

SYMPATHY.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that glids the vernal morn.
Shine with such luster as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for other's woes.

Darwin.

WOMAN AT HER BEST.

"Why is it," I asked, sitting down on Polly's trunk and dangling my legs over the side, "that a woman is always at her best when she is acting?"

Polly lifted her haresfoot and carefully spread a delicate coating of rouge under one eye before replying. "I'll tell you," she said at length, "leaning back and squinting into the mirror to get the effect, 'when you tell me why it is that a man, knowing that, never is satisfied until he goes behind the scenes and sees the rouge wiped off and the wrong side of the calcium.'"

"Oh, bosh," said I, "that's easy. Didn't you ever want to see the wheels go round, or stick a pin into your doll to get at the sawdust, or wonder what was on the other side of the moon, when you were a youngster? Everything attractive is always on the 'other side,' even heaven?"

"Well," said Polly, touching the tip of her nose with a dash of powder, "so is a woman—when she is most attractive. But, Mr. Heavyfeather, the lady manageress would object if she knew that you were bothering around the star's dressing room, even if this is only an amateur performance. I've got that rouge on quite crooked, and I can't find my curling tongs, and you're spoiling my temper and shattering my illusions."

"I suppose you mean," said I, setting myself well back on the slippery edge of the trunk and lighting a cigarette with a grim determination, "that a woman's attraction is all in the perspective—"

"I don't," said Polly, rubbing the cold cream into her nose and eyes until they were nothing but a smudge. "If you mean that you won't go away. A woman is most attractive when she is most engaged. It doesn't make any difference whether she is playing Juliet or making biscuits."

"Or 'making-up,'" I declared, looking admiringly at Polly through a cloud of smoke. "A man ought always to watch a woman 'making-up' if he really wants to see her at her best."

"A man," said Polly, scrubbing her cheek violently with a towel, "never sees any woman at her best. That is the sad part of it. The minute a man comes around, the average girl drops her rollingpin, or her ping-pong racket, or her water color brush, or her powder puff, and immediately begins to try to be fascinating. If she would only go on just being herself, regardless of his presence, and would look at life and at what she is doing through a transparent medium composed of his head and body, he would stop playing tit-tat-toe on that trunk and hand me the big hat with the feathers? You are distracting me so—"

"Why don't you look at what you are doing through a transparent medium composed of my head and body?" I asked sweetly, as I held the hat out by one feather.

"Some men," said Polly, ignoring my suggestion as she rescued the feather and put the hat down carefully out of reach of my boots, "fancy that it is youth that makes a woman attractive."

"That depends," I remarked, "on whether you like them at sixteen, when they are unsophisticated and unconscious, or at thirty-six, when they know how to wear their frocks properly and hide their emotions."

"Exactly," said Polly; "it is merely the difference between getting the raw material and the finished article, or ordering your dinner on the European plan and eating at a table d'hotel. It is all a matter of taste. Besides, there are lots of women who are fascinating from the time they begin to crawl in the cradle until the crow's feet begin to come around their eyes."

"And yet," said I, watching Polly dust the rice powder over her nose, "there is always a time when a woman is most beautiful."

"That is not necessarily the time when she is most fascinating," rejoined Polly, as she moistened her little finger between her lips and wiped the powder off one eyebrow. "Beauty is only powder deep, you know. I never found that a snub nose and a few freckles prevented me—anybody from filling a dance programme, nor that a lack of height or the want of Titian locks made a man less anxious to have—anybody lay her head on his coat lapel."

"That's so," said I; "I've seen dozens of raving beauties in Paris gowns standing round against the wall trying to look comfortable while a red-headed little thing with green eyes and a badly fitting frock had to divide her dances into quarters, and even sixteenths, to satisfy—"

"And it is always the best looking women," broke in Polly, "who make the worst matches. Are you sitting on those curling tongs, Jack?"

I felt under the trunk cover and extracted what looked like a pair of iron pincers or a dentist's tool with a wooden handle. Polly grasped it joy-

fully and then gave me an injured look through a stray lock of hair that hung over one eye.

"You were sitting on them," she said reproachfully, "just as a man always sits on anything pertaining to beauty or style when there are more fascinating things about."

"There isn't anything," I remarked, "more fascinating than style when it is represented by a smartly groomed, well-set-up woman. And such a woman is always at her best—"

"In a kimono, with her hair falling down her back," interrupted Polly. "I never yet saw a man who could distinguish between an imported gown worth fifteen hundred dollars and a little home-made cotton frock worth fifteen cents a yard. And I've seen many a man gaze straight through a girl in a Worth creation at a little thing in muslin with a rose in her hair. It's the picture girl, and not the fashion plate, who catches the masculine eye; and it isn't when she is youngest or oldest or cleverest or prettiest or best dressed that a girl is at her best. It's just at unexpected moments, when she's not posed or primmed, when she has forgotten that such a thing as a man exists and she is wrapped up in something else, when she is most indifferent, and, consequently, most natural, when she is making no effort to be fascinating or anything else and—"

"I know," I agreed, enthusiastically. "I once saw a girl tumbling about on the grass with her dog, when she thought nobody was looking."

Polly blushed.

"And once," I went on, "I danced with a girl until her cheeks were on fire and her hair tumbled down her back in a heap of funny little curls."

Polly looked straight in the glass as she drew a fine, black line through an eyebrow.

"And another time," I continued, catching the eye of the reflection in the mirror, "I went into my sister's room to look for something and found another girl in a kimono—"

"Mr. Heavyfeather!" said Polly, dropping the hairpins she had just started to put into her curls and letting the whole mass slip over her shoulders.

"And once," I went on brazenly, "I caught the same girl in the midst of a lot of other girls, doing a skirt dance—"

Polly gasped and rose from her chair.

"And once," I declared, "I saw her when—somebody—was teaching her how to smoke a cigarette, and she was making funny little faces and trying not to cough."

Polly stood up suddenly very straight. With a flutter, the make-up towel she had pinned about her slipped from her throat and fell to the floor. A vision of white shoulders above a mass of tulle and tinsel, with floating curls and blazing eyes, made me drop my cigarette and catch my breath.

"Polly!" I exclaimed. "Polly! You are beautiful—"

"Mr. Heavyfeather," said Polly, between clenched teeth, "did you ever see a girl when she was—furious?"

"Polly," I pleaded, "please stay—furious! It makes your eyes so bright and your cheeks so red, and your lips curve so—"

Polly's rage fell from her like a mantle, and a slow smile began to creep about her lips.

I flung down my rescued cigarette and caught the bundle of tulle and tinsel and curls in my arms.

"Sweetheart—" I began softly.

"Why, Jack Heavyfeather!" cried the lady manageress, suddenly opening the door. "What on earth—Oh, I see," she laughed softly, as Polly screamed and struggled to get out of my arms, "you are rehearsing the third act." And the door closed behind her gently.

I glanced at Polly's downcast lashes and flushed cheeks.

"That," I said, "was one of those—unexpected moments."—Helen Rowland, in Washington Post.

TOILET OF A NORTH HOLLAND FRAU.

As Much Time Spent on It as on That of a Modern Belle.

The toilet of a simple North Holland frau who wears her national costume requires as much time and painstaking care as that of a devoted follower of fashion. In the first place, she must put on innumerable petticoats so as to make her dress skirt stand out as much as possible, and this effect is often increased by wearing beneath the last petticoat a sausage shaped pad, which is placed around the body just below the waist line. The dress is really the simplest part of the whole costume, for it is always made in the same style—a very short, plain fitting waist, with rather small sleeves and a skirt, breadths and breadths around, which is filled up to the waist in the old-fashioned way of our great-grandmothers' gowns. The material used for it is generally woolen, in plain brown, blue or green, for silks and brocades are reserved for the burgo-master's family and persons of high rank; but the woolen goods in Holland are so charming in color and soft in texture that one almost prefers them to the more expensive imported stuffs.

It is really to the head dress that the greatest attention is given. First, the hair is combed plainly back and arranged in as small a coil as possible, and then entirely covered by a close black silk cap. Next a broad silver or gold band is placed around the back of the head and fastened at the temples with queer looking hinged shaped ornaments; and, in case of

great wealth or rank, a small chain, studded with one or more jewels, is hung across the forehead between these side ornaments. This additional piece of jewelry is worn by Queen Wilhelmina in her photographs taken in the national costume. In reality, however, in traveling through the country one seldom sees this jewelry, as it is considered an expensive luxury.

After the black cap and the head band are carefully adjusted a blue gauze cap is tied on, and then, finally comes the white embroidered cap, which is drawn well down on the forehead and has a narrow ruffle at the back and small pointed corners turned back over the ears.

If its a gentleman who still clings to the old customs, for out of door use she adds a scullie shaped straw bonnet, quite devoid of trimmings and only bound around the edge with silk the same color as her dress. But, unfortunately, many, having become too fashionable for this sort of head gear, perch a modern looking bonnet on top of their national coiffe, with the result of making themselves quite absurd.

To complete her toilet the frau has only to put on a black or colored apron, the white neckerchief and the coral necklace and earrings, when she is quite ready to go to church with her "gude mann," who in some districts is as quaintly dressed as his wife and who, if he is a thorough Dutchman, will smoke his pipe turned upside down as he walks by her side.

The headdress and coral jewelry of a Dutch woman are usually heir- looms, and vary greatly, according to the riches of the family. The gold fastening of the coral necklace also may be anything from a very small plain clasp to one the size of a brooch covered with expensive fill gree work, and when it is large enough to satisfy the pride of the owner it is always worn in front.

One or all of these pieces of jewelry for a part of every girl's dot, while the remainder of it among the farming people of the north consist of cows and sheep. It is most amusing to hear it said of a young woman who is about to marry: "She has an excellent dot; fifty cows and sheep, a gold head band and ornaments, and such beautiful coral necklace and earrings."—New York Tribune.

THE JAPANESE YOUNG WOMAN

The Wife is Simply Housekeeper, Head of the Establishment.

In Japan the young wife, when she enters her husband's home, is not, as in our country, entering upon a new life as mistress of a house, with absolute control over her little domain. Should her husband's parents be living, she becomes almost as their servant, and even her husband is unable to defend her from the exactions of her mother-in-law, should this new relative be inclined to make full use of the power given her by custom.

Happy is the girl whose husband has no parents. Her comfort in life is materially increased by her husband's love, for instead of having to serve two masters, she will then have to serve only one, and that one more kind and thoughtful of her strength and comfort than the mother-in-law.

In Japan the idea of a wife's duty to her husband includes no thought of companionship on terms of equality. The wife is simply the housekeeper of the head of the establishment, to be honored by the servants because she is the one who is nearest to the master, but not for one moment to be regarded as the master's equal. She governs and directs the household, but she is not the intimate friend or her husband, is in no sense his confidante or adviser, except in trivial affairs of the household. She appears rarely with him in company; is expected always to wait upon him and save him zips, and must bear all things from him with smiling face and agreeable manner, even to the receiving with open arms into the house hold some other woman, whom she knows to bear the relation of concubine to her own husband.

If the maid's lot is to be the first daughter-in-law in a large family, she becomes simply the one of the family; from whom the most drudgery is expected, who obtains the fewest favors and who is expected to have the pleasiest of tempers under circumstances not always altogether conducive to repose of spirit. The wife of the oldest son has, however, the advantage that when her mother-in-law dies or retires, she becomes head of the house and the head lady of the family, a position for which her apprenticeship to the old lady had probably exceptionally well fitted her.

So rigid are the requirements of Japanese hospitality that no guest is ever allowed to have a house without having first been pressed to partake of food. If it be only tea or cake, even tradesmen or messengers who come to the house must be offered tea, and if carpenters, gardeners, or workmen of any kind are employed about the house, tea must be served in the middle of the afternoon with a light lunch and tea sent out to them often during their day's work. All these things involve much thought and care upon the lady of the house.

Still, the life of the average woman is a quiet one, with little to interrupt the monotony of her days with their never-ending round of duties, and to the most secluded homes only an occasional guest comes to enliven the dull hours.—From "Japanese Girls and Women," by Alice Mabel Baron.

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Deep yoke collars make a characteristic of the latest waist and give all the drooping, long-shoulder effect that is required by fashion.



WAIST WITH FANCY YOKE COLLAR.

The very attractive May Manton waist illustrated shows one of a removable sort and allows of high or low neck or of a convertible one, as the waist can be made high and covered with the yoke collar, or low and worn either with or without as occasion demands; or, again, the yoke col-

Linen Collars.

Linen collars of the stiff sort are in again, after a season of disfavor, but while the severely plain linen collar is seen, the modish stiff collar bears an embroidery of dots or tiny flowers or scrolls. Sometimes its edge is scalloped and buttonholed, sometimes its narrow stiff linen hem is joined to the collar with open work, and altogether it is a linen collar of a distinctly coquettish type that is with us now.

The Newest Gloves.

The newest gloves for reception and evening wear show delicate pink, blue and mauve linings. A spray of flowers, to match the lining, is often embroidered or painted on the back of the glove. Forget-me-nots, violets and arbutus are favorite blossoms.

Robe Gowns.

Robe gowns of voile or similar light fabrics, combined with lace and fagoting, are often very beautiful.

Black Velvet.

Very smart is a black velvet gown trimmed with white satin whereon is braided silver cord.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Bandings in Oriental colors are to be noted among the features of linen and cotton waists as well as those made from wool and silk. This smart and novel May Manton model suits materials of all sorts, but is shown in heavy white linen with bandings of the same material. The vest effect, obtained by the narrow front, is exceedingly becoming and quite novel, yet in no way

A Late Design by May Manton.



lar can be omitted altogether and a yoke above the shirring only used, making a shirred waist with plain yoke that gives quite a different effect. The model is made of white crepe de chine, with trimming of Venetian lace, but innumerable suggestions might be made, all the soft materials of the season being well adapted for shirring.

The waist is made over a fitted lining and is itself shirred at the upper, gathered at the lower and is closed invisibly at the back. The yoke collar is circular and can be finished separately or with the waist, its neck edge being finished with a stock, or it can be cut off at indicated lines and the bertha portion only used, or, if liked, the lining can be faced to form a yoke, the shirring at the upper edge of the waist making the finish and the entire yoke collar omitted. The sleeves are mounted over fitted linings and are full at the elbows, shirred at the shoulders and finished with gauntlet cuffs, that are omitted when elbow sleeves are desired.

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

The Spring Shirt Waist.

The salient features of the styles for spring, in all waists, is the extreme breadth of shoulder; indeed, in many of the imported models this breadth reaches half way to the elbow, hence yoke effects promise to be a prominent part of all the dressy waists and also of a great number of shirt waists, whether of plique or of thin lawn. Long epaulette straps, bands of let-in lace, folds, shirring, sleeve caps, etc., are all pressed into service in the development of the new mode. Plain shirt waists are given a modish touch by an inserted band of lace or embroidery simulating the drop or 1830 yoke.

departs from the simplicity and usefulness of the waist, which is equally well adapted to the entire costume and to wear with a separate skirt. Fronts, back and sleeves all are tucked to simulate box pleats, which give tapering lines at the back and provide fullness over the bust.

The waist consists of fronts, fitted front, back and sleeves, with either waist or omitted as preferred. The center front is plain and is stitched to the right front, hooked over into the left beneath the tuck, so making the closing invisible. The sleeves are tucked to be snug above the elbows and form full puffs below, the centre tucks being extended to the cuffs, so giving the line that is so notable a feature of the season.

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



BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

eight yards forty-four inches wide, with one and one-half yards of banding five inches wide to trim as illustrated.

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