

LET'S PRETEND.

Let's pretend that you and I
Have no real cause to cry
At the stones that bruise us so
In the pathway we are treading—
Tired, weary feet are treading—
We are dancing as we go,
Like we used to long ago,
Let's pretend.
II.
But can you and I rejoice
With the echo of that voice,
With its mournful rise and fall,
Calling, calling, calling, calling?
Hope is dead—can it be calling?
'Tis no voice we hear at all,
'Tis a lonely bitter call,
Let's pretend.
III.
Does it matter, when 'tis done,
If the race be lost or won?
We have gained some thing, say I,
If we've just been trying—
Though our heart burst trying—
I can look you in the eye!
It will come right by and by,
Let's pretend.
—Edgar M. Dilley in the New York Herald.

ALICIA'S DILEMMA.

A more disconcerted mortal than myself it would have been difficult to find throughout the length and breadth of England the morning I got Bayly's letter.
Everything had gone wrong with me. There was Alicia. I slipped my coffee gloomily, and reflected that three short weeks ago, only three short weeks, we had been discussing whether we would have those very walls I was then looking at papered green or blue.
Bayly had sent a note to say he was coming down for the week end, and might be expected that afternoon. Bayly is a cheerful soul, but not obtrusively so, and on the whole I thought I should be pleased to see him. It has always been a cherished idea of Bayly's that I should get married, and I knew it must be a real disappointment to him that I had broken off my engagement.
It was Alicia's mother that had been the cause of our rupture. No one would have thought it within the bounds of possibility that Alicia and I could be made to quarrel, but Alicia's mother ended by making us break off our engagement.
I decided to go for a ride. The day was fine—brilliantly so, I thought—and I had it before me till Bayly's arrival. I ordered Ladysmith to be saddled, she was brought round, and I started.
I went some way, then decided I had had enough, and turned to go back over a field.
Mushrooms! The field was white with them! There must have been thousands!
I myself have the mania to an extraordinary extent. I can't pass one, the thing draws me to it as if I were enchanted. I don't know why. I can buy them at a cheap enough rate, and I don't care for eating them; but gather them I must. I no sooner saw this glorious sight than I tumbled off my knees, and began filling my pockets as fast as I could. I simply stuffed them into every available place, and then, when I could carry no more, rose from my labors and looked round for Ladysmith.
There she was, careening round the field, only too glad to have me off her back.
Here was Ladysmith, a fresh young thoroughbred, at large in a field several acres in extent. Lived the man who could catch her? I doubted it.
However, we had to try. I say we because, seeing the impossibility of managing it single-handed, I immediately enlisted the services of a neighboring farmer to help me out of my dilemma. He grasped the situation at once, smiled broadly as he touched his hat, and remarked:
"I suppose it was them mushrooms, sir."
It was, of course, but it was mortifying to be told so. But we had our work cut out, and there was no time to waste. One or two laborers came to assist, and a tramp also volunteered. Already she saw what we were about, and began gently to encourage us; she allowed us to come quite close, and just as your hand touched her bridle, she was off like the wind. We ran and whistled, shouted and maneuvered under that blazing August sun till our tempers could bear no more. The tramp sloped, Ladysmith herself had betaken herself into another field, quite as large as the first, and here we had been exerting ourselves for some time when the farmer said:
"Better leave it to us, sir, I think. We'll get her for you in time, and I'll bring her over. I'll see she's all right."
I knew he would; he was one of my tenants. I accepted the offer, and set off to walk home by the road.
"What shall I do? What shall I do?"
I started as if the ground had opened at my feet. Alicia's voice; but where was she?
"What's the matter?" I called.
Then I saw her. She was standing in an opening of the hedge, pushing back the bushes with her hands. Her hat was at an extraordinary angle, and her frock was torn; there were traces of tears on her cheeks.
I don't know why, but as soon as I saw Alicia in this condition I made up my mind that it was perfectly ridiculous that we should have quarrelled, and that the first thing to be done was to restore our former relations.
"Oh, is it you, Mr. Bayly?" she said, looking at me over the ditch. "What have you been doing?"
I certainly did present a strange appearance, almost a disreputable

one. Bits of broken mushroom dropped from me at intervals, and my coat was torn. But for all that I meant to carry the war into the enemy's country.

"If you will excuse my asking, what have you been doing?" I asked. "I am sure something has happened. Let me help you over the ditch."

"No, thank you; I can manage it by myself." And she sprang over. But the refusal was stiff, and I felt I must proceed with caution. When she had cleared the ditch I saw she had something tied up in her handkerchief in her hand.

"Ah!" I observed, "I see you have been gathering mushrooms. Very fine ones in that field, are there not?"

"Yes, and I hope I shall never see them again," she replied, and, somewhat to my astonishment she threw the bundle over the hedge. "If you knew what had happened to me this morning you'd understand why. It slipped through the hedge to get them. I began with seeing one in the bank here, and while I was out of sight some horrid creature came along and stole my bicycle; and here I am, fifteen miles from home, and my hat's spoiled, and I've lost my machine, and there will be such a row when I get back!" she concluded, with something like a sob.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "it must have been the tramp! He certainly went early."

"What tramp? I never saw one."
"I'll explain." And I did, at some length.

"Alicia smiled, and my spirits rose. 'We are both sufferers from mushrooms,' she said. 'But what are we to do next?'"

"Let's sit down and think about it," I said, and dropped down on the grass. After a moment's hesitation she followed my example.

"But we can't sit here for ever," she observed at length.

"No, nice things never do last long," I rejoined.

"I shall never forget this morning," she said, pulling a mushroom to pieces.

"Nor I."
"Come, you must suggest something. I must get home somehow."

"There's a station in the neighborhood," I said brutally.

"I know; but it's miles off, isn't it?"
"Three, I think."
"You are comforting! And I'm so tired!"

"So am I. That's why I'm not anxious to move."
"You're very selfish. What am I to do?"

"I can only see one course open to us. There's a man near here who lets out a trap; we must hire that trap and—"

"He can drive me to the station."
"Nothing of the kind. I shall drive you back with me and feed you, and then send you to the station. You can't take a busy man away from his work. And you must have some lunch or you will be ill."

"Well," said Alicia, with a deep sigh, "how you can have the audacity to propose such a thing after—"
"Well, it won't be the first time you've driven with me in a trap," I replied.

"But that was before; not since."
"You might make it before again if you liked," I said without regard to syntax.

There was a pause. Then Alicia sighed again and said plaintively: "Everything has gone wrong lately."
"Everything," I replied gloomily.

"Jack," said Alicia, turning on me quite viciously, "if you keep on repeating what I say I shall shake you!"
I sprang to my feet.

"Would you like to begin now?" I said. "Jack" is only too anxious to be shaken."

She flung away the mushroom and got up with her hands behind her. She tried to look severe and couldn't manage it.
"Is it to be a trap or not?" I said.
"I'm tired, and I'm hungry, so let us decide on the trap. And do take those things out of your pockets, for you don't look fit to be seen. We shall look like beanfeasters coming along the road."
"Well, beanfeasters are not such ugly things if they look like you."
"Don't talk any more nonsense, Jack!"
So we drove home in the trap, and I don't suppose our conversation would interest any one but ourselves. Bayly was standing on the front door step as we drove up, the sun lighting up the bald patch on his head till it shone. I got down, helped Alicia out, and went to greet him, when the cry from her made me turn round.

vidual I have ever met who could resist a mushroom!"—New York News

MOSAIC EYES OF INSECTS.

Adapted to the Wants of the Possessors in Every Particular.

We all understand that our eyes are somewhat like little photographic cameras, with sets of lenses, with stops to cut off unnecessary light, and having arrangements for focussing, and everything else that is needed to form the little colored picture on the sensitive retina at the back of the eye. The eyes of all backboned creatures are indeed, so much like cameras that photographs have actually been made through the eyes of some of the large domestic animals. But any one who has examined insects at all must have noticed that their eyes are very different from our own. For in the first place, each eye is often larger than all the rest of the head. There is no iris and no pupil. Then, too, an insect does not have to turn his head and look straight at anything, as we do when we wish to see clearly. One of the first things that we notice about an insect's eyes is that it is cut up into hundreds of little surfaces or facets, or is, as we say, "a compound eye." Now, each of these facets is at the end of a little tube with blackened sides, filled with a clear jelly, and the entire eye is built up of these little tubes side by side.

An insect's eye is not a "camera eye," like our own, but what is called a "mosaic eye," after the pictures which are made by putting together little bits of colored glass and stone. We can get an idea of how this sort of eye acts if we look through a small roll of paper. When we do this, we, of course, see only the spot at which we point the tube. Now, the insect's eye is like a large number of such tubes put together into a ball. The insect looks out through all the tubes at once, and sees the spot at the end of each. Thus the animal with his two eyes looks in all directions at the same time, and sees as many spots of color as there are cubes in both eyes—several thousand, perhaps, all combined into a single picture like the pattern of a carpet. We may get some idea of an insect's power of sight if, while looking straight at some object, we notice what there is at the sides as far around as one can see. We can then see shapes only dimly, but we can see colors perfectly well, and can even detect anything moving almost behind our heads. An insect seems to see every object as we see one thing when we look at another. It sees shapes vaguely, but shades or color perfectly well, and knows at once if anything near it moves.

The compound eye appears to be good only for seeing things at a distance, and is not practically of much use at short range. So nearly all insects have one, two or three little eyes, which, so far as can be made out, are to help them see things near at hand. These ocelli, as they are called, are somewhat like our eyes, but much simpler, and they appear as minutes dots on the front of the head between the compound eyes. How much an insect sees with these ocelli no one really knows. But if we watch one and notice how much he seems to depend on the sense of touch in his antennae it will appear as though he acts more like a partially blind man feeling the ground with his stick than like a being who sees clearly as we do.—Science Signings.

ONE OF THE CITY'S TRAGEDIES.

Losers in the Battle Walks the Streets a Pathetic Sight.

"One of the curious signs of New York's absorption in its money task is the number of men you hear talking to themselves, oblivious to their immediate surroundings," said an observer of things cosmopolitan, as he called attention to the worried-looking man who was mumbling half-audibly over his luncheon.

"If one could catch the meaning of these mutterings one would hear, I fancy, the real tragedy of the city. Stand for a few minutes on lower Broadway and you can see scores of men whose lips are moving in mumbled speech as they walk hurriedly, with fixed eyes on the ground, dodging through the throng with some strange guiding instinct in their feet."

"Many of them are well dressed, but most are a bit shabby, and have the scars of a lost battle on their tired countenances. They are the crippled of the long campaign for wealth, who are now stragglers in the rear, led on by hope and memory to get into the line for one more fight. They make a sorry spectacle when you stop to scrutinize them a little."

"Then there are others who will find around the stock tickers in cafes, hotels and other public places. The ticker seems a running accompaniment to their dreams; they murmur familiar words of the stock mart; they are back again in the whirl of things where fortunes rise and fall like bat flags. To me these are the most pathetic figures in this city of contrasts."

"There is a half humorous element, too. One night I was hurrying home in the rain. The murk of the storm was thick upon the streets, and few people were out. In the soaked circle of light shed by a discouraged street lamp stood an old man, miserably clad and dripping from every stitch. He did not try to beg, and, I think, scarcely noticed me, but stood in a helpless abstraction, muttering in a cracked and quavering voice:

"Grandpa's so wet; grandpa's so wet; grandpa's so wet."—New York Mail and Express.

BUDGET OF HUMOR.

TWO WAYS.
When love's young dream was fresh and bright
And life in all its glory,
He told to her one fateful day
The same old, simple story.

And now, when homeward he returns
With dawn in all its glory,
He tells unto his waiting wife
The same old, simple story.
—New York Times.

HER DOUBT.
"Aw, there is one thing, Miss Budley," said young Bimley, "I law—cawn't understand, doncher know."
"Only one?" inquired Miss Budley incredulously.—New York Sun.

A FEMINE COMPLIMENT.
He—"Don't you think she is a bright girl?"
She—"Well, her nose is shiny."—New York Sun.

DIFFERENTIATIONS.
"Are you willing to be a candidate?"
"Of course I am," answered the real man. "But whether I am willing to announce that willingness is an altogether different matter."—Washington Star.

FEARED THE REALITY.
"You are my ideal; won't you be my wife?"
"I prefer to remain your ideal!"—Town and Country.

SHIFTING THE BLAME.
Knox—"Why do you always put 'dictated' at the bottom of your letters?"
"You have no stenographer."
Knox—"Well, you see, I'm a very poor peller."—Boston Herald.

PLEASE REMIT.
Slopoy—"I want you to make me a business suit. Something that will be all right on me."
Tailor—"Oh, if it's to be on you any ort of suit will be all right, but the ast one you got is still on me."—Philadelphia Press.

MARKETED DIFFERENTLY.
"We make our flour," explained the miller, "as you see, by the gradual reduction process."
"I see," said the visitor, "and my rocer sells it to me on the gradual expansion principle."—Chicago Tribune.

PLEASURE ONCE.
"That is a handsome couple," said he observer on the frozen lake.
"Yes, they are married," remarked he modern Shylock.
"How do you know?"
"I notice he frowns every time he has to buckle her skates on."—Chicago News.

IF HE ONLY COULD.
Mrs. Noorich—"Isn't it grand to ride in your own carriage?"
Mr. Noorich—"Yes, but I'd enjoy it more if I could stand on the sidewalk and see myself ride by."—Brooklyn Life.

A CONDESCENSION.
"Didn't I hear the cook call you by our first name?"
"Don't say a word. She only does that when she is good natured."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CONTINUOUS.
Gormon—"We were at the dinner table from one till seven."
Dizer—"What did you do after dinner?"
Gormon—"Why, it was so late then that we had supper."—New York Herald.

SOMETHING LACKING.
"Paw," said little Ostend, "I think it is wrong for people to call grandpa 'wise old saw.'"
"Why, my son?" queried paw.
"Because a saw should have teeth, n' grandpa hasn't any."—New York Herald.

SLOW.
Wabash—"How long did it take you to do that picture?"
French Artist (proudly)—"I am engaged upon it for six months."
Wabash—"Just as I thought. You're lead slow over here. Why I've saw others in Chicago turnin' them things out while ye wait!"—Philadelphia Press.

A TENDER HEART.
Clara—"Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time?"
Dora—"We are going to distribute heap copies of Beethoven's symphonies among the poor. Music is such a aid to digestion, you know."—New York Weekly.

A SHOCK.
Chollie—"I went down to a rather informal affair last evening, dear boy, n' gwaculous! I was compelled to witness a dreadful fight!"
"Horrors! What was it?"
"A fellow without evening dress eating breakfast food for supper!"—Baltimore Herald.

The British South Africa Company has decided to expend \$10,000,000 on always in the Dark Continent.

PRISONER IN BEAR PIT.

Indian Policeman Makes Sure of Detention of Suspected Man.

All night in the bear pit at Silver Lake and handcuffed, while two bears poked their noses through the wide bars of the grating at him was the trying experience of Johann Vaelinski of Kent last night.

Pete Bey, a full-blood Indian who recently came from Canada, is doing special police duty at the Silver Lake resort and his opinion of the law's majesty is very elevated. When he found Vaelinski and two other men nosing around the cottages inside the grounds late last night he gave a whoop and caught two of the fellows before they could start to run. The third escaped. Another got away while Peter was putting the cuffs on Vaelinski. Where to put the prisoner bothered the Indian for a while, but at last he thought of the bear pit. There is an entrance to the pit three by four feet, and with wide barred gates on each side. Into this the prisoner was pushed and though he yelled with fear as the bears came trotting toward him it did no good. By putting their feet through the grating the bears could come within an inch of touching their visitor and they made things interesting for him for seven hours.

After an investigation this morning Vaelinski was released, it being found that he and the man with him had become lost in going from Cuyahoga Falls to Kent.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Exhibition of Real Grit.
The Rev. Prebendary Webb Peopoe of England was a famous athlete at Cambridge university in his day. The following remarkable tale is told of him: "A fall of fifteen feet from a ladder had so severely injured him that his life was despaired of. However, by dint of medical skill and careful nursing he recovered a fair amount of health and strength. One day, after having been confined to bed for six months, he was told that the university sports were fixed for the morrow and that his college, being somewhat undermanned, stood greatly in need of assistance. He at once pluckily jumped out of bed, entered his name and succeeded in carrying off the prize. After which," the story ends, "he went back to bed and remained on his back for the next twelve months."

From Bugler to General.
The career of Brigadier General Edward M. Hayes (familiarily known as "Jack" Hayes), who has just been promoted from the colonelcy of the Thirteenth infantry, is unique in the annals of our army. He enlisted in the army as a boy in 1855 as bugler in the company in which Fitzgugh Lee was lieutenant. When the war began he enlisted as a private and came out an officer. With the reorganization of the army in 1868 he obtained a commission, since which time he has made a most brilliant record, first on the plains and lately in the Phillipines.

Money in Poultry Raising.
In a recent contest for suggesting the best way to make \$5 grow, the prize was awarded to a man who advised that the amount be invested in eggs for hatching. He cited, among other things, the case of a boy who exchanged a penny for an egg and this egg grew, successively, into a hen, six chickens, a pig, a calf, and a pony, with bride and saddle.

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