

MY DEARIE.  
 She's kissin' all my tears away—  
 My dearie, O my dearie!  
 A sunbeam on the darkest day—  
 My dearie, O my dearie!

An' when in storms no stars I see  
 An' all my life grows weary,  
 She comes an' cuddles close to me—  
 My dearie, O my dearie!

She sees the bright tears fallin' fast,  
 When all the world is dreary,  
 An' says she'll love me to the last—  
 My dearie, O my dearie!

—Frank L. Stanton.

## By Force of Precedent.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

The child had been reading for more than an hour, conscientiously avoiding the big words, and drinking in the story like a thirsty bee, in the heart of a honey suckle.

She read the last lines aloud, her high pitched voice sounding strangely through the deserted studio:

Love immortal and young, in the endless procession of lovers.  
 So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" slid from her hand, and her brown head sank back in its nest of yellow cushions. The window was open and the May breeze ruffled gently with the curtains.

"I like to visit Cousin Molly, even when she isn't here," she thought. "I wish I didn't have to go home over. I hope when I go back I shall have the measles again and Cousin Molly will bring me here for another change. I wonder how I can get it!"

She ran her slim fingers through her tousled hair and sighed. A maid stepped over the threshold with a bowl of Japanese lilies in her hand—their delicate odor preceding her like a whisper. She nodded kindly to the child as she placed them on the table.

"Don't get lonesome, Miss Augusta," she said. "Miss Molly'll be in presently. Ain't these pretty? Mr. Harding sent 'em up. His window sill is full of 'em, he says."

"Yes," said the child gravely. "They smell nice. I never saw any before I came here."

She raised herself from her cushions and uncoiled her thin legs.

"Beaste," she said, "did you ever have people tell you what you must do or mustn't do?"

"Lor, yes, miss," said Bessie lightly. "They all does. Nowadays a girl has to wait until she gets a husband to do as she pleases."

The child regarded her intently. "That doesn't do me much good," she said. "I've got to go home Thursday, and I don't want to—and I don't know any one to marry—except—"

She added after a moment's reflection—"except Mr. Harding."

Bessie giggled delightedly. "To be sure, miss," she laughed. "Mr. Harding, of course."

After the maid had gone Augusta pondered gravely over her new project, and in ten minutes' time realized that it was good. She would marry Mr. Harding and prolong her stay indefinitely in this delicious place. "There must be a way for a person to ask another to get married. I wonder if I can find it in any of the books. There is the one where Cousin Molly found how to make a rare-bit!" She ruffled the pages tenderly. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" has given her the first peep into the world of poetry, and she was grateful. Suddenly her face flushed. She turned to a certain page. "Why, of course," she said. "I might have remembered. How easy!"

She tucked the book under her arm and walked to the studio door.

"Beaste," she called into an inner room, "I'm going to Mr. Harding's."

She went swiftly down the wide water hall, past the doors of many studios and offices, until she reached the last of all. She turned the knob without knocking and stepped into the large room, with the blue and gold volume pressed against her thin arm.

"How do you do, Mr. Harding?" she inquired sedately.

John Harding sat at his desk near the window, where his lily blooms made the one bright spot in the somber place.

"Have you come to see me, chickabiddy?" he asked. "Now, that's good of you. Sit down."

He rose and pushed a huge leather chair toward his caller. He leaned slightly as he walked, and Augusta commented upon the fact sociably.

"Cousin Molly says that that"—she designated his lameness with a glance—"is like a medal—a badge of honor. You got it in the war, didn't you? At Santiago, she says."

Harding's face reddened. "Did Miss Molly say that?" he asked softly. He frowned at some inward reflection and sighed. "Yes—I got it in the war. A nice little souvenir d'Espagne, eh?" he added quizzically.

He drew his chair close to Augusta's and took her fearless little hand in his. "Well," he inquired, "and how goes our private and particular world? Must we bow to circumstances and go home to lessons next week?"

Augusta, brought full tilt against her purpose, paused for a moment's preparation. "No," she assured him, soberly. "I don't think so—I don't think I'll have to; but I haven't come to talk about that. I have come on an errand—a very particular errand."

"Yes?" said Harding, with a smile. "And what is it, chickabiddy?"

Augusta folded her hands over her book. Her voice dropped into an

easy conversational tone. "Cousin Molly has sent me, Mr. Harding," she said, "to ask you if you will please marry her?"

"What?" cried Harding.

Augusta nodded gravely. It was quite right for Mr. Harding to be surprised. She had no doubt Priscilla's face went red and white and red again under just such circumstances. She followed her chosen precedent conscientiously. "Cousin Molly is such a dear girl," she asserted earnestly. "She's so pretty and she's so nice. Why, you don't know, when her picture came back last week, she only cried the least little bit, and when I cried, too, she laughed and gave me some chocolates—five of them—and I'm not allowed to have any, you know, and I do love them so, and—"

John Harding had walked to the window and back again as she spoke. Now he came to Augusta and regarded her anxiously. "You're not quite well today, are you, dear?" he asked gently. "How long is it since you were sick? You're a little feverish, I think."

He took Augusta's hand and felt for the pulse in her thin wrist. After a moment's earnest scrutiny she swept his hand and his questions abruptly away.

"Well," she cried, "why don't you say it? Now is the time. Say it!"

"Say what?" said Harding, in troubled bewilderment.

"What?" She waved her book at him furiously. "Why, what you should say!" she cried, excitedly. "Why don't you speak for yourself, Augusta? What else should you say?"

The door was tapped upon and opened simultaneously. "Well, good people," said a fresh young voice. "I have come for my runaway. It's time for her medicine. Have—"

The young girl paused, startled at the sight of Harding's face. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked.

Augusta broke in upon Harding's hesitation. "Oh, Cousin Molly, he is so stupid!" she cried, sharply. "I have done it quite right. Bessie said if I wanted to stay here I should marry Mr. Harding, and I have asked him just the way John Alden did, exactly. I told him you wanted to marry him—I thought I'd rather say you than Bessie—and that you had sent me to ask him, and—"

"Augusta!" cried Cousin Molly. Her voice pleaded, commanded. Her pretty face flushed from chin to brow.

Augusta rushed on tumultuously. "And he didn't say it at all!" she cried indignantly. "Why don't you speak for yourself, Augusta? Not once. Wait, I'll show it to you."

She threw herself on the floor with the book and turned the pages rapidly. Harding made an embarrassed step toward the girl. "I don't think she is quite well," he said, lamely. "I—I beg of you—"

He stopped abruptly, at the sight of the misery in the girl's face, the unshed tears in her eyes. A sudden blinding shock of revelation seemed to show him, in a moment's space, a new heaven and a new earth.

"Molly," he cried. "I never hoped—I hardly dared pray—I am so old, so unworthy, Molly!" He lifted her hands reverently in his.

"Let me go," she sobbed. "Oh, let me go!"

She made a trembling step toward the door, but Augusta, triumphant, barred the way.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Here it is—just as I said: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' That was what Priscilla said. 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Augusta?' That was what he should have said." She started reproachfully at Harding.

"Wait a moment," he said.

He took Molly's hand in his and led her to the big chair beside the window. "Will you wait a moment—just one?" he whispered. "It means so much to me. I—Molly, I beg of you."

The girl nodded, bending her flushed, agitated face against the cool pane of the window above the lily blooms.

Harding went swiftly back to Augusta. She noticed, without comprehending, the new light in his transfused face. He took the book from her hand and read the title with more than a twitching of his lips. "Miss Augusta," he said gravely. "I apologize for my stupidity. It is so long since I received a proposal that I had almost forgotten the approved method. Needless to say, you have made me very happy. I can honestly assure you of that. But before I give my final decision let me make a proposition. Would you rather go home on Thursday and in, say, ten years' time—you're eleven now, aren't you?—come back and marry me—I think we could arrange it by then—or would you rather stay on now with Cousin Molly for another month?"

Augusta regarded him earnestly. "A whole month?" she echoed.

"I stake my honor that you shall," said Harding, "and have now—this instant—a box of chocolates—brown, creamy ones."

Augusta interrupted him. "A big box?" she inquired.

"Pounds!" he said.

"Tied with ribbons?" she asked, cautiously.

"Yards of it!" said Harding.

"With a flat pair of tongs on top?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"Three pair, if you like," said Harding, promptly.

Augusta hesitated no longer. "I'll take the chocolates," she said.

Harding drew something from his pocket and handed it to her. "You know the store," he said. "Get them yourself."

Augusta was off on the instant, like the colt she resembled. Her slim legs twinkle over the threshold. The door slammed behind her.

Harding went rapidly across the room to the silent figure at the window. He dropped beside her chair and lifted both the trembling hands to his lips.

"Molly dear, dearest," he whispered, "I'm going to speak for myself now."—New York News.

### CALIFORNIA LIONS KILL DEER

#### Method of Hunting Much Like That of Big Cats in Africa or India.

More deer are killed every year in California by mountain lions than by the bullets of the hunters. Next to the jaguar, our mountain lion is the largest cat in the two Americas, and he is the champion deer slayer of the world. Within thirty or forty miles of Los Angeles he catches the fleet-footed, graceful creature, and waxes fat on the sweet flesh. He knows no deer season other than all the time.

Whenever there is good deer country in this or any other southwestern state there also is the best place to look for lions, and that is one of the reasons why the large herds of deer are restless, seldom staying long in one locality. There is nothing they fear more than the sight or smell of a mountain lion. Not even the sudden appearance of a hunter will so quickly drive them from a range of hills.

The lion's method of hunting the deer is not unlike that of the big cats of Africa and India in the pursuit of the antelope and deer of those countries. Having found a spring or pool where the desired game comes to water at nightfall, the lion selects an overhanging limb or ledge of rock, whence one leap will carry him to the back or throat of his prey, and tereon lays himself out in perfect accord with the limb itself. In the gathering dusk the imperfect eye of the deer has lit the chance against this hidden terror, and the wind, usually his faithful ally, can help him none now, for the lion is far and away too old a campaigner not to lie up from the spring.

The deer comes; one leap from the limb or ledge, and the sharp teeth and powerful paws soon break the tender neck; and don't you believe it when any one tells you that a California lion can't carry away a deer. The writer has followed the plain, broad trail of the heavy pads for over half a mile, and then come suddenly on the place where the killer had stopped to rest. There in plain outline was the imprint of the deer's body; but for that whole distance the lion had carried it well up and clear of the ground. Such "portages" are not infrequent in the career of a hunting lion as these animals never eat their game where they kill it. Sometimes they hunt in pairs, but in six or eight years spent in the hills the writer has seen but one such hunting pair.

Like the rest of the cats of the world over, the mountain lion's mainstay in hunting is patience. He will wait for hours on a narrow limb rather than get out like coyote and scour the slopes for his supper; with feet as noiseless as an owl's wing, he will follow an unsuspecting rabbit or belated spike buck until a favorable opportunity for help presents, and then it is generally "all day" for the hunted. But of all things the lion loves deer meat, and while he will dare a great many dangers for young pig, his liking for deer is even greater than that.

—Los Angeles Times.

### The Active Whistle of Ithaca.

In Ithaca they whistle for it. The whistle on the sewer pumping station blows at 8, 12 1 and 5 o'clock to announce the municipal working day of eight hours. At 11 o'clock the weather report is blown to the four winds by a code of blasts and shrieks and toots, and when there are special reports announcing cold waves or snow storms these are whistled without delay, so that he who listens may learn.

At 12:30 o'clock there is a warning blast, at which every one pulls out his watch and gets the standard Eastern time fresh from the pipe. And then at 8 o'clock in the evening there is just one long blast, which announces that curfew will not ring tonight, but that every boy and girl under 16 must scurry for home and mother or be caught by one of the five regular policemen, or perhaps a special, who is watching out for the well being of the rising generation.

Furthermore, there is a siren whistle which screeches for fire and flood. It gives the number of the box, and if it's a flood that is going to waste without a crowd to watch it, eight short blasts follow the announcement of the box number.—Elmirer Advertiser.

### Dividing the Sexes.

While worshipping in a little chapel-of-ease, a few miles from Rutlin, on the Wrexham road, the sexes are so strictly divided that they cannot even see one another. The building forms a right angle, in one arm of which the men sit and the women in the other. It was built and endowed by the misogynist of the Stuart period who objected to having his devotions distracted by the sight of the hated sex and sympathizing with male posterity, stipulated expressly for this division in his deed of endowment.—London Standard.

The eminent Japanese artists were busy for months devising a seal for the young crown prince of their country. This is now put on everything he wears or uses.

The common house sparrow flies at the rate of 72 miles an hour.



New York City.—Nile green crepe, combined with cream Venetian lace and bands of peau de cygne, are the materials chosen for this really charming



FANCY WAIST.

ing May Manton waist that is adapted both to the odd blouse and the gown. The shirring in the fronts and sleeves give the necessary broad line, and the tiny vest that forms part of the yoke is both smart and quite generally becoming.

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

skirt, with the exception of a narrow front apron, laid in wide side pleats with a spreading box pleat in the back. The blouse coat crosses front and back in surplice fashion and fastens with large black cloth buttons. There is a pointed yoke of black cloth, embroidered with black braid and narrow wristbands of the same.

#### For Wash Dresses.

That the bolero effect is not near its end is shown by the early spring models in thin fabrics. It is promised a continuance of its reign on wash dresses. A linen gown shows skirt and short bolero of that material, and under the bolero a blouse of sheerest lawn. The same idea will be carried out in less substantial stuffs. White berthas, epaulets and simulated Etons will have their share of favor through the summer.

#### Lattice Waist.

A fashion that will be much seen this summer is the lattice style. Ribbon and silk are latticed, and also ribbon and lace. A pretty blouse is made of lace. And upon this lace there is a lattice of ribbon with the openings in the lattice about three inches square. At each intersection there hangs a crocheted ball. The sleeves and the skirt are trimmed with the hanging balls.

#### Use Last Season's Coat.

The woman with a limited bank account is rejoicing in the possibility of cutting down her skirt coat into the

## A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



with two and five-eighth yards of all-wool lace.

#### Turnovers and Collars.

Many of the new hand-wrought collars are not turnovers, at all, but merely supplementary collars with lapped or pointed fronts. These are usually curved at the top in front, and are worn flat over a foundation or dress collar, or without any support.

Some of these are made in heavy linen with raised embroidery in white, and these have body enough to hold them up in shape, but the finer ones need some support. The tabs upon many of these flat collars reach almost to the waist and usually broaden towards the bottom.

Turnovers have an air of much more elaboration than is really theirs, are made from the narrow fancy linen braid used on children's frocks and feather stitched in color. This braid is set together with fagoting of mercerized cotton into deep straight turnover collars and cuffs that are particularly dainty.

#### Gowns for Occasions.

Demi-toilette gowns with semi-high corsages are those usually worn at theatres or small dinners. These this season are made in various shades of mousseline de soie, crepe de chine, or in any of the new filmy materials for evening wear. One particularly charming was carried out in black chiffon over a foundation of ivory satin. The bodice was artistically draped, fichu fashion, with long ends falling down in front and at the back. The waist line was defined by a jeweled girdle, which tastefully held in the fullness there. The sleeves were of the variety known as angel shaped, and the neck was filled in with needle-point lace. The skirt, closely gathered into the waist, flared out below into large flounces.

#### Spring Tailor Mades.

There are some pretty ideas to be found in the spring tailored suit. The short skirt is at its best when pleated. Some of the models show yokes on skirts again. A walking costume in a mixed red and black wool has the

most approved of short jackets. The tailors are having quite a bit of such work to do. The very plainest of the spring Etons are fanciful little creations. There is such a bewildering display of galloons and braids, of lace and passementeries from which to choose, that the feminine mind cannot resist some form or another of trimming.

#### Misses' Blouse.

This pretty and stylish blouse is adapted both to the gown and to wear with the odd skirt, and to the entire range of seasonable fabrics. The model, however, is made of pale blue mercerized chambray and is worn with belt and tie of blue ribbon. The plain back with the tucked fronts is much liked and the sleeves are the favorite ones that are snug above and full below the elbows.

The waist consists of fronts and back, the former being tucked at the shoulders and finished with a regulation box pleat. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and are gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required



MISSES' BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one or twenty-seven inches wide, or one and five-eighth 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!