

TO EDNA'S EYES.

By Roy Farrell Greene. Her eyes, I'd say, are wreckers' lights. Like those that lead one on a reef. Their languor confidence invites. The old, old story's sweet delights. But one who takes that course soon sighs.

The rocky shores of love-love grief. Her eyes, I'd say, are wreckers' lights. Like those that lead one on a reef. —Collier's Weekly.

The Awakening of Geraldine.

A Story by John Derrington.

"Will she be my real, true, sure-enough mamma?" asked Tottie solemnly. "Yes, darling, your real, true mamma," answered papa fervently. "Like Mary Grayson's mamma?" Papa laughed blithely as he thought of the contrast between Mary Grayson's good, plain little mamma and the beautiful, brilliant woman of his choice, the woman who had promised to take Tottie's dead mother's place in his heart and home.

"I wish she was just exactly like Mary's mamma," Tottie insisted gravely, "cause she's so good to me an' sometimes she kisses me an' calls me darling just like she does Mary." Papa took the sweet, serious little face between his hands and kissed it tenderly. "Poor little hungry heart," he murmured, "I am afraid I have neglected you. We will begin all over when Geraldine comes, and we shall be very happy, you and I and the dear new mamma."

Tottie said very little after that. The thought that she, whose life had been so lonely, was to have a mamma of her very own like all her little friends who never cried themselves to sleep in the lonely dark of the nursery, was too new and wonderful to be hurriedly comprehended. She thought of it all that evening until she kissed papa good night, and whispered: "When will she come?"

"Tomorrow, dearest. She will be with us tomorrow, and after that everything will be changed for us both." Tottie was dimly conscious that she had seen the tall, beautiful woman in bridal radiance before. She reminded her of the snow queen of the fairy tales, so white and lovely, and almost as unreal. She waited patiently beside Marie till everything was over and the silver crowd had ebbed away, then papa turned at last and saw her.

"Geraldine, this is our little girl, Tottie," he said, "she is the dearest little maid in the world and I am sure you will love her very much." The bride smiled daintily and kissed the wistful upturned face, and to Tottie her lips seemed cold as snow. She did not call her "darling" as she had hoped and longed that she might; instead, she said, "We shall be very good friends, of course. She has your eyes, Howard. If she doesn't change with her growth she will be beautiful some day."

That was all. It was quite three months after that before Tottie saw her again, but all the while she cherished a sad little hope in her lonely heart that her dream of mother-love would come true. Any one could have read the pathetic appeal in her eager little face when at last she greeted the returning bridal couple, any one but Geraldine Mayhew, who saw nothing in Tottie but an encumbrance, a tax on her precious time, which was crowded with social engagements.

Tottie waited one whole day after the home-coming for some sign of the longed-for affection, then when hope died she confided her fear to papa, who laughed queerly and said, "Mamma is so very busy just now that she hasn't had time to get acquainted with her little girl. You'll be very good and obedient, won't you, darling? You know I love her very dearly."

"More than you love me?" Tottie asked soberly. "Not more, no, but very, very much." "Marie says some people don't like little girls. Maybe my new mamma don't like them neither," Tottie ventured. "Oh, yes, she does. Give her time to get used to you, little girl. By and by you will love her almost as much as I do, because she is the sweetest, dearest mamma in the world."

After that Tottie was so quiet and patient in Geraldine's presence that the young wife forgot her entirely until her husband put in a gentle plea for the little maid. "Just an encouraging word, now and then, Geraldine, and a little caress," he advised apologetically. "She's such a shrinking little thing and is so fond of you." "Howard, I might as well be frank with you," his wife answered, unsmilingly. "The child annoys me. She's uncanny, creepy, always listening and watching and prying. If she would only be naughty like other children I could stand it, but as it is she annoys me exceedingly. Can't you send her to your mother's for a while, until she outgrows her queerness?"

"I really hate to do it, Geraldine, because Tottie is so sensitive. It is my fault that she is unchildish, for I have let her live along too much. I wish you would try to love her a little."

"I have tried and given up. I tell you, Howard, she worries me. If you love her send her away, at least for a little while." So papa broke the news to Tottie in a way that made the separation from him seem less unbearable, but Marie, who was not very wise, but who loved Tottie, told her the truth bluntly. "I wouldn't cry, dearie," she said,

with a brave show of indifference, "it will be much nicer at your grandmother's where everybody loves you. Mistress don't like you and never will."

"But my papa does," argued poor little Tottie heartbrokenly. "Now be a little woman and do what's sensible," Marie exhorted cheerfully. "You don't want to stay where you're not wanted, do you? Mistress told your papa to send you away because she don't like you and don't want you around. If you stay it will make your papa unhappy and everything will go wrong. You would not want to make trouble, would you, Tottie?"

No, Tottie did not want to make any trouble for her father. She loved him far too deeply for that; so she promised to be good and not let her father suspect that she cared so much. "That's right," Marie approved, "you'll have lots of fun on the farm with all the goats and ducks and ponies and things, and your grandmother is a real nice old lady, lots kinder than your mamma. I think you ought to be very glad to have such a nice place to go to. Maybe your father will let me run out to see you once in a while when mistress is away visiting her stylish friends. Won't that be fine?"

Geraldine bade Tottie good-bye with a promise to "run out some time with papa," but she forgot all about her good resolution in her gay social flight, so time went by on golden wings to the young, beautiful wife whose every wish seemed fulfilled almost before she expressed it. When Tottie had been away a whole year she received a letter from Geraldine, the first her stepmother had ever written her. It ran as follows:

My Dear Little Girl: Papa tells me that your birthday is close at hand and I write this to let you know that I want you to spend the day with us. Be sure not to disappoint me, for I really want you very much. I have a surprise for you. Papa has written grandmother about it, so it will be all right. I will send Marie for you tomorrow.

Your Loving MAMMA.

The surprise was a month-old baby sister, a little pink-and-white dimpled cherub who smiled at everybody and everything that came within range of her blue, wondering eyes, eyes that seemed to look way down into Tottie's heart and understand all that she could say. Geraldine was supremely, adoringly happy in the possession of her treasure, so happy that her new mother-love reached out to the little wail who she had hitherto slighted and ignored.

Tottie stayed a week, the happiest week of her life. Then came the last day with Dimples who, young as she was, seemed to have grown used to the little presence that hovered near her so constantly. She stayed with her every hour between Dimples' long naps, when she watched quietly beside her crib, until Geraldine undressed her baby and let Tottie hold her a moment for the last time.

Late that night when Geraldine looked in at her treasure before retiring she saw a little white figure kneeling beside the crib and heard a very low, childish voice say, "I'm awful glad you're so happy, Dimples, my own little sister. I wish you could talk to me an' tell me just how it feels to have a real, true, own mamma. I am grandma's little comfort, she says, an' she's just as good and kind to me! But it isn't like having a real mamma, Dimples."

A strange tightness got hold of the listener's heart, a pain that she could not at first understand, because in all her bright, happy, sheltered life she had never known one pang of loneliness. All at once she understood the little girl's heartache and the knowledge smote her own soul like a sword-thrust. How could she have been so blind, so selfish? How unworthy she was of her own great happiness, of which she had not offered the smallest crumb to the starved little heart whom she had promised to love as a mother.

She went forward suddenly with outstretched arm and kneeling down beside Tottie drew the bowed little figure close to her heart. "Darling, won't you stay with us after this?" she whispered with her cheek pressed close to the tear-wet face of Tottie. "It will be much nicer to have two little girls than one. Grandma can come down, too, and then we'll all be one big happy family. Will you stay?"

Tottie drew a deep breath of awed wonder that ended in a sob. "Oh, mamma! do you really, truly want me?" she gasped. "I want you with all my heart, dear little girl, and papa wants you, and Dimples. We all want you and you're going to stay always, won't you?" "Forever an' ever? Mamma, I'm so happy it hurts!"

"Not happier than I am, darling, for now I have two little girls instead of one," Geraldine answered tremulously.—From Modern Women.

BIGGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Feodor Machow, the Russian Giant, is Seven Feet Nine.

Of all the giants that have appeared before the public within the last thirty or forty years none can be compared with the imposing Russian who has recently been on exhibition in Berlin, Germany. This giant, whose name is Feodor Machow, has been exhibited by the Anthropological Society of Berlin, where he has undergone a rigid examination and careful measurements, which have resulted in establishing the truth of his claim of being the largest human being on the face of the earth.

Prof. Felix von Luschan, the famous ethnographical student, who conducted

the examination, submitted the following written statement to the head of the institution:

"I have carefully examined and measured from an anthropological standpoint Feodor Machow of Kustjaky, Russia, who is now about 22 years of age. He is 7 feet 9 inches in height and can therefore be classed with the largest giants that have ever lived. He exceeds in height all the known living giants by at least a head, and is in many respects of great scientific interest."

As a matter of fact all the giants who have been exhibited in Europe up to the present time were from 4.7 to 5.9 inches shorter than Machow. Their height was between 6 feet 10 inches and seven feet 5 inches, according to documents placed with the Anthropological Society by the late Prof. Virchow. The showmen, however, always exaggerated the height in advertisements.

Feodor Machow comes from an old Russian family, whose ancestors are said to have emigrated to Russia from the south, probably from Syria. His parents, as well as his two brothers and one sister, are all of normal size. His grandfather was large, but in no sense a giant. It is said, however, that in earlier generations of the family large specimens occurred. Viewing this case from the standpoint of the theory that mental and physical traits are inherited, it would seem that the ephory is strengthened to a certain extent, especially in regard to bodily stature.

The boots worn by Machow, which scarcely reach to his knees, reach an ordinary person almost to the top of the waist, and a twelve-year-old boy could easily find room inside one of them. The ring which adorns the index finger of Machow's right hand is so large that a half dollar can easily be passed through it. A steel spring mattress of extra size and strength had to be made for him and placed on a strong iron frame. This promising youth eats at each meal at least three pounds of meat and a proportionate quantity of potatoes, vegetables and bread, with a relishing appetite. It is at the cost of much trouble and still greater expense that the society entertains him.—Chica Tribune.

NESTS OF TERMITES.

Interesting Addition to the Collection of Museum of Natural History.

An exceedingly interesting case of termites' nests has been added to the collections in the north wing gallery of the American Museum of Natural History, where the new exhibits of butterflies are located. This termite is an insect resembling a white ant common in Colombia, Jamaica and the Bahamas, and its nest resembles somewhat in size and shape that of the familiar hornet. It is made of the vegetable mold which accumulates in the coral formations of the islands, and owes its color of reddish brown, no doubt, to the color of the coral rock.

The termite is both a boon and a nuisance to the farmers of the region where it is found; the first, because chickens thrive when given it as a diet, and the second, because it has a fondness for encircling trees and wandering around at random through the woodwork of houses much to the detriment of both trees and house. Another use it has in eating away dead wood in the forests, so as to leave only a thin shell which readily crumbles and reduces to mold.

In settled districts the termites frequently attack houses, and so work that the extent of the mischief done is not apparent until some wall crumbles away as if made of paper, where apparently it was as firm as ever. Even furniture is not safe. The termites hate the light and will invariably build a tunnel from the nest to the ground and thence to the point of active work. Thousands of their live in each nest, and the rapidity with which they make repairs when a nest has been mutilated is little short of marvelous. It is told that a scientist once cut one of the nests squarely in halves with a machete and came the next morning expecting to find a deserted. Instead he saw the nest in normal size, for the busy inhabitants during the night had gathered enough material to rebuild that which had been cut away.

The usual inhabitants of one of these nests are "soldiers," "workers," "males," and "queens." Study of their habits has hardly progressed far enough as yet to admit of description of the exact divisions of the termites' activity between the various parts of their community.—New York Times.

An Unfortunate Remark.

One pleasant day last fall, so the story goes, President Hadley of Yale was strolling through the beautiful campus of Dartmouth College with his wife on his arm. They were admiring the beautiful buildings which dot the campus, several of them having been erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to an especially noble hall built of stone, and occupying a commanding site. Over the main entrance was a marble tablet which announced that the hall had been erected by "John C. Blank as a memorial to his Beloved Wife."

President Hadley stood and looked at the noble pile for a moment. Then he heaved a sigh that was almost envious. "Ah," he said, "that is what I should like to do for my college."

And to this day, the boys declare, President Hadley cannot understand why his wife should have looked so horrified.—St. Louis Mirror.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For May 24.

Subject: Paul Before Agrippa, Acts xxvi, 19-29—Golden Text, Acts xxvi, 22—Memory Verses, 27-29—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

19. "Agrippa." Herod Agrippa II. was king of the country east of the upper Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. He had a palace at Jerusalem, and was professedly a Jew, and was versed in Jewish customs. He was the son of the Herod Agrippa who slew Jews and imprisoned Peter. After the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70, he was de-throned, but permitted to retain his wealth, and lived at Rome until A. D. 100. He was immoral in life, but not unjust in his rule, and has been considered the best in the Herodian family. Not disobe-dient to the Lord's will. "Heavenly vision." The vision which appeared to me, manifestly from heaven. He was obedient and yet it certainly cost him a hard struggle to renounce all for Christ.

20. "First unto Damascus." He began to preach at Damascus immediately (Acts 9: 20-22), but soon went to Arabia. From Arabia he returned again to Damascus (Gal. 1: 17-18), where the Jews sought to take his life. Paul escaped by night, being let down by the wall in a basket (Acts 9: 23-25). "At Jerusalem," etc. He specifies, as his former field of labor, first, the Jews of Damascus and Jerusalem, then the whole region of Judea, and, lastly, the heathen world. "Should repent." He had sought to win men back to God, to reveal the complete way for man's redemption, that they might repent, and turn to God; that, with a divinely renewed heart and reversed life they might do works acceptable to God. The doctrine he preached was freedom from sin by the apostles. It includes both contrition and reformation. The truly repentant one is heartily sorry for all his sins, so sorry that he turns away from sin forever, and it is possible to undo all he has sinfully done. Confessions are made, wrongs are righted, and the soul, loathing itself, cries to God for mercy.

21. "For these causes." Because he had obeyed God according to his distinct revelation, in a manner displeasing to the Jews, they had sought to kill him. "In the temple." Paul was worshipping in the temple when the Jews seized him. "I come to you." It was not by any power of his own he had been preserved, but it was because God had interposed and rescued him. "Witnessing." Bearing testimony, as he had been commanded. "Small." To those in humble life, to the poor, the ignorant and the obscure. "Great." The rich and noble; to kings and princes and governors. He had thus stood on Mars' hill at Athens; he had borne testimony before the wise men of Greece; he had declared the same gospel before Felix and Festus, and now before Agrippa. "Saying none other things." He adds the supreme fact that all he taught was in exact agreement with Moses and the prophets. This fact utterly overthrew all the charges of his accusers, and convicted them of rejecting the law and the prophets, which was the crime alleged against himself.

22. "Should suffer." Many of the Jews overlooked or denied the suffering character of the Messiah, and stumbled fatally at the gospel because it required them to accept a crucified Redeemer. "The first," etc. See R. V. "Christ was not the first to be raised from the dead, but the first who by His resurrection gave us real life." Paul always lays great importance on the resurrection. "Show light." True light shines only through the risen Christ.

23. "An interruption by Festus (vs. 21). 24. "Beside thyself." The loud voice was the effect of his surprise and astonishment. What Paul had said of a resurrection from the dead accomplished in Jesus was the first fruit of a promise made to the Jews who should enlighten not only his own people, but even the Gentiles—among the rest, the polite and learned Greeks and Romans—and of the manner in which this was revealed to him—all this would lead such a half-thinker and a pagan as Festus to conclude roundly that Paul was a visionary enthusiast. "Much learning." Many writings had named his name, the idea being suggested by Paul's many allusions to Moses and the prophets. The tendency of long continued and intense mental application to produce mental derangement is everywhere known.

25. "I am not mad." Either Paul or Festus was beside himself. They lived in different worlds, and one or the other was wrong. If Festus was sane, Paul was mad; if Paul was sane, Festus was mad. There is no madness so great, no delirium so awful, as to neglect the eternal interests of the soul for the sake of the poor pleasures and honors which this life can give. The worldly-minded man misrepresents Christians by regarding (1) their childlike faith as narrowness of mind; (2) their devout life as religious melancholy; (3) their joyful hope as fanaticism.

26, 27. "The king knoweth." Agrippa was a Jew and no doubt was acquainted with the history of the life and works of Jesus, of His death and resurrection, of the events that occurred on the day of Pentecost, and the preaching of the gospel since Jesus had been crucified. "A coracer." There was a wide knowledge of the facts connected with the life, death and resurrection of Christ. "Believe." Agrippa had been instructed in the Scriptures and accepted them intellectually. The writings of the prophets foretold the events of which Paul had been speaking, and had their fulfillment in Christ. "I know." Paul answers his own question, for although Agrippa was an immoral man, yet incidents in connection with his life show that he was a sincere Jew.

28, 29. "Almost," etc. See R. V. There are two widely different opinions as to the meaning of this verse. The first is that Agrippa's heart was touched and that, according to the Authorized Version he declared with all seriousness that he was almost persuaded to become a Christian. The other view is that the words were spoken sarcastically, according to the Revised Version, and that he was not in the least influenced by Paul's words towards Christianity. Nearly all recent commentators accept the latter view. "Would to God." Paul's answer is sublime. He is so thoroughly satisfied with the salvation he has experienced that he does not hesitate to heartily commend it to his royal hearers. "Except," etc. What a gentle reproof to these rulers who were keeping him in chains! What a delicate appeal to them for liberty!

Example succeeds where argument fails. He cannot be right with the Father who is wrong with the brother.

There is no shining without suffering. Doctrines may change but duties do not.

Nothing purges better than persecution. A religion that does not begin in repentance will certainly end there. Practice puts an edge on precept. When sin goes fast it will go far. A miser is bound to be miserable. Social salvation is simply realized.

POWER OF THE HYPNOTIST.

Scientific Wonder Disconcerted by Subsequent Happening.

It was last Friday afternoon, while I was going up Columbus avenue in an electric car, that a man entered, at Sixty-fifth street, and took a seat directly opposite me. At the next corner another man entered, and, for want of a seat, held to a strap. "Fares!" cried the conductor as he held his open hand in front of the newcomer, who shook his head. "Give me a seat, and I will pay," said the passenger. "Pay or I will put you off," answered the conductor. "Try it and I will throw you through the window," replied the passenger.

The usual talk indulged in under such circumstances began, and the other passengers took apparent interest in it. The man who had entered at Sixty-fifth street got into quite a discussion with the passenger next to him, and after a minute it ended by each of them displaying a five dollar note. "Hold on, conductor!" said the Sixty-fifth street man. I can put that brute off without any trouble. Here hold these bills, and if I get him to go they are mine, and if I don't give them to this man."

The conductor, glad to be relieved of the money, and the Sixty-fifth street man began to make gentle passes with wiggling fingers in front of the non-fare-paying passenger's face. Then he gently beckoned him as he moved backward, and, much to our astonishment, the man who wouldn't pay followed him to the street. Leaving him standing there in an apparently dazed condition, the hypnotist boarded the car, got his ten dollars, and away he went.

At the next corner I got off, and so did the hypnotist. He walked down the street, met the man he had put off the car and the two entered a corner saloon.—New York Tribune

Tricks With Cards.

Let three, five or seven young women stand in a circle and draw a card out of a box, she who gets the highest card will be married first of the company, whether she be at the present time maid, wife or widow; and she who has the lowest has the longest time to stay ere the sun shines on her wedding day; she who gets the ace of spades will never bear the name of wife and she who has the nine of hearts will have one lover too many to her sorrow.

Hymen's letter.—Put a pack of cards well shuffled into a box. Let the party stand in a circle and each draw three cards. Pairs of any kind are favorable owners of some good fortune. The king of hearts is the god of love and gives a beautiful swain to the one who draws him. Fives and nines are crosses and misfortunes; three nines at one draw shows the lady will be an old maid.

Churchmen Are Excited.

The coming election of a new dean of the general theological seminary, New York city, is stirring up more interest and excitement among Protestant Episcopalians than any event of the sort since Phillips Brooks was elected bishop of Massachusetts notwithstanding his antipathetic views and Unitarian friendship. Thus far the deans—Forbes, Seymour, Hoffman—have been "high churchmen."

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