

RETURN.
One time I went a-wanderin' around to see the sights; I traveled on the trolley cars and viewed the electric lights; I reckoned that I'd treat myself as handsome as I could. An' never mind the money if the things it bought was good. I bought myself a guide book and I did my very best. To take in all the places of historic interest; An' yet in spite of all the wondrous spots where I had been. The best part of the journey was the gettin' home agin.

—Washington Star.
HOPE DEFERRED

BY A. B. PAINE.

Of course, she had always been of an imaginative turn, and had seen things rather romantically, besides having a gift of words. But she had never thought of writing a story, not even a little poem, such as a great many school girls write—girls, some of them, with little imagination, and still less gift of words. Then came her valedictory, which was praised and printed and part of it reprinted in a city paper. After that she decided to write.

There was plenty to write of and she buoyant, full of enthusiasm and young. It seemed but natural to her that she should write for the young at first, believing that with added skill she would be fitted later for a mature audience. To write skillfully for the young is hardly the lesser art; but she did not realize this, nor the value nor charm of her work.

She was surprised, very much surprised, and, ah, so delighted, when there came to her, perhaps a fortnight later, a brief and apprehensive note from the editor of the Juvenile, and a check—not a large one, for they did not pay much on those days of a quarter of a century back; but the letter and the check made her blood dance and bound and quiver and sent her out into the fields to lie in the tall grass and look up at the sky, and to whisper over and over to herself that she was an author. An author! a real live author who wrote for this great new publication for the young which from the faraway city had sent her a check for her first story, and had asked for more! Dear heart! It is good to be young and alive looking up to the big sky to feel that somewhere in the big world there is a place for us.

It seems almost too bad that she did not persevere. So many have persevered with so much less encouragement. A fair start and an open way—why was it that love must come along just then to divert and hinder. True, she did not undertake the second story, but the same evening she met Tom for the first time, and that night as she lay looking out at the stars she was not so sure that being an editor was the best thing in the world, after all. She finally gave it up, and told Tom all about it when she became engaged to him, and of course Tom told her that when they were married she should write stories all day long if she wanted to.

That was easy for Tom to say. No doubt he meant it, too, at the time. But you see, during the first year there was the little new home to fix up, and during the next year there was a little new baby to cuddle and care for, while with other years there were other little new babies and cares, and the house grew larger and more leaves were added to the extension table, though the lingering hope of one day finding time to write did not wholly die until the second and perhaps even the third baby came along.

She gave up the idea then altogether, and with what seemed an added reason, for her first story sold to the Juvenile had never been printed. True, she did hear that for one reason and another magazines sometimes delayed publication for as much as four or five years, and she was rather pleased at first that perhaps her oldest, her boy, would be able to understand by the time "mother's story" appeared.

They watched for it together at last; but when seven years had passed since it was written she began to despair of it ever appearing. When eight or nine years had gone their way she put the matter out of her mind altogether, and regarded herself as fortunate that she had not adopted literature as a calling. The manuscript had doubtless been forgotten and destroyed. She would forget, too. Not so with the children. The tradition of a story that their mother had written and sold to their favorite publication was very precious to them, and each number of the Juvenile was searched carefully and with a fresh pang of disappointment as each month passed and added itself to the years that brought them to manhood and womanhood, with lives and homes and cares of their own.

She was all alone at last—she and Tom; the house was much too big for them now, and the table had been narrowed down leaf by leaf until it was just where it was when they began more than twenty-five years before. She was still in the prime of life, and they were not rich enough to travel. Tom, who had been hurt in a runaway ten years before, had never quite recovered, and the burden of the family had been heavy on his shoulders. Once she even thought vaguely of writing as a help; she had plenty of time now. But she put it out of her mind quickly, and went across the way to visit her "little girl," who had

been married the month before. Even Joe Matthewson, who had himself been writing for ten years or more, and connected editorially with the big newspapers, even Joe did not realize that a magazine may carry unpublished manuscripts in its safe for a period of a quarter of a century. He had read jokes about such things, but these he had considered as exaggerations. Probably some of the things he had read were exaggerated, but during his first day as assistant editor of the Juvenile he realized that, after all, the comic papers had enlarged less than he supposed.

In a great safe he found bundles of dusty MSS. some of them very old. When he ventured to mention the matter to his chief the latter laughed. "Accumulations of ages," he said. "Most of them good probably once, but held up for one reason or other until they were out of date or didn't suit some new policy of the magazine, or maybe we got something better in the same line. There might be some among the old ones that we could use now, though—old things are good every seven years, you know. When you want a little recreation look them over."

The managing editor had intended the last remark half in jest, but Joe being the "new broom" in the office was determined to "sweep clean," and look them over he did.

It took a long while, for their were more of them than he had calculated upon. The oldest one had been there since the first month of the magazine's publication—a misfit from the start, and bought probably in the fear that enough good fits would not be easily obtained. These things made Joe sad, for he had a tender heart, and being a writer himself he knew that the mere money return is only a small part of the writer's reward. He could close his eyes and imagine the ambitious young authors waiting month after month for the appearance of their work, finally giving up in despair for a profession in which the rewards were either purely material or at least not so long deferred.

But the managing editor, who had grown hardened with time, feigned indifference.

"So much the better," he laughed. "The fellows that wrote some of those things and quit, are most likely presidents of railroads or life insurance companies by this time, with salaries of fifty thousand a year. If they'd kept on writing they'd been poorer now than when they'd started."

Joe came to the end of the great pile one afternoon. The last MSS. bore the date of twenty-six years before, and was written in a queer schoolgirl sort of a hand. The paper was yellow and ink-faded, but the little story of a country life it told was as fresh and tender and life-breathing today as when the imaginative, warm-blooded girl had been made glad by its acceptance, and, lying in the tall grass and looking up at the blue sky and calling herself an author, found the world good, because she believed that somewhere in it was a high place which she might one day hope to win.

Perhaps psychologically something of all this came to Joe as he sat staring out on the crowded square, that was no longer a crowded square, but green fields and sunlit river of the little forgotten tale.

"What's the matter, Matthewson?" asked the managing editor when Joe came in and laid the yellow MSS. on his desk. "You don't look well."

"I'm not. I'm heartsick at the thought of the girl who could write that story waiting and growing old without seeing it printed. We haven't a better thing in the safe, and never will have."

The managing editor saddened a little, too.

"Oh, well we are all growing old together," he said; then he picked up the story and ran his eyes down the first page.

"Why, yes, I remember this," he continued. "I thought this a charming piece of work at the time and wrote to the author for more. She never sent anything else, and for that reason I hesitated about using this. I feared it might not be original. The handwriting is rather girlish, you see, and I was rather young then, and couldn't afford to get caught. Then by-and-by I forgot it. No doubt it was all right. And I wish we could get stories like that today. I suppose the author died, or married, or something—"

"Perhaps," said Joe, "but I'd stake my life on it being her own work. Suppose we try to find out what became of her. We might try the old address."

Half way across the street she met the postmaster, who handed her a letter. She recognized the envelope of the Juvenile—a notice probably of their expiring subscription. She would let it expire, she thought. They had continued it only for the "little girl" who had married the month before. They did not need it any longer.

Then some one called, and looking up she saw the "little girl" running down the path to meet her. The "little girl" was waving something in her hand—something which the woman recognized as a copy of the Juvenile.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she panted, breathlessly, as she came near. "Your story—your beautiful story! They've printed it at last!"

The woman took the bright new copy of the publication and opened at the place indicated. Her hands trembled a little and something came into her eyes that blotted out the fair printed page and beautiful illustrations.

She glanced at the unopened letter in her hand; that made it seem even more real. Then still in a dream, she tore off the cover, and saw a typewritten sheet, with something tinted and folded—something that made her heart bound and quiver, as it had done so long ago. It was a check—she could see that—but the typewritten letter blurred, and she handed it to the "little girl." The "little girl" gave it one hasty glance, then—

"Listen! Listen!" she cried. "Oh, mamma, listen!" Then she read, joyously:—

"Dear Madam—We take great pleasure after all the years of waiting, in offering to our readers this month, your beautiful little story, 'Hopes Deferred.' It seems even better today than when we took it so long ago. Perhaps, like good wine, it has improved for the keeping. Indeed, we must offer this as our only excuse for the delay; but you must allow us to add to our original payment in order to make the price something near what we would pay for such a story today, and we trust that, undismayed by the long waiting, you will let us have many such from your pen. We are, my dear madam,

"The Juvenile Company."

As the woman listened, and saw the "little girl" with the letter and check in her hand, all her youth and joy and ambition came surging back.

"Oh, little girl," she cried. "I must—I must go out into the tall grass once more and look up at the sky!"

POWER OF OCEAN TIDES.

Bay of Fundy Presents an Interesting Problem.

Tidal power has been utilized in only a very small way; its large use has always been considered dubious. In the first place, tides of a height readily available are local in their occurrence; and, second, tides are essentially periodic, so that their direct power is available only in two short daily periods occurring in cyclic order during each part of the twenty-four hours as the month is rounded off. Hence, the first problem of tide utilization is storage of power.

It is possible by the use of multiple reservoirs to extend the use of the tides throughout the twenty-four hours. A three pond system accomplishes this end at considerable cost in complication of waterways and variations in head, and even a two pond system helps to a steady use of tidal power for part of the day. There is, too, great variation in the rate of flow in the tides in different localities, the most favorable case being that in which the tide rises and falls most rapidly. But the main trouble with the tides is that the total rise is relatively small, compelling one to deal with low, as well as variable heads, and to provide enormous reservoirs to store even enough water for use in two daily five hour runs. In very few places would it be possible to rely on more than six feet mean working head.

This means that if the storage pond were six feet deep, each square mile of reservoir would store water for 5,000 horse power for a five hour run. Even this is an unusually favorable case, and it is evident at once that hydraulic works on this scale imply a very large investment for the power obtained.

The only tidal powers to be taken seriously as able to count in large work are much as exist in exceptional spots, like the Bay of Fundy, where the tide runs forty feet high under normal conditions. There it would be possible to obtain for two five hour runs more than 50,000 horse power per square mile of reservoir. A glance at a map will show that the inner extremity of the Bay of Fundy is almost a tidal lake, known as the Basin of Minas. At its outlet rise two great headlands, less than three miles apart, while a narrower tide race between them takes the full current for the basin within. This covers an area of more than 400 square miles, so that it is safe to say that through that narrow gap more than 200,000,000 horse power hours run daily to waste.

To utilize it would require an engineering feat more tremendous than anything yet attempted by man, but in years to come the game may be worth the candle.—Cassier's Magazine.

British Museum Lottery.

The British Museum is to be extended at a cost of \$1,000,000—which will not be raised by lottery like the \$500,000 with which that vast treasure house was begun.

Of that lottery, authorized in 1753, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, were the managers and trustees. The amount was \$1,500,000, raised by \$15 tickets, to provide \$1,000,000 for prizes and \$500,000 for the purchase of the Sloane collections and the Harleian Library and for cases, house room and attendants.

The operations of one "Peter Leheup, Esq.," says the London Chronicle, made the lottery notorious. He fraudulently "cornered" the tickets, six thousand or so of them passing by his aid to a Sampson Gideon, who sold them at a premium.

An inquiry, instituted by the House of Commons, resulted in the prosecution by the Attorney General of Leheup. The penalty was a fine of £1,000, but this was by no means excessive, as £40,000 was Leheup's estimated profits from the fraud.



New York City.—Long box pleated coats are among the features of the season that may be relied upon to extend their favor well into the future,



MISSES' BOX PLEATED COAT.

and are much worn by young girls. This one, designed by May Manton, is adapted to both the entire suit and the general wrap and to all the lighter weight materials in vogue, but, as illustrated, is made of pongee stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with handsome buttons which are held by silk cords above the waist. The pleats give long lines which mean an effect of slenderness even while the coat is loose. The sleeves are the large and ample ones that slip on over the bodice with ease.

The coat is made with full length fronts and backs, and a skirt portion that is joined to them beneath the belt and pleats. The box pleats at the centre are laid in, but those from the shoulder and at the back are applied. At the neck is a flat collar and a pointed belt is worn at the waist. The sleeves are pleated above the elbows, but form full puffs below that point and are finished with roll-over flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for

they are becoming. The very charming model shown in the large drawing is adapted to all the season's materials and to variations of trimming that are very nearly without number, but in the case of the original is made of chiffon veiling in cream white with bands of antique lace as trimming.

The skirt consists of a foundation which is cut in five gores, the upper portion of the skirt and the two flounces.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, seven and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or five and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with eight and one-half yards twenty-one or five yards thirty-six inches wide for foundation.

Packing the Trunk.
Trimmed hats and starched blouses suffer greatly from packing. It is much better to pack the blouses rough-dry and have them got up when one arrives at one's destination. Hats can easily be packed before they are trimmed, with the ribbons which are to adorn them stowed away inside the crown. Linen collars can be packed very safely in the crown of a sailor hat, and this is one way of economizing space.

Tucked Blouse Waist.
Big round collars are much worn and are very generally becoming. The smart May Manton waist illustrated combines one of the sort with tucked fronts, that are exceedingly graceful, and can be made with tucked elbow or plain bishop sleeves. The model is made of mauve peau de cygne stitched with corticelli silk, the trimming, shield and collar being of heavy applique in twine color, and is worn with a skirt of the same, but the design also suits the odd waist and all pretty, soft materials that can be tucked successfully are appropriate. When desired the shield and collar can be omitted and the neck worn slightly open.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining that closes at the centre front. The back is plain, drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the



WOMAN'S YOKE WAIST AND TRIPLE TUCKED SKIRT.

the medium size is six and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or three and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Feature of the Season.

Yoke waists of all sorts are among the features of the season and are made exceedingly attractive with trimming and contrasting material of various kinds. The stylish one designed by May Manton and depicted in the large drawing, is shown in pale pink crepe de Chine with yoke and trimming made of bands of pink silk held by fancy stitches, but the design is suited to a variety of materials, silk and light weight wools and to the many cotton and linen fabrics. Lace insertion can be substituted for the silk of the yoke, or bands of material leather stitched, or any yoking material can be used.

The waist consists of a fitted lining in which the front and backs are arranged. The yoke is separate and joined to the waist at its lower edge. Both front and backs are tucked at their upper portions, but the backs are drawn down smoothly, while the front blouses slightly over the belt. The sleeves suggest the Hungarian style, and are made with snug fitting upper portions to which the full sleeves are attached.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with seven yards of banding to make as illustrated x five-eighth yards of material eighteen inches wide for yoke and collar.

Triple skirts are much in vogue and are exceedingly graceful and attractive when worn by the women to whom

fronts are tucked for a few inches below their upper edges and form soft folds over the bust. The neck is finished with the big collar which laps over with the waist to close invisibly at the left of centre. The shield is separate and is arranged over the lining, beneath the waist. The tucked sleeves are eminently graceful and form frills below the elbows, but the bishop sleeves are plain, gathered into straight cuffs.

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



WOMAN'S TUCKED WAIST.

with three-eighth yards of all-over lace for collar and shield and two and three fourth yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

The error of an astronomical chronometer is rarely greater than two one-hundredths of a second.

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Sea Serpent Chased Him.
Grover Welnes, the 18-year-old son of President Conrad Welnes of Geneva, N. Y., common council, is telling of an experience he had a few days ago with a Seneca lake sea serpent.

He says he was sailing his yacht near Kashong Point, when the boat was slowed down by an obstruction. He lifted the centerboard, and as the boat went ahead he says he saw the serpent astern. It was as big as a shark, round in body and had great yellow eyes. It kept up with the yacht for half a mile, when it sank.

"I wouldn't take that trip again for \$500," he said.—New York World.

A Cosmopolitan Thoroughfare.
A Japanese family have opened a pretty log cabin near Magnolia, Mass., for the sale of their wares. Right across is the Indian store and not far away a Spanish tea house. Close by, too, is an exhibit of oriental tapestries and jeweled trinkets, while a Hebrew tailor who presses pants all day long completes a cosmopolitan group of storekeepers.