

OVERSIGHT.

By points and sages you've oft heard it told
That friendship is precious; more precious than gold;
And yet when a stranger approaches our gate,
We bring forth our best and we serve him in state.
But scant is the cheer that we oft-times extend
When the guest who approaches is only a friend.

Alack! 'tis too common a rule on this earth;
We treasure the dross and we squander true worth.
We greet his ambitions with critical sneers,
We laugh at his hopes and encourage his fears.
Though kindly the purposes which we intend,
We forget to express them, because he's a friend.

—Washington Star.

John's Mother-in-law.

By Helena Dixon.

"Of course your mother must have a home with us, Carrie. Widowed, and with no child but you, she naturally and rightly wishes to come to you. And, only think how nice it will be for us all to have her here. No more lonely hours for you while I am cooped up in that gloomy workshop of mine upstairs."

So spoke John Royaltan as he arose from the breakfast table and caught up his chubby-faced boy, adding, as he perched the little two-year-old on his shoulder:

"And my little curly-head wants a grandmamma's experienced eye upon him to cut short his mischievous pranks. Don't you, Master Chatter-box?"

And away the little fellow was borne to the little room which John had called his "workshop." Technically speaking, it was a studio, for Royaltan was a painter, and the domestic little wife was left alone to write a letter inviting her widowed mother to her home.

"How like the dear old times it will seem to have mother with me," murmured Mrs. Royaltan, as she folded her letter. "A woman wants some one beside such a dignified, methodical person as dear John is to talk to, and I declare I don't see any one else in an age except now and then, when some sour-visaged old maid or simpering miss comes to have her portrait painted."

The Saturday following the posting of Mrs. Royaltan's letter brought the expected guest to the Royaltan cottage. Mrs. Perring was a very nervous, very lively, and very eccentric old lady, who made it her boast that she was never idle a minute between daylight and bedtime.

When she came settled with the Royaltans, she applied herself assiduously to "putting things to rights." Every drawer, every chest, every cupboard, was ransacked and the contents of each arranged in accordance with the old lady's ideas of order. Even John's desk was rummaged, and every letter and paper peered into, just to find out in what particular niche each one ought to be put.

In about a fortnight Mrs. Perring had the satisfaction of thinking that she had got things about the house in "good running order."

"There's only that outlandish paint shop upstairs—John's study-o' mind Carrie calls it—but what's had a thorough ventilating, and the very first day John's away from home I'll make a new place of that."

Fortune smiled on Mrs. Perring's plans. John and Carrie, and little Eddie were away, and the little old lady prepared herself for the onslaught. She donned her poorest dress, tied a napkin over her head to keep off the dust, rolled her sleeves above her scrawny elbows and went to work.

All day long the furniture in the artist's room flew vigorously around. Many articles denounced as "worthless rubbish" were hurled through window into the back yard, while others that "might come in play for something, some day," were stowed away in the garret. A portrait, on which the paint was yet wet, was energetically dusted with a coarse towel; paints were mixed inconspicuously and brushes put through a scouring process, till the old lady's back ached with the exercise, and her nose became the medium by which copious streams of perspiration were conducted from her face.

When everything in the room was considered "done," Mrs. Perring made a dash for an adjoining closet, but found the door securely locked. For a moment the worthy lady was in a quandry. How was she to straighten things in the closet? Do it she must and would, and very quickly Mrs. Perring bethought her of a bunch of keys which happily she had brought with her. The keys were produced, and in triumph Mrs. Perring unlocked the door.

Seizing her broom, she rushed into the closet. She came out shortly, however, and closed the door after her with a jerk and a bang.

John Royaltan's mother-in-law had made a discovery!

Collecting her utensils, she left the studio and went below in grim and dignified silence. She sat quietly knitting in the pleasant sitting room when John and Carrie returned. The steel needles fled out and in very spitefully. The cold, gray eyes looked directly down over the elongated

nose, and were never once raised, not even to greet little Eddie.

When bedtime came the old lady arose in solemn silence and retired. The next morning, when John repaired as usual to his studio, he uttered vehement sentences not at all in praise of his wife's mother.

While he was engaged in undoing, so far as lay in his mortal power, the mischief she had unconsciously wrought, Mrs. Perring was closeted with Carrie. The young wife's face was colorless, and her eyes wild with anger and indignation, as she listened to her mother's words.

"It's a beautiful face—the handsomest picture of a real person I ever saw. Great dark eyes that seem to look you through, hair as black as night and hanging in ringlets all about her face and neck. The skin is just like alabaster, so white and clear, and the lips look like ripe cherries for all the world."

Carrie sank back in a fainting condition, and her mother clasped her in her arms.

"Oh, my poor lamb! that I should see you treated in this shameless manner. And John so dignified and proper seeming. The hypocrite! But I've mistrusted that his loving ways were all put on ever since I cleaned his desk and found scraps of poetry about love and such like nonsense."

"Mother, don't; you will kill me by your suspicions. I can't believe it. John cares for no one but me. He is too noble, too—"

"Take my keys, then, and go satisfy yourself. Go look at the siren's portrait in the closet. It isn't finished yet. I could see that, and I wish now I'd had presence of mind enough to give it two or three extra touches with the brush myself. No wonder you found his room locked so many times of late, and had to wait your artist's pleasure before you could enter. And the deeply-veiled old woman that we've noticed going upstairs so many times of late isn't an old woman at all. I've made up my mind about her. She's the original of that portrait and no mistake. See, there she goes up the steps now! Mighty careful she is, too, not to show her face. There—did you ever see an old woman with such feet and ankles? She's the woman!"

When the unknown woman had departed, and the unconscious John was quietly eating his dinner, Carrie left the table under some pretext, and with the rusty key in her hand, she ascended the stairs and entered the studio closet, and stood before the painted form of a woman before whom her own charms sank into insignificance.

What was this beautiful woman to her husband?

Carrie's heart lay like a lump of lead in her bosom as she turned away and sought her mother.

Shortly after John returned to his labors, the two women—the elder, filled with virtuous indignation, the younger too utterly wretched even for tears—left the house, taking Eddie with them.

Silently the poor wife followed her mother in quest of some quiet retreat wherein to pass the night. On the morrow Mrs. Perring had resolved on taking her charges into the country.

This was Carrie's birthday, and always heretofore, during the few years of their wedded life, John had remembered the day with a suitable gift; but today he seemed to have forgotten not only the present, but even that it was her birthday.

"Poor thing," murmured Mrs. Perring, philosophically, as, in a lonely room, Carrie clasped her boy to her bosom and wept passionately over her wrong.

"Poor thing! It's hard for her to bear at first. She loved him altogether better than she deserved, even were he true to her. It's best she should see him no more. Let her have her cry out, and then she will be calm and a different woman entirely; strong to resent the insult and injury which that wretch has heaped upon her."

When the gloomy night was curtaining the earth in darkness, Carrie begged piteously to be permitted to look upon her old home once more. She would not enter the house—she might never again do that—but she could gaze a moment into the dear, familiar rooms. John might be in the pleasant sitting room as of old. She had left a note for him, and she longed to know how he bore the separation; whether he was rejoiced or sorry that she was gone.

"It's nonsense," said Mrs. Perring, angrily; "but if you're determined to go, I shall go along to keep you from rushing right into the villain's arms."

A cheerful light shone out from the uncurtained windows of the Royaltan cottage as the two women stealthily approached near enough to gain a view of the interior of the room where John, with bowed head, was walking to and fro over the carpet.

Carrie could not catch the expression of his face, but she saw that ever and anon he turned his gaze upon a painting on the wall—one which had never before hung there.

The young wife's face turned ghastly pale as, peeping close to the window, she saw that the painting was the one she had seen in the studio closet.

Carrie was ready to faint, still she would not, could not, leave the window.

At length John paused before the portrait, and spoke aloud.

Carrie heard his words, and stood still a moment to gather in their meaning; then, heedless of her mother's reprimand, she rushed

with Eddie into the house.

Mrs. Perring, who had not heard a word of what had transformed Carrie from a breathing statue into her old joyous self, was too thoroughly provoked at what she considered her daughter's lack of spirit and self-respect to follow her immediately.

When, however, she did so, she found husband and wife—the former with one arm supporting Eddie and the other encircling Carrie's waist—standing before the painting which through Mrs. Perring's romantic suspicions, had wrought so much, though happily not irreparable mischief.

A few words neatly written and pasted under the portrait—which, after all, was not a portrait, but purely the work of the artist's imagination—convinced Mrs. Perring that she was altogether wrong in her surmises, and that, after all, the deeply-veiled woman might be as venerable as her appearance indicated.

"A Birthday Gift to My Wife."

These were the words which Mrs. Perring read, and then she managed to slip unobserved from the room, an ever thereafter John Royaltan's mother-in-law was a model one.—New York Weekly.

TO STUDY THE BAHAMA ISLANDS!

An Expedition From Baltimore Make a Thorough Report.

An expedition recently left Baltimore for the purpose of making an exhaustive study of the Bahama Islands, the report to be presented to the United States Government. The idea of the expedition originated with Professor George R. Shattuck, of the Johns Hopkins University, and is under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Baltimore, which defrays a portion of the expense.

Some of the principal lines of investigation will be concerned with the animal and plant life of the islands. The geology of the group will also be examined and a bench mark will be left with the view of ascertaining to what extent, if any, the Bahama Islands are sinking or rising above the level of the sea. Special attention will be given in the reports to the industries, commerce, physical condition of the inhabitants and any other economic feature which may suggest itself. An elaborate outfit of scientific apparatus for the study of climatic conditions has been provided. The diseases which may be prevalent and general sanitary conditions will be included in the investigation. This portion of the work will be in charge of Dr. Clement A. Penrose, assistant director of the expedition.

Diseases of Metals.

Certain metallurgists in Germany have come to the conclusion that metals are capable of being infected with disease. A leading scientist Prof. Heyn, has found that in the injury done to copper from overheating the metal is poisoned with what he calls copper pox, a disorder which causes sickness and structural weakness. Steel that has been poisoned by hydrogen is deteriorated until it becomes almost as brittle as glass. Another scientist has discovered a certain kind of tin pest which inhabits its roofs. He found also that when the diseased metal was brought into contact with healthy tin the latter soon became infected and was finally destroyed.—Harper's Weekly.

"Cycle Campers."

An association of cycle campers has been formed in England with the idea of dispensing with Inns while on tour. Rainy and cool as the English climate is, it is found possible and pleasant to carry all one's luggage for camping in a common luggage carrier. At a recent exhibition tents weighing from eleven and one half to thirteen pounds were shown including bamboo poles for pitching. Two cyclists can get along with a tent and aluminum cooking utensils weighing in all only twenty-five pounds.

Americans and India.

A good story from India is told in the Sheffield Telegraph: An American globe-trotter, dining with a gentleman in Calcutta, was asked if Americans were interested in India. The American assured him that such was the case, and said: "One day I met a lady I knew in the cars, and I handed her a newspaper in which was a paragraph headed 'India and Lord Curzon.' She settled down to read it with close attention. I remarked to her, 'You seem interested in that item about India.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I am. When that young man came out here and married Mary Leiter I always said she would make something of him—and she has.'"

Had the Papers.

A few bold spirits determined to prevent the new lady agitator from Kansas from speaking.

"Where is your lecture license?" they demanded.

With a glance of withering scorn mingled with triumph, she opened her grip, extracted therefrom a paper, and waved it in their faces.

"Here it is!" she shouted vindictively.

It was her marriage certificate. Even then there was one man on the committee of protestors who could not understand why his associates acknowledged their defeat so readily. He was single.—Judge.

The borough authorities of Brooklyn propose to lay out a public park as a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher.



New York City.—Cape effects are much in vogue and are seen upon many of the latest waists. This stylish mode, designed by May Manton, is adapted

and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.



BLOUSE WAIST.

to both the costume and the separate blouse and is shown in white pongee, with the cape and trimmings of cream-colored lace and the tucked front of mousseline, and is stitched with cortice silk; but the design suits many other materials equally well. All silks and light-weight wools are admirable and many of the handsomer linens and

Features of the New Coats.

Plented sleeves, cape effects, cords, balls, pendants, fringes, buttons and embroidered bands are features of the new styles in separate coats.

The Styles of 1830.

Reproductions of the styles of 1830 are expected to be much in evidence during the next few months.

Sleeves Becoming Longer.

Sleeves grow in width and lengthen perceptibly. The dolman sleeve figures on some of the coats, fitting the arm inside, and made very baggy from the elbow on the outside; others are tight



A GENERALLY BECOMING SHIRT WAIST.

cottons are satisfactory. When preferred one material can be used for the entire waist and the cape and stole can be omitted when a plainer blouse is desired.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted foundation that closes at the center front. The back is tucked in groups which extend from the shoulders to the waist line and give a tapering effect to the figure, but the fronts for part their length only and are made to pouch slightly at the belt. The center front, or vest-like portion, also is tucked to form a deep yoke, then falls in soft folds to the waist line. The cape is circular and snugly fitted by means of shoulder seams, and is finished with shaped pieces which give a stole effect. The sleeves are tucked above the elbows, but are full and soft below and are gathered into deeply pointed cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, four and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with seven-eighth yards of all-over lace for the collar, and three-quarter yards of mousseline for center front.

Tucked Blouse Waist.

Blouse waists that combine tucked fronts with plain backs are much worn and are very generally becoming. The admirable one designed by May Manton and depicted in the large drawing is shown in pongee, stitched with cortice silk and trimmed with bands of narrow brown velvet ribbon, but is equally well adapted to washable fabrics and indeed to all waisting materials.

The waist consists of the fitted foundation, which can be used or omitted as preferred, the back and the fronts. The back is plain and drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The front is tucked to form a graduated pleat at the center and from the shoulders to yoke depth. It also is gathered at the waist line and blouses slightly over the belt. The closing is made invisibly beneath the full length tuck at the left of the center. The sleeves are the prevailing ones that are snug from the elbows to the shoulders, full from the elbows to the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three

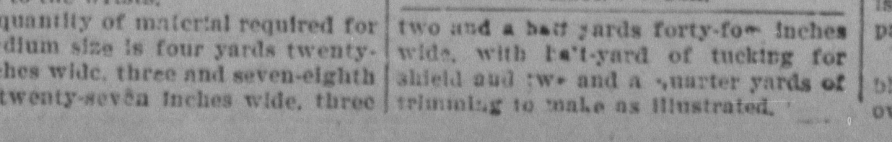
from the bend of the arm to the wrist, and very wide above.

Women's Sailor Blouse

Sailor blouses are always satisfactory to the wearer and generally becoming. This one, designed by May Manton, is made of pongee in the natural color with shield of tucked Liberty silk, and is trimmed with bands of the same embroidered in Chinese characters; but the design is suited to linen and cotton materials of many sorts and also to light weight wools and simple silks, and can be used for the odd waist or the entire costume with equal success.

The waist consists of the fronts, the back, the collar, shield and sleeves. The back is smooth across the shoulders and drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts pouch slightly over the belt. To the open neck is joined the big sailor collar and beneath this collar the shield is attached. The sleeves are snug above the elbows, full below and are gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, four and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or



SAILOR BLOUSE.

two and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with 1 1/2 yard of tucking for shield and two and a quarter yards of trimming to make as illustrated.

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A Card Trick.

There is an extremely easy trick with cards which often puzzles wise heads.

Take a pack of cards, and while idly attracting the attention of the company, glance at the bottom card, then briefly explain that after showing them a card, you will, without glancing at the pack again, pick it up and turn it over when it is thrown down. Then casually draw the bottom card with its face away from yourself, and show it to the others. Then one of the party takes the pack and shuffles the cards. Then the trickster takes the pack and begins throwing the cards upon the table, their faces up. When he comes to the chosen card, he makes no sign, and the onlookers, thinking he has mixed the guess, are amused. Suddenly he says:

"The next card I turn over will be the chosen one." Generally the cry is: "No, it will not be. You have passed it."

Whereupon from the pile on the table, the card is taken and turned over.