

WINDS AND LEAVES

Wet winds that flop the sodden leaves!
 Wet leaves that drop and fall!
 Unhappy, leafless trees the wind be-reaves;
 Poor trees and small!

All of a color, solemn in your green!
 All of a color, solemn in your brown!
 All of a color, dripping gray between
 When leaves are down!

O for the bronze-green eucalyptus spires,
 Far flashing up against the changeless blue,
 Shifting and glancing in the steady fires
 Of sun and moonlight, too!

Deep orange groves! Pomgranate hedges bright!
 And varnished fringes of the pepper trees!
 And, ah! that wind of sunshine! Wind of light!
 Wind of the seas!
 —Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Mountain Lion and Mule.

BY SAM HOUSTON.

Late in the summer of 1887 I was one of a surveying party employed to run the lines of several extensive tracts in northwestern Texas.

At the time of which I write we were working in that section watered by the upper Canadian River and its tributaries, and our camp of seven men, including a cook, was encamped on one of these tributaries in a region not only wild, but desolate.

The nearest habitation was a ranch three miles away, and we saw no other evidence of even partial civilization than half wild cattle that watched our movements from a distance, or came timidly down to the stream for water. One night our chief remarked that another day of hard work would complete the survey, and that camp must then be moved to a point twenty miles distant.

"Cook," he added, "we shall wait breakfast before dawn tomorrow."
 Dick Larkin, our cook, rose extremely early even when there was not the slightest occasion, and on the following morning he was astir by three o'clock. In rummaging about for his boots he awakened me, and finding myself unable to fall asleep again, I left the tent and went out to join my friend.

An oppressive stillness pervaded all nature. Apart from our immediate surroundings, we seemed to inhabit a sphere devoid of life and light. Dick was an old frontiersman, and doubtless felt perfectly contented; but my feelings were akin to those of one who wanders away in his sleep, and awakens to find himself on a worn-out world.

This grotesque fancy was capering through my drowsy brain when there came from a distance the piteous bleating of a calf. It was very faint at first, but the increasing nearness of each succeeding cry told that the animal was coming directly toward us. Dick suspended his fire making and listened.

"Something after that calf," he said.
 "Wolves," I ventured.

"No," was the reply, "wolves always yelp on the chase. That's something worse than a wolf."
 The bleating drew rapidly nearer, till at last the calf, which was white, could be discerned coming across the level. Then the terrified creature dashed in upon us, passing between Dick and me, while closely following came a great dark object running so near the earth that it seemed almost snake-like in movement.

The calf had gone, perhaps, a rod beyond us, and then turned as if led by instinct to seek refuge with mankind; but the next instant there came a lightning-like spring, a stifled bleat, and the great shadowy creature made off with his prize. So suddenly did this tragedy occur that I was completely dazed. But Dick was equal to the occasion.

"Mountain-lion," he said, quietly, "let's get guns and follow him."
 Hurrying to the tent, each of us snatched a Winchester rifle and set out in the direction taken by the lion.

We had walked only a few hundred yards when there was heard on ahead a muffled bleat, and a moment later we caught a glimpse of the calf's white body just as it disappeared in a dense growth of chaparral. As we reached the copse Dick said:
 "Stay here! I'll go to the other side. He'll come out at daylight, and one of us will be sure to see him." Then he hurried away.

I listened intently. There was not much noise in the thicket. More than once I heard a growl, perhaps of satisfaction, although the growls may have been hints that the lion's presence in that locality was not desired.

Twice I raised my rifle, determined to try a shot in the dark, but each time realized the madness of such a measure and desisted. To wound the beast without disabling it meant certain death, and I had only a noise to guide my aim.

After a time all was still, but I failed to derive comfort from this absence of sound; for I had now become so demoralized that my fancy transformed every weed and rock into a mountain-lion, preparing to spring upon me.

At last I noticed a pale grayish streak, and was fondly contemplating

this welcome harbinger of daylight when there came from beyond the thicket the loud, clear ring of a rifle shot, followed by a succession of roars and screams.

Half wild with excitement, I hurried round the copse, and saw, in the half light of dawn, a monstrous thing writhing in agony, while a few paces away stood Dick, who was just then throwing a fresh cartridge into the chamber of his Winchester. His shot had broken the lion's spine near the hips; yet even in this helpless condition the ferocious animal was roaring and making frantic endeavors to reach its enemy.

Dick eyed his game coolly until it had become sufficiently quiet to permit accurate aim, and an instant later the beast lay quivering with a bullet through the brain.

"We'll need a mule to haul this thing in," said the marksman, pulling the lion about to test its weight. "Judge is just down yonder. Let's get him."

The individual thus referred to was one of our team mules, whose name was given in recognition of his solemn visage and the uncompromising dignity which marked his every movement. He was, on the whole, an exemplary animal. But he had one failing which he generally exhibited under circumstances that rendered his action, or rather want of action, as illogical as it was annoying.

Over wretched roads and up steep hills "Judge" would pull more than all three of his companions. Five minutes afterward he would come to a standstill on a beautiful level stretch or even where there was a downward incline. On these occasions all argument was useless, and travel was suspended until his honor saw proper to reconsider the case and move on.

To facilitate his capture, Judge always wore about his neck and trailing after him a rope of considerable length. This we now carried aft—to use a nautical expression—and taking one or two turns round his honor's tail, passed a loop over the dead lion's head. Then the procession started for camp.

After taking a few steps, it occurred to Judge that his primitive harness required investigation, and looking back, his gaze fell upon a terrible object immediately behind him. Satisfying himself by a longer look that this was no optical illusion, he gave vent to one wild, heartrending bray that was almost a wail, and dashed forward as if pursued by terrors of which no mule had ever dared to dream before.

The rope, a very old one, parted almost immediately; but his riddance of his incubus did not serve to allay the fugitive's fears or, at least, to diminish his speed. Indeed, he made all the better time for being unincumbered.

The course taken by Judge led directly through camp, and there is no telling just where his flight would have ended had the course been clear. As it was, he brought up against a guy-rope of our solitary tent. The structure collapsed like a ruptured balloon, and it was with considerable labor that Dick and I released the astonished occupants from their canvas prison.

After breakfast Dick and I removed the lion's hide. We were appropriately proud of our trophy, but we little dreamed how useful it was to be during the rest of our outing.

Two days later we were moving to a new survey, and had covered about half the distance to our destination when, on a beautiful and perfectly level piece of road, Judge called a halt.

It was not later than ten o'clock in the morning, but the chief ordered dinner to be prepared, by way of improving our enforced leisure.

In order to reach the mess-chest, which was in the wagon, several lighter articles were taken out, and among these was the lion's skin, which some one placed on the ground within a few feet of Judge. Immediately the mule was filled with terror, and was held with difficulty by three men.

Henceforward we never experienced any serious delay from Judge's sulks. A sovereign remedy for that malady had been discovered, although it soon became evident that the invigorant must be administered with caution. The slightest glimpse of that inanimate terror would rouse Judge from his most profound fit of abstraction, and after the hide became dry and resonant a tap with it on the side of the wagon was all-sufficient.

Once, when Judge had received a liberal dose of his tonic and had nervedly run away with his fellow mules and wagon, Dick said, solemnly:
 "I've heard tell of a ass that went parading round in a lion's skin, but I reckon mighty little of such dresin' would satisfy Judge"—Youth's Companion.

Dead Sea Draws Salt from the Air.

One is accustomed to regard rain water as pure water. It seems strange to hear that the most important factor in producing the great saltiness of the Dead Sea is the accumulation of salt which has been brought by the rain. It is well known, especially to water analysts, that the chlorine contents of uncontaminated water varies with the locality, but that, in general, it is a factor of the distance from the seashore. The salt from the ocean is carried up into the atmosphere and, passing over the land, is washed down to the earth's surface by the rain. It has been demonstrated that if the salt carried to the earth's surface by rain were to accumulate, a salinity equal to that of the Dead Sea would

be produced in a fraction of the time of the Pleistocene Age.

Two theories have been advanced to account for the saltiness of the Dead Sea: (1) The streams leading into it washed the salt from the decomposing rocks and brought it to the lake, where it gradually accumulated; (2) The Dead Sea was once an arm of the Red Sea, but was cut off by the rising of the land to the south. In either case the water concentrated, by subsequent evaporation, until the present condition of saturation was reached. Analyses of the rocks of Palestine show that they contain no more than the average amount of salt and accordingly that it would take more than ninety-nine times longer to acquire the salinity of the Dead Sea by erosion than by the process of washing the salt from the atmosphere.

An arm of the Red Sea cut off as suggested would hardly contain the amount of salt actually present. We are probably safe in assuming that wearing away of the rocks and washing of salt from the air have worked together, and that the rain has been by far the larger factor. Collier's Weekly.

Moslems in England.
 The burial of Lord Stanley of Alderley as a Mussulman came as a surprise to many people, although his conversion to Islam had been known for years to the leading Moslems of England.

"It was in 1892 that I first met Lord Stanley," said the Sheikh-ul-Islam of the British Isles, who is the head of Mohammedanism in this country, to an Express representative yesterday. "That was at the Turkish Embassy. I was not introduced to him, and he did not tell me, until we had been talking together for an hour, who he was. Then he said that he had become a Mussulman, and that when the time came he would declare himself as such from his seat in the House of Lords.

"He never did so. Two or three times he came to join in our Friday prayers at the mosque in Liverpool, but by his own wish his identity was not made known to the other worshippers, and his contribution to the funds was acknowledged under his Islamic name—Abdur-Rahman, servant of the Merciful."
 The banner of the prophet waves in England, and over 200 British born converts follow it. The Sheikh-ul-Islam is a Liverpool solicitor of Manx descent, who began life as a Wesleyan. Five times a day from the balcony of the mosque in a crowded part of Liverpool the muezzin raises his voice, calling the faithful to their prayers. This muezzin used to be stoned at first, but with familiarity the neighborhood has become tolerant, and is satisfied with an occasional shout of contempt.—London Express.

The Wonders of Thermit.
 Humanity, which swelters in a heat of 90 degrees, and withers and dies if the mercury runs up 10 or 15 degrees higher, finds it hard to realize a heat of 5,400 degrees. Yet that is the heat developed in the combustion of thermit, a heat which welds together pieces of the most ponderous machinery, which makes it possible to mend iron castings weighing tons, which heretofore had to be replaced at great expense of labor and time; which can unite iron rails so perfectly that the joining can scarcely be seen or felt, and a rail can be made miles long instead of fifty or a hundred feet at the outside.

This thermit is a compound discovered by Dr. Hans Goldschmidt of Essen, Germany, who has been lecturing in this country, before chemical and engineering associations on this chemical discovery of his that is so full of engineering possibilities; a discovery that unlike so many scientific discoveries is not merely interesting to the scientist, but commercially valuable in the industrial world. This thermit is a mixture of finely granulated or powdered aluminum with some metallic oxide, most frequently oxide of iron. This mixture looks not unlike gunpowder, or to a housewife would suggest mixed tea, the light granules being aluminum, and the dark ones oxide of iron. In burning this mixture creates a temperature, as Dr. Goldschmidt expressed it in a paper read at the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, "about equal to that of the electric arc light."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Meant What It Said.

Mr. Leighton has none of the spirit of a bargain-hunter, and Mrs. Leighton decided that to have him accompany her on one of her Monday expeditions was more of a trial than a pleasure, in spite of his capabilities as bundle-carrier.
 "Edward, I wish you would look at that golf-vest and see if you don't think it is exactly, in every particular, like the one we saw at Brown's. That was only three seventy-five, and this is four and a quarter. I'm sure I don't know what they mean by calling these bargains," said Mrs. Leighton.
 "I can't see that it says they are bargains on that placard," said Mr. Leighton, in an uncomfortably clear tone. "It says, 'These goods are being sold regardless of cost,' and probably they are, my dear."

The total exports from the United States for the past year will reach \$1,400,000,000; our imports, \$980,000,000.

The murders in the United States in 1903 numbered 8,976; the lynchings 104.

Simple Fashions

New York City.—The demand for fancy waists seems ever to increase. This one, designed by May Manton, is equally well adapted to the old bodice

stance, in order to lengthen a frock, a new flounce may be added beneath a band, and all of us who patronize the cleaner realize that some things must shrink a little.

Newest Materials For Stocks.

The newest materials for stocks are cross-stitched canvas, mummy canvas and coarse linen, with Russian and Hungarian embroidery effects in the vivid national colors.

A Caprice of Fashion.

Only a gathered cap in lieu of a sleeve is another of fashion's caprices for summer dress gowns, reviving an old-time mode.

A Quaint Effect.

Many evenings gowns have borrowed that quaint old fashion of opening over a gay petticoat in front.

Circular Skirt.

Full skirts, that are confined over the hips, yet take soft and graceful folds below, make the latest shown. This May Manton one is circular and



FANCY WAIST.

and to the entire gown and to a variety of materials, but in the case of the model makes part of a costume of violet crepe de Chine, with a tucked yoke,

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



full front and cuffs of chiffon in a lighter shade and trimming of ecru lace. The shirings of waist and sleeves are arranged on continuous lines that give the fashionable breadth of figure and the garniture over the shoulders provides the drooping line without which no waist is quite up to date.

The waist is made over a fitted lining on which the yoke and front and various parts of the waist are arranged. The waist proper and the sleeves are shirred and the closing is made invisibly at the left shoulder seam and beneath the left front. The sleeves are wide and full above the deep cuffs but shirred to fit the upper arm snugly.

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

Fancy Trimmings.

Fancy trimmings, as well as buttons, will be a feature of the early spring frocks, as well as various embroideries. A good many graduated bands of taffeta, satin and velvet will also be used. In some cases these bands are very smart, but on the other hand they are apt to accentuate any tendency to stoutness. These bands of satin ribbon are most useful where renovations are concerned; for in-

is arranged in small tucks at the upper portion that give a yoke effect, but is left plain at the front, so avoiding unbecoming fullness. The model is made of tan-colored foulard figured with brown and white and is trimmed with folds of the material stitched with silk, but all the fashionable clinging materials are admissible and trimming can be applique of any sort.

Both skirt and folds are circular and the latter are shaped to fit smoothly over the foundation, which can be tucked at the upper edge as illustrated or arranged in gathers as preferred. The quantity of material required



CIRCULAR SKIRT.

for the medium size is ten yards twenty-one inches wide, eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, or five and one-half yards forty-four inches wide.

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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!