

BESTOWAL
Knock at my heart, and I will open
To Unforgetfulness;
Breathe on my brows, and from your
own
Will fall my hands' caress.
Ask of my eyes, and mine shall veil,
Too faint to seek or chide;
Kiss—and within your will I lie
Like seaweed in the tide.
Margaret Fuller, in the Century.

Bob's Marriage.

(By Helen Forrest Graves.)

The depot clock was pointing to the hour of five, the huge, fire-throated locomotive in the covered space beyond, was giving several premonitory shrieks as a signal that it was ready to start; there was the inevitable rush of people in peril of being too late, the commotion of checking baggage, and lifting toddling little children on board, and still the "young person" so anxiously expected by Robert Morrison did not arrive.

He walked hurriedly up and down the floor, ever and anon comparing his watch with the clock on the wall, and eagerly scanning the faces of all the newcomers, but in vain.

"Please buy a bouquet, sir? Only five cents?"

The voice was very sweet; the face that belonged to it sweeter yet. But Mr. Morrison was too much perturbed to heed them.

"No, no—don't bother me," he said, petulantly. "Conductor, is this the last train that stops at Olive Hill?"

"The last train, sir. Anything wrong, sir?"

"Confound it—yes—everything's wrong! I was to bring up a waitress for my sister, and the creature hasn't come."

"She was to have met you here, sir?"

"Yes—at a quarter to five."

"Happens very often, sir," said the conductor. "Can't put any dependence at all on that class of women."

And away he bristled. Mr. Robert Morrison was about to follow, muttering discontentedly to himself, when a light hand fell on his arm. He turned round, and, to his surprise, encountered the timid blue eyes of the bouquet seller.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, in an accent unmistakably foreign, "but the domestic you expected has disappointed you?"

"Yes."

"If you would take me—I can wait well at table; I would make myself generally useful to madam, your sister. Oh, sir, I am so tired of trying to sell flowers."

"But you have no recommendation?"

"How should I, sir? I am a stranger in your country. My name is Desree Fontaine."

Mr. Morrison was sorely puzzled how to act. This little Desree's face was not only pretty, but it was innocent looking. To be sure it was rather an unprecedented manner of engaging a girl, but what was he to do? Mrs. Ferrars expected him to bring her a waitress; there was to be a state dinner party on the morrow, and he scarcely knew what was best to do.

As he meditated, tugging at his mustache, the train gave its parting shriek. There was no further time for deliberation.

"Come on, then," he cried, making a rush for the hindmost car. "I'll risk it, by Jupiter!"

Desree followed him, light and swift as a young fawn, and the next minute they were in motion. There was no receding now.

"Well, I've been and gone and done it," said Mr. Morrison to himself, as he glanced furtively at the girl who sat beside him. "What will Lizzie say? But what was a fellow to do, under all the circumstances? Besides, if she is half as smart as she is pretty, she'll do well enough. As for making off with the spoons, and the cake baskets, she hasn't got that kind of a face. We can but give the poor thing a trial, at all events."

Mr. Morrison, blundering masculine creature though he was, was quite right about Desree Fontaine's face. It was pure and innocent as a child's, shadowed with crispy little rings of golden-brown hair, and dimpled round the mouth; while the blue eyes, large, and soft, and shy, were modestly averted. Her dress was plain, even to shabbiness, and in one hand, well-shaped though sun-browned, she held the two or three little bouquets she had been unable to dispose of in the depot.

"What wages do you want, Desree?" said Mr. Morrison, abruptly breaking the silence that was beginning to be a little awkward.

Desree grew scarlet as the carnation in the center of her biggest bouquet.

"I never took wages before," she said, a little impulsively.

"But you will have to now, I suppose."

"What you choose to give me?"

"Twelve dollars a month?"

"Yes—anything!"

Bob felt a little awkward. Desree Fontaine was not in the least like the Hibernian damsels he had that morning haggled with at the crowded intelligence office.

"I don't want to be inquisitive," he said, "but—"

"You want to know who I am," interrupted Desree. "I am French—I came to this country because my relatives were all dead. I have an uncle here to whom I wrote that I would

come to the country. I hoped that he would meet me at the landing of the steamer, but he was not there. I have sought for him in vain. I can only fear that he must be dead."

"But you speak English well."

"Do I?" Desree's face brightened.

"I was at an English school near Paris for four years."

"I should think that you might get a place as a teacher."

Desree shook her head.

"I have tried. I answered advertisements for a governess—then for a seamstress, but nobody would take me, for I knew no one and had no recommendations. I have been here selling bouquets for a week, but I earned so little—oh, so little! Sometimes I went to bed without my supper because I had not a penny to buy it!"

Bob was silent. Somehow his heart ached for this poor young creature with the dove-like blue eyes, and the fresh pink and white complexion.

"I hope Lizzie will have the good sense to like her," he thought; "but there's no accounting for the freaks of women."

It was nearly dark when they reached Olive Hill; quite so when the carriage that had been sent to the station to meet the train, deposited them at Mrs. Foulke Ferrars' door.

"Did you bring me a girl, Bob?" was his sister's first question, hurled at him through the darkness.

"Yes, I did."

Bob triumphantly produced Desree. Mrs. Ferrars eyed her keenly, seemed not displeased with her youth and blushing, asked one or two kind questions, and then delivered her over to the care of the housekeeper, a grim old Scotch widow.

"Where did you get her, Bob?—at the French intelligence office?"

"Oh, I picked her up," said Bob, evasively.

"Did she have a good recommendation?"

"First-rate," was the reckless answer.

"Written?"

"No, verbal."

"Where did she live last?"

But Bob at this point went off into ecstasies over the first tooth of his niece, a small morsel of humanity some eight or nine months old. Mrs. Foulke Ferrars fell at once into the trap, and Desree's "references" were forgotten.

The French girl proved a quick, handy waitress, ready to learn, and singularly graceful. Everybody liked her, and Bob best of all.

"Upon my word, Bob," said Mr. Ferrars, one day, when the dessert was placed upon the table, and Desree had withdrawn, "you do nothing but stare at the little Parisienne! I do believe you are falling in love with her!"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Ferrars, glancing quickly up. "Bob is far too sensible for such a piece of Quixotism as that."

"I do not know that it would be Quixotism," said Bob, stoutly. "She's certainly pretty."

"She is not a lady!"

"But I maintain that she is a lady!"

"What absurdity, Bob!"

"Well, then, will you be good enough to tell me what constitutes a lady?"

"Birth—education—refinement."

"Desree is educated and refined."

"She is only a servant."

"I maintain that she is a lady for all that!"

Bob clung so resolutely to his view of the subject that Mrs. Ferrars took the first opportunity to tell her husband confidentially that she thought she should send Desree away.

"What for?" ejaculated Foulke Ferrars, open-mouthed.

"Oh, dear!" said his wife, petulantly; "men are so stupid. Don't you see that Bob is falling in love with her?"

"That's rather hard on the poor girl, isn't it, to punish her for Bob's folly?"

Mrs. Foulke Ferrars' face grew rigid.

"I shall discharge her," she said. "A servant has no business to be prettier and more attractive than others of her caste, and I saw Bob talking to her last night in the garden."

So when Mr. Robert Morrison came home from the city the next night, a tall, freckle-faced young man, a nephew of the Scotch housekeeper, was waiting on the table, and he looked in vain for the light-footed blue-eyed French girl.

"Where is Desree?" was his first question.

"I have discharged her."

Bob's brow grew dark, but Mrs. Ferrars met his eye with bold defiance.

"What was this for?" he asked, sternly.

"Bob, you know you were getting too fond of her. I have some regard for the poor girl's character, if you have none."

"Desree Fontaine is a girl amply able to take care of her own character. You have done a cruel and unfeeling thing, Lizzie."

"I suppose I can turn away a servant when I please."

"Where has she gone?"

"I do not know nor care."

"And consequently you imagined that I should not be able to discover her whereabouts. You will find that your precautions have been in vain."

That was all that was said on the subject, and Mrs. Ferrars began after a day or two to hope that her brother had forgotten his penchant for the pretty waitress.

Just a fortnight after that there was another dinner party, and the freckle-faced young man waited. Bob did not come up until the last train,

and arrived in time for dessert, with its red and golden wines, peaches and temples of tinted ice. With him came another guest, unexpectedly detained, M. Fabillon, the French banker, in whose honor Mrs. Ferrars' dinner had been specially given.

He was a dignified, white-haired old man, whose wealth had made him neither arrogant nor assuming.

"You must pardon my want of punctuality," said the old gentleman, with his graceful foreign bow to the lady of the house, as she welcomed him to a seat at her own right hand, "but I have this day had a great and unexpected pleasure."

"Indeed?" cried Mrs. Foulke Ferrars, all smiles.

"A niece, my only surviving relative, has been restored to me. We have strangely been kept apart by that fate which you Americans call circumstance. She came here in the steamer ten months ago; I expected her in that steamer, but not until this last trip. She could not find me, my poor niece; she knew not even my name, which had been changed to meet the conditions of an eccentric bequest. Ah, the poor girl! It is a romance, upon my word."

"And why did you not bring Mademoiselle Fabillon with you? We should have been so happy," began Mrs. Ferrars.

"Pardon, madam," interrupted the banker, "she is 'mademoiselle' no longer. She was this morning married to one who has disinterestedly wooed and won her in her humblest estate."

Mrs. Ferrars was a little disappointed. She had already begun to form plans for Bob's benefit.

"I am married, too," observed Bob as it were, incidentally.

"You, Bob! And to whom?" shrieked his sister.

"To Desree Fontaine!"

Mrs. Ferrars, pale as death, was just about to open her lips with a torrent of reproaches, when the old French banker stately interposed.

"This is a riddle—an enigma of which I alone chance to possess the clew. Prepare yourself, madam—allow me to greet you as a relative!—Desree Fontaine is my niece—Mr. Robert Morrison, who married her this morning before a happy accident made us acquainted with our relationship, is consequently my nephew."

And M. Fabillon went on to tell the astonished guests how the clergyman who had performed the ceremony was an old friend of his own, and recognized the bride's name as that of the niece for whom his friend had searched so long and so vainly.

"And you may imagine my gratification," said M. Fabillon, with the courteous foreign bow again, "when I learned that the husband of my Desree's choice was Mr. Ferrars' brother-in-law."

Mrs. Foulke Ferrars grew red and white; she hardly knew what to say, and the few hurried congratulations that she finally stammered forth were indistinct and confused enough, while Bob sat by, maliciously enjoying her embarrassment.

Mr. Morrison took the next train back to town; he had only time to witness the denouement of this little life romance, and was impatient, bridegroom-like, to return to Desree.

But as he made his adieu, he whispered roughly in his sister's ear:

"Now what do you think about what constitutes a lady?"

"Now what do you think about what constitutes a lady?"

And Mrs. Ferrars answered, blushing:

"Do have a little mercy, Bob? How was I to know that my waitress was the great French banker's niece?"

"I knew that she was a precious jewel," answered the young husband, enthusiastically.

Nor did Mrs. Foulke Ferrars contradict him this time.—New York Week.

The Man of the Moment.

When they saw him coming along—case in hand—they rushed to the door and called and beckoned and made frantic gestures.

As soon as he was within the house they almost dragged him upstairs and into the bedroom, where she lay, gasping, and so very, very pale.

"What do you think?" three of them cried at once.

He was painfully shocked and distressed.

"I think she is a very sick woman," he said.

They waited a second, and then one said:

"What shall we do first?"

He looked surprised.

"I should call a doctor," he said, emphatically.

At that they all screamed at once:

"But aren't you a doctor?"

He started violently and stared at them in amazement. "No, I'm a piano tuner," he replied.—Town Topics.

Johannesburg, South Africa, is renaming its streets on the American system by numbers.

Instead of Iron.

In Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horn; in the Sudan a kind of sock made of camel's skin is used for the purpose. A German not long ago invented a horseshoe of paper, prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine, and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained; and the shoes thus made are durable and impenetrable by moisture.

Railroad travel in Brazil is discontinued on Sundays.

The World is on the Up-Grade

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

HISTORY is full of optimism. As Macaulay once remarked: "No man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or despondent view of the present."

To know history is to be prepared to agree with the proposition that to-day is the fairest that the world has ever seen.

There was never a "Golden Age" of the past; there is a Golden Age—and that Golden Age is right now.

Clear as the day is the fact that the world is growing not only wiser, but better.

We read of the knights of the olden times and of their ponderous coats of mail; but who does not know that it would be impossible for the average man of to-day to get himself into one of those old steel suits?

Since the time of the mailed barons and their tournaments the human animal has been greatly improved, both in size and strength.

There is more health in the world to-day than ever before. Germans, Englishmen, Americans are, man for man, physically more perfect than were the ancient Greeks, Romans and Egyptians.

Intellectually the human advance is wonderful! It is quite true that, as thinking machines, the brains of certain Greeks of the age of Pericles have never been surpassed; but the brain of the schoolboy of to-day has facts of which Plato and Aristotle never dreamed.

The laws of nature, of which the ancients knew nothing, are now the common carriers of our wonderful civilization. The empire of darkness has been pushed back, and where once the fanes of fear and terror reared themselves stand the temples of knowledge from which light goes forth to the ends of the earth.

The slave stands up a man. Democracy is everywhere a rising flood. The old lies about kings and the nobility are either dead or dying, and every day but serves the better to show how wise was the great Frenchman who said: "Privileges perish, but the people are eternal."

Are we any nearer the millennium than men were a thousand years ago?" inquired a correspondent only yesterday.

If by the millennium is meant a finer sense of justice between man and man, a livelier realization of the brotherhood truths, a profounder appreciation of the beauty and worth of civic virtue, and the life, public and private, that is the embodiment of such virtue, then there is no disputing the fact that we are slowly, but surely, going onward and upward.

The average man of this year of grace 1904 is morally a better man than was the average man of any previous time.

His thought is finer, and his daily life is, upon the whole, kindlier and cleaner.

Beyond a doubt the world is on the up-grade. The ascent is slow, but it is steady—and there is no room for any sort of pessimistic whining.—New York American.

Left Handed People.

They Are Most Numerous in the Criminal Class.

By Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

AS is universally known, we use the right hand very much more commonly than the left, the number of persons who are more agile with the left hand being comparatively small. They are ordinarily found among women, children and savages, and they were more numerous in ages past than they are now. Much has been written of these persons, but as no one has heretofore tried to determine their frequency by means of statistics, I decided to undertake that task with the aid of my friend Professor Marro.

Among 1,029 operatives and soldiers I found a proportion of 4 per cent. in men and 5 to 8 per cent. in women. Among lunatics the proportion is not much different. On the other hand, studying a certain number of criminals, the quota of left-handedness was found more than tripled in men, 13 per cent., and nearly quintupled in women, 22 per cent. Some particular kinds of criminals, however, as for example, swindlers, offered me again a much greater proportion, 33 per cent. while murderers and ravishers give less—from 9 to 10 per cent. At all events, this is a new characteristic, which connects criminals with savages, and differentiates them from sane people, as well as lunatics.

As appetite comes in eating (according to the proverb), I wished to see if I could not go further in my researches. Until now, I thought, left-handedness is not, also, what one may call left-sidedness as applied to the senses—that is, if there be not men who have a greater sensibility on the left than on the right side? With this idea I instituted a kind of physiological surveillance over a number of my friends and colleagues, and over some workmen.

As a result, I found that left-sidedness is in much larger proportion than left-handedness, showing itself in no less than 26 per cent. of normal people. The curious fact appeared also that left-handed people do not have more of this sensitive left-sidedness than right handed people, and not even as much at least in the sense of touch, as criminals, who average 27 per cent. The proportion of sensitive difference in the intensity of the sense of touch. The proportion of sensitive left-sided people among criminals, however, becomes very much more if one takes into account the sensibility to pain, which they have more highly developed in the left side, and is still greater in them than in honest men, but is more accentuated in the left eye than in the right. In lunatics, as is revealed by the researches of Tonnini and Amadei, this sensitive left-sidedness is almost more the rule than the exception, rising as high as 44 per cent. It appears, then, that left handed people are more numerous among criminals, and sensitive left-sided people among lunatics.—North American Review.

Our Interest in Korea.

How Success of Either Russia or Japan Would Affect America.

By Homer B. Hulbert.

AS Americans we naturally ask how the success of either side would affect our interests in the peninsula and in the whole far East. Japan stands for the "open door" everywhere, for perfect freedom of religion, for the opening up of the agricultural, mineral and industrial resources of the Eastern world. Not one plank in her platform suggests a policy that would be inimical to American enterprise in any of its many forms. Americans have not done very much in Korea as yet, but this war means more to Korea; it means Manchuria and all northern China.

The Russian minister in Seoul recently told a journalist that the Russians did not see why Americans should be playing Japan's game, since she is a commercial rival. He affirmed that Americans would be welcomed anywhere in Manchuria by the Russians to-day, but that if Mukden and the other ports were opened it would allow the influx of a thousand Japanese, and trouble would be inevitable. If this is so, how does it happen that American firms in Port Arthur, Dainy, Vladivostok and other Russian centers find it absolutely necessary to carry on their business through Russian agents? The local manager of the firm must be under Russian control, or he can do no business. An independent American firm in Vladivostok recently found that it must close its doors. It would not come under Russian jurisdiction, and it soon found that when its goods from America arrived they were kept in the customs warehouse from four to six months before the authorities would release them.

In one respect the American merchant is always pushing for a leading place; he develops a large policy and seeks to become a commercial and financial power in whatever community he may be placed. On the other hand, the Japanese almost always push for the small retail trade. A hundred of them handle the same amount of goods that a single American or English firm handles.—The Century.

Keep the Tears Back.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

IF you would be popular among your men friends be cheerful. Men have no use for the girl who whines and tells them her troubles. They admire the girl who bears her troubles bravely, making the best of things and turning a smiling face to the world. Tears they abhor; they do not understand them, and as a rule fall to see the necessity for them.

As long as a girl is bright and entertaining she will be popular, but just as soon as she grows moody and inclined to complain about her woes she will lose her popularity.

The tactful girl never talks about herself. She listens and encourages her men friends to talk about themselves, sympathizing and commending, criticizing sometimes, perhaps, but always in a kindly way. Men like to bring their joys and sorrows to her, because they are always sure of a bright and ready sympathy and understanding.

She is often more popular than her pretty sister, who relies entirely on her beauty as an attraction.

Beauty is very well as a luxury, but as a steady diet cheerfulness will come out ahead every time.

The highest vocation for woman is that of making others happy, and in order to do that she must be bright and happy herself.

There are times in a woman's life when the tears cannot be held back, but the every-day worries the brave woman learns to restrain them.—New York Journal.

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