

KEEP GOING.
The world is moving right along.
You must keep going;
There is no halting with the throng.
You must keep going.
There is no stopping on the way,
The same old hustle day by day,
You must stop in some one's way,
You must keep going.

If you would reach fame's topmost rung
You must keep going;
Begin the strife while you are young,
And then keep going.
If you would keep from dire distress,
If you would make a big success,
And reap reward and happiness,
You must keep going.
—Joe Cone, in the New York Sun.

Judge Not.

By Clio Stanley.

I have chosen this title for the sketch I am about to write, because I believe we should be better Christians ourselves if we remembered at all times that there is a spark of divinity in every human being, however low he may have fallen, and that a word of real kindness may effect what looks of scorn can never do.

It was a delightful day in June—a day when life budded and blossomed in the meadow-grasses, burst into song in the throats of the robins and yellow birds, and throbbled with pleasant vigor in the veins of humanity! A day made for enjoyment; and nowhere was its sweet gaiety more fully felt than in Dinorah Estlin's little parlor, where she sat like a queen, surrounded by her loyal subjects.

There was an indefinable charm in her presence, setting her apart from that group of fair girls who had been her playmates from childhood; she was self-reliant, yet tender; proud, yet with all the grace of humility underlying her pride; a sort of princess to those whom she esteemed.

To-day she was radiant; her dark blue eyes were sparkling with glad, good humor; her rippling, gold-brown hair, tied back with a gay velvet ribbon, and falling, a mass of light and shadow, over her peach-bloom cheeks; her every rare loveliness blossoming in holiday splendor!

Next to her, and resting her hand lightly on her knee, was Viola Weatherbe, a gay little coquette, whose varying moods were her chief charm.

Agnes Horton, with her gray eyes, full of dreams, bent lovingly on the face of her friend; and Josie Lansden, who was making preparations to be married, and was in consequence, more thoughtful than usual, completed the group.

"Well?" said Dinorah, her face growing a shade paler as she waited for the rest of the story Viola had been telling.

"He was drunk," continued Viola, with a hard look around the beautiful mouth, "and found his way into our house by mistake, inquiring for you, Dinorah!"

"For me!" she exclaimed, in utter surprise. "But I do not know the man!"

"I suppose you have forgotten that he was introduced to you one evening last winter at Mrs. Lambert's. That was the night when you talked with Doctor Franke, and grew so eloquent on woman's mission to reclaim the wanderer. He heard you, doubtless," said Viola, with an odd little laugh, "thought you kind-hearted, and perhaps wanted to borrow—"

"Hush, Viola!" said Agnes, laying her hand lightly above the red lips that were so carelessly letting slip words for which she might some day be sorry. "Gerald Norman is, I believe, the victim of circumstances. I know that he used to indulge in wines and other stimulants, but he has been trying to get rid of the dreadful habit. For more than a year I have not seen him intoxicated."

"But you don't see him always," returned Viola, who was always a little shy of Agnes Horton's goodness.

"Of course not," said Agnes, meeting Viola's eyes with a bright, brave look. "But you forget he is book-keeper in the house in which my father is senior partner, and I am quite sure father thinks he is in earnest. He prophesies that with a little kind encouragement he will make a good man. And why should not we be among the first to give it?"

"Your goodness is above reproach, Agnes; but it would never do for me to be friendly with him when the whole town is ringing with the story of his folly. If you put out your white hand, people will only say: 'Ah, charity covers a multitude of sins,' but if I only look at him, smilingly, Mrs. Grundy will lift her hands, and say so pathetically, 'Didn't I tell you so! Birds of a feather flock together.'"

It was Josie Lansden who spoke next, when the merry laugh, which Viola had raised at her own expense, subsided.

"Girls," she said, whirling the diamond engagement ring on her dainty forefinger, "and dear little Queenie," turning to Dinorah with a nod of her head. "I think if we were married, we should none of us like our husbands to fraternize with Gerald Norman, lest they, too, might be tempted into a drunken frolic; and so I say we ought to discourage his advances. What do you say, Queenie?"

"There is a fable about a maiden who wore a white dress and handled coals," said Dinorah Estlin, "and, while we are none of us above reproach, let us keep ourselves free from suspicion. Let Gerald Norman grove himself a gentleman before he

seeks our society!" Her words were a trifle more distinct than usual, and there was an expressive silence after them.

The windows were thrown open, the heavy silk curtains looped back to let in the sweet summer air and sunshine, and at the sound of a step on the walk every one turned toward the window just in time to see Gerald Norman passing the house, his face pale as death, and a dreary smile on his lips.

Josie Lansden drew back into the shadow, Agnes blushed and dropped her eyes, Dinorah looked steadily into the brown eyes that for one moment met her own, while Viola Weatherbe, springing from one mood into the opposite, leaned carelessly forward to drop her handkerchief at young Norman's feet.

He evidently saw the dainty thing as it fluttered down to the pavement, but did not stoop to touch it. Viola even thought he put his foot upon it.

"That's the mark of a gentleman, isn't it?" she said, with a little cloud of anger in her eyes. "I don't know another man who would refuse to pick up my handkerchief if it fell at his feet."

"Perhaps he recognized the fact that it did not fall there," said Dinorah. "Don't be pettish, Viola! You know you deserved it for your inconsistency."

"Well," she said, slowly, "we have heard your decision, Queenie, and hereafter, I do not acknowledge his acquaintance!"

There was not a single protest, but with a new gravity on her fair face, Dinorah Estlin bade her girl friends good-by that afternoon and went away to sit and ponder in her quiet little room.

"I wonder if I did right?" she asked herself a dozen times that night. "There is such a difference in our positions, perhaps I ought not to judge him. I am rich, have a happy home, and surrounded by good influences, and have no wish denied, while Gerald Norman is poor, has neither mother nor home, has false friends who seek to lead him in the wrong way, and has, at the best, to deny himself of many of the comforts of life. Is it fair that I should sit in judgment on his actions?"

It wasn't fair, and she knew it, but she took two or three days to think about it, and at the end of that time learned that Gerald Norman had resigned from his position, which was both honorable and lucrative, and had left the place.

Two years afterward she was visiting at her uncle's house in Philadelphia—and, going out to church one Sabbath morning, came face to face with the man she had never quite forgotten.

She scarcely hesitated before she stood before him holding out her hand.

If any one had told her ten minutes before that she would have stopped in a drunkard, with the wish that he should take it, she would probably have laughed at the idea.

She had a vague feeling that she somehow had been the cause of this man's fall into poverty and disgrace, and that consciousness made her less sensitive than she would have been at another time to her surroundings.

"Mr. Norman," she said, at length, "I think I owe you an apology. I spoke cruelly and thoughtlessly of you once, and have been sorry for it ever since."

He stared curiously into her face without speaking.

"Don't misunderstand me," she said, with a little trembling in her voice; "I am speaking to you as I would speak to a friend whom I had injured. I do not know if I am answerable for your folly, but I would like to help you to forget it."

"Miss Estlin," he said gently, when the mist had floated away from his brain, "for Heaven's sake don't stand there and talk to me! Don't you see I am in rags—a beggar, fit only to be in the gutter?"

"I see no such thing," she replied, with a sweet seriousness. "It is I that am the beggar, for I am going to ask you to take me to church."

"You don't mean that?" he said, turning his face toward her, white with a new-found hope.

Dinorah was almost frightened when she saw that look, but she would not leave him in doubt.

"I mean that I want to help you in any way I can. If I discouraged you once, let me give you encouragement now."

"Thank you," he said. "If you will go on alone, I will come and sit as near you as I dare. Perhaps next Sabbath I may come to your door and ask you to walk with me."

Two months passed. She was going home, and had not seen him. She ventured to do then what she could not have done a year before; she wrote a note to him full of earnest warning and womanly sympathy.

And when she went home, and the first person she saw, as she was getting out of the carriage at her own door, was Gerald Norman.

He had on a neat suit, his face was bright and happy, his step free and elastic, and, altogether Dinorah felt a little thrill of pride run through her as she looked at him.

At last, when men who knew him touched their hats in the street, and fair women gave him their gloved hands in salutation, he came one evening to see Dinorah Estlin.

She asked no questions, and he vouchsafed no information regarding himself; but when he went away at the close of a very pleasant evening, he held her little white hand in his a moment, and said:

"Do you think, Dinorah Estlin, that a good woman could ever learn to love me?"

Dinorah faltered, and her heart began to beat very fast.

He saw the beautiful blushes that came to her cheeks, and took new courage.

"You are the very best woman I know, Dinorah. Forgive me for calling you that; but don't say you for give me unless you think you can some day put your dear hand in mine and say, 'I love you!'"

Tears and smiles were struggling in her face, but she said very softly: "I forgive you."

He asked nothing more then, but—Well, I did not mean this to be a love story; yet, somehow, nearly all true stories do turn out to be love stories.

Dinorah Estlin knew that her lover was a true man, and asked no more than he gave, and the thought of his love grew in time to be very precious to her. And when he came to her six months later, and held out his arms, she did not refuse his embrace.—New York Weekly.

FLOATING OBJECTS.

They Move Faster Down Stream Than the Water That Bears Them.

Can objects float down stream faster than the water? This apparently absurd question is seriously answered in the affirmative by Howard A. Coombs, a correspondent of The American Machinist, and the editor of that paper, after weighing his arguments, pronounces them sound.

The fact that objects floating in running water may move faster than the water itself was first noted, according to Mr. Coombs, by an officer in the British army, General Sir Samuel Bentham, and his account of how the matter was brought to his attention is to be found in his letter, published after his death. Says Mr. Coombs:

"When he happened to be at a river town in Siberia, he heard the statement made that some iron which was to be sent down the river would arrive at its destination sooner if large and heavy barges were employed in place of lighter and smaller boats."

"Sir Samuel maintained that it would make no difference in the time whether large or small boats were employed; but he failed to make any impression upon the Russians, eminent engineer though he was, because they said they knew better from experience. Both parties were obstinate, and Sir Samuel left without an opportunity of putting the matter to a test."

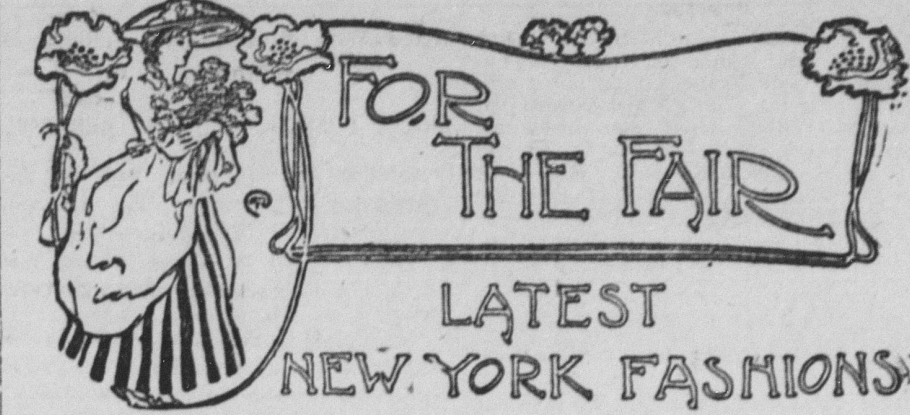
"About a year later, however, it happened, while he was descending the river Angora, that he noticed that the bark he was in, which was being propelled by the current only was traveling much faster than the pieces of wood and other debris floating on the surface of the stream. He says: 'I was astonished at this phenomenon, and presently recollected my dispute with the people at Nigni Faghill.' He then proceeded to experiment, embarking himself in a small boat, for one thing, which was rapidly left behind by the larger vessel. The cause of the difference in speed was not in the depth of the draft, for the barge or 'bark' was very shallow, being flat-bottomed. He finally reasoned as follows: 'Rivers consist of water running down an inclined plane by the force of gravity. Were it not for the resistance the water meets with in the bed of the river, as well at the bottom as at the sides, the water would run down infinitely faster. Bodies floating on this running water are acted upon also by the force of gravity; they have a tendency to move.'"

Settling Britain's Colonies.

The figures representing the white population of Great Britain's colonies will surprise many persons. The important ones are: Canada, 5,525,000; Australia, 2,860,000; South Africa, 875,000; New Zealand, 815,000, which make a total of 11,075,000 persons. There are, however, says the London Times, 20,000 white persons now going to the colonies to settle each month, as a result of hard times in England.

Practicing Economy.

Some people practice economy, and others are economical without much practice.—Philadelphia Record.



New York City.—Coats in three-quarter length make a notable feature of autumn styles and will be greatly worn by young girls. This May Manton one

full front. But, if a simpler adjustment is preferred, the trimming outlining the vest can be omitted and the belt passed under the entire fronts, giving the effect shown in the small cut. The neck is finished with a big collar and the sleeves are in one piece each cut in bell shape.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide; with six yards of lace and four yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.



is made in tailor style and is essentially smart. As shown the material is fuschia colored cheviot stitched with corticell silk and the garment makes part of a costume, but the design suits the general wrap equally well, and is appropriate for all suiting and cloaking materials. The loose sleeves are peculiarly good, inasmuch as they allow of wearing over the blouse without rumpiling.

The coat is made with fronts that are cut in two portions and seamed to the shoulders, backs, side-backs and under-arm gores. The neck is finished in regulation coat style and the right front laps over the left in double breasted fashion. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and are finished with flare cuffs, over bands, at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and a half

Complete Leather Costume.

For the modest sum of \$195, says the New York Evening Post, one may become the owner of a complete costume of leather, as carefully tailored as the most modish cloth gown, and so contrived as to be fairly light in weight and perfectly ventilated. The leather gown is designed for automobiling. It is made with a gored and fitted skirt and a stylish shirt waist. There is much stitching on both skirt and waist, and the latter is finished with a high collar and a cravat of the leather. The sleeves are wide at the wrist, and there are under-sleeves of mauve satin tightly shirred at the wrist against wind and dust.

Styles For Small Girls.

Soft silks and woollens in sun-pleated and accordion effects will be worn by children and young girls this fall. One such frock, that is adapted to the small girl, hangs in fan pleats from a tiny yoke of lace. The neck is cut high, which is a characteristic of the fall models for small girls.

A Fall Collar.

Deep collars of panne, ornamented with embroidery or inset lace, will be much worn in the fall, replacing the



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

Two Stylish Garments.

Waists made with round yokes outlined by berthas appear to gain in favor with each succeeding week. The one illustrated in the large drawing by May Manton is peculiarly attractive as well as practical, inasmuch as it can be made high or low, with full length or elbow sleeves, and so serve a double purpose. The model is made of black and white checked louisine, with yoke of lace and bertha and cuffs of white panne cloth edged with lace applique, but any number of combinations might be suggested. The sleeves are among the latest and show cuffs of the newest sort. When made in elbow length these last are omitted and the puffs are pushed up to droop over their edges.

The waist is made over a fitted lining and closes invisibly at the centre front, the yoke being hooked over at the left shoulder. The lining is snugly fitted, and on it are arranged the yoke, the full fronts and back. The bertha is circular and serves to outline the yoke. The sleeves are shirred at the shoulders to fit the arm snugly, but form drooping puffs below the elbows.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and an eighth yards twenty-one inches wide, three and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with seven-eighths yards twenty-one inches wide for bertha and cuff facings, three-eighth yard eighteen inches wide for yoke and collar and three and a quarter yards of applique edging to trim as illustrated.

House jackets are among the comforts which no woman should consent to be without. The one shown in the large drawing is graceful and becoming, at the same time that it is comfortable and appropriately can be made from a variety of materials. The model is of dark red albatross with frills and insertion of twine colored lace, and is finished at the neck and waist with ties of red louisine ribbons.

The jacket is simply made with fronts and backs, and is trimmed to give the vest effect. The fronts are gathered at their upper edges, and are arranged over a yoke which serves to keep the fullness in place. The back is plain across the shoulders, but is gathered at the waist line, where it is attached to the belt which passes under it and the fronts to openings cut at indicated points, then through these and over the



cape collars of lace, embroidered baste, etc.

Woman's Wrapper.

Tasteful morning gowns are among the possessions which no woman should be without. This one, designed by May Manton, is eminently graceful and becoming at the same time that it is simple and involves neither excessive labor nor expense. The model is shown in blue cashmere with trimming of Arab colored lace, and is exceedingly effective, but all materials used for house gowns are equally appropriate.

The wrapper consists of the fronts, backs and under-arm gores. The back is arranged in the Watteau pleat that always is satisfactory. The fronts are loose and are finished with the frill which is extended from the big collar and passes down the entire front. The sleeves are full and finished with frills of the material. At the waist is a ribbon which confines the fullness sufficiently for neatness, but this can be omitted when a looser adjustment is desired.

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



wide or five and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with fifteen and a half yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

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AN UNMAILED LOVE LETTER.
Trivial Oversight That Wrecked a Promising Life.

Half a century ago a young English man, while traveling, met a beautiful girl and promptly fell in love with her. A few days later he returned home, and his first act was to write her a love letter. In it he told her that he could not be happy without her and that if she regarded his proposal favorably he would expect a reply by the next mail.

To this letter he received no answer and so disappointed was he that from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books in his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them. They found none, but in a tattered old pamphlet they found another kind of note, the love letter which was written fifty years ago, and which the writer had forgotten to mail.