

THE DIARY.
What matters it on such and such a date
What did betide?
We have the present glory; what is worth
Aught else beside?
"Nay," said the other, "when we read this page
Some future day,
The old forgotten joy will be renewed;
Ah, who can say?"
But we so altered by the lapse of time,
It will seem vain;
This brook song and those tender words we spoke,
An idle strain.
"Nay," said the other, "if this golden hour
We do enshrine,
Long afterward 'twill walk like morning with us,
Our youth divine."
—Florence Wilkinson.

The Repentant Wife.

By PHILIP BRADFOY.

"Five years ago tonight!"
Dr. Basil Graham sat beside the waning fire in his big study and peered into the ruddy depths. What did he see that caused him to gaze there with such intent eyes?
He saw a house in a city street, and within that house a girl—sweet, winsome, adorable. He saw a man at her feet, heard him murmur words of love, heard her whisper "Yes," while the man's eyes lighted up with ineffable joy.
The embers fell, and another picture burned into the doctor's brain. He saw another house in another street—desolate, empty, grief-stricken—a house whence the woman had flown, leaving black sorrow and tears behind her. And Basil Graham knew that this woman was Mabel, his wife, and that the man was himself, her broken-hearted husband.
Five years ago she had vanished from his home after a brief wedded life. She had gone without a word of explanation, and he had been forced to the bitter conclusion that she had flown with some man for whom she had conceived a sudden and perhaps overwhelming affection.
All search proved useless. Had the grave closed over Mabel Graham she could not have been more effectually hidden from the man into whose life she had come with such wondrous joy, and out of whose existence she had gone with such tragic abruptness.
He had told himself that henceforth life could hold no further joy for him. But for his work, he would in all probability have sought refuge in the everlasting sleep that lurked within the phials of his office, but, fortunately, the man's devotion to his profession held him back, and turned his thoughts towards the path of life.
Five years had passed away. Five years had borne him along the dreary highway of existence, and long since he had put aside all hopes of meeting his wife again on earth. He told himself that he must tread his lonely way until death wrote the word "fnis" at the foot of his life's history.
Tonight, on this most bitter anniversary, he sat in the gloomy study, pondering the events of his past life, and asking himself with strange persistence, the old, old question:
"Why had Mabel left him?"
"Once I believed that there was some other man," he murmured, "but I have tried to bathe with that terrible belief and to dismiss it from my brain."
The doctor arose, and going to the bookshelf, took from it a volume and began to read. Hardly had he settled in his chair when a loud knock resounded through the quiet house.
A servant entered and informed him that a lady desired to see him.
"A patient, I suppose," said Graham, mechanically. "Show her in here."
The man quitted the apartment, returning in a minute with a tall closely veiled woman.
"What can I do for you, madam?" he queried, motioning her to a chair.
"Doctor, I cannot sit down, for there is no time to lose."
"You wish me to return with you?" he asked quickly.
"Yes. A lady who resides in the same house as myself has been taken ill, and I volunteered to nurse her. She seems worse tonight, and I was about to send for the doctor who had already attended her, when she called me to her bedside and said: 'Bring Dr. Graham of Harley street. I have something to say to him!'"
"I will come at once!" cried the doctor, as hope and fear subtly mingled in his brain. The hope took the form of a belief that the sick woman might be his wife—the fear that she might die in the very hour of meeting.
A cab was waiting at the door. The doctor and his companion entered the vehicle and were rapidly driven in the direction of a northern suburb. After some twenty-five minutes' journey, the cab drew up at the door of a somewhat dingy house, and the veiled woman touched Dr. Graham on the arm.
"This is the place," she said in a low voice. "Pray Heaven we may not be too late."
A sharp ring at the bell brought a slatternly maid-servant to the door.
"How is Miss Everston?" asked the woman, quickly.

"The seems about the same," replied the girl, casting a hurried glance at the doctor.
The latter seemed to have been struck by the name of "Everston," and as he went up the stairs his brain was sorely puzzled.
"Everston—Everston!" he pondered, "where have I heard that name before?"
Further reflection was cut short by the arrival of the physician and his guide at the room where the dying woman lay. A dull oil lamp served to deepen rather than relieve the black gloom of the apartment, and it was with difficulty that Dr. Graham was able to gaze upon the features of the patient. Then a low, quivering cry escaped his lips.
"Mary!" he exclaimed, as his heart beat like a steam hammer. "So it is you?"
"Yes," replied a feeble voice. "It is I, Basil Graham, and I know that I am going fast. I have not sent for you to tend me as a patient, for I know that I am beyond all human skill."
"Why, then, have you asked me to come?" asked Graham, in a low voice.
"Because I have something to tell you before I die—a secret which I must not carry with me to the grave."
Then, perceiving that the veiled woman was standing close at hand, she made a gesture signifying that she wished her to quit the room. A moment later they were alone.
There was a long pause, and then the woman raised her head and looked at him steadfastly in the face.
"Do you remember," she said, huskily, "that seven years ago you and I were to be married?"
"I remember the fact now," he made answer, "though until this night it had been driven from my brain by other and more recent events."
"Very well. If your memory serves you right you will call to mind that you broke off the engagement because certain scandalous doings of mine came to your ears."
"Yes, yes, I remember."
"I was guilty of those acts and you did right to break with me," went on the feeble voice; "but all the same I did not think so at the time. I hated you for humiliating me, and I swore that if ever the time came when I might take vengeance, I would not spare you."
"Go on," said the doctor.
"The opportunity came when you married. I heard from a friend that you were devoted to your wife, and that you were supremely happy. I was living in Wilmington at the time, and was unable to come to New York to plot against your peace of mind; but I had in my possession certain letters of yours addressed to me, bearing no dates. I put half a dozen of those letters in an envelope, dated them with dates which would correspond to several months after your marriage, and sent them with an anonymous communication to your wife—a woman whom I had never seen, but whom I hated for having married you."
"You send!" Graham was about to exclaim, but remembering that she was trembling on the brink of death he repressed the cry that arose to his lips, and merely said again, "Go on!"
"There is little more to tell. The next news that reached me concerning you was that your wife had gone away, and that your home was desolate. I rejoiced with all my heart at the time, but since then I have bitterly repented my wickedness, for life has been nothing but misery to me, and I have been punished, heavily punished."
She was growing weaker. The words left her lips with painful slowness. It did not require the experienced eye of the physician to perceive that the end was near.
"Do you—do you know where my wife is?" he asked, when he had mastered his emotion sufficiently to find speech.
"No. How should I? Remember that I never saw her in my life, and should not know her if she stood before me at this minute."
Dr. Graham saw the gray shadows which proclaim the end of all things steal over the white face, and looking into those shadows, it seemed to him that they symbolized the gray misery that this woman had brought into his life. Was it destined that his existence must remain thus shadowed until life closed for ever and ever? Even as the thought raced through his brain, there came a quiver of the lips, and the dying woman raised her head feebly.
"Can you—can you forgive me?" she asked, huskily.
"I forgive you," he replied, simply, and so, with the noble words of forgiveness ringing in her dull ears, Mary Everston's soul went out on its last journey.
* * * * *
The doctor, with mechanical fingers, drew the sheet over the rigid face, and then turned toward the door.
"That woman has wrecked my life," he murmured, "but I would pardon all if my darling wife could come back to me at this moment—could put her hand in mine and whisper, 'Husband, take me home!'"
Look! Is he awake or is he dreaming? For a silent figure has crept out of the dark passage toward him, and has thrown itself at his feet, sobbing out, brokenly:
"Husband, take me home!"
Well-nigh mad with amazement and delight, Basil Graham raised the

kneeling woman and looked into her face.
"Oh, Mabel, my darling, my darling! At last, at last!"
When both of them were somewhat calmer, Mabel told him what had happened. How she had roomed with Mary Everston in a cheap lodging house, little dreaming that she was the woman who had worked so much havoc in her life; how when Mary fell ill the latter had begged her to bring Graham to her side; how she had veiled her face closely so that her husband might not recognize her; and lastly, how the dying woman's confession, which she had overheard, had proved to her beyond all doubt that Basil was true to her after all.
"But for that confession, Basil," she murmured, softly, "we should have remained apart until the end."
Then a sudden fear seemed to assail her heart, and she said, tremulously:
"Basil, it was wicked of me to leave you as I did, without asking you for an explanation. Time after time have I repented my wicked rashness, but pride held me from coming back to you. Can you—can you forgive me?"
"I love you," he replied, huskily; "that is enough!"
Thus was she answered—thus did a noble heart speak its message of forgiveness.
And that night Dr. Graham's lonely house was lighted by the presence of a face which cast a new glamour over all things, and the wanderer who had strayed for so many weary years crept back into the heart which was her refuge, her solace, and her home.—New York Weekly.

"CALAMITY JANE" FEARED NO MAN.
Held Her Own in the Wildest Life of the West.
In the death of "Calamity Jane," in Terry, S. D., there has passed one of the most picturesque and daring characters that ever roamed the Western plains. The whole story of this strange woman never has been told, and now that she is dead the curtain of mystery will probably never be lifted from certain chapters of her checkered life.
Mrs. Jane Burk ("Calamity Jane") was born in Princeton, Mo., in 1852, and when quite young went with her father to the gold fields of Montana, where she became inured to the roughest kind of life. Riding the wildest of horses and challenging dangers of the most desperate kind seemed to be second nature with her. In her dashes over the plains she wore the buckskin clothing of a man, with revolvers and cartridges at her belt, and in a few years seemed to forget entirely that she was born a woman. She was fearless, asked odds of no man, white or Indian, and took care of herself in every emergency.
When General Crook was engaged in the Indian campaign she served as a scout and rendered effective service, making long, arduous journeys and braving perils that would frighten a majority of men to these peaceful times.
"Calamity Jane" was married three times, her last husband being much younger than she. She was reported in dire need in Pierre, S. D., about a year ago, and Mrs. Josephine Brock, of Buffalo, N. Y., who had become deeply interested in her, raised a fund to provide her against want. Civilized life did not agree with the woman, however, and she soon dropped out of sight and nothing had been heard of her until the announcement of her death.
During a fierce campaign against the Indians in 1872 Mrs. Burk saved the life of Captain Egan and carried him from the battlefield. It was he who christened her "Calamity Jane, the Heroine of the Plains."
Mrs. Burk participated in all the fights and accompanied General Crook and his command to the Black Hills in 1875. She made herself famous in 1876 by capturing Jack McCall, murderer of "Wild Bill," or William Hickok. At her request she was buried by the side of "Wild Bill."
Trouble with the Indians having ended, "Calamity Jane" turned miner and became one of the typical kind—the kind described in a thousand accounts of her barroom battles, wild riding after robbers and grim lynching. She made money and spent it in drinking and gambling.
"Calamity Jane" found herself in falling health a few years ago, and her money all gone. She would have been sent to the poor house if the generosity of Mrs. Brock had not provided her with a home.—New York Herald.

A Novel Monument.
A novel and ingenious monument by Bartholdi to the aeronauts of the siege of Paris is to be erected in Montmartre or its vicinity. It will stand about sixty feet high and be capped by a balloon of bronze or glass or transparent mica. Its diameter will be about ten feet, and inside there will be an electric lamp with a reflector, so that by night the monument will be illuminated. The balloon will be guided by a symbolical figure of the genius of Paris, and under it a mother with her dying children will represent the city of Paris.
It is said that there is a woman in Manchester, England, who has eyes which magnify objects fifty times their natural size.



New York City.—Long coats make a feature of the latest styles and can be relied upon as correct both for the present and for the future. This one, Little bow-knots of pretty straw are spaced down the narrow front panel of the skirt and a large bow knot design is applied on the blouse front. Small straw bows decorate the elbow puff of the sleeve.



designed by May Mantou, is essentially smart and is shaped to take the outlines of the figure without being over snug. As shown it is made of Rhone blue cheviot, stitched with corticelli silk, and makes part of a costume, but the design is equally appropriate for the separate coat and for all suiting and coat materials.
The coat is made with fronts that are cut in three sections, back, side backs and under-arm gores, and so allows of the many seams that mean perfect fit as well as vertical lines and apparent slenderness of figure. The neck

is finished in regulation coat style and the fronts lap over to be buttoned in double-breasted fashion. The sleeves are the accepted ones that are without fullness above the elbows, but form puffs at the wrists and are finished with flare cuffs.
The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and a half yards forty-four inches wide or three and a half yards fifty-two inches wide.

Woman's Blouse Waist.
Blouse waists continue to hold the world of fashion and will be greatly worn during the coming season both as separate bodices and parts of entire costumes. This one, designed by May Mantou, is adapted to both purposes and to all the soft and pliable materials so much in vogue, but is shown in white louisine silk with trimming of antique insertion.
The waist is made over a fitted foundation, which can be used or omitted as may be preferred, and closes invisibly beneath the centre group of tucks. The backs are tucked from the shoulders to the waist line and are drawn down snugly, so giving a tapering effect to the figure. The front is laid in three groups of tucks which extend full length, with two that are left free of yoke depth, and is pouched over the belt. The sleeves are backed above the elbows but left plain and full below.
The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, four



MISSES' WAIST WITH BERTHA.
Bertha waists are apt to be exceedingly becoming to young girls, and are in the height of present styles. The very attractive one, designed by May Mantou and illustrated in the large drawing, is shown in white India silk, with trimming of Valenciennes lace and is stitched with corticelli silk, but the design is equally well suited to cotton, linen and woolen materials, and can be made either with or without the fitted lining.
The waist consists of the front and back of the fitted foundation, which can be faced to form the yoke or from which the yoke can be cut, the front and backs of the waist and the bertha. The front is bloused slightly but the backs are drawn down snugly on the waist line. The trimming is applied on indicated lines and gives the fashionable pointed effect while the tucked bertha outlines the yoke. The sleeves are the pointed ones of the season, tucked to be snug above the elbows and full below.
The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with three-eighth yard of necking for yoke and five and three-quarter yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

Blouse Waist.
A walking dress of bamboo-colored louisine is very smartly trimmed with the new decoration—bands of straw. The straw is exceedingly glossy and the braid so fine, the band so slender that all stiffness is avoided. In fact, you would scarcely realize what is the trimming unless you see the gown very close. Satin-finished bands of pale yellow straw are an excellent match for the bamboo-colored silk. It looks not unlike a fine-woven braid trimming, with plenty of "body" to it.



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Joke That Caused Death.
A young man, riding on a street car in the Boulevard Hausmann, Paris, noticed a friend passing along in a cab a few feet beneath him. As the cab came alongside the car his friend yawned, and the young man, for a joke, tossed down a good-sized walnut, which fell squarely into his friend's throat. Immediately the latter's body writhed in pain, his face grew purple and his hands wildly clutched the air. He was choking to death, the nut having lodged far down his throat. Cab and car were stopped, and the nearest doctor summoned. But it was too late, and the victim died in a few minutes. The perpetrator of the grim "joke" has been asked to hold himself at the disposal of justice.

Ancient Marriage Notice.
The following marriage notice was published in the Hancock Gazette of Belfast, Me., May 15, 1822: "In Hollis. Mr. Stephen Wright to Miss Sally Patch. Worn almost out by a lingering courtship of thirteen years, he Patched himself up and all was Wright."