jefferson Laboratory of President Eliot of Harvard: "Professor Jackson, with Mr. M. H. Ittner, finished the work upon parabromdimetanitrotoluol, which begun last year and continued with Mr. H. A. Torrey the study of the derivatives of chloranil, obtaining results which throw some light upon the constitution of the oxide of dibenzoyedichlordimethoxyquinone."-New York Tri-

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It is doubtful if any modern commodity, except money, has been counterfeited more than Hires Rootbeer. By progressive and costly advertising this article has attained a trade-mark peculiar to itself, and its wide popularity and immense sale is an irresistible attraction for the unscrupulous imitator. attraction for the unscrupulous imitator. Justice, however, is beginning to realize that the public must be protected from such practices as is evinced by the decision just rendered by Judges Finletter and Gordon in Philadelphta, Court of Common Pleas No. 3, restraining George A. Hires, a namesake of Mr. Charles E. Hires, from manufacturing and selling a preparation under the name of Hires Rootheer. This is a move in the right direction, as this superior article should not Hires Rootbeer. This is a move in the right direction, as this superior article should not be substituted by inferior stuff.

The Commencement exercises at Pennsylvania State College will be held June 13-16.

An examination of candidates for admission will be held at the College, Thursday, June 17th, at 9 o'clock a. at the same hour.

Local examinations will be held Wednesday, June 23rd, at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Reading and Scranton, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m. Places will be announced in the local papers two weeks in advance.

Orders for tickets over the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches to Lemont or to the College (via Bellefonte) and over the Reading and Beech Creek roads to Bellefonte may be obtained from John I. Thompson, Jr., State College, Pa.

For one dollar, you may buy a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, if taken in time, and according to directions, may save great many dollars in give the body its full measure of doctors' bills, and thus exemplify the strength and energy, the blood should truth of the old maxim, "Prevention be kept nure and yigorous, by the use is better than cure."

be kept nure and yigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Wages Must Come Down."

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, one of the bituminous coal kings, and a great Republican champion of protection, declared, in a recent interview, that "the coal miners' wages must come down."

This is a pretty declaration to be made at a time when a high tariff is being pushed through Congress for the pretended reason of increasing the wages of the working people. And in view of the fact that the bituminous coal miners are getting scarcely enough to keep them from starving, what is the amount that Elkins thinks they should be brought down to? It their pay were made any less they would work for nothing. Why does Senator Elkins think that

the pay of the miners should be lower? It is for the reason, as he declares, that "wages in America stand in the m. A second examination will be held way of any revival of business." Ac-Tuesday, September 15th, beginning cording to his view business will not recover as long as workingmen receive the wages they are now getting. Capital can't stand such a drain.

This is a different story from that which was told on the stump before the last election. Then the workingmen were assured that by voting for McKinley they would secure the passage of a tariff that would ensure them good wages and make the country prosperous. Now they are told by Elkins that business can be revived and prosperity restored only by reducing the pay of the working people.

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To A Way Hunt bave g for the iness-lil their fr

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