

A MOTHER SONG.

Slumber, my little one, slumber;
Soft sighs the wind through the trees;
Red glows the west, love;
Birds seek their nest, love,
Lull'd by the whispering breeze.

Slumber, my pretty one, slumber;
Evening descends o'er the deep;
All now is still, love;
On dale and hill, love,
Nature has fallen asleep.

Slumber, my gentle one, slumber;
Rock'd on the dream-tide of sleep;
Sail with the day, love;
Far, far away, love;
Here on my breast, love;
Wake not till night turns to day.

L. B. Durrant, in Pearson's Magazine.

A Romance of Arcadia.

Evangeline West was riding on an errand of grave import, but stopped long enough at the foot of a steep declivity leading to a babbling brook to give her tired horse a long cool draught of the clear, swirling water before he forded the stream. He was a lively horse, hired at the railway station, no other means of rapid conveyance being available.

The young woman was home again after several years of absence, during which she had improved her time and opportunities, and she was glad to return to her native heath, the land of Arcadia, the Arcadia of her heart. She looked far up the woodland brook with a fond appreciation of its enchanted beauty. Evergreen trees, speckled trout leaped and splashed, unafraid in the sparkling water. To complete the symphony a single musical note at intervals pierced the odorless silence, the call of the bell-bird to its mate.

"Oh," cried the girl, longing to hear a human voice, "surely this is the forest primeval. In the Arcadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas.

"Here, too, is Evangeline, but where is her Gabriel?"

since I was here I feel like a stranger."

"What hindered ye from comin' sooner, miss?" asked a rasping voice, which Evangeline remembered as belonging to a layerout of the community. Threading her way through the crowd the girl sought the room where her sick relative lay, a strange sound of monotonous singing leading her thither. There, tossing and delirious, lay the sick woman, burning with fever. The room was crowded with neighbors—women who gathered at a death with the scent of hawthorn, yet who felt, each of them, that theirs was a religious duty. There, too, was Peter Grant, lining out a hymn, which was only sung to the dying. As Evangeline entered they were chanting monotonously these hopeful lines:

For while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

Women with corrugated brows and nasal tones sang the words in a weird discord, to which the preacher added a robust and melodious bass.

Evangeline held up a vigorous hand and bade them stop.

"Don't you see that she is far too ill for this sort of thing? All leave the room, please, and let her have air. I will take care of her now."

"She should be permitted to make her peace with God," the Rev. Peter Grant spoke, partly from habit and partly from conviction. He knew who this young woman was now, and dared to combat her aggressive action.

"She never band any falling out with Him," Evangeline said, reverently, "but now that you know who I am and why I am here, you will leave her to me. I am her nearest relative, but more than that I am a trained nurse and thoroughly familiar with fever cases. Where is the doctor—she surely had medical care?"

"He has given her up," said one of the retreating women, with a sly satisfaction.

"Given her up! How dared he? And why do you speak of such a possibility before her?"

"Oh, she doesn't sense anything that is said now," complained one of the cronies, taking a reluctant departure.

The preacher took himself off with the others, but he gained a reluctant consent to call the next day to learn how the sick woman was doing. He did not really expect to find her alive, and his slow, well-regulated faculties received a healthy shock when Vangle, ideal in her nurse's gown and white cap and apron, informed him that she had moved the sick woman from the south room to the north room, from which the stuffy carpet and obstructing furniture had been removed.

"I have telegraphed for ice and a modern doctor, and she is drinking cool spring water, and is better already. Have you never heard of Aunt Maggie's goodness and charity to all who need help and consolation—how she brought up a poor orphan child, gave her a home and the love of a mother, teaching her the value of right living and unselfishness? I was that child. And I am not going to let her die—not yet!"

"And may I not see her again?"

"Oh, yes. You may come and preach the gospel of cheerfulness to her when I think her strong enough," and Evangeline gave her would-be Gabriel a wicked little smile, that the man—not the minister—understood perfectly. It certainly is wonderful how that rascally god Cupid delivers his darts regardless of time and place.

—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Original of Major Pependennis.

Miss Horace Smith once told me a story. It was long and complicated, but she assured me she had told it to my father, the late W. M. Thackeray, just before he wrote "Pendennis," and that it had partly suggested the opening chapters. It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid and determined to marry her. The father made that he would not marry clandestinely and then having dismissed him rang the bell for the butler. To the butler this Major Pependennis said: "Morgan, (for whatever his name was), 'I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you \$1,000 in bank notes if you will marry the housemaid before 12 o'clock tomorrow." The butler said: "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. As far as I remember, a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed: for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the downs behind the house, and the butler, meanwhile, having changed his \$1,000, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already, and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in Cornhill Magazine.

Australia has, as the result of last year's drought, bought, since January, 7,000,000 bushels of wheat, or its equivalent in flour, from the Pacific coast, and 1,000,000 bushels from New York.

The greatest automobile in the world is the traction engine used in hauling borax out of the Mohave Desert. The machine can make Death Valley produce.

RETURN OF THE DANDY.

Are Men as Well as Women Reviving the Fashions of the 30's?

Men, as a result of the influence of their tailors and valets, either consciously or unconsciously desirous of posturing in the picture presented by their women folk, are now adopting a number of early Victorian fashions which at this time are the modes accepted as perfection by femininity. While the ladies are preparing to look quaint and charming in round skirts, pelerine bodies, and demure bonnets, and are cultivating as best they may the bottle neck shoulder that was deemed the height of elegance seven years ago, the dandies of today are gradually but surely adapting their appearance to a semblance of the same period.

Averse as they are from startling changes, men make their concessions to style first of all in small but effective items. One of the most noticeable will be observed as an accompaniment of the dress suit. The newest watch guard for evening wear (watch guard is an older term than watch chain) is so quaint that it carries those who behold it back in imagination to the early days of Count d'Orsay and Lord Disraeli.

It is a narrow band of black moire silk ornamented at the ends with delicately fashioned diamond buckles. The band is worn quite taut across the waistcoat and is about the length of the leather watch guard now popular among sportsmen—a trifle that looks inconspicuous, that is perfectly practical, and that costs about half a guinea. The price of the black moire band with its diamond fittings depends upon the value of the stones.

Another reminiscence of the days of the dandies is the tendency among men at this present time to permit their hair to grow a shade longer than has been fashionable for some years past. It is also fashionable to such splendid brilliancy that the use of maccassar oil might be suspected, though the effect is really gained by a strenuous wielding of the brush, completed by the passing of a silk handkerchief over the ambrosial locks.

Women who observe the trend of the times are full, and not altogether without delight, expecting to see their men folk shyly cultivate a crop of curls above their marble brows, and modest clusters of them behind their ears, after the Byronic manner.

They note also with satisfaction the assiduity with which the tailors are cultivating in their clients a neat and lissom waist, following the military tendency, accomplished in many cases by the wearing of stays. Stay-makers for men do not flaunt their wares as a rule in their shop windows, but all the same a demand for corsets for men, cleverly boned and made of the most delicate pompadour brocade, or of silk to match the underwear, are in huge demand.

His dancing pumps are exercising the youthful man's mind at this moment, and, instead of being satisfied with the old regulation patent leather court shoe, which has been the accepted masculine pattern for many seasons past, he is bending a favored eye upon brogue evening shoes and silk stockings powdered with delicately embroidered fleur de lis and sprigs of blossom. But the only embroideries he will countenance are executed in silks the same color as his hose, for, like the women of the modish moment, the man is desperately particular as to the exquisite refinement of the taste he reflects.—London Daily Mail.

Tact of Great Men.

A plot against the life of Mazzini, the Italian patriot, once failed because of his courtesy with a box of cigars. It came to his knowledge that an attempt was to be made on his life. He procured a box of the finest cigars and waited for his would-be assassins to call on him. When they came in he handed out the cigars. Taken aback by this manœuvre they took them and began to amoke.

They did not find it easy to start killing a man who had just handed them good cigars and they sat alone awkwardly until Mazzini said: "Gentlemen, take another cigar. I believe you came to kill me. Why do you not proceed to business?"

The assassins muttered some words of lame regret and left.

When Bismarck was entering Paris with the German army he noticed that some French workmen were gathered at the gate, evidently prepared to make a hostile demonstration.

Quickly he turned his horse toward them, and, pulling out a cigar, asked their leader for a match. The man handed him one, and the attitude of the Frenchmen changed completely as the German leader thanked the workman courteously.

The Perfume-Trge.

There is a tree in Mexico, called the linalee, which yields an essence of much value as the base for delicious perfumes. The wood of the tree is a light yellow in color, and has a fragrance resembling that of a mixture of the essences of lemon and jasmine. The natives have very primitive methods of treating the wood. It is cut into sticks like cord wood and reduced to chips at the stills. Distillation produces a yellow liquid, which serves as the perfume base, and this they carefully gather and send to market.

American-made machines and im-

plements are popular in Manitoba, and the more general use of them it simply a question of cost.

The Joy of Work.

By D. Herbert Moore.



THINK NOT, Sir Man-of-Leisure, as you peep lazily through your heavily curtained window at the scurrying seven-o'clock crowd on the way to its daily toll, that you have the best of it because you can snuggle back beneath your luxurious covering and sleep until Jeams or Meadows brings your morning coffee and paper and asks if you prefer the Yellow Dragon or the Green Devil for your forenoon spin.

Do not lay the flattering unction to your soul that yours is the happier lot. You are not young with winging step, with fists dug deep into the pockets of his threadbare coat and a cold luncheon wrapped in paper tucked beneath his arm, tastes a finer, sweeter joy than all your luxury can bring.

His is the pleasure of incentive—the glory of work. For there is a zest to it all. The quick spring from bed at the alarm clock's summons, the hastily swallowed breakfast, then out into the wine-like air of early morning. To work—vigorous work of brain or brawn, whether it be scratching away at a desk or directing the eternal grind of cranking machinery.

It is occupation—accomplishment! Save your sympathy for the hapless and hopeless idle fellows—the unfortunates or unwilling; unlike commiserable. Joy goes with the working masses. There is joy in the noonday luncheon, whether in a gilded cafe or a cold snack hastily devoured "before the whistle blows."

The evening meal is a feast to the weary man, and his well-earned rest is the greatest joy of all. Hard work is the greatest of all cures for insomnia.

Thank God you can work!

Though your office labor strains your nerves and racks your brain, though the "shop" takes the best of your strength and vitality—be glad to be living an active part of the working world.

You must earn your amusements before you can enjoy them. Ennui has no part in the strenuous life.

Be glad, for conscience' sake, that you are not one of those most miserable of all men, a fellow without a job—a human machine standing idle, rusting and losing its value from disuse.

Thank God you can work!

When sorrow and grief come, when you seek to forget, to crush out cruel thoughts, thank God that you can absorb yourself in your occupation, plunge deep into the details of your duty.

Thank God that you can work—that you can grasp your pay envelope and say: "This is mine, the rightful pay for the labor of my brain, the just earnings of my strong right arm."

Be thankful, employer as well as employee, for the joy of working.

You know the pleasure of it.

Do not deceive yourself by the promise (nine times in ten a pleasant little fiction), that by and by you will retire, ease up, and end your life in little luxury.

The business game is not alone for the pleasure of the spoils, but for the joy of playing.

What the world may call greed and avarice you know to be the fascination of success—the intoxication of accomplishment, and it will keep you untiringly at it—on your motto in the battle—till the end of life.

For life is work.

And work is life.—Judicious Advertising.

Raising Plants Without Soil.

By R. S. Baker.



THE GREATEST of all Professor Nobbe's work is his remarkable discovery of his method for inoculating the soil with bacteria to make it yield richly where it lay barren before. In times past investigators of soil and plant culture devoted their attention largely to studying the composition of various kinds of soil, to the improvement of fertilizers, and in suggesting new systems of drainage and water-supply. Professor Nobbe has gone a step farther in advance, declaring that plants will grow, under certain conditions, just as well without soil as with soil. At first glance this may seem strange enough, yet here are trees, from eight to ten inches in circumference at the base of the trunk, growing in clean water, without a sign of any description. They stand in rows just back of the Forest Academy and near Professor Nobbe's greenhouse. Each tree is suspended in a large glass jar surrounded by a green-painted case. When this case is opened one may look through the glass and see the roots of the tree hanging there in clean water. The oldest of the trees was planted, or rather the seed was immersed in water, in 1878, and it has grown to full size without even touching soil. Leaves and blossoms have come in the spring and in the winter the water and the roots have frozen solid all these years, and the tree still thrives. Indeed, some of its seeds were immersed in water, and trees of the second generation have been grown to considerable size. Then their seeds were immersed, and there are now growing small trees three generations removed from the soil—certainly a clear proof of Professor Nobbe's assertion that actual contact with soil is not essential for plant growth. In order to produce such results, however, it was necessary to keep the trees supplied with artificial food. This Professor Nobbe prepared in his laboratory—a certain definite amount of chlorate of potash, sulphate of magnesium, phosphate of iron, phosphate of potassium, and a nitrate. A small quantity of this mixture was dissolved in the water of the jars every four weeks, and thus the trees have been kept flourishing all these years, showing that there was no element in the soil necessary to plant growth that man could not manufacture at will.—Harper's Monthly.

Making New York City's Wastes Pay.

By Commissioner John Mcg. Woodbury.



THERE HAS been devised and built by the Department a rubbish incinerator on the pier at the foot of 47th Street and the North River, where those materials that are not separated and readily sold are burned, and from their burning make power which runs and lights the dumping board, and in addition a portion of the power is sold to a contractor in the immediate neighborhood. This incinerator consists of three retorts which are fed alternately by a travelling belt conveyor. The material carted there is emptied from the paper carts directly onto this travelling belt, which is 104 feet in length. On either side of this travelling table stand the pickers who sort from the belt into hoppers at their sides the varying substances that are desired, viz.: one man picks up manila papers, another only spruce pulp papers, another the shoes, another the clothes and rags, another the bottles and cans and all metal substances. These are turned through the hoppers into large presses, where the papers are baled, the shoes are sorted and sold, many of them doing duty, after repair on the feet of our poorer citizens. But all old mattresses, beds and bedding, are not delivered on this table. They are immediately burned. This is a sanitary precaution rendered necessary by the diseases which they so frequently carried back to the Italian quarters.

The residue that is not of value is fed by this travelling table directly into the furnace, so that the furnace is self-fueled. The plant was erected by the Department at a cost of \$20,000, and was designed by H. de Berkeley Parsons, Professor of Steam Engineering at the Troy Polytechnic Institute. The privilege of handling the material brought to this point is sold at \$24 per week, making \$12,480 per annum, which is a rather good rate per cent on the amount of money invested. The second of these incinerators for the purpose of handling the waste in the portion of the city below Canal Street is already under construction.

Si's Appetite for a Fight.

Miss Anna Dunn, of Plymouth, Ind., owns the grittiest fighting dog in the Hoosier State. She has spent no time in teaching the animal to pitch on to other dogs. In fact, she has been trying for seven years to have her pet give up his quarrelsome tricks, but without avail.

The dog is a Scotch terrier and is known all over town as Si. The dog began fighting when he was a pup and has kept it up ever since. He refused to go with his mistress when she changed her boarding place, because the new place was not so well adapted to canine mix-ups. She sent the animal out on a farm, hoping to cure Si of his troublesome disposition, but in a single week he had thrashed all the farm dogs within two miles of the house, and one morning, bright and early, he was back at his city home, where he was found occupying his customary position on the street corner.

Si despises a circus, and when one of these aggregations strikes town he runs along ahead of the elephant barking and snarling as if he would like to drive the big fellow off the earth.

The dog still refuses to live in the

new home of his mistress and puts up at her old boarding house, contenting himself with a daily visit. More than this Miss Dunn is unable to coax from her fighting pet.—Chicago Tribune.

Watch Slower at Night.

"You know that the vital energies are at lower ebb at night than in the daytime," said an old watchmaker.—"Would you believe that some watchmen—especially the cheaper ones—are similarly affected?"

"You know a good watchmaker always wants several days in which to regulate a timepiece. This is because the only way to regulate it properly is to compare it with a chronometer at the same hour every day. Otherwise the variations in the speed of the watch will baffle his efforts."

"Near midnight every watch goes slow. The better timepieces lag behind some seconds. The cheaper watches a minute or more out of the way. Next morning every one of the lot will probably be exactly right."

"The fact is, you can regulate a watch to make exactly twenty-four hours a day, but you can't persuade it to make just sixty minutes in each of the twenty-four hours. Why this is no one can tell."

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THINK OVER THIS!