

THE VAGABOND ROAD.
From one town to another
The staid, brown highway runs,
Laid out by the good fathers,
Trodden by us and our sons.
This way passes the schoolboy,
The countryman with his load,
The bridegroom and bride—
A busy procession
Of young hearts and old—
And none turns aside
Or pines for the Vagabond Road.

Oh, the Vagabond Road, have you
seen it?
How describe it in words?
Green, capricious, enchanting,
Haunted by sweet singing birds,
Still pursuing its pleasure
By rock, pasture and fall,
Escaping, ascending,
Deploying—and, where
I know not, but surely
Deliciously ending
(So be it!) in nothing at all.

Dusty and safe is the highway,
Thrice respectable, too;
Here are clustered men's dwellings,
Church and market in view.
I, too, travel the turnpike
And there fix my abode—
Yet sometimes, perchance,
I halt for a moment,
When no one is by,
And throw a long glance
Far, far down the Vagabond Road.
—Dora Read Goodale, in Lippincott's.

Lenny's Mistake.

By Clio Stanley.

A sunny afternoon in May, with green leaves blowing hither and thither, and the frolicsome little winds climbing up the frail ladders of the vines over the doorway, making them all a-tremble. There was a sweet chorus of robins in the maple tree, and blithe bits of melody falling from the children's lips over the way. There was sunshine on the graveled garden walk, and its yellow splendors had stolen in through the wide-open door, and were caressing the backs of the two gray kittens rolled up in soft little balls at Lenny Howard's feet.

But Lenny was in one of her unhappy moods that afternoon, and cared nothing at all for the blessing of the sunshine or for the chorus of sweet spring sounds stealing in from the leafy outdoor world. There was a cloud on her young face that the sunlight could not banish.

"Dear me; I do wish Belle would come back! She has been gone long enough to do forty errands, I am sure; and she knows I am alone, and tied to this hateful chair."

Two days before, at a grand picnic on the mountainside, Lenny Howard had fallen and twisted her foot, so that she would not be able, the doctor said, to step on it for a week; and as she was a restless little molar, who kept still ten minutes at a time unless she was asleep, the enforced quiet was a terrible punishment; all the more unendurable because Belle Fairfax, who had promised to stay with her all that dreadful week, had gone out for half an hour, and had already been gone two hours.

"It's too bad!" she exclaimed again, when another ten minutes passed without bringing Belle. "Get out of my way!" she exclaimed, pushing the two gray kittens off the cushion; "I'm tired of seeing you so still!"

The kittens went rolling and rollicking after each other across the floor in a sudden spasm of merriment, and at the same moment Belle stood in the doorway, laughing at their pranks.

Even Lenny, vexed as she was, could not help thinking what a pretty picture Belle made, framed by the old doorway. Such a bright, laughing face it was; nut-brown hair above, nut-brown eyes below, both just touched with a glimmer of gold; cheeks the color of a pink rose, and lips still redder and sweeter; and under all a dainty chin with a dimple in it. But, then, Belle had been cruel, and Lenny didn't mean to flatter her.

"You've been away two hours," she began, with a doleful face.

"I know it," said Belle, tossing her hat on a sofa, and sitting down in a low chair by the window; "but then you know I haven't been out for two days, and it has been such a perfect afternoon. Besides—"

"Besides what?" asked Lenny, at length; for Belle had picked up the kittens and was playing with them, apparently forgetful of the fact that she had left her sentence unfinished.

A rose-flush crept to her face at Lenny's question, and she hesitated a moment for an answer.

But the proud head was lifted at last, and the bright eyes fixed bravely on Lenny's face.

"I met Frank just as I was coming home, and as I wanted—I mean we had something to say to each other—we walked back a little distance. I am afraid Lenny, we—"

"You? But you'll forgive me, and I won't leave you once tomorrow."

But Lenny looked at Belle's bright face, and hardened her heart against her friend.

Had she not acknowledged that they had forgotten her? and had not Frank Maxwell been her devoted lover for six months? Only that day at the picnic he had begged her to say when she would be his wife, and now he had quite forgotten her in a stroll with Belle! It was certainly more than any woman could be expected to bear with good nature, so she turned her back on Belle, and refused to say a word.

"Lenny," said Belle, with a little tremor in her voice, "won't you look

at me, dear; for I have something to tell you, and I really want it off my mind? Frank thought I ought to tell—"

"Don't dare to tell me, Belle Fairfax!" cried Lenny passionately. "Do you suppose I don't know all about it?" she continued, facing Belle with crimson cheeks.

"How did you—when did you find us out?"

Belle asked the question bravely enough, but she was really shaking with apprehension of a scene.

"Never mind that. It is enough for you to know that I think you are the most deceitful creature in the world, and that Frank Maxwell is—"

"What, Lenny?"

And Frank came in, just in the midst of the angry sentence, and looked in astonishment at Lenny's flashing eyes, and Belle's troubled face.

"I told you how it would be, Frank," began Belle, "and you must see I was right."

"But I really don't see why Lenny should be vexed at the matter if you are satisfied. Lenny, I had really expected better things of you," continued Frank, with a reproachful glance in her direction.

"I know how it is," faltered Belle; "Lenny thinks I am too young and foolish to be your—"

"Will you hush!" cried Lenny, stamping her little foot angrily down on the gray kitten's tail, and flashing her eyes from one to the other. "I should like to know if you are not six whole months older than I am, Belle Fairfax! and I'm sure I don't care," continued Lenny, growing suddenly very white and sinking back in her chair, "but—but you might have told me before. Go and marry him as soon as you like, but don't stand there making faces at me any longer."

And Lenny shut her eyes resolutely.

"Well, I am sure I am glad of your permission, dear," Belle replied, with a melancholy little laugh; "but, Lenny, I want you to be glad of it; because I shall want you to come to us often, until you are married yourself."

Lenny opened her eyes, and looked with angry astonishment at Belle's blushing face.

"Come, Lenny," said Frank, sitting down and taking the little restless hands in his own, "be your own loving self. It isn't a bad thing to have such a jolly little stepmother as Belle; and if—"

But that sentence was destined never to be concluded, for both Lenny's arms were around Frank's neck, and—well, he found new employment for his lips.

"Now, Lenny, I am sure this is really good in you," broke in Belle. "Of course, it will seem queer for me to be Frank's mamma, and consequently yours, but then you need never call me anything but Belle. Of course, you couldn't do it!" she added, laughing.

Lenny looked up as meek as a kitten, all defiance vanished from her laughing eyes.

"I think it will be just lovely," she exclaimed, hiding her face again on Frank's shoulder; "and of course we shall call her mamma, don't we, Frank?"

"Then you were only making fun, after all?" asked Belle; "you thought you would frighten me, because I left you so long alone?"

"Yes," murmured Lenny, softly. But she never told anybody but her husband what her jealous heart had imagined—that he had learned to love Belle best, and that Belle meant to be his wife.

"Pshaw!" said Frank. But he kissed her very tenderly, nevertheless.—
New York Weekly.

BANKING IN THE SCHOOLS.

Why the Plan is a Good One For the Children.

Banking in the public schools is meeting with much success wherever it has been introduced, says the Boston Transcript. By its means children are taught to take care of their pennies, which are deposited in their school banks, and these seemingly insignificant sums soon amount to dollars. The secret and essence of thrift tend to exalt things into higher value. While it consists in the obtaining and putting out of money and decides how and at what limit we must save and spend, yet it moves in the higher range of our nature. Thrift has no secrets. It tells frankly of forethought and exhibits the process of saving for future use. It looks after little things and points the way to carefulness. It teaches a thorough knowledge of one's affairs and is exact in its dealings. It keeps a secret account of its credits and debits down to the cent and reports its balanced accounts daily. It keeps company with all the virtues. It antagonizes all the vices. It favors a full manhood and works out healthful results from oft-times most unpromising beginnings.

The school may teach a business form without imparting the business characteristic, but in school banking the latter is the sole aim and design. It would not present a young man to a business house thoroughly conversant with business, but having self-inducing personal habits. On the other hand, it would send the best of youth into awaiting fields of practical endeavor knowing how to keep a dollar after it has been earned.

But the practice of the school banking system is scarcely less advantageous to the savings institutions re-

ceiving the deposits than to the depositors themselves relative alone to financial considerations. While the handling of a largely increased number of accounts entails some extra expense and clerical labor, yet savings banks have uniformly found in compensating conditions ample justification for their co-operation with the school. Parents and friends have been stimulated by the example of children noticeably increasing the list of depositors and amount of deposits. The advantages of the savings bank been thus advertised to the public at a slight expense.

The school savings bank system is now in operation in 1479 schools of 118 cities, situated in 24 States of the Union, and of 370,457 scholars on the register, 163,578 are depositors of \$1,309,611, of which \$869,878.48 has been withdrawn, leaving a balance of \$439,732.52 due little depositors to January, 1902. It is calculated that more than \$2,000,000 has been saved by the American children since the introduction of the plan in 1885. Is not such result sufficient to justify the universal adoption of the plan which, besides the monetary question, has proved to be a powerful agent of social reform?

THE EARLY MORNING AIR.

It Has a Virtue Over That of Later Hours.

Chemists have long ago told us not only what is the exact composition of the air, but also that this composition is practically constant, whether the air be that near the mountain top or sea, or from the chemistry would not appear to offer an explanation of the benefit gained from "a change of air."

Similarly everyone knows the sweetness and freshness of the early morning air, attractive properties which disappear as the day advances, but so far as analysis goes the composition of early morning air is not different from that of air at any other time. It is well to remember, however, that during the passing of night to day and of day to night several physical changes take place, says the London Lancet. There is a fall in temperature at sunset and a rise again at dawn, and consequently moisture is alternately being thrown out and taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations also.

The formation of dew has probably, therefore, far more profound effects than merely the moistening of objects with water. Dew is vitalizing not entirely because it is water, but because it possesses an invigorating action, due partly, at any rate, to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen, and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide of hydrogen and some ozone are developed. It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality which makes the early morning air has its origin in this way. Certain it is that the bracing property of the early morning air wears off as the day advances, and it is easy to conceive that this loss of freshness is due to the oxygen, ozone or peroxide of hydrogen (whichever it may be) being used up.

The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known, and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations is true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing Jew cannot form upon the grass under a tree, whereas as a rule both rain and light can reach it. Dew is probably essential to the well-being of both plants and animals to a great extent than is known, and the beautiful expression in the prayer book, "Pour upon them the continual dew of Thy blessing," may be remembered in this connection.

A California Dog Hero.

From California comes a tale of a heroic rescue by a dog. During a forest fire which raged along the border between Yuba and Butte counties, Bruno, a Great Dane dog, fought his way through the flames bearing in his jaws the living body of three-year-old Florence Rogers. The parents of the child, when the alarm of fire was given, hastened to assist neighbors leaving little Florence on the kitchen floor. When the wind shifted Rogers and his wife rushed for their home but when they reached the clearing it was to see the barn in a blaze. Rogers tried to get to the house, but was restrained. Just then Bruno burst through the kitchen window with his teeth. The baby's clothes gave way as the dog landed, but in an instant he had her again in grip and reached safety. The child's face and hands were cut and burned, but she recovered.

Gasoline Motors on Sahara.

Gasoline motors are carrying the mails and supplies between different oases in the Sahara as a matter of experiment, thus usurping the place of the "ship of the desert." This takes the romance out of desert travel, but if the experiment proves successful the prosaic motor car will aid vastly in exploring the Sahara. A camel can go 100 miles without a renewal of supplies, while a gasoline motor can go 500 miles.

Some people eat too much because they don't believe in putting off till tomorrow what they can do today.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Waists made with tucks that extend from the shoulders to yoke depth always are becoming and provide most desirable of all lines.



BLOUSE WAIST.

This pretty May Manton one combines that feature with the plain centre front which is attached to the tucked ones beneath their edges. The original is made of embroidered batiste with trimming of Valenciennes lace, but the design suits all the materials of the season, cotton, linen, wool and silk, and can be made lined or unlined as may be deemed desirable.

The waist consists of the fitted foundation, the back, the tucked fronts and the centre front. The back is tucked for its entire length. The fronts are laid in one tuck at each edge and in three from the shoulders to yoke depth. The centre front is plain and trimmed on indicated lines and is attached to the right side, hooked or buttoned into place at the left. The sleeves are made in the latest style, which means that they are somewhat snug above the elbows but full and ample below.

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

forty-four inches wide, or three and a quarter yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Mirror Fad.
Within the past few years a decided fad for the collecting of antique mirrors has developed, and many a looking glass of ancient days, treasured more for association's sake than for its intrinsic value, has assumed considerable importance commercially. Colonial mirrors are having a decided vogue at the present time, more particularly those decorated with a pastel across the top, but in the opinion of one critic they are not entitled to consideration on the score of beauty.—
New York Journal.

The Triumph of the Mistletoe.
In lace and embroideries it looks as if the too, too popular grape was about to be replaced by the mistletoe. Though less showy than the fruit of Bacchus, its artistic possibilities are quite as good. Furthermore, it has traditions and associations of its own that are distinctly pleasant, and, last of all, it is new.

Top Collars and Auto Cuffs.
Top collars and cuffs are daily growing deeper, and rather more important. Vandyke points are favorite shapes, and they are treated with vivid splashes of embroidery in colors, red, pale blue and black being most effective.

Tulle Avaignee.
A new and popular material of the net class is tulle avaignee, a fine silk tulle with meshes forming symmetrical lace designs. It is much more durable than the ordinary tulle.

A Hand-Painted Frock.
Among the hand-painted mousseline frocks worn at a recent Paris function was one in soft gray mousseline, painted in shadowy fuchsias in their natural tints.



SHIRT WAIST AND NINE GORED WALKING SKIRT.

inches wide, three and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide.

A Popular Costume.
Shirt waists are among the good things of which no woman ever has enough. The very stylish May Manton one, shown in the large drawing, is new and becoming to the generality of figures. The tucks, which are arranged to give a pleat effect, are stitched only to yoke depth at the front, so forming becoming folds over the bust, while the back gives tapering lines to the figure. The original is made of dotted chambray, but all waist materials are equally suitable.

The waist consists of the smoothly fitting lining, which can be used or omitted as preferred, the front and the back, and is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The back is drawn down smoothly and snugly at the waist line, while the front blouses slightly over the belt. The sleeves are cut in one piece and are full below the elbows and gathered into straight cuffs at the wrists.

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

Walking skirts have become so much of a necessity as to be included in every wardrobe. The very stylish one illustrated in the large picture is adapted to cloth of all grades, to etamines and the like, and to the heavy linens now in vogue, but as shown is made of Sicilian mohair in royal blue with stitching in corticell silk.

The skirt consists of nine gores which are shaped to fit with perfect snugness above the knees and to flare freely above the feet. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted pleats.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-quarter yards

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Message From the Sea.
A Greek fisherman recently found on a lonely part of the island of Carpa, thus a hermetically sealed bottle, containing a paper, which read as follows: "2,9, 1702.—The ship Clowin, on board which we were, foundered at the beginning of October, 1702. She foundered so quickly we barely had time to get off on the raft, on which we now are, without food or drink. Who ever finds this paper is begged, in the name of humanity, to forward it to the government. One of the castaways—Manter." This two century old message has been bought by a Greek doctor.

Draws Oil From Well.
At Cortland, N. Y., Mrs. Lottie Gutches' teakettle would not boil the other night when she made her tea. After waiting an hour she examined the contents of the kettle and found it was oil. She carefully emptied it and drew another kettleful from the well. It appeared to be oil, too. An examination of the well showed that it was nearly filled with oil—a good quality of crude petroleum.



MISSER'S TUCKED BLOUSE.

ter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard all-over lace.