

THE GAIN.
Little by little we gain
In clearing the wrongs away;
Little by little we push ahead,
Though gold is mighty and greed is strong—
But, God, what a price to pay!
Little by little we cleave
The mountains of selfishness;
Little by little we push ahead,
But, O the innocent lying dead
And the past that is pitiless!
Little by little the ones
To whom we are calling heed;
Little by little the madness dies,
The madness that looks out of selfish eyes;
The merciless plague of greed.
Little by little we gain,
But scattered along the way,
The awful way through which we
Have come,
Are the heaps of innocents, still and dumb—
O God, what a price to pay!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A SON OF ANAK.

By M. Louise Cummins.

"And there were giants on the earth in those days," wonderingly quoth Kitty, as she shot a glance over the bow of the sloop yacht.

The Titan occupied the center thwart of a dory ahead. Behind the vigorous swing of his mighty arms the becalmed sailboat was being drawn harborward.

"Who is he, Brad?" Kitty turned to the brother who had joined her in the bow.

"The 'strong man' of the village, my dear, Capt. Angus Rowe, and engaged, I understand, to that Junoesque girl with the rather plain face and splendid hair."

"O, the girl who launders my frivols?"

"I suppose so. I hear that nothing but a naphtha engine stands between them and their 'own fireside.'"

"How's that?"

"Why, if our 'son of Anak' could afford to put naphtha in his boat he would be independent of the fickle 'breeze o' wind' which played us such a scurvy trick this afternoon, and could double his profits."

"I see. Well, anyhow, I'm glad his strength came to our rescue tonight. I did not want to be late."

"Of course not. I suppose poor Ross is coming on shore to try his luck for the twentieth time, if he can get leave."

Kitty made a protesting move. But as she stepped from the yacht's deck to the wharf her eyes wandered to the fleet of warships which made the little harbor of Windhaven look woefully overcrowded.

Perhaps the truant eyes accounted for the misstep which followed. Capt. Angus' big arm went around the little figure like a flash, lifting it to a place of safety.

"O, thank you!"

There was a breathless gasp of gratitude and another barbed glance from the brown eyes.

"Look here, K! you mustn't smile a hole through that fellow's content," her brother admonished as they turned away.

There seemed little fear of that as the "son of Anak" strode to where the glory of a setting sun marked out what to him were as harbor lights—the rich gold of a girl's head and a little silver chatelaine watch, which rose and fell upon a Hebe-like bosom.

That it rose and fell so rapidly just now was due to that misstep of Kitty's and the sight of Angus Rowe's arm as it shot around her. The girl's eyes were not lifted from the square of drawnwork in her hands as the man drew near.

"Been waiting long, Bill?" His hand descended with tender strength upon her shoulder. The tall head stooped involuntarily as though his lips would like to reach her hair.

"Waiting! Well, I guess."

"Bill" drew the shoulder away coldly and Capt. Angus smothered a sigh. It had been a hard, unprofitable day. The naphtha engine seemed farther off than ever. With a deep, discouraged breath the tired man dropped on a rough bench near which they stood. The sound was as a match to the pent-up fuel of Bill's jealousy.

"I suppose you're going to take her out again tomorrow?" she flung around at him.

"Who?"

"Who?" the girl laughed aloud, and it was not a pleasant sound. "The lady. The one who stood in the bow to talk to you all the way in today—"

"She didn't talk to me."

"And who you were so almighty careful about just now!"

The man turned his head wearily to look at her. Was she getting tired of waiting? Four years was a long time. Then his mind wandered back to the subject of this discussion and he said the worst thing possible under the circumstances.

"Why shouldn't I be careful of her? She's pretty and kind and—a lady, as you said."

Bill was quite silent, but her body fairly quivered. All that day she had stood over an ironing board—she, whose father had owned his own vessel before he went down with his ship off the coast of Greenland—her deft hands bringing to a state of laundered perfection the costly lawns and laces of a girl no better born than herself, who could go sailing in Angus Rowe's boat at any hour of the day she chose. No wonder life looked all distorted to her tired eyes.

"And if we were ever to be married—"

Capt. Angus broke in.

"It doesn't matter much," the girl's voice was choking. "I—I'm losing interest in the whole thing anyhow."

Angus Rowe stood up slowly and the dying sun seemed to hold out sympathetic arms toward another death—that of a man's happiness. His face was very white, although his voice when he spoke sounded flat, even cold, to Bill's ears.

"You don't need to say that a second time, Wilhemina," he said, and her full name was as a death knell to the girl. "The way out was always open to you. I don't blame you that you've taken it."

Was he relieved by the breaking of their engagement? It almost seemed so to the girl's distorted senses. She had never had a ring. With trembling fingers she unfurled the one pledge between them—his only gift to her—the little silver chatelaine watch, and laid it on the bench beside him. Pitifully loud its protesting tick pounded on the hard wood as Angus turned upon his heel, with blinded eyes Bill stumbled to the little cottage above.

Kitty Armstrong was walking beside a broad uniformed shoulder two hours later, watching the searchlight from the Kearsarge play on harbor and shore.

"Kitty, dear—"

Lieut. Ross Dunster bent over her, trying to corral the wandering attention.

"O, see there!"

She sprang quickly forward. The white streak of light which her eyes were following rested for a moment on something—something almost human—a tiny silver watch ticking away on a rough bench.

"Why, it's a watch! And it's going. Some child—"

Kitty reeled back against the uniformed shoulder, her speech broken in two by the force with which it was plucked from her hand, a tall figure which had been crouching near the bench towered above her. Then she had a vision of it huddled on the rough wooden seat, while the searchlight rested on a head of copper-gold, and Bill held the tiny timepiece to cheek and breast as though it were indeed a living thing.

There were tears in Kitty's eyes as she turned away, and the lieutenant drew her hand, unresisting, through his arm. Once she looked back, for the thought of that cowering figure hurt her woman's heart, but it was standing now and another loomed beside it.

"I—I'm not—losing interest—in it," Bill was sobbing with Capt. Angus' arms. "I would mean death if I did."

His lips did reach the glistening hair this time.

"Never mind, girly," he patted her quivering shoulder. "And say, Bill, there's lots of business ahead of me. I heard tonight, that the warships aren't going out till the end of the week, and for the next three days visitors will be allowed on board. That means that I must be hard at it from morning till night putting folks off to the ship. But with good luck I ought to clear the price of the naphtha engine. Think of that, sweetheart!"

Half way up the cliff they paused hand in hand. A rich baritone voice was rolling joyfully out on the night air.

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be.
Yeave ho! m'lads—

It was Lieut. Ross Dunster striding down to the gig which waited to carry him back to his ship, and who found it hard to be conventional just then. For Kitty, sweet, elusive Kitty, had at last said a definite "yes."—Detroit Free Press.

KILLED A REGICIDE.

Two Koreans Murder One of the Assassins of the Late Queen.

One of the murderers of the Queen of Korea, who fled the country and has been living in Japan, has fallen a victim to her avengers. Two men were sent to kill him, and they have fulfilled their mission.

The matter has been kept quiet because Japan cannot surrender the murderers or condemn and execute them without giving grave offense to one of the political parties in Korea. The facts, however, were published in that country recently.

After Japan's triumph over China, the dominating influence in Korea was Japanese. The King and Queen soon found that the liberal laws and many reforms introduced by Japan had stripped them of most of their power. The straggling Queen was beside herself with rage, and, rightly or wrongly, she was accused of plotting to assassinate the new Cabinet installed under Japanese influence.

Native friends of the Japanese decided to kill her and one night a party of armed men burst into the palace and stabbed her to death. None of them was caught, and all got safely out of the country. Prominent among them was a man named U-Pom-sun, who fled to Japan.

Most Koreans were tired of the Japanese regime, whose reforms were a little too rapid for their conservatism. They were horrified also at the murder of the Queen, and when it became certain that U-Pom-sun was a refugee to Japan, there were loud demands that he be sent home for punishment; but Japan refused to surrender him, asserting that his crime was political and that he was not extraditable.

A band of Koreans took a vow that they would never rest till U-Pom-sun had paid for the tragic death of the

Queen with his life. But the man whom they sent to Japan to kill the regicide could not find him.

He was living in retirement and under an alias. It was not till October last that his out of the way place of concealment was discovered and the man recognized.

One day two men came to the hamlet where U-Pom-sun made his home. They did not deny that they were Koreans. They were traveling through Japan studying the country and having a good time.

Their intended victim had no suspicion as to their real character. He had never seen them before. They drank and played cards with him and the three became quite friendly. Strangely enough, they lived in the same house with him for three or four days and he was not at all disturbed by their presence.

On the evening of Oct. 25 the three men were drinking together, when one of them pretended to take offense at some remark made by U-Pom-sun and suddenly whipped out a knife and stabbed him. At nearly the same instant the other man struck the victim on the head with a piece of iron fracturing his skull.

His death was almost instantaneous. The name of the man who stabbed him was Ko Yung-geun; the other assailant was No Wun-myung.

The men were at once arrested as common murderers. Each of them drew from his pocket a paper declaring that they had been deputized to go to Japan to avenge the death of the late Queen.

At last accounts the murderers were still in jail. It is not believed in Korea that Japan will inflict severe punishment for their crime.—New York Sun.

HISTORY OF THE ANCHOR.

Various Improvements That Have Been Made in Its Shape.

The ships' anchors in general use up to the beginning of the last century consisted of a long, round iron shank, having two comparatively short straight arms or flukes, inclined to the shank at an angle of about 40 degrees, and meeting it in a somewhat sharp point at the crown. In large anchors the bulky wooden stock was built up of several pieces, hooped together, the whole tapering outward to the ends, especially on the aft or cable side. About the beginning of the last century a clerk in the Plymouth naval yard, Pering, by name, suggested certain improvements, the most important of which was making the arms curved instead of straight. At first sight this simple change may seem of little value, but consideration will show that this is not the case. The holding power of an anchor depends on two principal conditions, namely, the extent of useful holding surface and the amount of vertical penetration. The latter quality is necessary on account of the nature of ordinary sea bottoms, the surface layers of which are generally less tenacious and resisting than is the ground a short distance below.

In the year 1821 chain anchors began to supersede the hempen ones, with the result that the long-shaped anchors hitherto in vogue were no longer necessary, and anchors with shorter shanks and with heavier and stronger crowns gradually came into use. In consequence of these changes a commission was appointed in the year 1828 to inquire into the holding power of anchors, and a principal result of its labors was the adoption of the so-called admiralty pattern anchor, which continued to be in use in the navy up to the year 1860. The invention of the steam hammer, in 1842, made the welding of heavy masses of iron a comparatively easy and reliable process, so that from this time onward the strength of anchors fully kept pace with that of the chain cables, which had come into general use.

A number of patents for anchors were taken out prior to the great exhibition of 1851, and, public attention having been called to the models there shown, in the following year a committee was appointed by the admiralty to report on the qualifications of anchors of the various kinds. Practical trials were then instituted, and as a result, Trotman's anchor being second on the list. Some of the tests to which the anchors were submitted were of undoubted value, such for instance, as "facility for sweep in." Nowadays, however, at all events for deep sea ships in shallow harbors, it is considered an advantage for an anchor to offer as little obstruction as possible above ground.—Science Siftings.

Bake Clay for Food.

Consumption of earth as food is said to be common not only in China, New Caledonia and New Guinea, but in the Malay archipelago as well. The testimony of many travelers in the Orient is that the yellow races are especially addicted to the practice. In Java and Sumatra the clay used undergoes a preliminary preparation for consumption, being mixed with water, reduced to a paste and the sand and other hard substances removed. The clay is then formed into small cakes or tablets about as thick as a lead pencil and baked in an iron saucpan. When the tablet emerges from this process it resembles a piece of dried pork. The Javanese frequently eat small figures roughly modeled from clay, which resemble the animals turned out in our pastry shops.—Chicago Tribune.

About one thousand ships cross the Atlantic every month.

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Blouse coats take precedence of almost every other sort for the more elaborate costumes of soft materials and are most charming



SHIRRED BLOUSE COAT.

made to look like an inner garment by the outline of dark fur which borders the cloth part of the waist. The band of fur extends down the side of the waist to the belt, as on a Russian blouse, and there are four large rhinestone buttons that appear to close the gown. A ripple bertha, edged with fur, falls over the shoulders, shaw fashion. Leg o' mutton sleeves with a bit of lace insertion, outlined with fur are tight at the wrist and show a tiny ruching of white crepe.

The Epaulet Effect.

The epaulet effect is much in evidence on many of the new blouse waists, and the deep collar is also to be seen. Detached collars and yokes are much used, and add a touch of distinction to a dark blouse.

A Favorite Trimming.

A favorite trimming will be the open cut work, or old English embroidery, a showy but elegant form of needlework, popular in early Victorian days, before machine embroidery destroyed the taste for simple things.

The Round Skirt.

For evening wear the trained skirt is entirely replaced with the round skirt, gathered at the waist.

Box Pleated Yoke Waist.

White with cream makes a favorite combination of the season and is always satisfactory. The stylish May Manton waist shown is made of crepe de Chine, with the yoke of deep cream colored point de Venise over white mousseline and bands of taffeta ruching, and is well suited to theatre and informal dinner wear. It is also available for evening also by omitting the yoke as shown in the small cut; or, again, can be rendered convertible, so serving a double use. When made low it requires elbow sleeves, but these also are in vogue with high waists so that by adding or removing the yoke, which is separate, the waist becomes quite different in effect.

A Late Design by May Manton.



lower edge, closing with the blouse at the centre front.

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

Flowers.

Flowers are seen in profusion in the garnishing of the new models. Again roses seem to have the lead. Tiny button roses, in single and double garlands, edge the brims of hats, and double, triple and quadruple garlands encircle crowns and otherwise trim hats, and laid flat they cover crowns. Small and medium small roses appear as garniture in single and double garlands: large roses are employed singly and in couples, and small green rose leaves border brims. Rivaling roses and used for covering crowns and other effects in millinery decoration, as seen in the Paris models, were small field poppies, scarlet anemones, field daisies, violets, cowslips, lilies of the valley and other of the small blossoms. Much favor has been shown by the French milliners so simulated small grapes and other small fruits—huckleberries, in great, dense clusters, in their gray dusted bloom, trimming hats most attractively.—Millinery Trade Review.

Violet Cloth For Afternoon.

A light shade of violet broadcloth is used for a lovely afternoon gown. The skirt is long and has a circular flounce finished with four wide folds in tuck effect. The waist has a yoke of cream lace over white chiffon, and this is

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining and on this are arranged the box pleated front and backs. When a simple yoke waist is desired it can be made high, the drop yoke arranged over it and all finished together at the neck, but when either a low or a convertible waist is desired it can be cut out on indicated lines. The sleeves are wide below the elbows, but fit snugly below and are pleated for about half the distance from the shoulders to the cuffs.

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



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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!