

LET ME DO MY WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day, in field or forest, at the desk or loom, in roaring market-place or tranquil room.

Let me but find it in my heart to say, When vagrant wishes beckon me astray, "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom."

Of all who live, I am the one by whom This work can best be done in my own way.

Then shall I see it, not too great nor small,

To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;

Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours,

And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall

At eventide, to play and love and rest, Because I know for me my work is - best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

A Strange Legacy

Homeward through the murk and gloom of a November evening, through the damp night air and gathering fog, along greasy pavements and over slippery crossings, across the great bridge, with the yawning darkness on either side, and down the mean streets of southern London, wearily but steadily Mary MacAllister bent her way.

Three years of hard work as a typist in a city office, three years of lonely struggle with fortune, had robbed Mary's cheek of the bloom it boasted when she was nineteen, but still she strode on her way, morning and evening, backward and forward, to and from the city, where her work lay, a brave, earnest-minded, steady-eyed woman, a typical figure of London's women workers.

Sometimes there would be a suspicion of moisture in the big gray eyes when work was more than usually irksome, or employers more than usually irate and unreasonable.

Sometimes for a moment her mind would stray from the dark, close office to the glorious fields and hedgerows which from babyhood she had looked upon as hers in time to come. Now and again as she ate her solitary meal in her poor little room in the shabby house in a third-rate street just beyond "the Elephant," the memory of the plenty in the old days brought a shadow for a moment, and then the memory of Dick—her Dick—would chase the little cloud away. If Dick could be brave and go away to Africa to win a fortune for her, she would be brave, too. Dick had faced the crash, which four years ago had ruined alike his father and hers, quietly and uncomplainingly. She had refused his offer to release her from her engagement to him, and with mutual protestations of love and fidelity they had parted—he to seek wealth across the sea, she to earn her living as best she could in the great world of London.

Many a letter from Dick lay carefully folded in her little workbox, letters which she read again and again when the struggle was hard and her heart grew faint. They told of progress, slow but sure, until—until eighteen months before, when the black cloud of war lowered, and ruin had for the second time in his young life stopped at Dick Herrick's door.

With the first clash of arms his employment ceased, the land he had invested his savings in was seized by the Boers, while he himself was commanded, and imprisoned as the result of his refusing to fight against his own countrymen. Since then—since she had lived at her present address—no news had come to lighten her sorrow, to relieve her anxiety.

On her doorstep she met her landlady, Mrs. Bird, who had been shopping round the corner. Mrs. Bird was well meaning, but rather massive, and sometimes more than aggressive.

"You're late this evening," Mrs. Bird asserted, tartly.

"Yes—I am, rather," nervously responded Mary. "I was a little behind at the office and I've walked."

"Walked a night like this! Then you'd no business. S'pose you caught cold and laid up?"

"The buses were full, and I—I couldn't afford a cab, you know," Mary answered, smiling gently.

"No, in course, though you might do that a night like this if you didn't go soddin' yourself with that foreign fiddler man up stairs."

Mrs. Bird closed the door with an angry little bang as she followed Mary into the passage.

"Oh, hush, please, Mrs. Bird; think how ill the poor fellow has been."

"Ill—course he has, and you, with all you can do to keep yourself, must go and look after 'im. Nonsense, that's what I call it! What do we pay rates for, and keep up that there palace round the corner for, if it ain't for such as him?"

"But you don't understand, Mrs. Bird; he is not a common man, he is an artist and a gentleman. It would kill him to be sent to such a place—I know—I feel it—just as it would kill me to be sent there. Our cruel fogs have brought him to death's door, and as he has lain insensible—up there—delirious, raving—his tongue has told me the tale of his surly home away yonder in Italy, of the poverty which drove him here to earn his bread, of his music, which is like life to him. And now—now he is better, he is patient still for a little longer. I will give him all the attention I can, and save you as much as possible. The money that is owing you I will pay, gladly, willingly, a little at a

time. Take it, and let me have my own way, won't you, Mrs. Bird? As I tend him and help him, poor fellow, so I pray that a woman's hand may help the man I love should he need it."

She turned slowly and mounted the stairs. Mrs. Bird looked after her a moment irresolutely. "Humph!" she muttered, "that gal's too good for this world."

"You are better—oh, I'm so glad. Now, lie still, or I shall be angry."

"Angry, you, cara mia! Ah, but no—how can an angel be angry?"

Mary smiled. "Your illness has not made you forget your compliments," she said, lightly.

Mary MacAllister had stolen into the sick man's room, after taking off her hat and jacket, and had found him up and dressed, and sitting in front of the fire. The firelight shone on his handsome face, so drawn and pale, on his hands, so thin and white. Mrs. Bird had during the day given off some of "her views," and Carlo Terrini knew for the first time what Mary MacAllister had done for him in the hour of his extremity.

"Compliments! What words of mine can be called compliments, after what you have done for me?"

Mary started. "You know?"

"Yes, the good Signora Bird has told me."

"Then she ought not to have done so. It is nothing—nothing, I repeat. And you must not think of it again, or—"

She paused and the man looked at her inquiringly. "Or what, Mees MacAllister?"

"Or I shall not be able to come and see you—or—help you any more."

"But," said Carlo, weakly, "I do not understand. It is but the truth. You have saved my life, mia cara mia. I must thank you—I must pour out my gratitude to you—from my soul."

He stopped, exhausted for a moment, and then went on excitedly: "I have been thinking of you, longing to see you—to take you to you—to, perhaps—he able to take your little hand—so—and kiss it and let fall my tears—as of blood, on it. You have saved my life—you have done more—you have inspired me—I have been dreaming a picture of you, as I lay so high, so pure, so true, and the melody came. I heard, somewhere—away, up above me, in God's air, a boat chanting your praises: the music they sang was the melody my soul has sought so long. I put it in my work. That work at last will be complete. It will triumph, for none can resist such music as this."

He rose abruptly with sudden strength. Then he staggered across the room to where a violin lay in its case. Mary MacAllister uttered a cry, and laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "You will kill yourself, if you exert yourself like this."

The violinist took up his instrument and crept back to his chair.

"No, it is life to me to play, and you must hear. Then you shall tell me if it is good enough for my opera."

He seated himself and began to play. The girl, seeing remonstrance useless, quietly dropped into a seat and listened. For a few moments she heard only music she had heard him play before—in the days when he was well. Then suddenly her lips parted and she sat breathless. From the instrument poured a melody almost unearthly. The man played as if inspired. It was as if voices from another world were speaking. On, on he went—from a paean of praise to a frenzy of passion, from a hurricane of hope to a dirge of despair.

And then on again, higher and higher, faster and faster, the liquid melody poured from the violin, until, with one great overpowering chord of grandeur, the music stopped and the bow fell from his nerveless hand, while the musician sank back panting, exhausted, but triumphant, in his chair.

So engrossed had he been with his beloved music, so enraptured had been the girl with the marvelous strains that Carlo Terrini had evoked, that neither had heard the footsteps that had mounted the stairs, nor seen the form that now stood in the doorway. Gently the girl chided the poor violinist for his great exertion, sweetly she bade him good night and rest, slowly she turned from him to the door. For a moment she gazed, as if looking on the dead, then with a cry of passionate gladness she flew to the outstretched arms, crying "Dick!"

And as the lovers passed from the room and the door closed behind them Carlo Terrini's head fell, and a great sob shook him from head to foot.

Think of Your Barber.

A man in Philadelphia who had been proverbially fretful and insulting to the barber who shaved him, and whose only excuse was that he was very nervous, was finally led to relieve his uncomfotableness by counting the number of strokes that it took to shave him.

To his great surprise he found that it took 459 strokes to shave him when he was fairly calm, and more when he was in a more nervous mood.

The barber informed him that he had frequently shaved men so restful and nervous that it took nearly 600 razor strokes to shave them, and no thanks at that.

The gentleman has been counting the strokes ever since, and by this simple device has greatly benefited his nervous system to the great delight of his faithful barber. There is no single remedy for nervousness so effectual as counting.—*Evston*

I promise you," and as the door closed behind her, he added, with a wan smile, "forever."

Two hours after she had gone Carlo Terrini let himself out of the house without a sound and made his way to a West End music firm, the head of which was a compatriot of his.

After a few minutes' talk he persuaded him to listen to the opera, which he had played through without a break.

Astonished and delighted, the publisher instantly concluded a bargain with him, and Carlo Terrini crept home and fell exhausted on the bed from which he never rose again.

A few hours before he died he gave a letter, sealed, to Mary MacAllister, and whispered her to keep it till he was dead. The day after he was laid to rest Mary MacAllister, remembering the letter, opened it and read the last words of her dead friend.

He had given her the opera which she had inspired, and which had cost him his life.

Two years later Mary Herrick looked down into the face of her first-born. With the money which had poured in on her like a golden stream from Carlo Terrini's work her husband had fought and won his cause, and was now on his way to become a South African millionaire. With opulence around her, a child she adored, and a husband she worshipped at her side, there was yet a wifely sadness in her look as she gazed at her little one. Her husband caught her glance, and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"You have something to ask me?" he said, gently.

"Yes, a little favor, dear," she hesitated.

"What could I refuse you? Tell me."

"Let our little one be named—Carlo."

"Your wish is mine, dearest. What better name than the name of that noble soul to whom we owe our all?" —*London Tit-Bits.*

THE HEROINE OF LUCKNOW.

Death of Lady Inglis, Who Kept a Diary During the Siege.

An interesting figure in English history has passed away in the person of Lady Inglis, who died yesterday at her residence, 17 Rectory road, Bockenham, after a short illness.

Lady Julia Senia Inglis was the second daughter of the first Lord Chelmsford and was born in 1838.

She was the widow of the famous defender of the British residency at Lucknow, Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, K. C. B., who died in 1882, and in memory of whose services in the Indian Mutiny she had been in receipt of a pension.

Lady Inglis herself went through the siege of Lucknow, and in addition to the terrors of the siege and the subsequent journey to the coast she was shipwrecked on the voyage home to England.

She afterward published the diary she kept during her eventful life in the besieged city, where her husband then Brigadier Inglis, commanded the garrison throughout the eighty-seven days the place was invested.

She describes the entrance into the residency, on a day when glad shouts rang through the tortured city, of "a short, quiet-looking, gray-haired man, whom I knew at once was Gen. Havelock. He shook hands with me and said he feared that we had suffered a great deal."

"I could hardly answer him . . . It was a moment of unmixed happiness, but not lasting. I felt how different my lot was to others . . . I tried to write home, but could not."

"The relieving force had suffered most severely . . . The wounded had been abandoned . . . The enemy had looted the houses and shot the poor fellows down by scores as they passed through the narrow streets."

Once while on the dangerous march from Lucknow to the coast the sudden command of "Halt!" rang out into the night.

Lady Inglis had a baby with her at this time, and thus she writes: "Silence was ordered and all lights to be put out . . . I shall never forget my anxiety lest baby should commence crying again and perhaps be tray our whereabouts." Fortunately baby did not cry.

On the way to England her ship was wrecked near the coast of Ceylon, and hope had been almost abandoned when the passengers, who had been drifting about in small boats were picked up by a native vessel and taken into Trincomalee.—*London Express.*

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Dresses for the rite of confirmation and for the closing function of the school year require to be simple at the same time that they



are smart and are preferably made of some transparent material. This one, designed by May Manton, includes the drop yoke and broad shoulders of the season, with the shirtings that are so exceedingly fashionable and is made of white organza with ruches of the same and Valenciennes lace. When liked the neck can be left low and the sleeves in elbow length, so making the frock available for a variety of occasions.

two or three puffs, above the pompadour. In the indentation made by the coil is placed a spray of small flowers and foliage, pinned closely to the head or a long narrow comb, exactly at right angles to the way back combs have been worn for so long. A very smart woman was seen the other day with her masses of fair hair done in this new manner, and a half inch band of amber ran from the top of her pearl collar to the crown of her head.

An Underskirt.
Any girl who has an old party frock of taffeta can make a very pretty underskirt to wear with her house and evening gowns. For the ruffle get wash net or point d'esprit, and across the bottom place bias bands of silk. Sew the ruffle to the skirt with another band and you have a very dainty affair.

Effective.
Dahlia is a favorite color and cerise is worn quite a little. A gown of cerise cloth is very effective, worn under a wrap of moleskin or squirrel, especially for a brunette.

Blouse Waist.
Cape effects of all sorts mark the season and are becoming to the generality of figures. This stylish waist, after a late May Manton fashion plate, shows a deep collar of a novel sort and one that is quite simply made. As illustrated the material for the blouse is white Persian lawn and the trimming embroidered flouncing and insertion. The flouncing makes the collar, which is seamed at the shoulders, where it droops well over the sleeves. All

A Late Design by May Manton.



waistings materials are, however, appropriate and the cape collar can be made to match the waist with the edge embroidered or trimmed in any manner that may be preferred.

The waist is made with fronts and backs and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are tucked at the shoulders to yoke depth, and both fronts and backs are arranged in full length tucks that give a double box pleat effect at the centre. The cape collar is shaped by means of the shoulder seams and its edges are attached beneath the outer tucks of these groups. The sleeves are full below the elbow, smaller above and are finished with straight cuffs in conformity with the accepted style.

The quantity of material required for medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with one and three-fourth yards of ruching.

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A Woman With Gray Hair.
A woman with gray hair looks her best in pale shades of grey, or in white. A frankly middle-aged lady caused a ripple of admiration in one of our hotels not long ago. She came in to dinner in a frock of the palest silver gray, very straight and simple, with some old lace and dull silver buckles. She was a pleasant-faced woman and held herself well, but her crowning glory was her head of beautiful gray hair, slightly waved and smoothly shining. A woman whose hair has turned gray should not be moan, or worse still, try to remedy it, but should make a feature of it—dress up to it, as it were.

The Latest Coiffure.
The softly waved hair is drawn back loosely and twisted in a long coil from the nape of the neck to the very top of the head, where it is arranged in



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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!