

THE HEARTLESSNESS OF MAN.

They quarreled on day, 'twas a trifle,
No doubt, that induced them to part,
That caused her to bid him to stifle
The love that had bloomed in his heart.
She saw him turn slowly and sadly
To leave her, she heard his good-bye;
He loved her—he swore he did—
Maddly; he madly her head proudly and high.

He did not return, for some reason,
To humble himself at her feet;
Another arrived in due season,
Fate having decreed they should meet.
He told her the lovely old story,
And she, as his bride, reached the height
Of what to a woman is glory—
Then quietly passed out of sight.

The other man gained a high station,
And, having enthroned himself there,
Possessing the world's admiration,
Won the heart of a girl who was fair.
Far back, where few saw and few knew her,
Was one who went nursing an ache,
Because he had not returned to her.
Or, at least, had not failed for her sake.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Gates of the City.

In the brave days of old, in the days when valor consisted of impaling vast numbers of one's enemies upon pikes and spears, there resided in Syria a youth named Tyra.

Now, Tyra was not unlike many youths of to-day, inasmuch as he took great delight in tales of warfare and slaughter. It is true he was not given to the perusal of blood-and-thunder novels, but this virtue was due only to the fact that the printing press had not as yet been invented, and the high price of parchment made a liberal distribution of lurid literature impracticable.

But Tyra was possessed of a good pair of ears and a vivid imagination, and he made use of the former to listen to and of the latter to embellish the numerous stories of the Assyrians, Persians and Macedonians. And it may be stated in all candor that Tyra's early education on these lines was not neglected.

Before Tyra had even the suggestion of a mustache he had achieved an enviable reputation among the Syrians as a juvenile terror. Scarcely a playmate had he from whom, at one time or another, he had not taken, by sheer force of muscle, divers articles beloved to childish hearts, and left in their places sundry cuts and bruises as mementoes of the occasion.

Indeed, Tyra's own father yielded up his life as the result of a spear thrust inflicted by the youth in retaliation for a certain chastisement administered at a time when Tyra was barely able to walk, and his mother, likewise, died of a broken heart and a fractured skull, loudly lamenting that she had not been sufficiently devoted to Moloch to lay her first-born in the arms of the red-hot god.

After the untimely demise of his parents Tyra entered upon so crimonous a career that the residents of the city wherein he dwelt, familiar though they were with deeds of valor and violence, decided that the youth was too great a man for their quiet and peaceful city, and that his talents would be better appreciated by them if exercised outside the walls of the city. And so he was banished.

With many curses upon Syria in general and this city in particular, Tyra set forth literally to carve out his destiny. And he succeeded famously.

Now, in the city upon which he thus disdainfully turned his back, there dwelt one upon whom he had bestowed all his young affection. This was the orphaned maiden, Leodesia. Frail she was, with hair of jet and eyes that ever were dreaming. And Tyra loved her. To him she was the one object in the universe worth the worshipping.

Nor was his affection wasted upon this maiden of Syria, the chords of whose heart were bound around her handsome, dashing lover. Life without his smiles seemed as barren as the Assyrian Desert.

She loved him with all the passion and devotion of her semi-barbaric nature, and when, at the urgent invitation of his neighbors, Tyra took his departure from the city, she put her trusting hand in his and promised to wait for him until he should return. Then she threw herself upon the burning sands by the gates of the city and wept, and would not be comforted.

After he had gone the good people of Syria, conscience stricken perhaps of the unusually harsh treatment they had accorded her lover, bestowed such unlimited affection and kindness upon Leodesia that the poor girl actually learned to love them as she loved her own life.

Contrary to the predictions of the Syrian wisecracks, Tyra did not throw himself upon the desert and die a miserable death. The trouble with Tyra was that, like many great men of to-day, he was without honor only in his own country.

Along the Euphrates he found many wild and adventurous spirits, who flocked to his standard with amazing loyalty. He did not care that his followers were not rich in jewels and precious stones. They could speed the

arrow and hurl the javelin with most deadly accuracy, and that pleased him far more.

So it was that in a few years Tyra had a mighty army at his back, and a merry time they had, knocking at the doors of tottering empires and robbing princes and potentates. Before his advancing columns armies fled. Like a mighty avalanche he swept triumphantly from the Tigris toward the Dead Sea—pillaging, robbing, slaughtering.

And finally he was come near unto the land of Syria. Already the city of his birth was visible in the misty distance. Upon the face of Tyra a smile was gleaming, and in his heart a wild exultation ran riot. Vengeance was marked upon his brow; vengeance glistened in his eyes; vengeance pulsed in his veins.

But his fame and the news of his approach had preceded him, and loud were the lamentations in the city from which he had been banished.

"Oh! woe unto Syria," the women cried; "oh, woe unto us this day!"

The male inhabitants gathered in frightened groups upon the streets and discussed the advisability of resistance, and many were the unfortunate first-born who were laid upon the arms of the red-hot idol, Moloch. Then spake a sage.

"Ho!" he cried, "why all this weeping and lamentation? The great, the mighty Tyra but comes to claim his bride, the beautiful Leodesia. Come, let us arise and go and meet him; let us send our most lovely maidens to strew flowers in his path; let us give to Tyra a royal welcome upon his return to us."

But the venerable sage spake not according to his own mind, for well he knew the heart of Tyra, who had slain his own father through revenge. But the populace was pacified and began preparations for receiving the conqueror.

Hastily the sage summoned Leodesia to his side, and, taking her by the hand, led her to a place of secret confidence.

"Leodesia, my daughter," he began, "do you love this youth, this Tyra?"

"Yes, dear father," she made reply, "with all my heart I love him."

"Leodesia, within thy hands this day are the lives of thy people. Tyra hath returned to Syria to seek a bloody revenge for his banishment. For us to resist is fruitless, for he hath a mighty army, Leodesia, and we must all perish."

For a moment he paused, looking deep into the maiden's dreamy eyes. Then he continued:

"Thou dost love thy neighbors and thy friends, Leodesia?"

"Yea, father," she said, quietly; "I love them all."

"This day, Leodesia," resumed the white-haired man, "thou must choose between thy lover and thy people. If thou chooseth selfishly, the blood of the helpless shall be upon thy head. The maiden bowed her head, but made no reply.

"When the gates of the city are opened to Tyra, Leodesia, it shall become thy duty, according to custom, to offer a goblet of wine to thy betrothed as an affectionate greeting upon his return from a far country. Thou shalt be provided with two vessels, Leodesia. Both shall be filled with the best of vintage, but in one of them, and which one thou shalt be made aware, shall have been placed the most deadly of poisons. If thou choosest for thyself alone, Leodesia, thou shalt hand to him the one without the poison. Then he will wed thee and take thee away with him, but first he will slay all thy friends, Leodesia—all thy people. If thou choosest for the safety of Syria, thou shalt hand to him the other, and thou wilt go thy days without a husband."

Thus spake the sage and went his way, and the maiden dropped upon the sand and wept.

Deep was her love for the Syrians. They were her people. Tenderly they had reared her, cared for her, provided for her. And now it was within her power to return their love and kindness. She had but to perform a simple act to preserve their lives and fill the city with songs of gladness and rejoicing instead of moans and anguish.

And yet—Tyra! How she loved him! Alas! her half-barbaric nature cried out with joy at the mention of his name. To her he had ever been loving and true and devoted.

When he had gone away she had followed him to the city gates and had promised to wait for him until his return. And now that he was come, was it for her to choose to place to his lips, under the guise of greeting, the beverage that should still his heart, should freeze his smiles—should drive the love-light from his eyes?

But—the thought of blood; the thought of her people slaughtered before her eyes, made her tremble and cry out.

When finally she arose the light of determination was on her face. Already there was a blare of trumpets outside the wall. Tyra, the conqueror, the lover, was come and was hurling defiance at the city.

Dazedly, yet calmly, Leodesia gazed out upon the frightened multitude and saw the venerable sage advancing toward her.

"Come, Leodesia," he said, taking her hand in his. "Thy lover awaits thee."

She glanced into his eyes and saw a gleam of pathetic entreaty.

men bowed their silvery locks in silent salutation.

And a cry went up—a wild cry from a thousand throats that drowned the blasts of Tyra's horns—
"Leodesia! Leodesia! Save us, Leodesia!"

Then the gates were thrown ajar and the maiden beheld her lover, Tyra, and his eyes were looking into hers. A smile was upon his face; his hands were outstretched to her and around his head a halo of sunlight hovered.

With a cry of delight she watched him advance over the flowers the maidens strewed in his pathway. A wave of passionate affection swept over her and her cheeks blushed like the roses he crushed under his feet.

Then she turned slightly and saw, at her right hand, a youth bearing two goblets of wine. Barley a shade paler grew her face as she bent low in salutation to her lord. With set lips she raised her hand, and smiling an instant into Tyra's eyes; then, reaching forth her hands, she took the goblets from the youth.

She saw the lovelight on her lover's face; she heard the moaning and the pleading of her people. So steadily that not a drop was spilled she raised to Tyra's lips one of the goblets in her hands.

"Drink, oh my best beloved!" she said, calmly; "drink this token of my greeting unto thee; my noble one."

He took the goblet from her hand, and with a smile upon her face she watched him drink its contents. Then she quivered a moment like a leaf and fell forward, lifeless, as he also, fell dead at her feet.

Now, this question have the Syrians debated even unto this day: Did Leodesia hand to Tyra the poisoned wine and die of grief; or did she seek to save her lover's life and herself expire through fear of the curse called down upon her by the sage?

But no man knoweth, to a certainty, how, in her heart, Leodesia did decide that day, for the treacherous sage had placed poison in both goblets.—E. W. C., in Illustrated Bits.

DETECTIVES IN FICTION.

Sherlock Holmes Dissected by Scotland Yard Chief.

Sherlock Holmes confided to Dr. Watson so many times his unreserved opinion of the official detectives, or Scotland Yarders, that Conan Doyle's readers will be especially interested in what Sir Robert Anderson, head of London's criminal investigation department, has just written—apropos of Holmes' "return"—concerning the estimation which the "regular men" hold of the amateur sleuthhound of Baker street.

Perhaps it will be best to give Sir Robert's views, as a practical criminal agent, upon certain details of the "Adventures" before quoting what the famous ex-commissioner of police has to say regarding Holmes' gibes at the methods of the regular force.

"It implies no disparagement of Dr. Doyle's art," he says, "that in the 'Adventures' of Sherlock Holmes the element of exaggeration is seldom wanting. The 'Final Problem' exemplifies this in a notable way. To an expert at all events, the story of Moriarty's tracking Holmes to Switzerland is preposterous."

Sir Robert goes on: "In this country, an accused person must, without the slightest delay, be brought before a magistrate. But in the 'Study in Scarlet' we are told that Jefferson Hope was to be 'put before the magistrate in the course of a week.' In 'The Man With the Twisted Lip,' the police at Bow street 'hushed the thing up,' apparently without the intervention of a magistrate at all.

"And in 'The Sign of Four,' the closing scene reminds us of one of Dickens's bagmen stories. Jonathan Small makes a quartet with our two friends and the Bow street officer, whose prisoner he is, in the Baker street lodgings we know so well; and, ensconced in a comfortable chair, with a glass of spirits and water at hand, he spends a pleasant hour in telling the story of his crimes. And even this is capped by Dr. Watson's being allowed to carry away the treasure chest, the corpus of the crime, which is supposed to contain jewels of priceless value. He conveys it in a cab to the house of his fiancée, and in her presence he breaks it open with a poker!" And thus the practical detective goes on at some length.

Evidently, however, Sir Robert Anderson does not take Holmes' jibe at the expense of Scotland Yard with great seriousness. "There is a wide difference," he says, "between the work of the responsible police officer, whose business it is to bring criminals to justice, and in the work of the 'private detective,' who has merely to ascertain the facts and to solve seeming mysteries. But the difference is not so vital as that which distinguishes the fancies of the novelist from the facts of real life.

"He must be a poor sort of creature who cannot solve his own problems. And it is delightful to notice how accurately the Sherlock Holmes keys invariably fit the Sherlock Holmes locks, and how invariably his two and two makes four. But in real life keys are apt to get missed or misplaced, and two and two have sometimes a way of making twenty-two; all of which may be quite unpreventable and is always most embarrassing.

—London letter to Washington Post.

The present plan for increase of the metropolitan water supply provides for an expenditure of about \$50,000,000 for bringing to New York 200,000,000 gallons daily from the Wappingers Creek and Roseton regions.

FARM AND GARDEN



FOUR BEST BROOD SOWS.

So long as the farmer sells the best because they bring the highest prices, whether in hogs, cattle or horses, he will never make any improvement in the breeding of his stock. The quality of the cattle stock of the country depreciated very rapidly during the hard times in the 90's because the buyer would buy only the best, and if the farmer must sell he sold the best, and it will take some time yet to recover that lost ground, says Wallace's Farmer. The same was true with horses during the same period, and to a certain extent with hogs also.

The greatest trouble with the hogs of the corn belt is that they are too short, too much disposed to put on fat, and too good looking. We would send every gilt of this character to the fattening pen without a moment's hesitation, and prefer the long, deep and broad gilt, one of a large litter, well nourished, from a dam that had both good sense and was a good suckler.

The milking qualities of the brood sow can be improved quite as much as those of the dairy cow. We cannot, of course, submit the milk of the brood sow to the Babcock test and find out its per cent. of fat, but we can determine by the growth of the pigs whether it serves the chief end and purpose of sow's milk; therefore, it is much easier to select a profitable milker among the brood sows than among the cows in the dairy.

Selection, however, is not all. These young gilts must be properly fed. Do not, we beg of you, put them on an all-corn diet. Do not treat them as you do the barrow or the culled gilts intended for the fattening pen. Do not let them get their exclusive feed from the droppings of corn fed cattle. Give them a flesh forming and bone forming diet—clover hay, oats—as at least part of their ration. Do not feed these gilts for fat. Feed enough for growth and development, for vitality. Mate properly, and you will have no reason to complain of results next year.

BREEDS ON DAIRY FARMS.

The production of milk and butter is not only profitable to those who engage in such industries, but furnishes an available method of disposing of other productions of the farm by converting them into ready-sellable and desirable articles. It is creditable to the dairymen that they have succeeded as well as they have, but a large majority of them need more education and judgment in the selection and management of dairy stock. The yards and dairies of dairymen disclose the fact that some of them are deficient in knowledge regarding the qualities of the several breeds. In most cases, all kinds of cows—large, small, of no particular breeding—and of every color, are found. These are bred from animals that possess no merit, pedigree or power to transmit desirable qualities to young stock. It is true there are good cows in every barnyard, cows of no particular strain, but every dairymen has it in his power to possess a herd of cows uniform in color, qualities and production. A cow intended as a milker is fitted for nothing else if she is up to the standard. Her duty is to convert food into milk and not beef. She should possess no points that indicate a tendency to fatten or produce beef. She is a machine for a specific purpose—the conversion of food into milk. If she is intended to produce butter the milk must be very rich in fat. As a butter-producing cow she is not then expected to fill the pail, but to give rich milk. She is a butter-producer, not a great milker, nor a beef producer.

INOCULATING THE SOIL.

A reader has inquired why it is he cannot grow crimson clover successfully on his farm—he complains that it does not "take." It is impossible to tell why no results are obtained in this case without an examination of the soil, but the two reasons for failure most in evidence the country through are acid soils and soils which lack the bacteria necessary to succeed with crimson clover. The remedy for the soil is lime, which every farmer knows how to apply. The remedy for the bacteria is inoculation of the soil, which may be readily done by taking soil from a field where clover has been grown successfully and scattering it lightly over the field which lacks the bacteria.

A few bushels of such soil sown broadcast will cover an acre, and, if the soil is not sour, there will likely be no trouble in growing clover on it. The same thing also applies to cowpeas and soy beans, though not to such an extent as to clover. A cheap way to try this plan of inoculation is to write to the Department of Agriculture at Washington and ask for some bacteria, specifying whether it is wanted for peas, clover, beans or vetches. This bacteria is dried, and a small quantity is usually dissolved in water and the water sprinkled over a lot of soil, which is then spread on the fields. As there is no charge for this dried bacteria from Washington, better send for it.

PROTECTING MANURE.

Commenting upon manure pits, Country Gentleman says: We believe that any method which requires the

HANDLING OF LIQUID MANURE IS OBJECTABLE BECAUSE IMPRACTICABLE.

The best method is to use plenty of bedding to absorb all the liquid manure and keep the stable dry and sweet. This manure may be hauled directly to the field, but since it is not possible to get upon the land at all times and may be inconvenient for other reasons, the most desirable method is to store the manure under cover until it can be conveniently placed on the land. The writer a few years ago constructed a shed for the double purpose of holding the manure produced by forty cows and twelve horses and to serve as shelter for the cows during the stormy days when they were turned out for water, sunshine and exercise. This shed was twenty-eight by ninety-six feet, being closed on three sides and open on one long side which faced the east. The cattle could stay under the shed or out in the open yard, and somewhat to our surprise they usually chose to stay out in the open, enjoying the sunshine, but sheltered from the west and north winds.

A STORY OF FARM SUCCESS.

Years ago I might have headed a tillage article with "Tillage Is Manure," writes T. B. Terry, in Practical Farmer. In a certain way this is correct, but the above title is more accurate.

Tillage can be made to bring you larger crops. Manure will do the same thing. But you do not have enough manure to bring the whole farm to the highest degree of productiveness. Better and more tillage will help many a brother out along this line. Any reasonably good farm soil contains large quantities of inert, or unavailable, plant-food furnishing elements. More tillage than is ordinarily put on the land, and of the proper kind, will make more of this available in a given season, and perhaps for a year or two afterwards.

If one has strong horses and good tools, and arranges to keep them busy to the best advantage, this extra tillage, above ordinary, can be made to pay far better than the small amount of tillage pays that is commonly put on land. There you have the matter in a few words.

GRAIN AND MILK PRODUCTION.

Results as shown in the milk pail do not indicate so much difference, pound for pound, in the various feeds of the same class as is sometimes claimed. Cottonseed meal, linseed meal, either new or old process, high grade gluten meal, may either one be substituted for another in a mixed ration without showing much difference in the amount of milk. Whole meal from corn or wheat or oats, barley or buckwheat will produce about the same yield whichever grain is ground. In buying all the relative feeds the market cost would be the main thing to consider were it not that some feeds have peculiar effects on the digestive and milk producing organs, and that the richness of manure varies considerably according to the feed. The best all around results are obtained by a mixture of the leading feeds, varied in proportions of each, according to the market. Bran is the bulk maker, and should be a part of all winter rations where much grain and dry fodder are used.

CURING COLIC IN HORSES.

It would not be fair to say that the following remedy would always cure colic in horses, for there are several kinds of troubles coming under the name of colic and arising from different causes. The ordinary colic or spasmodic colic, as it is known to veterinarians, may be usually corrected by the following remedy: Take four ounces each of essence of peppermint, tincture of opium, tincture of ginger, sulphuric ether and spirits of nitre; mix well.

Put two tablespoonfuls of this mixture in a pint of warm water and give to the horse from a bottle. Repeat in twenty minutes. If relief does not follow, give half doses every half hour until the pain is less severe. In case the bowels do not move freely, give the horse a pint dose of pure raw linseed oil. This remedy for colic should be kept on every farm, for while some cases of colic may occur which are beyond the reach of the remedy, it will be found to effect a cure, or at least give relief, in the majority of cases.—Indianapolis News.

Duty.

The immigrant girl had been careful to provide herself with a false beard, but the quick eye of the customs inspector penetrated her disguise.

"You purpose going into domestic service," he said.

"Yes," said Gretchen, perceiving that equivocation was useless.

"You know how to make bread and you want only one afternoon off per week."

"I cannot deny it."

"Then you are a jewel and must pay duty accordingly," said the inspector. —Puck.

United States money is extensively used in the northern part of Columbia, and in many stores prices are quoted in American gold.

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BARGAINS!
The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?

THINK OVER THIS!