

**THE KING'S DUST.**

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.  
 "Thou shalt die," the priest said to the King.  
 "Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.  
 Like the dust of any common thing  
 One day thou upon the winds shall blow!"  
 "Nay, not so," the King said. "I shall stay  
 While the great sun in the sky makes day;  
 Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.  
 In my tomb I wait till all things go."  
 Then the King died. And with myrrh and nard,  
 Washed with palm wine, swathed in linen hard,  
 Rolled in naphtha gum, and under guard  
 Of his scaffold tomb, they laid the King.  
 Century fled to century; still he lay  
 Whole as when they hid him first away;  
 Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say;  
 He, it seemed, the King, knew every-thing.  
 One day armies with the tramp of doom  
 Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;  
 Swarming sunbeams searched its chambered gloom;  
 Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.  
 Little Arabs, answering to their name,  
 With a broken mummy fed the flame;  
 Then a wind among the ashes came,  
 Blew them lightly—and the King was not!

**A Portrait.**

Two children, a boy and a girl, stood before a painting that hung upon the wall. The boy gazed with all his soul in his eyes, dimly conscious, perhaps, of what the picture would some day mean to him. It represented a soldier mounted on a black charger, and the man's face was eager, ardent and earnest. With sword in his uplifted hand he seemed urging men to battle. The little girl indifferently glanced at the portrait from time to time. She had seen it so many times, and then, too, patriotism had not yet awakened in her undisciplined little heart. She was proud in the thought, however, that she possessed something of absorbing interest to her new neighbor. Finally, she began to relate the story she had heard so often.  
 "You see, it's a really true man, and he painted himself on papa's horse. Those are the clothes he wore in battle—"  
 "Humph!" said the boy scornfully, looking at her with the superiority derived from his sex and his four years' seniority. "Those aren't fighting clothes, Lucile! He's on parade."  
 Lucile wondered vaguely what that might be and then begged him to "come and play."  
 They played for many a day to come and then the boy's parents moved to another city.  
 Seven years later he came back for a visit. He had now attained the great age of seventeen, and when he had met his former playmate, who had just proudly entered upon her "teens," that long-looked-for period, he said most condescendingly:  
 "Why, this must be little Lucile Felton!"  
 Straightaway Lucile felt she hated him, and they spent a few weeks of turbulent companionship in strife.  
 "I thought you were going to be a soldier," she said one day, "like the man on horseback in the picture!"  
 "What's the use of being a soldier?" he laughed. "There are no wars, I'd rather be the man that painted the picture than the soldier he represents. Let's go and look at it again."  
 "Papa gave it away—to the man who gave him the horse."  
 Ten years passed before Paul Willis saw his little playmate again. It was evening of a summer day at a fashionable watering place. He had just arrived and was instantly surrounded by a group of old-time friends who claimed his attention and recognition after his years of foreign travel. Looking beyond the little group about him into the ballroom his roving gaze was instantly caught and held by the vision of a girl with a pair of wonderful dark and deep eyes, an exquisite face and a quiet dignity in the carriage of her sweet figure.  
 "Who is she?" he asked of the man nearest him, and even before the answer came he knew the name would be "Lucile Felton."  
 "Look out!" he was warned, "Lucile cannot be accused of flirting, but she attracts all men and always turns them down."  
 She saw him coming across the room and knew him by the winsome brown eyes that were still the eyes of the little boy she had played with years before.  
 "Oh yes!" she said carelessly, as he recalled himself to her memory. "I remember all my old playmates."  
 Then she turned to a man immaculate in evening dress who claimed her for the waltz.  
 Paul Willis stood gazing after them, all his ardor and impetuosity damped by her nonchalant greeting. She smiled softly to herself through the waltz. The "little" Lucile Felton, aetat thirteen, had at last been revenged. All the evening he watched her dancing and chatting with her partners, always gay and careless. His whole heart went out to her.  
 Just before the last dance he found an opportunity to speak with her alone. He was tongue-tied from this new strange feeling.

"Are your parents well?" he finally asked abruptly. A shadow came over her face. The fan she held trembled.  
 "Did you not know? They died four years ago."  
 "Forgive me—I did not know," he said.  
 "And the old home," she continued, lifting saddened eyes to his, "burned down and all its contents."  
 She was more beautiful still with this sudden sorrow in her eyes.  
 "And you—where is your home?"  
 "I live with my sister, Mrs. Lothrop, in your home city."  
 Then others came up to her and he was outside the little circle.  
 But the next day and the many that followed showed no more of her momentary softening and she resumed her old careless manner toward him. The season ended, and they both returned to the city, where he became a frequent caller at Mrs. Lothrop's. Always was the longing in his heart, but Lucile did not relax.  
 Her sister chided her one night after he had left them.  
 "He loves you, Lucile," she reproached.  
 "Oh, I don't know," said the girl, turning away her lustrous eyes. "They say he has always been sought after by women, but is never serious."  
 "That's what they say of you, Lucile," returned Mrs. Lothrop, accusingly.  
 But Lucile was humming a gay little French chanson, and made no response.  
 Paul Willis stood before his easel, gazing at the unfinished picture—the picture of a fair-haired boy and a perfect darling of a little girl, who were both looking up at the wall. One of his old photographs had served as his model for the lad's portrayal, and love had brought to his memory her childish face, but the picture that hung on the wall he could only dimly recall. The subject and the attitude of the man on the horse had so stirred his young fancy were in his memory, but not perfectly enough to transfer to canvas.  
 The next day, while rummaging through the old stock of a picture dealer he saw a small painting in an antique frame that brought forth an exclamation of surprise and joy.  
 "Where did you get this?" he cried.  
 "A lady sold it to me," replied the dealer. "She had met with reverses and—"  
 "Do you know where she got it?"  
 "Yes. She said the man who once owned the original of the horse in the picture gave it to her."  
 Willis secured the prize, and hastened, painting "the picture on the wall" with haste and skill.  
 It was Lucile's birthday. She was glancing with a half pleasure and half humor at the array of books, flowers and confectionery that covered the library table when a maid brought her in a note.  
 "There is a great big package just come," she announced; "shall I have it fetched in here?"  
 "Wait!" and Lucile opened the envelope and scanned the note.  
 "Oh, Ethel!" she cried to her sister. "Paul Willis has sent me a picture—one he painted! Yes! (to the maid) have them bring it in here and opened here."  
 She was not a little excited and curious. Paul was attracting notice in the world of art and to possess one of his pictures was a privilege. What would the subject be?  
 When the first wrappings were removed, she stood before it silent and memory-moved.  
 Her sister gave a little cry of pleasure.  
 "Oh, Lucile, I understand how he could paint you, but how could he remember the picture—the one we all loved so, and we were so provoked when papa gave it away? Why, Paul was a mere child when he saw it!"  
 The maid now brought in a second package, a small picture with explanatory note.  
 Lucile unpacked the portrait—the one thing left to her from her old home.  
 Later, when Paul Willis called he found her still standing before the picture he had painted. He stood beside her as they had stood in their childhood, only now she was gazing intently at the picture, while his eyes were upon her.  
 She began to fear lest he should hear heart beats.  
 "Paul," she said, tremulously, "I love it so!"  
 "Lucile!" he said in low, passionate tones, "Lucile, love me, too, can't you? I have loved you so long!"  
 "Paul," very softly, "I have loved you since the night at the ball."  
 "Lucile!"  
 He gathered her in his arms.  
 "But you were so cold—so indifferent—always, Lucile!" he said, presently. "How could you hurt me so?"  
 "I was afraid," she murmured, "that you did not really care. I hoped you did, and then I remembered your tone once when you said: 'And this must be little Lucile Felton!' His laugh was good to her."  
 And the children so long separated were again united.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**THE ARMY'S NAVY.**

**Big Fleet Controlled by the Land Branch of the Service.**  
 Most branches forget, says the New York Times, that the United States Army maintains a considerable navy. In fact, the various departments of the army own and run nearly 350 craft of all kinds and sizes, besides the 50 vessels belonging to the Mississippi River Commission, which are mainly run under the direction of the army.

That portion of the army's navy that the public hears most about is the transports. There are nearly a score of these, running in sizes from the little Seward, which has a gross tonnage of 697, to the Dix, of more than 6,800 tons. There are half a dozen transports varying in tonnage from 3,000 to more than 5,000, and half a dozen more running from 1,200 to 2,500 tons. Most of these vessels are named for the heroes of the army—Generals such as Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock and Sedgwick. They never carry officers of the navy, except as passengers, and are in the ory commanded by an army officer. The titular commander, however, has the assistance of civilian officers, who make themselves responsible for the navigation of the ship.  
 Oddly enough, nearly all the army transports are of foreign build, mostly British, doubtless because many of them were originally merchant ships. They are all steamers, many of them comparatively new, though some are nearly or quite thirty years old.  
 The Quartermaster's Department of the army maintains sixteen tugs of all sizes, some of them powerful craft of considerable tonnage, others little things under thirty tons. Five steam lighters, a big hospital ship, twenty-seven team launches and a ferryboat running to Governor's Island complete the tale of the Quartermaster General's navy.  
 In numbers the navy of the Engineers' Department of the army outranks that of all other departments combined. The engineers have in charge nearly 275 craft of the greatest variety of size and function. There are dredges of all kinds and sizes, riverboats, snagboats for operating in rivers, naphtha launches, gasolene launches, and pretty nearly everything else that is hollow and swims. With an exquisite sense of proportion, the army, while it names the big vessels for its navy for generals and like exalted persons, names its small craft for lieutenants and the like. In the case of the swarm of small craft that go to swell the navy of the engineers, however, names have given out, and many are known merely by numbers, while some few are not only nameless, but even without so much as an ordinal to designate them.  
 Taken altogether the navy of the army makes a big fleet. It is scattered far and wide on all coasts of the United States, in the foreign possessions, on the Great Lakes, and on at least a score of rivers. It is manned by a small army of civilian soldiers and busied year in and year out with a great variety of public work. In the mere matter of numbers the navy of the army does not compare unfavorably with the navy itself.

**SEVEN CHILDREN IN FIVE YEARS.**  
**Triplets and Two Sets of Twins—All Rode Free on a Railroad.**  
 Conductor Titus of the Long Branch express had an experience recently that nearly took his breath away.  
 At Long Branch on the regular morning run there were the usual number of passengers, and among them a natty little woman, full of life and bustle, with seven small children and two maids, the latter loaded down with satchels and bundles. It was evident that the party was returning home after a summer outing, and all looked extremely well, especially the children.  
 While collecting the tickets, the conductor reached the Long Branch party and the woman handed to him three single tickets. The party were spread out, with their satchels and bundles, occupying four seats. Conductor Titus looked at the tickets and then looked over the party, and addressing the woman, said:  
 "Are these all your tickets? I hardly think this is right."  
 "Yes; that's all," said the woman, smiling.  
 "But there are three grown persons and seven children," said Conductor Titus, "and here are only three single tickets."  
 "Well, the tickets are for myself and maids," replied the woman. "As to the children, these are twins," indicating two of them; "these are twins" indicating another pair, "and these are triplets," indicating the other three children, "and they are all under five years of age."  
 It was evident that the mother spoke the truth, for the children indeed resembled each other and they were all small.—New York Sun.

**Seagull Shot With a Cannon.**  
 An interesting illustration of the excellent marksmanship of Uncle Sam's men behind the guns, as developed during the recent inspection trip of the naval committeemen on the United States Ship Dolpin, has just come to light. Representative Roberts of Massachusetts, was of the party. Approaching Gunner's Mate Spoer, of the ship, Mr. Roberts offered him \$1 to hit a seagull. Spoer took a 40-pound 6-millimeter Colt's automatic gun, and after a trial shot he popped a seagull on the fly at four hundred yards. One of the representatives was firm in his declaration that the shot was an accidental one, whereupon Spoer shot another gull at three hundred and fifty yards. The crowd of astonished witnesses to the feat finally came to the conclusion that Spoer was the crack shot of the ship. This Spoer modestly disclaimed, saying, "We've a shipload of 'em, sir." Spoer got his dollar.—Washington Star.

Five hundred and sixty thousand persons in the United States are dependent upon the street cars for support.



New York City.—Long coats made in the severe tailor style are among the features of the season and are greatly worn both as separate wraps and for



COAT WITH PLAIN SLEEVES.

the entire suit. This very excellent May Manton one is adapted to both uses and to all the season's fabrics, but is shown in light weight melton in military blue stitched with corticelli silk, and makes part of the costume.  
 The coat is made with fronts, backs, side backs and double underarm gores which allow of a perfect and graceful fit. The seams at front and back extend to the shoulders and are concealed by the straps. The neck is finished in regulation coat style and the sleeves can be the plain ones with roll over cuffs or the full bishop sort as may be preferred.  
 The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, or three and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide.

**Two Novelties of the Season.**  
 Shirt waists with plastron effects are among the novelties of the season and are exceedingly effective. The

are arranged over fitted linings that support the full puffs and which are faced to form the caps below which the bell shaped portions are tucked for several inches.  
 The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or three yards forty-four inches wide, with one yard of net forty inches wide, one yard of chiffon and half a yard of tucking to make as illustrated.

**Persian Lamb Trimming.**  
 Persian lamb trimming of lustrous fibre silk is one of the important accessories of the season. It comes in galloons of various widths and appliques of different forms, which, however, are invariably edged with a plain or novelty fibre braid. These will be much used, both in millinery and dress trimming, as will also wool embroideries on chiffon or taffeta in Oriental or pompadour colorings and cloth cut work in two colors outlined in black and white or pongee colored silk cord. Garnitures of wool embroidery in multicolors, with fringe ornaments and danglers, are attractive novelties.

**The Gibson Girdle.**  
 The latest belt, called rather unimaginatively, the Gibson girdle, is wide in the back and tapers slightly to the front, where it is fastened with two straps and silver or gun-metal harness buckles. The girdle comes in black and colored leathers, and has scalloped bands of self-colored or contrasting shades of leather stitched on either side, leaving a space between about an inch in width.  
**Soft Graceful Effects.**  
 Soft, graceful effects in gowns are sought for this season, says a Paris correspondent of Bon Ton, and to gain this end skirts are made fuller and fuller, boleros and jackets are short, showing the high girdles beneath, and the sleeves admit of a hundred and one designs as long as they are loose and "floppy" with lace or pleated silk ruffles falling over the hand.



SHIRT WAIST.



TUCKED BLOUSE.

one shown on the left of the large drawing is made of lousine silk in shades of blue and is piped with velvet and trimmed with ornamental buttons, but the design is equally well suited to all the silk and wool waistings and to the cotton vestings which are so popular. When the latter are used the lining can be omitted and the edges simply stitched or a trimming of braid substituted for the piping of velvet.  
 The waist consists of the fitted lining, which closes at the centre front, the fronts, the back and the plastron. The back is tucked from the shoulders to the waist line to give a tapering effect to the figure, but the fronts from the shoulder to yoke depth only and are gathered at the waist line. The plastron is cut on a curved outline and attached to the right side, hooked or buttoned over on the left. The sleeves are the fashionable ones of the season that are large below the elbows and small above and are finished with straight cuffs. At the neck is a novel stock with tie.  
 The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-eighth yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.  
 All broad shoulder effects are in vogue. The other very stylish blouse shown in the large drawing is trimmed and tucked to give continuous lines in waist and sleeves and is eminently graceful and smart. The model is made of crepe de chine and is trimmed with heavy net with appliques of silk cherries and a ruche of chiffon, but all materials sufficiently pliable for fine tucks are suitable and the trimming can be lace or applique of any sort. The sleeves are wide and full over puffs of cream chiffon that are charming in their effect, but the under sleeves can be of the material if preferred.  
 The design is simplicity itself, all the effect of elaboration being obtained by trimming. The lining is smoothly fitted and both it and the waist are closed at the back. The yoke is separate, made of combined tucking and net, and below it the front and backs are laid in narrow tucks, those at the centre front full length, others extending to yoke depth only. The sleeves

**Woman's Fancy Blouse.**  
 Fancy blouses retain all their favor and will be much worn during the coming season. This one, designed by May Manton, includes the new cape effect with the fashionable shallow yoke and princess closing and is fitted both to the odd waist and gown. The original is made of mauve crepe de chine, trimmed with ecru lace and bands of velvet in a darker shade, but all the thinner materials of the season are appropriate.  
 The waist is made with a fitted lining which closes at the centre front. On this lining are arranged the yoke, which closes at the left shoulder seam, and the portions of the waist proper. The back is plain, drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts are laid in box pleats at their edges and both they and the sleeves are tucked at their upper portions, the tucks providing fullness below. The little cape, or berth, is circular and falls over the arms-eye seams, so giving the broad effect of fashion. The sleeves are snug for a short distance below the shoulders, but form full puffs at the wrists where they are held by straight cuffs.  
 The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-fourth yards twenty-one inches wide.

four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with three-eighth yards of lace for yoke.



FANCY BLOUSE.

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