

THE ANGEL OF THE TWILIGHT.

The angel of the twilight
Is garbed in hoden gray—
She comes upon the shadows
That hold the closing day.
Her wings beat slowly, slowly,
Her voice is of the best;
As comes her soothing crooning:
"O, tired ones, I bring rest."

The angel of the twilight—
If we could see her face—
Is one of wondrous beauty,
Of gentleness and grace.
She pillows all the weary
Upon her garment's folds,
And they who sigh of sorrow
Within her arms she holds.

The angel of the twilight
Sings rarest lullabies—
She croons of coming blessings,
Contentment and heart's ease.
The babe, the man, the woman,
Hear her low voice the while,
And sink to softest slumber,
Lid by her song and smile.

The angel of the twilight,
Clad all in heden gray—
She brings the gentle darkness
That hides the cares of day;
She brings us balm and balsam
From out the starry west,
When crooning, softly, slowly,
She murmurs: "I bring rest."
—W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

Lady Patricia's Portrait.

And Why It Never Won a Name for the Artist.

"Oh, really," said Lady Patricia Ringwood, "you mustn't talk this nonsense to me!"

The artist dabbed his brush viciously on his palette and looked up with a word of reproach in his fine gray eyes.

"Nonsense!" he echoed. "How can you say that love—my love—is nonsense, Patricia?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Keston, but I really cannot allow you to call me by my Christian name."

"You are always Patricia in my thoughts," said the artist. "I can think of you as nothing else, and therefore I must say it. Your title—that hateful word would stick in my throat! Patricia, it is not the first time—you have allowed—ay, even smiled at hearing it twenty times before."

"I daresay," said Lady Patricia, smiling then. "But, you see, you were not making love to me then."

"But it was encouraging," went on the young man vehemently. "You cannot deny it. You are a flirt—coquette! Did you not lure me on with your smiles and glances? Did you not praise my work to the skies and tell me that with your influence in higher circles I should make my name in the world?"

"And now you have spoiled it all, you foolish boy!" said Lady Patricia languidly. "How could you be so stupid? How can I help you with your work now?"

"Ah," said the young man passionately, "what is my art, my ambition, my very life worth to me without your presence? Oh, Patricia, have pity on me! You cannot be so cruel after being so kind. Give me the least little grain of hope, and I am happy! Your eyes tell a different tale to your tongue! I know you care for me, Patricia—"

"You are a very bold and conceited young man," said Lady Patricia, still smiling. "And you are also very much mistaken. Now, no more nonsense, if you please, and may I make haste with my picture. I have an interview with my dressmaker at three o'clock."

The young man started up, all the softness and pleading gone in an instant. His face worked painfully, his eyes grew dark with anger.

"You are a heartless, unnatural woman!" he said. "I wonder how many men you have ruined, as you have ruined me?"

He caught up his brush and with a supreme gesture dashed a livid mark of blue across the beautiful face on his easel.

"That for your picture!" he said, a savage gleam in his eyes. "And that for my art!"

He picked up his paint box and flung the contents furiously into the fireplace. Then he tore his hat from the pegs and turned toward his astonished model.

"Madam," he said, "you have killed my ambition—my only hope in life. Tonight will finish your merciless work. I hope you will retain an unpleasant episode long upon your conscience."

With these words he turned upon his heel and without another glance strode toward the door.

Lady Patricia had scarcely recovered from her surprise when she found herself alone.

"Well, I never!" she said as she surveyed the destruction in the fireplace. "There's a reckless young man for you! And my picture, too! What a waste of my valuable time—twenty-five long sittings—and I have paid part of the money in advance, too! Dear, dear me!"

And she laughed merrily. Then as she laughed away her eyes softened and her face took a wistful expression.

"Poor boy! How deeply he felt it!" she said. "And how handsome and manly he looked when he got into a rage! What a pity now he was not a duke or a millionaire instead of a penniless artist! I might then have made him happy! Poor Paul!"

She looked across at her mutilated picture and sighed. Then suddenly the young artist's last words occurred to her:

"Tonight will finish your merciless work. I hope you will retain an unpleasant episode long upon your conscience."

What did he mean? He looked so wild and reckless, and he was so deeply in love. Could he have meant—ah, no; the thought was too awful! He could not have meant self-destruction.

Lady Patricia started up with a cry and a stinging conscience. She knew quite well she had encouraged the admiration of the sentimental young artist; so many men admired her, and she delighted in the power she held over them, and of seeing the delight or disappointment they experienced in her varying caprices. And now—oh, no! It could not be! Her vanity could not be punished so! She must stop him before it was too late.

With this idea firmly fixed in her mind, Lady Patricia rang the bell and demanded her cloak.

"Will my lady allow me to dress her?" said the little French maid, aghast at the unusual proceedings of dressing in the drawing room.

"No, no, Pauline, I have no time!" said her ladyship.

"But my lady's coiffure!" said Pauline, raising her hands.

"Will do well enough for my mission," said Lady Patricia grimly.

"Now, Pauline, order me a hansom at once—do you hear? I cannot wait for the carriage."

And a few minutes later her ladyship was rattling swiftly along in the direction of Bloomsbury Square, but not swiftly enough for her, as the pale, anxious face in the side mirrors revealed. Impatient and heartick as she was, she could not help questioning herself on the step she was taking. Would she have done as much for the portly Sir Richard Humphrey, whose huge person and large estate were forever at her disposal? No, nor for any one of her suitors, wealthy and well born as they were. But Paul was different.

She began wondering what her life without him would be like, and it did not seem alluring. How eagerly she had looked forward to his weekly visits, with what docility she had sat for hours on end for a picture she did not want. She knew now what she had willfully ignored before. She loved Paul, and would give up the world for his sake.

The instant the cab stopped her ladyship jumped out, and telling the man to wait for her, ran swiftly up the stone steps which led to the artist's flat. The front door was ajar, and she walked in without knocking, and through the long passage which led to his studio.

Her heart was beating rapidly when she came to his door, and her breath came quickly. She hardly knew what she would do or say. She only knew she would be weak and womanly. Then suddenly there came voices from within, and, surprised, she opened the door softly and looked in.

Paul Keston was not alone. Near him—very near—was a young and pretty girl, with whom he appeared to be on very friendly terms. The artist was not pale or distraught—quite the reverse. He seemed to be a trifle anxious, 'tis true, but he had by no means the air of a man who meditated suicide. He was speaking in a low voice to the girl, and Lady Patricia strained her ears to catch the words. Could he be making her a confidante?

"Rose," he said, "I'm going to make a clean breast of it. You know I have always loved you, ever since you were small enough to cry about in my arms. Well, lately I have been subjected to a fearful temptation, and I fell. Rose, you know how I loved my art! I found an opportunity—someone who was wealthy and affluent enough to help me on with my work. She was very rich and very beautiful, and I thought she cared for me. Forgive me, Rose, if she had loved me, I should never have been saying these words to you today."

The girl's face changed from red to white, and her hands trembled nervously. For some time after the man had spoken she made no movement; then she looked up and caught his glance. She was by his side in a moment.

"Oh, Paul! Oh, Paul!" she cried in reproachful accents.

"My own darling!" said the artist, caressing her. "Will you forgive me?"

"Tell me you did not love her!" exclaimed the girl, lifting her passionate face to his. "Only that and nothing else matters."

"I care more for your little finger than for any other woman in the world," whispered the artist, folding her in his arms. "You believe me, my Rose?"

"Oh, how I bless her for not loving you!" cried the girl.

And Lady Patricia waited to hear no more. She turned from the door, her face a study in varying expression—jealousy, anger, disappointment—struggling with relief and contempt. Then she paused—she could not forego a passing shaft; the temptation of letting him know that she had been there, and had proved his insincerity, was too strong for her. She tore one of the pages from the little silver tablet she wore at her waist and scrawled the following words:

"Adieu, my artist!"

"The episode was not so unpleasant as my imagination conceived. I came just in time to see a pretty finish. I trust you will not be so happy with your consolation that you will omit to call either for the remainder of your commission money or the picture you put the finishing touch to as a remembrance." "PATRICIA!"

This note she folded up and pushed quietly under the door; then, without another glance at her false lover, she brushed a gleam of moisture impa-

tiently from her eyes, and, waiting re-entered her cab.

"I have many consolations after all," she said as she rattled homeward. "He does not know how nearly he succeeded in winning me, and I have escaped a family scandal in marrying out of my station. Sentiment is a mistake. Sir Richard Humphrey is no Adonis, but he is genuine, and considering how much there is of him, it's saying a good deal. Perhaps it is all for the best."

And Lady Patricia encouraged a smile, which although weak at first gradually broadened out into merriment.

The picture still remains in Lady Patricia's possession, and since the artist who painted it has never come into prominence, it is hidden away with its secret in my lady's boudoir. Some day when the world is airing its praises of the wonderful artist, Paul Keston, the picture may perchance see the light. But not until then.—New York News.

CARTER'S LIFE IN PRISON.

Spends Much of His Time Looking After Flowers.

This civil suit of the United States to recover money from Oberlin M. Carter, ex-captain of engineers, now a prisoner in the Federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, is expected to come up for trial in the United States Circuit Court in Chicago soon, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The total amount involved in the suit is \$723,000 in stocks, bonds and real estate. Last summer government officials attached property of Carter in the State of New Jersey and a large amount of stock and bonds, some of which is alleged to be in the name of his uncle and brother.

After the attachments were placed on some of the property an arrangement was entered into whereby Carter agreed to place all his property in escrow in the hands of the court, and to stand a civil trial, to see whether the government or he (Carter) had a right to it. It is the contention of the government that the money to purchase the real estate and the stock and bonds is part of that stolen by Carter and others in the Savannah harbor work. Carter contends that much of it was given to him by his father-in-law, now dead.

Carter will not be allowed to go to Chicago for the trial, the department of justice officials holding that his presence is not necessary, at a civil trial. Carter's interests will be looked after by his uncle and brother and three able attorneys. The trial will be watched with interest as it is expected that some new developments about the harbor work will be brought out.

Carter has less than a year more to serve in the Federal penitentiary. If nothing is taken off his good time, which is two months each year, Carter will be set free November 28, 1903, about 11 months hence. His conduct as a prisoner is excellent. He is still a clerk at the penitentiary hospital. He spends a great deal of time in the summer looking after the flower beds in the prison yard.

Carter does not state what he will do when released from the penitentiary. During the first year or two of his imprisonment he was constantly declaring that just as soon as he got out he would devote his time and money to clear his record and that he would lose no time in going to Savannah and asking for a trial in the civil courts. He repeatedly compared his case to that of the French captain, Dreyfus, and posed as a martyr.

Of late he has not been making any talk of this kind. It is believed that he will spend most of his time looking after his mining property in New Mexico, and when his relatives call on him he directs them how to proceed in developing the mines. His knowledge as a civil engineer comes to his aid in this.

Faithful Dad.

We happened in a home the other night and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, "What is home without a mother." Across the room was another brief, "God bless our home."

Now, what's the matter with "God bless our dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner-pail and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand-out for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the balliff and keeps the rent paid up.

If there is a noise during the night dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after every one else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right; but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house, father is under a slab and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you; you've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone.—Stevens County Revellite.

Ambition.
Every man's ambition is to get rich; every woman's to get married.—New York Press.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For March 1.

Subject: Paul and Apollus. Acts xviii. 24 to xix., 6.—Golden Text, Luke xi., 13.—Memory Verses, 4-6.—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. Introduction.—After remaining a year and a half at Corinth Paul began his homeward journey. He took with him Aquila and Priscilla. Sailing eastward they landed at Ephesus. Paul remained only a short time, as he desired to reach Jerusalem in time for the great feast in the spring of A. D. 54. Aquila and his wife remained at Ephesus.

24. "Apollus receiving instruction (vs. 24-26). Apollus had been made by Paul's labor at Ephesus had been made by Apollus, who had instructed a small company of Jews up to the twilight of John the Baptist's teachings, concerning the Messiah. "Alexandria." This city was built near the mouth of the Nile by Alexander the Great. "Eloquent" learned. The word in the original expresses not only ability as an orator, but also the possession of stores of learning. Either rendering only gives half the idea. He was learned and could use his learning with effect. "Mighty." He was familiar with the Scriptures and used them with power as a source of argument and appeal.

25. "Was instructed." Probably by some disciple of John who had left a judgment before the Saviour commenced His public course, or possibly by John himself, whose earlier ministry Apollus may have attended. "Fervent." He had a glowing religious disposition and ardent zeal. He was active and taught "carefully" and spoke boldly. "Knowing only." Apollus knew nothing of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He knew that the "kingdom of God was at hand," and preached the gospel of repentance, a preaching greatly needed to-day.

26. "Held." The Jews were not all ready even to listen to announcements of the Great Prophecy. The speaker who dwelt on this theme must be prepared with arguments as well as courage. "Had heard." In the synagogue. "Took him." Persons of great learning may be led into the light by those in obscure positions. Apollus gives proof of his greatness by showing his willingness to receive instruction from such humble people. "Expounded—more carefully." Aquila and Priscilla unfolded to Apollus the wonderful fact of a Messiah already come. They gave him the history of the incarnation, the miracles, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension, the pentecostal outpouring, and the commission to convert the world. This pupil was soon superior to his teachers. Aquila and his wife were faithful people, and it appears that wherever they went they had a "church in their house." See 1 Cor. 16: 19; Rom. 16: 5. The last New Testament reference to them is in 2 Tim. 4: 19. Tradition says that they died martyrs.

27. "Apollos visits Achaia (vs. 27, 28). 27. "Was disposed." The original expresses more than an inclination on his part; he wished to go. "Into Achaia." Of which Corinth was the capital, and it was Corinth which he decided to visit. His travels have been directed to this field of labor by Aquila and Priscilla. Being acquainted with the philosophy and learning of Greece he was well fitted to be a preacher to the Greeks as well as the Jews. We are not told of any apostolic commission to Apollus, but we know from 1 Cor. 1: 12, etc., that he came to be regarded by some Corinthians as the equal of St. Paul, and that there arose some strong party feeling in the church which is rebuked in St. Paul's letter to them. "Through grace." These words may refer either to Apollus or to the people at Corinth. It was through grace that they had believed, and it was through grace that Apollus was able to help them.

28. "Mightily convinced." See R. V. He powerfully confuted the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Old Testament Scriptures, which the Jews received as inspired, that Jesus was the Messiah, and that they could be saved only through Him. This they refused to do, and we know the consequence. Their city was sacked, their temple burnt, and more than a million of them were killed and the rest scattered over the face of the earth.

III. Paul arrives at Ephesus (v. 1). 1. "Came to Ephesus." In accordance with the promise made them when returning from his second missionary journey (chap. 18: 21). Ephesus was not only the capital of the province, but was the city of the greatest importance in all Asia Minor—a splendid city, and the emporium of trade in the East. It was called one of the eyes of Asia, Smyrna, forty miles to the north, being the other. The city stood on the south of a plain about five miles long, from east to west, and three miles broad, with the Icarian Sea, an arm of the Aegean, on the west. Here Paul continued to labor for nearly three years. "Certain disciples." Although their knowledge was imperfect they were sincere and "possessed the elements of a true faith," and as soon as the light shone upon them they at once walked in it.

IV. The baptism of the Holy Ghost (vs. 24-26). 2. "The Holy Ghost." Paul was a Holy Ghost preacher. His first sentence brings these unenlightened disciples face to face with the deeper things of God. It was the common privilege of the disciples of Christ to receive not only the ordinary graces, but also the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit; and thus the disciples of Christ differed from those of John. The genuine disciples of Christ are still distinguished from all others by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which enlightens, quickens and purifies. Those who have not received this baptism are living far beneath their privileges in the gospel. "As heard." See R. V., where the thought is made much clearer. This cannot mean that they knew nothing about the Holy Ghost, but they were ignorant with regard to Pentecost. If they were "disciples" they must have been regenerated by the Holy Ghost, but now it remained for them to be purified by faith (Acts 15: 9), and to receive the gifts and graces which came as a result of this heavenly baptism.

4. "Of repentance." John called upon the people to repent and prepare the way of the Lord, and pointed to Jesus as the Messiah. "That is, on Jesus." The closing words of the sentence are a condensation of all the explanations by which the apostle convinced them that Jesus, whom he preached, was the prophet whom John announced.

5. "Spoke with tongues." This was Pentecost repeated. A new outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon a new twelve. "Propheesied." Not the ability to foretell future events, but the power to preach the gospel and to expound the Scriptures as given them. See 1 Cor. 14: 3. No person is qualified to preach the gospel, or to do Christian work of any kind, until he has received the baptism of the Spirit.

SOUND TO BE RIGHT.

"Years ago, up in Solon, there dwelt a man who was always on the safe side of a statement. Many of the older residents will remember the quaint old gentleman who never incriminated himself by a bold statement.

"Every morning, as regular as milking time, the old fellow hobbled to the window, or to the open door and scanned the heavens critically. Then as he returned to his seat by the stove, he'd remark philosophically: "Well, M'randy, guess it's going to rain to-day—or else it ain't a-goin' to rain!"—Lewiston Journal.

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