

THE SEA CAPTAIN.
He shall give his youth, he shall give his strength, he will give his days of peace;
He shall bind his brow with the whirling scud, from the storm find no release;
He shall learn of the wonders of the deep, and shall tell tales strange and wild;
But he sits as a guest on his own hearthstone and a stranger to his child.
He shall change, grow old, in a changeless world, for the sea rocks not of time;
What it was, it is; what it is, will be; and it has no country or clime;
It abides, loves not, hates not, makes no pledge; oft conquered, conquers still!
For it sits on the throne of indifference, and it molds time to its will.
—Frank L. Tooker, "The Call of the Sea."

THE QUIET LIFE.

Forty years ago Ezekiel Anders, A. B. Yale, aged twenty, came out of the cultured East and settled in a little trans-Mississippi town as professor of mathematics in Blockit College. Dr. Orson, president of the little freshwater school, was also a graduate of Yale, and he welcomed the coming of Prof. Anders. Together they would raise the lamp of learning so that its rays would shine far into the thick weeds and over the limitless prairies where the pioneers were raising homes in the wilderness. They were men of the noblest ideals and of a self-sacrificing spirit which is almost lost in these days of ready-made universities.

"Mr. Anders," said President Orson, as he met the newcomer at the steamboat dock, "I shall be glad to have you make your home at our house. We are rough and crude here in the West, and perhaps you may feel more at home with us than elsewhere."

"Thank you, sir," said Prof. Anders, a tall, thin young man, with small brown side whiskers and a serious face. "You offer a pleasant solution to a problem which has perplexed me greatly."

Prof. Anders moved his chest of books and his trunk into two rooms on the second floor of President Orson's cottage. There he settled down to a lifetime of teaching trigonometry, solid geometry and the higher mathematics.

The two rooms in which he lived grew to be a part of his life. On the table on the corner of his sitting room always lay his badly worn copy of Milton, his Dante, in the original, his dog-eared Horace, relic of college days, and his Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. On the shelf just above the table were the rest of the British poets. Behind the door were his slippers; his dressing gown hung on the third peg from the right on the inside of the closet door. The portraits of his father and mother hung side by side on the west wall.

Before he was forty, the irreverent students of Blockit College called him "Old Zeke," and loved him as the personification of all that was scholarly, gentle and unworldly.

When Prof. Anders first came to live in the home of President Orson the other occupants of the house were the president, his wife and their daughter and only child, Alice, then a happy little girl of eight. From the beginning the professor and Alice were friends and chums. Naturally the shyest of men, Alice was too small and too lacking in self-consciousness to embarrass him. She simply took it for granted that everybody liked her, and, without thinking about it at all, the professor found himself willingly taken into the circle of her intimate friends.

The professor read her little verses, told her wonderful tales of fairies, and on one occasion at least was detected down on all fours, with Miss Alice mounted in state upon his back.

"He's a lion," explained the little girl, as the professor scrambled up in embarrassment from the floor, "and I'm the lion tamer."

Which was perhaps nearer the truth than she imagined.

When Prof. Anders had lived in the house ten years Miss Alice was a beautiful, blooming girl of eighteen. As the professor saw her budding into womanhood he started to shrink back into his shell. But the girl would not allow it. She insisted on remaining in her old position of friendly intimacy, and even went so far as to discover an unexpected fondness for the problems of higher mathematics.

There was never anything like a love affair between them. At least not even the mother's eye of Mrs. Orson could detect any symptoms of tender fondness, though it may be that, in discussing the future of their daughter with her husband she raised the question as a remote possibility. She had suitors aplenty. Almost every one of the younger members of the enlarged faculty laid himself at her feet, to say nothing of countless college students, who, as a rule, were obliged to worship Miss Alice at a distance, for, as she often said, she had no idea of becoming a "college widow."

Twenty years went by without at all disturbing the relations of the four dwellers under the Orson roof. Prof. Anders had become more and more prim and precise. His days were spent in a routine that rarely varied. His rooms and everything in them had become a necessary part of his life. If he had not been able to reach out his hand in the dark and touch his Horace or his Plutarch; if he had awakened some morning and not seen first

of all, the portrait of his mother looking down at him from the wall, it is likely he would have died of the shock.

Miss Alice, a mature woman of twenty-eight, was looked upon as a maiden lady who had deliberately chosen that part in life. She was even more beautiful than in the heyday of her youth, and she took an active part in all the social life of the little college town.

Then, suddenly, came the deluge. President Orson died suddenly; and his wife, stricken by the shock, survived him only a month leaving Alice an orphan. Prof. Anders felt that his little world had been shaken to pieces by a convulsion of nature. For a week after the funeral of Mrs. Orson he was even more absent-minded than usual. Then one evening he sat down at his desk in the corner of his sitting room and wrote the following letter:

"Dear Miss Alice: We—or at least I—are confronted with a most serious and perplexing problem. I realize the impropriety of my remaining longer in your house now that you are without your natural protectors. At the same time I feel a strong, and, I believe, a natural reluctance to remove myself and my possessions from their accustomed surroundings. This feeling has taken a most compelling hold upon me and makes me bold enough to suggest that possibly you, to some extent, may also be reluctant to see old associations broken by removal. If I am right in this suggestion, may I venture to suggest further that if you could see your way clear to a matrimonial alliance, with myself as one of the parties, I should feel myself honored far beyond my deserts, and at the same time the problem which confronts us would be solved."

"Awaiting your reply with more than my usual impatience, beg to remain your most obedient servant,
"EZEKIEL ANDERS."

Having folded this letter and inclosed it in a stamped envelope addressed to Miss Alice Orson, the professor slipped out of the house, and, many a glance behind to see if he was observed, dropped it into the mail box two blocks away.

Next morning the professor left the house an hour before the mail carrier arrived, and he sent home word during the afternoon that he would not return for dinner in the evening. When he finally let himself in the house was in darkness. But on his desk he found the following note:

"Dear Professor: I am glad that your mathematical training has put you on the track of the only reasonable solution of the problem which 'confronts us.' I shall be glad to see you before your classes in the morning."

Well, three months later they were married. That was nearly twenty years ago. Prof. Anders and his wife, Alice, are still living, and if they are not the happiest married couple in the country there is at least no visible sign of the slightest ripple on the even tenor of their married life. The professor can still reach out of the dark and find his Horace in the same old place, and Mrs. Anders is still counted one of the prettiest women in her native State.

And, in all essentials, this is a true tale, in nothing exaggerated or overdrawn.—H. M. H., in Chicago, Tribune.

GEORGIA'S EXTENSIVE CAVE.

Large Cavern Exists in the Limestone Formations of Randolph County.
Few people even in South Georgia know that, in Decatur County, in the lime sink region, there are waterfalls of great height and beauty, or that in Randolph County there is a large cave, which on further investigation may prove still more extensive.

The cave is situated about ten miles north of Cuthbert, in the northern part of the county. The entrance is half a mile east of the home of J. J. Harden, on whose land it is. It was first known to the white people in the early '30's, just after the Creek War. Samuel A. Grier had moved out to what was then almost a wilderness, inhabited only by wild animals, Indians and a few white men. The Indians looked upon the whites as intruders, and, of course, resisted every approach wherever possible.

On a cold, frosty morning Mr. Grier while out in the woods near his home, noticed what he thought to be smoke curling up from a small hole in the ground. Supposing that a scouting party of Indians was concealed within he collected his neighbors and returned to drive out the supposed marauders at the point of the bayonet. The hole in the ground proved to be an extensive cave, and the smoke only the vapor rising from underground streams. No Indians were there; in fact, it was learned afterward that the Indians were afraid of the cave.

A few years after the discovery of the cave Mr. Grier was having a well dug near his house. About twenty feet below the surface they struck rock and found it necessary to do some blasting. A thing then happened which to those unacquainted with the geological formation in the neighborhood seems incredible—the bottom of the well was blown out.

A limestone rock lies just beneath the surface there and extends over several hundred acres, protruding here and there into view. This rock is soft and contains about ninety per cent. lime. It is just the region in which the geologist would expect to find caves, and he would not hesitate long in looking for an entrance.

It is usually expected that the entrance to a cave will be in the side

of a hill or mountain, but here one's preconceived notions are shocked, for he sees only a small round hole two feet in diameter in the almost level ground. This opening goes through about three feet of the rock.

A drop of ten feet through this aperture puts one immediately into what may be called the ante-chamber. It is an apartment about thirty feet in diameter and varies in height from two to seven feet. The floor is somewhat like the convex surface of a sphere. The walls are rough and show no signs of stalactites.

The ante-chamber begins to slope downward. One who follows this incline downward for twenty or thirty feet reaches a long hallway with a muddy floor—the mud having been deposited by an underground stream, which works its way through the crevices of the rocks and finally comes out into the open air about one hundred yards from the cave entrance. There are several openings from this hallway, but all are so narrow that they have never been explored. Overhead the stalactites have taken many shapes, whose beauty redeems the muddy cavern from the commonplace and the uninviting.

Going northeast from the entrance one comes to a narrow passage about two feet high and twenty feet long. This could be most appropriately be called "Fat Man's Misery," for it is with difficulty that one succeeds in getting through this passage. But the apartments into which it leads fully repays one for all hardships. This room is about fifty feet long, thirty feet wide and ten feet high, and to it some one has given the name "ball-room."

The origin of this cave cannot be very different from that of others. The underground stream is still cutting away the soft limestone; the water, percolating through the thin surface layer, through which even the roots of trees find their way, is still forming beautiful stalactites and stalagmites. This continued increase, together with the many unknown regions which will some day be explored, will make Grier's Cave familiar not only to Georgians, but to the people of other sections.

The Offshoots of Concord.

The summer school of philosophy which Emerson, Alcott and their associates founded in Alcott's "back-yard" a quarter of a century ago, has left offshoots which still flourish, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. One is at Glen Moore, in the Adirondacks, and here during the summer such men as Dr. William James and Felix Adler lecture on philosophical and sociological topics of the day. The other school, Greenacre, on the coast of Maine, is a sort of conference of religions; and here Buddhist yogis, Persian prophets, rabbis and priests lecture on their various faiths. A picturesque feature of the year at Greenacre is the Buddhist flower festival, given in August, under the full moon, when it is believed the spirits are nearest the earth. "At night, under an enormous pine tree, an altar is raised, covered with white flowers and decorated with thirty-seven candles. It was a strange sight this year to see the white robed pilgrims, about one hundred in number, each bearing a lighted candle, sitting motionless for an hour or more around the motionless yogis. Slowly the full moon rose, making gaunt shadows from the pine tree wave over the ground. Merely as a spectacular scene, it was unsurpassed."

His Nerve.

Since the engagement of pretty Miss X has been an announced fact her small brother has been puzzling his head to understand what it means.

"Why," explained his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means that she will live in his house after this, and he'll take care of her."

"Buy her things?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Hats and dinners and ice cream and everything?" he persisted.

"Yes," was the answer.

The boy thought it all over for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, ain't that man got nerv' though!"—Washington Post.

A Government Restaurant.

The city of Washington has scarcely a single good popular price restaurant. Washingtonians, as a rule, breakfast and dine at home; and as no restaurant can pay expenses on lunch customers alone, few are in existence. The United States government, recognizing this fact, provides a lunch room in the Pension Office for the use of employees and others who cannot afford to pay much for their meals. Coffee, milk and vegetables may be had for five cents, while meat costs ten.—Harper's Weekly.

The Sultan's Double.

A story was told in Constantinople twenty years ago, and was told to me again the last time that I saw Sultan Abdul Hamid—that his Majesty has a foster brother who so resembles him in features as to be able to stand for him at state functions, the guests never perceiving the substitution. It may be that this story is the Oriental method of expressing belief in the combination of two characters in one body, which we had supposed to be a conception of a Western novelist alone.—The World's Work.

The first equestria statue erected in London was of Charles I., in Whitehall, 1673.



New York City.—Blouse waists make the favorite models of the season and are worn both for indoor and street costume. This May Manton in-



BLOUSE WAIST.

Judas pleats at the shoulders, that give the fashionable breadth, and sleeves of the latest sort. The model is made of wood brown Henrietta, with velvet piped with white and ornamental buttons as trimming, but the design suits almost all seasonable fabrics. The sleeves, with their big puffs at the wrists, are especially worthy of consideration as they lend themselves to remodeling with singular success. The upper portions are not wider than those of last season and are simply shaped to fall over the full puffs.

The blouse is made over a fitted lining that closes at the center front. On this lining are arranged the plain back and the pleated fronts, that are faced

gowns, trimmed with black velvet, are especially charming.

Jackets Are Short.

Nearly all jackets are short, says Le Bon Ton, although a few, a very few, long coats are seen. The latter are more on the Russian blouse order. Boleros are the thing, but more than anything else one sees the entire dress of heavy cloths or velvets, corsage and skirt to be worn without a jacket, simply furs or short fur capes. These are to be quite the thing for street wear.

Ostrich Feathers in Two Colors.

Ostrich feathers are displayed, showing two colors, as, for instance, brown and green, royal purple and green. A handsome feather is a combination of ostrich and paradis—an extreme novelty and very expensive.

The Latest in Velvets.

Velvets in blues and browns, with a pin dot of white, have a pressed dot the size of a franc piece, which at first gives the effect of a button.

Charming Kimono.

Kimonos, or negligees which owe their inspiration to the garment of Japan, have taken a permanent hold in Western favor and are constantly appearing in some new form. The graceful, yet perfectly simple May Manton model shown is among the latest and has much to commend it. The original, from which the drawing was made, is of fine soft flannel, with bands of plain India silk, but all the materials used for gowns of the sort are suitable. Charming ones show plain cotton crepe for the foundation, flowered silk for the bands and count-

A Late Design by May Manton.



and turned back to form the narrow revers. The trimming is arranged round the neck at the back, to form points at the front. The sleeves are snug to the elbows, but fall above the narrow cuffs. At the neck is a collar that combines the two materials.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or one and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide, with one and three-quarter yards of velvet to make as illustrated.

An Extra Wrap.

Little paletots, made in red, violet or puce cloth, are worn as an extra wrap over cloth gowns, says Le Bon Ton. For dressy wear they are made of white cloth. Stitching and gold buttons are all that is used for trimming. They are a smart little wrap. Of course the bolero effect is predominant in these gowns, and the high, tight-fitting girdle is indispensable.

Old-Fashioned Brocades.

Brocades in quaint, old-fashioned designs are much used for evening gowns, trimmed with fine ruchings, says Le Bon Ton. One gown of brocade, on view at a leading modiste's, was made with a Watteau pleat in the back, the front opening over a petticoat of lace.

Crushed Pink Cloth.

For evening wear crushed pink cloth trimmed with lace is very handsome, says Le Bon Ton. Begonia, fuchsia and clematis shades in cloth are used for evening gowns. White cloth and lace

less other suggestions might be made. The kimono is made with fronts and backs and is shaped by means of shoulder, underarm and centre back seams. The sleeves are cut in deep points that are eminently graceful, and both their edges and those of the neck and front are faced to form the bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is nine yards twenty-



A STRIKING KIMONO.

seven or thirty-two inches wide, or four and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one and seven-eighth yards of silk for trimming.

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