

THE BUSY MAN.

If you want to get a favor done By some obliging friend And want a promise, safe and sure, On which you may depend, Don't go to him who always has Much leisure time to plan, But if you want your favor done, Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has A moment he can spare, He's always "putting off" until His friends are in despair. But he whose every waking hour Is crowded full of work, Forgets the art of wasting time; He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done, And want it right away, Go to the man who constantly Works twenty hours a day. He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere, That has no other use, And fix you while the idle man Is framing an excuse. —Our Young Folks.

Molly's Awakening.

By Mrs. George Corbett.

"Now then, get out of the way, can't you? I don't want to tear my dress against your dirty old pall." Molly, "the drudge," silently squeezed herself against the wall and drew the offending pall after her so that it might not obstruct the way for Miss Vera de Vere, the leading lady of the Parthenon Theatre, who looked angrily down at her notwithstanding the humble attempt at self-effacement.

"I'll complain to the management," continued the irate beauty, who seemed to have forgotten that anybody besides herself was entitled to consideration. "It's scandalous to have people crawling about the passages with their palls and mop rags at this time of day."

"Please, m," remonstrated Molly, her hunger-pinched face paling beneath her grime and her big blue eyes looking absolutely terrified at the possible consequences of being brought under the displeasure of the "management," "please, m, I couldn't help it. Missis Giddings says she's ill, an' I've had all the cleanin' ter do this week. That's 'ow the passages ain't finished yet."

But the remonstrance fell short of its intention, for Miss de Vere had flounced past and was already in her dressing room, where the weight of her displeasure fell upon her dresser, who had neglected certain orders given her on the previous evening.

To tell the truth, Molly's usual energy forsook her altogether, and she wept bitterly the while her mop rag lay unheeded on the floor, and little rivulets of water meandered on to the flags she had already finished. Presently the violence of her emotion spent itself, and she leaned silently against the walls, never noticing that her knees were aching under her or that her present apathy bade fair to bring her into fresh trouble.

She was suddenly roused to the fitness of things by being stumbled over by a person who narrowly escaped sprawling at full length in the dark passage, and she sprang to her feet with an exclamation of terror only to become mute through sheer astonishment, for a manly arm interposed to save her from slipping over her neglected floorcloth, and a kindly voice sounded in her wondering ears:

"I beg your pardon, little girl! It was very stupid of me not to see you. Did I hurt you? I hope not."

Were Molly's ears deceiving her? Or was it really true that this beautiful gentleman was "begging her pardon," and that he hoped he hadn't hurt her? Not in all her life had anybody thought Molly worth apologizing to. And not in all her life could she remember that anybody had cared whether she suffered or not. Yet here was she being treated as politely as if she were a grand lady. She might well be dumb with surprise.

"Poor little soul! I'm afraid I've hurt you badly. Look here, let me help you into my dressing room till you feel better."

At these words Molly found both her tongue and her customary wits. "Laws no, sir!" she exclaimed. "There ain't no need. It were my blame for bein' in the way, and you tumbled over me wouldn't ave hurt me if it had killed me."

Molly's eyes were shining, and a radiant smile revealed unsuspected possibilities of beauty in the face which was so true a reflex of its owner's feelings. Tom Fordison, leading man at the Parthenon, could not quite see how he could have killed the girl without hurting her. But he saw that she accepted his apologies kindly, and with a laughing injunction to avoid being tumbled over again he left her gazing after him as if fascinated.

"Only fancy him speakin' so kindly to me," she thought. "Me, a dirty-lookin' little slavey what hasn't no time to put nice things on and what hasn't no nice things ter put on if there were time! Why it's wonderful!"

"Molly's eyes would fain have pierced the wooden door which hid Mr. Fordison from her sight, but realizing that feat to be impossible she let them wander towards the floor again to be confronted by the shabby floorcloth and the pall of dirty water.

"Sakes alive!" she gasped. "If I don't clear out of this I shall cop it and no mistake. I'll just have ter purtend I finished all there were to do."

Hastily stooping to pick up her paraphernalia she caught sight of a glittering object which could only belong

to Mr. Fordison, for it lay on a part of the passage which nobody but he had passed since she washed it. It was a silver matchbox, and Molly might have read its owner's name thereon but for one unfortunate fact.

She had never been sent to school or given an opportunity of learning to read, for the drunken old tyrant who posed as her benefactor had always kept her hard at work.

So the letters engraved on the box were as illegible to her as Egyptian hieroglyphics would have been, and she was looking curiously at them when a voice at her elbow inquired sharply, "I say, Giddings' girl, what's that you've been collaring? It ain't yours?"

"No, it ain't," retorted Molly, speaking with unusual spirit. "And it ain't yours, neither, Mr. Dick, the call-boy. It belongs to the gentleman who dresses in that room. He dropped it."

"Then why don't you give it to him back?" "I'm going to. But I wanted to look at the markin's on it first. What are they?"

The call-boy gave a glance at the precious article held warily in Molly's hand. "Them's his initials," he said. "His neeshulls? What's that?"

"My, but you are the ignorantest creature ever I've seen! Initials are the first letters of a name, and his are T. F."

"T. F. Stop a minute till I've given it him back!" Dick smiled with condescending indulgence, and Molly gave a timid knock at the leading gentleman's dressing room door. Mr. Fordison opened it himself.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter now? Not in trouble, I hope?" "Please, sir, I found this. You dropped it in the passage."

"By Jove! my matchbox. I wouldn't have lost that for a fiver. I suppose I dropped it when I nearly fell over you, little woman, and—look here, you must let me make you a present for the service you have done me."

Saying this, Mr. Fordison dived his hand into his pocket and produced a shining half-crown which he tendered to Molly. She had never possessed half so much of her own in her life, but she drew back shyly now.

"No, thank you, sir. You've been kind to me, so I'd like to 'elp you." With these words Molly hurriedly withdrew, and Tom Fordison tried to remember how he could possibly have given this queer little soul special cause to be grateful to him.

Outside, Dick, having a few minutes to spare, yet before it would be necessary to call "beginners," considered it incumbent upon himself to air his superior worldly wisdom.

"Well, you are a flat!" he remarked, contemptuously. "What for?" "Because you wouldn't take a tip. Catch me being so soft."

"I weren't goin' to take 'is money. Didn't he speak to me as nice as if I were a idy in silks and satins? Weren't that enough?"

"That's nothing! You can't live on fine words. And gentlemen—he's a gentleman, you see, not a bounder—gentlemen, well, of course, they behave like gentlemen to everybody."

"Dick, do you think I shall often have a word or two with him?" "No, I don't. He's playing somewhere else next week, and it isn't likely as you'll ever clap eyes on him again."

"Oh, Dick, but I must; I'd be 'appy just to get a peep at him!" People were now frequently passing the two speakers, and it was high time for Molly if she valued her place to efface herself pro tem. Dick also had received a reminder from the assistant stage manager to follow him on to the stage. But they both snatched another minute, fraught with wonderful consequences to Molly, who would have risked everything now for the sake of talking about the man who was to be responsible for awakening the hitherto apathetic drudge into a being of intelligent aims and ambitions. Dick laughed until he shook with suppressed merriment.

"Stow me if she ain't in love!" He chuckled. "What a donkey you must be to be gone on him!"

"And what for shouldn't I? was Molly's fierce demand. "What for? Why, go and look at your dirty hands and your smutty face and our ragged clothes, which is miles too big for you. And then ask yourself if it's any use thinking of seeing a handsome swell like Mr. Fordison again. Why, you and him don't belong to the same world."

"Don't we? Couldn't he never belong to the same world as me?" "Not he. Even if he went to the dogs he'd still be a gentleman. And you couldn't get into his world neither unless—"

"Unless what?" The last question was put eagerly, and with a detaining hand on the call-boy's sleeve, for he was moving off to attend to his work.

"Unless what?" she repeated. "Unless you got off this sort of work and learned to read and write and spell, and talk real English, and wear pretty clothes, and look like a lady, and—"

"Confound that young rascal! Dick! Where are you?" Dick dared linger no more, but hurried off at a run. Molly also took her departure, leisurely at first, but with rapidly augmenting speed as she became conscious of a great revolution going on within her.

"E can't belong to my world. But I can belong to his world if I can do what Dick says; and I will, I will! Not even Missis Giddings shall stop me!" Mrs. Giddings would have av-

eraged her hitherto submissive drudge with a shower of vituperation for not being home before now, and had already announced her intention of doing so to her crony, Mrs. Manley. "You little reptile," she began, "ow dared you be all this time at the theatre when you knowed I wanted that coal puttin' in beside the copper? Go and git it done this minute! But mind, you gets no tex till it's done."

But, amazing to relate, Molly was no longer afraid of Mrs. Giddings. She even quietly ignored her orders, and after depositing her pail and brushes in a corner proceeded to doff her dirty frock preparatory to giving herself a thorough washing.

"Did you hear?" screamed the virago. "Are you going to fetch that coal in?" "No, I am not," was the answer. "I ain't got no time. Mrs. Manley, don't your Jim go to a night school?"

"Yes, he do, and he's larnin' no end of things. He says he'll soon know as much as them new-fangled Board school kids. Why, he can read and write almost like a parson, and it don't cost him a penny; it's free."

"New street, isn't it?" "Yes, three doors from the corner." "Thanky. I'm going there, too. I'm going to learn all I can now. I want to be somethink better'n a slavey."

"Molly Granger, you'll stop where you are. Your time's mine, and you shan't go to school."

To this speech from Mrs. Giddings Molly replied firmly: "My time at night is goin' to be my own now, and I'll spend it as I like. If you won't give me enough to eat and some clothes for workin' all dye for you somebody else will. I ain't goin' to be a worm no longer."

Such improvement as Molly was able to effect in her appearance was completed by this time, and notwithstanding violent orders to the contrary, she had had nothing to eat since noon, she went off to pay her first visit to the night school, which was to be the key by which she had determined to become a denizen.

"Sakes alive!" gasped Mrs. Giddings, "what can have come over the girl!"

To which query Mrs. Manley made answer: "I know what's come over her. She's wakened up, she has! She's been asleep so to say all her life, and she hasn't known her own vally. But somethink's happened to show it her, and you'll have to mind how you treats her, for she's wide awake at last."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Lively Sporting Season Ahead. All signs point to a great summer for sports. Baseball interests agree in predicting a record-breaking season for that national game. The man who have invested much money in the sport think just as the players them selves do about it. The general expectation will hardly be disappointed.

Golf was never so well assured of a great army of devotees. The clubs organized wholly or partly to play that game are stronger than ever and full of enthusiasm. A good many golfers, in various parts of the country, have played, more or less, all winter.

It is just as certain that automobiles will be more used, both for ordinary purposes and for racing, than they ever were before in the United States, as it is that golf will continue to gain favor and prestige. The horseless carriage seems to be in the way of a boom something like that which the bicycle enjoyed about 1896.

Yet it is also assured that horse racing will be as popular as ever. The prices paid for fine race-horses are evidence of that. So is the activity of track owners and managers of big racing stables. Nowhere is there any sign that the race-horse is being crowded out of his old place in the interest of the American people.

Yachting will have a big year, because the increase of wealth and population in cities and towns which are convenient to large bodies of water is alone sufficient to insure the growth of a very fine but costly sport, and also because of the interest which the international races for the America's cup will arouse. There is not the least doubt that more yachts and better ones will be sailed this year than in any other season.

Tennis, rowing, fishing, hunting and other outdoor pleasures of like nature never lose their hold on the American people. They are sure of steady popularity. Nowhere is there any sign of dying interest in a popular American sport. It will be a lively season, indeed.—Cleveland Ledger.

Women and the Food Supply. Manufacturers appeal to housewives by every advertising channel practicable to "ask your grocer," or "send us the name of your grocer," for articles newly put upon the market, it being a recognized fact that though grocers are always ready to order anything asked for, it is not easy to awaken the housewife's interest in anything out of the beaten track of "staples." The manufacturers do appeal directly to housewives in an acknowledgment that they—housewives—actually control the food supply question. How could it be otherwise? What the housewife is willing to use the manufacturer supplies; what she refuses to use finds no market. There is the food situation in a nutshell! If woman would but recognize its whole significance there would be no more question of food adulterations, fraudulent methods or inferior products. The grocer stands ready to command the output of the manufacturer; and the manufacturer stands ready to meet all demands laid upon him; "my lady's" apathy alone stands in the way of perfect living.—Ella Morris Kraetschmar in Good Housekeeping.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL

International Lesson Comments For

April 26.

Subject: Paul's Journey to Jerusalem, Acts xxi, 3-13—Golden Text, Acts xxi, 14—Memory Verses, II, 12—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

3. "Landed at Tyre." At Patara Paul found, in a vessel bound over the open sea to Phenicia, a favoring providence by which his course to Syria was hastened. The 340 miles to Tyre was run in about two days. Here the vessel tarried for seven days for change of cargo.

4. "Finding disciples." Here Paul found a small company of Christian disciples, with whom he remained in happy, helpful fellowship, ministering the word. When in strange cities it is always well to look for and associate with the people of God. "Should not go." That is, if he had any regard to his own safety or personal welfare, or to their affectionate solicitude on his account. They were informed by the Spirit that bonds and afflictions awaited the apostle at Jerusalem, but it was not revealed to them as the will of God that he should change his purpose to proceed thither.

5. "Brought us." "Here is a beautiful and impressive picture of the harmony of Christian communion and the strength of Christian affection." "And prayed." As at Miletus, so here, they pray before they separate. The meeting and parting of Christians should be seasons of prayer and praise. "Taken our leave." While farewells are sorrowful occasions, yet among Christians they are illuminated with a glorious hope.

6. "Finished our course." By the same vessel that sailed southward thirty miles to Ptolemais, the modern Acre. Here the sea voyage ended. At Ptolemais Paul remained one day with the brethren and the next day traveled by land the remaining thirty-six miles to Caesarea.

7. "Philip." After a silence of twenty years, following upon Philip's ministry in Samaria and to the Ethiopian eunuch (Acts 8: 5-40), we meet him at Caesarea, which had ever since been his home. This seaport, built by Herod the Great, and named, in honor of Augustus Caesar, is fifty miles northwest from Jerusalem, and was the residence of the Roman governors of the province of Judea. "One of the seven." One of the seven deacons appointed at the same time with Stephen (chap. 6: 5). He should be distinguished from Philip the apostle.

8. "Four daughters—did prophesy." The house of the evangelist Philip became, in consequence of the fulfillment of the prophecy in Joel 2: 28, the honored central point of the Christian congregation of Caesarea. His four daughters, who had received the gift of prophecy and of interpretation, furnish us with clear evidence that all believers alike enjoy the privileges of Christianity, and even the earlier instances of the prophetess Miriam, Deborah, etc., prove that there is no difference in the kingdom of grace between male and female. To prophecy is to speak "to edification and exhortation and comfort" (I Cor. 14: 3). Where these young women prophesied, "whether to women only, or in private houses, or to public assemblies," we do not know. The statements of the New Testament clearly show that God calls women the same as men to preach His gospel.

9. "Many days." The Greek word for many means some or several. They remained longer than they at first intended. Paul's desire was to reach Jerusalem in time for the feast of the Pentecost, but he had arrived at Caesarea earlier than he expected, and now had more than a week to spare, which time he spent at Caesarea. "Agabus." The prophet who has met us before (11: 27-30) as the foreteller of famine in the reign of Claudius. He comes now, from the interior hill country, to warn Paul of assault and arrest at Jerusalem. It is an excessive symbolic act, acting sometimes employed by the ancient Jewish prophets (Isa. 20: 2; Jer. 13: 1; Ezek. 4: 1). This Christian prophet took Paul's girdle and with it bound his own hands and feet. Using the prophetic form of the Old Testament, "Thus saith the Lord," yet changing it to suit the new dispensation of the Spirit, he cites the Holy Spirit as explicitly announcing Paul's capture and imprisonment in Jerusalem. This prediction was fulfilled not many days after.

10. "Girdle." The loose, flowing robes worn in Eastern countries are bound about the waist with a sash or girdle. Girdles were quite large and made of linen or leather. "So shall the Jews," etc. This prophecy was not fulfilled in the letter, but while the Romans actually put the apostle in chains they did it at the instigation of the Jews. "Shall deliver him," etc. This prophecy was strictly fulfilled in every particular. At Jerusalem Paul was delivered into the hands of the Roman soldiers and was sent back to Caesarea a prisoner. He remained in prison at Caesarea about two years, and was then taken to Rome, where he was kept two years longer. During these long years of prison life we hear no repeating word from Paul. He is always rejoicing and seems to forget his own afflictions in his effort to comfort others. Some of Paul's best and most helpful epistles were written while he was under bonds and chained to a Roman soldier, but the word of God was not bound. Out of our afflictions God brings a blessing not only to ourselves, but also to others. Examples: Bunyan in prison, John on Patmos.

11. "Besought him." The correctness of the previous prophecy of Agabus, and the vivid symbols whereby he now impressed this prediction, produced in the minds of the Christian disciples a deep conviction of the certainty of future evil to Paul at Jerusalem. Lighted by this conviction, they unitedly besought him not to go to the place of danger. They interpreted the warning and intimation of Agabus as a mission given to avoid, and so avert the peril. But Paul understood it better. Long years before he had learned from his Lord what "great things he must suffer for His sake." Experience had verified this word, and made its meaning familiar, so that these new, more specific and intense predictions of coming trial, clearly intimated by the Holy Ghost, carried their full weight of meaning to his spirit.

12. "Paul's companions saw the danger, he saw his duty." Had they seen for themselves the same duty and the same cause, doubtless they, too, like him, would have moved on to danger and death, for it is a company of rare spirits who are ever clustered around this holy apostle. When these true-hearted disciples could prevail nothing they accepted Paul's decision as the will of the Lord and ceased all further opposition. They then took up their "carriages"—meaning "baggage" R. V.—and went up to Jerusalem.

His Mother Took No Chances. She was a portly dame, with florid complexion and voluminous skirts. She was walking majestically down Twenty-third street last week with her arms full of bundles, looking the picture of content. In the hands that held up her corodury skirt was clasped a thin chain, much like a dog chain; but instead of the regulation poodle pug, or St. Charles spaniel trotting along at the other end, was a small boy of perhaps five years, who, when ever fascinated by the alluring attractions along his route the maternal hand gave the chain a gentle tug, and the small boy obediently answered the nute injunction.—New York Times.

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An Eight-Ton Pincushion. The biggest pincushion in the world is a strange species of cactus growing down on the hot desert sands of Arizona between Prescott and Phoenix. People in that part of the territory know the freak as "niggerhead" cactus. Its counterpart is not known elsewhere in arid regions of America and scientists say it is equally scarce on other continents. This marvelous growth of cactus is supposed to be



over a century old, and possibly several centuries old. It stands thirty one feet above the sands of the desert it is more than fifty feet in diameter and its weight is estimated at eight tons. The Wallowa Indians say they have been told that the strange growth was there, as large as it is now, when their ancestors ranged unhindered across the deserts from Mexico to the Columbia river.

Woman's Caprice. The telephone bell rang loudly. Frederick Billson was very busy with an important conversation.

"Who is it?" he said to the office boy. "It's a lady."

"Well—who is she?" "Says you'll find out when you come to the phone."

"Tell her to wait. I can't be bothered."

Billson resumed his important conversation. When he took up the receiver the connection had been broken.

That night when Billson called upon the Only Girl he wondered why she greeted him so distantly.

At length she told him. "I think you were just horrid to speak to me that way over the 'phone to-day."

"But I never spoke to you at all." "That's just the point—you didn't speak to me at all. You see, you admit it yourself. Freder—Mr. Billson, I never could be happy with a br—ute and— and—here's your ring—not another word."

And Billson found that he had made one more addition to his collection of data concerning the caprice of woman.

Stringing the Old Folks. Hi Harix—Hev yew heerd enything frum yewr son sense he went tew th city? Si Oatbin—Yes; he writ that he was carryin' purty near everything afore him.

Hi Harix—What fer kind uv a job has he? Si Oatbin—He's workin' in sum big foundry; a "hash foundry." I think he sod it was.

Immense Downpour of Rain. During the forty minutes' duration of a cyclone at Brookville, in Queensland, five inches of rain fell.

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