

### CONSOLATION.

Hast thou forgotten God who gives the rain?  
Plenteous and merciful the long showers pour  
On parching fields where dust and drouth were sore;  
Yet will thine eyes watch out the night again?  
Peace on the shadowed hills and sky is deep;  
Shall not thine heart be comforted with sleep  
As earth is comforted and lulled of pain?  
Before thy prayer the heavens are brazen still,  
Nor yet to cool thy thirst the fountain fill.  
Nevertheless His word shall not be in vain.  
What hope hadst thou, gasping at yesternoon?  
What hope hadst thou, whose comfort shall be soon?  
Are ye not in His hands for bliss or bane?  
Tomorrow, where the upland fields lay black,  
Thou shalt go forth and look on life come back;  
Harvest shall follow seedtime yet again.  
Tomorrow, where thy heart lay withering,  
Fountains of love before His feet shall spring;  
Peace shall repay thee sevenfold for pain.  
Hast thou forgotten God who gives the rain?  
—Mable Earle, in the Atlantic.

## AT THE PONTIERS.

BY ROLAND WHITTLE.

It only took a minute and a half, just long enough for the man in the hall to take off his rubbers, for the rain was pouring in torrents, and Pacific avenue was swimming in a gurgling river which overflowed the pavements and went rushing down the steep hillside.

But you can't take one minute and a half and segregate it, as it were; it belongs to a whole series preceding subsequently 90 seconds. Still one minute and a half, even the one and a half, may be a turning point, may mark a crisis; so thought Mildred Arrowswaith as she sat waiting in the drawing room, wondering who had come.

She had left word that either of two men should be admitted, the favored gentlemen being respectively Captain Henry Gilman, of the Eighteenth United States Cavalry, returned from Manila on sick leave, but now well and strong again; and the Rev. Carton Wilton, assistant priest at the Episcopal Church of St. Sigismund.

The favor with which the clergyman was regarded was of very recent growth, and, perhaps all the stronger on that account. Miss Arrowswaith's affections, as a rule, were of a strength in inverse ratio to their duration, and the newer the lover, the more intense her feelings. Among her friends, the more charitable called her impetuous, the less well disposed felt.

There had certainly been some reason for the accusation in the case of the gallant captain. His attentions had been notorious, and such was the coyness of the lady, or the discretion of the soldier, that no announcement of their engagement had yet been made, and many heads were shaken and lips pursed by those who were anxious that Mildred should make up her mind, as they would like to have a shy at the bird on their account, if she did not want it for her particular case.

"If the captain had asked me a month ago," sighed Mildred to herself, "I should have known just what to do, but now I feel so differently. As a matter of fact, I don't think that I really like him at all now."

The fact is, it was Lent, and the captain belonged to a pre-Lenten period. Just as artists divide modern art into pre-Raphaelite and a subsequent period, so this damsel of the Twentieth Century, half-nymph, half-nun, separated her likes and dislikes, her social activities, even, by the Lent or Ash Wednesday. Besides, certain rumors as to the behavior of the gallant captain had been retailed to her by sympathetic but not altogether disingenuous companions. It was hinted in mysterious whispers that he was frequently seen in the company of a certain chorus girl of a well known burlesque company at an hour when all good people should be in bed.

These rumors would have been sufficiently disquieting at any time; but in Lent they were absolutely fatal to the captain's chances. Still he was a glorious dancer and a witty cavalier, and under ordinary circumstances might have redeemed himself.

"He is so handsome," she mused, "and what a splendid time we had at the Carnival. There never was a finer Romeo, and he is so deliciously naughty, too."

Hereupon a pensive melancholy caused by her recollection of the season overcame her, and she looked thoughtfully at the little gold crucifix which depended from her chain, and which she took out regularly every Ash Wednesday. There was a romantic little story attaching to the same crucifix, but that belongs to another chapter, and one not pertaining to the special lessons appointed to be read in Lent.

"I wonder why I promised to see him again? I am half afraid to talk to him," she murmured; "but he

looked so splendid yesterday that I could not deny his request to call. But Carton is just as handsome. He reads the service so impressively and he always seems so much above me. Why, I never dreamed of anything of this sort until I saw something in his look when I stayed to ask his advice about fasting yesterday afternoon.

"I know that look too well, and—well, I don't know, I'm sure, which of them I want. Sometimes I think it is the captain and sometimes Carton."

"Just think of the good I could do as Carton's wife. I have led a very selfish life. I have never thought of the poor. Just think how I could help them."

The Lenten mood was on her now strongly enough. The idea of Mildred paddling about damp slums and getting up for early communion as a general rule would have caused hilarity unspeakable among her friends, but she did not appear in the least degree ridiculous to herself.

"It's very hard to choose," she said. "How much easier it would be if clergymen were not allowed to marry. There would be no doubt then."

"Still, I ought to deny myself something, and I ought to deny myself the captain, for I am really very fond of him. And there is that story, too. Not that I believe it, for I am quite sure that he would never come and dine at this house and talk so beautifully to me all evening and then go off to the Carnival with that girl. No, that story is false on its very face."

"Still, I have to make up my mind. I do hope those two men won't come together. That would be awkward. How am I going to settle the question?"

She was a little gambler by instinct, and would infinitely rather make up her mind as the result of a chance happening than as determination reached after deliberation. Even her predilections did not count very much with her as compared with the turn of a coin or the picking out of a card.

But it was Lent, and even her experiments with the blind goddess should be made in accordance with the rule which she had laid down for herself at the beginning of the season. She would not touch a card until after Easter Monday. Had she not faithfully promised that to herself in church on Ash Wednesday morning? Flipping coins savored too much of the vulgar, for this season, and besides, it was real gambling. Had she not lost \$1.25 at this game one evening in the billiard room? What, then, should she do? Ah! she knew now. She would look into her Lent Manual, and the first sentence that she read there she would take as a guide.

She took her little manual of devotions, bound in the colors of the Lenten season, and ornamented with pious designs. She opened it slowly, and the beautiful print, with its handsome initial lettering, stared her in the face. But she did not read yet. She closed her eyes, turned the leaves several times, then made a stab at the printed pages, still with her eyes closed. The paper knife point pierced the leaf. She opened her eyes and read: "In the first place," taen followed certain instructions. The answer seemed to be enigmatic enough. But it calmed her doubt. "In the first place" appeared to her as the answer to the unspoken prayer in her heart.

She rang the bell and said to the servant who answered it: "I expect a gentleman. Show him in here at once. You need not announce him."

"Now," she said, "I shall have to abide by my resolution. I shall not know who is coming, and I shall choose 'in the first place'."

Within five minutes she heard the doorbell ring. The heavy tread of a man was heard in the hall, and she could tell that he was taking off his mackintosh.

Even then, if she had been an observer as usual, she might have observed that the man wore rubbers. This would have told her, by itself, that it was the clergyman, for the gallant captain never encumbered himself with those impediments.

It took a minute and half for the visitor to prepare himself to enter the room, and in that minute and a half Mildred Arrowswaith felt that her destiny was being settled.

Then the portiere parted and the Rev. Carton Wilton walked slowly into the drawing room.

Half an hour afterward another ring was heard at the front door, and the servant entered the room to announce "Captain Gilman."

Mildred looked up, frowned, hesitated a moment, and then said firmly and decisively, "Not at home."—New York American.

### WOMEN IN THE BIG HOTELS.

Every Skyscraper Hostelry Employs Hundreds of Them.

The big hotel of today is a remunerative field for women workers. It demands the service of hundreds of them. It largely depends upon them for ultimate success. It pays them thousands of dollars weekly. In this one thing alone it conspicuously differs from the big hotel of yesterday.

The women employments of the spacious hostelry of a decade ago were all mere servants. In its monster counterpart of the hour they are graded all the way up from cleaners to college graduated clerks, whose abilities to direct the satisfying wants of the occupants of entire floors enable them to earn comfortable salaries.

Formerly two dozen chambermaids, half as many cleaners and three or four linen room girls, with a none too well educated housekeeper over them constituted an especially large corps of female help. As the most typical example of the up to date hotel this force would be just large enough to take care of two of the fourteen floors. There seven housekeepers, each selected for her acknowledged intelligent executive ability, who employ, discharge and direct the tasks of fifteen parlor maids, ninety chambermaids, fifty cleaners, twenty seamstresses and other workers along allied lines. Each housekeeper has charge of two floors and all of them report to the senior in command.

Large as are those figures, they represent scarcely more than half the women regularly employed. The floor clerks and cashiers number thirty-three. Four controllers audit the checks of the waiters. The laundry employs seventy-five, the kitchen fifteen. The glass pantries are taken care of by twelve, the storeroom by eight and sixteen waiters serve all these women, for they live in the hotel. The grand total is 345.

But many other women not in the list earn their living in such a place. Does the business man want to answer a day's mail? A half dozen stenographers are at his elbow. Has a woman left home without her maid? All she has to do to secure the services of an expert lady's maid is to make application to the floor clerk. Does a guest want her trunk packed? Professional packers are kept in the hotel for this express purpose. Is a Turkish bath desired? The attendants are within the four walls of the hostelry, and manicurists and masseurs and the like are also within call of the bell.

In brief, all told, the number of women who find work in a modern hotel is not much less than five hundred.

Of these women the clerks and the cashiers probably fill the most important positions.

The clerks for example, number two to each floor. Over them is a man, but for all practical purposes the women direct the work of looking after the comfort of the guests. They dispatch the corps of page boys to answer calls. They take care of the keys and mail for the different rooms. They fill orders for flowers, laundry of the waiters who serve meals in the rooms, and just as they see a new arrival he is installed, so they collect his bill and direct his departure. They make it unnecessary for a patron to depend on the main office on the ground floor for anything whatever.—Chicago News.

### QUICK THINKERS.

How Tricky Plays Help Out in Tight Places.

Many pieces of work that affect the results of baseball games are not seen by many persons on the stand and bleachers. Many a clever trick is got away with under cover, and the spectators remain ignorant of just exactly what brought the victory. An excellent case in point has "Lave" Cross for the principal figure.

The Athletics were playing Chicago last year in one of the closing games when the pennant race was hottest. The score was a tie. Cross was on first and Hartzel on third. One man was out. The captain started to steal. The throw to catch him was fast and accurate, and he was nailed fully five feet from the base. But although he had not a chance he slid head first and sent up a cloud of dust that enveloped himself and the shortstop.

Hartzel made a break for home. Just as Davis, the Chicago shortstop was about to throw the ball he unaccountably paused for an instant and looked down; then, without recovering himself, let go of the ball and made a gorgeous overthrow. Had the catcher been ten feet tall he could not have reached the ball. Hartzel tallied the run that won the game.

Cross, who had been forgotten in the excitement that attended the play at the plate, picked himself up from the dust and came to the players' bench grinning all over his face.

"Why did you slide, 'Lave'?" asked Manager Mack. "You never could have made it."

"Did you see that wild throw?" responded the smiling captain.

"Yes."

"I was responsible for it."

"Why?" asked Mack.

"I pinched his leg just as he raised his arm to send it home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### A Nautical Plane.

A sea captain belonging to Sunderland had made such an exceptionally good voyage that his wife felt encouraged to ask him to purchase a plane with which to beautify their house and exasperate their neighbors. He told her he was going to London, and while there would look at some instruments, with a view to buying one. This is his description of the one he thought would suit her: "Black walnut hull, strong bulkheads strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, lined with white wood and maple riggings, steel wire double on the ratlines, and whipped wire on the tower stays and heavier cordage; belaying pins of steel, and well driven home; length of taffrail over all 6 feet 1 inch; breadth of beam, 28 inches; depth of hold, 14 inches; hatches can be battened down proof against ten-year-old boys and ten-ton spankers, or can be clewed up on occasion, and sheeted home for a first class instrumental cyclone."—The Era.

## THE KEYSTONE STATE

Latest News of Pennsylvania Told in Short Order.

State Treasurer Harris has written to all banks holding State money that in the next four months he may have to call on them for funds to pay big bills that will come in. In his letter he says: "During the next three or four months the Treasury Department will be called upon to pay out over \$7,000,000. This extraordinary demand is made necessary by the building of the new Capitol, appropriations to the public schools and many other liberal appropriations made by the Legislature of 1903. To meet these calls on the department it may be necessary to draw upon you for a very large portion and possibly all of your State deposit. This letter is simply to give you notice of our purpose."

The first oil found in Potter county in paying quantities has been struck on the Lewis Lyman farm, near Sweden Valley, six miles east of Coudersport, at a depth of 1600 feet. The driller struck the third sand and soon found steam well drill under which he found the oil in the hole.

The boating on the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company's canal was never known to be better than at present and those captains who were fortunate to save their boats from being destroyed by dry rot owing to their not being any water in the canal all of last season are reaping the benefit. A boatmen's union is being organized.

Russel, the 3-year-old son of Edward Hill, of Hollidaysburg, fell into a well containing fourteen feet of water. The mother told the child to hold to the stones and dropped a rope to him as he was about to let go. After dragging the lad out the mother fainted.

During a heavy hailstorm at Carlisle, A. B. Myers, of Mechanicsburg, was instantly killed by the blowing over of a steam well drill under which he had taken shelter from the storm. The unfortunate man was 24 years of age.

Sido Simlas was killed by a trip of runaway cars at the Harry E. Colliery, Wilkes-Barre, and Con Musta was fatally injured by a fall of coal at the Exeter colliery and died soon afterward.

C. E. McGough, a telegraph lineman of Oxford, Chester county, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Lancaster, from injuries sustained in a fall of thirty feet from a pole. He was 35 years old.

While attempting to drive a mule into a stall, John Griffith, aged 55, a farmer living near Adamstown, was so badly kicked by the animal that he died.

Dr. John Henry Helfrich, Allentown's oldest practicing physician, died of Bright's disease, aged about 80 years.

John Roney, a prominent Mason and a veteran of the Civil War, died at Shiremanstown, aged 79 years.

During a severe thunderstorm a bolt of lightning went down the chimney at the house of Lewis D. Leidy, in Lynn Township. It penetrated the ceiling of the kitchen, setting in on fire. It then darted across the room and down the barrel of a shotgun, which was standing in a corner. The weapon exploded. The members of the family escaped serious injury. The fire was soon extinguished.

Four miners had a miraculous escape from death at the Franklin colliery, Wilkes-Barre. They were being hauled up a steep slope to the surface when their car broke away and they sped backward toward the bottom. The car jumped the track and was smashed into kindling wood, but the men escaped with severe bruises.

Companies B and C, Sixth Regiment, National Guard, have appealed to the public for aid in maintaining their armory in Chester.

The Edgewood trolley line will be extended through Coal Township to Zerbe Township and Trevorton, and then on into Lower Augusta, and to Sunbury, connecting with the line there.

While a passenger on a Bethlehem-Allentown trolley car, Mrs. A. Nagel, of Allentown, stepped on a match which ignited her dress and before the blaze was extinguished she was badly burned.

Application was made for a charter for a new bank at Middleburg, with a capital of \$25,000. John R. Kreger is to be the cashier. This makes the fourth bank in Snyder county and the second at this place.

Three persons, comprising an entire family, were killed on the Port Bowley crossing of the Lehigh Valley Railroad near Wilkes-Barre. Joshua A. Butler, a truck farmer residing across the river from Wilkes-Barre, started out for a drive, accompanied by his wife and eighteen-month-old child. As they reached the Port Bowley crossing the fast express train from New York, bound for Buffalo, dashed around a sharp curve. Owing to the curve Mr. Butler could not see the train, and the horse had just passed over the crossing when the locomotive struck the carriage. The horse escaped without a scratch. Mrs. Butler was thrown fully fifty feet, and when the train crew came back and picked her up she was dead. The little child was thrown high and landed on the front of the engine where she remained until the train stopped. The engineer, who grasped the little one, heard her lips lip "Mamma." Then she sank into unconsciousness. The father was found lying against an embankment. He was conscious, but suffering much pain. An examination showed that he was badly mangled. As quickly as possible the father and child were taken to the hospital, but they died as soon as they reached there. Butler was forty years of age. The wife was twenty years his junior.

William Keller, a boy of Pottsville, went out upon one of the mountains in search of huckleberries on Friday, since which time no trace of him has been found.

Under the pretense that he was an electrician sent to make repairs, a thief obtained entrance to the residence of Herman Astrich, at Harrisburg, and from an upstairs room stole diamond rings and studs, a gold watch and several chains.

Thomas Dillon and J. W. Tyson were repairing timber in the Bear Valley shaft, Shamokin, when a plank on which they stood broke. Dillon fell forty feet and, landing on the cage, was saved from being dashed to death on the bottom of the shaft. Tyson grabbed hold of a projecting timber and escaped injury.

### IN LAND OF "EVANGELINE"

Beautiful Bayou Teche Country Appeals to Every Visitor.

The "Teche country." How often one hears the country of southern Louisiana spoken of and so few really have seen the beauties of it, and still it lies in a most convenient locality with several important little cities and many magnificent plantations on its banks. Then again, Longfellow immortalized the ancient river in his "Evangeline." There is a certain something, say, dreaminess, which takes hold of one, and enthralled by the haze of the sunshine and mist you look upon the commonplace as sunshine.

At St. Martinville the wide-spreading "Evangeline oak" is near the bridge, and one can almost see the cow into which the skiff was drawn as Gabriel passed up the stream, each wandering in search of the other, and the thick undergrowth of palms and vines obscuring the gaze from the passer-by. The town itself seems to have changed but little, a settlement more or less. The creole French is spoken in shops and market. Narrow brick pavements, shaded by galleries, are built out to the curb, pavements always spoken of as "banquettes." The white chapel with its graveyard, with two brick oven graves, claimed to be those of the two romantic lovers, adds greatly to the impression that you have stepped out of the busy world for a time and cannot realize that somewhere electric cars are dashing through streets or imagine traffic stopped to allow some scurrying pedestrian to edge to a crossing.

Here the dust is undisturbed and the bayou flows peacefully on, on past some roomy, wide plantation house, on to the sugar house, with its towering chimneys, sheds and machinery. Then cabins, like rows of dusty sugar loaves, add to the characteristic panorama. The mammoth trees, with their drooping moss, hanging low to the water's edge, intermingled with shiny palms and luxuriant ferns, stamp the scene as tropical. If dropped from the clouds you would never hesitate to name the place as "way down south."

The thriving town of New Iberia is fast gaining prominence. Then Jeanerette, quite a lumber center, claims recognition. The timberland and lumbering facilities are fast developing interest and attracting speculative attention, all through the waters of the long neglected, sleepy, unused Teche.

**Pat's Capability.**  
What'll you charge for taking away these ashes, Pat?" I asked, pointing to the Winter's accumulation.  
"Sivin dollars an' a half, Sor," promptly replied the owner of the village garbage cart.  
"What?" I exclaimed. "Why, I thought you charged 75 cents a load?"  
"That's right, Sor," agreed Pat. "Sevinty-five cents a load it do be."  
"Well," I estimated, eyeing the pile of ashes speculatively. "There isn't any ten loads here. There's not more than five, or maybe six at the outside."  
"Don't be after frettin' yerself over that now, Sor," said Pat, cheerfully. "Sure, just lave it to me entirely. Sor, ah! O'll make tin loads out av it widout any botheration at all, av all, Sor."

**A Memory Test Game.**  
Take six coins, a silver dollar, a fifty-cent piece, a twenty-five cent piece, a dime, a nickel and a cent. Have the room darkened, or blindfold the players; let the coins be passed quickly from one to another, not in

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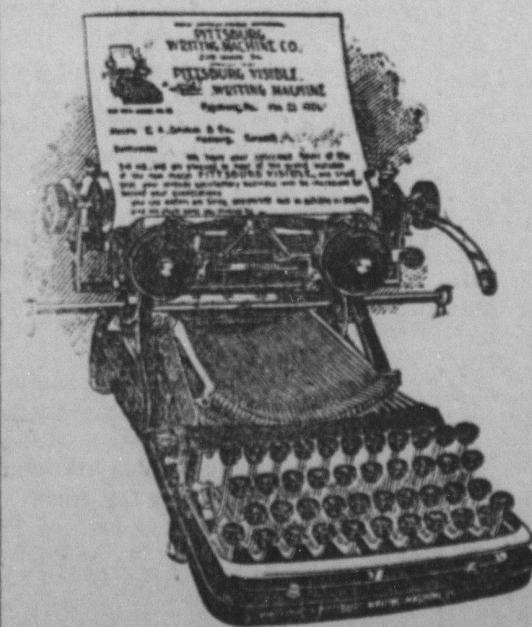
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