

**THE JOY OF WORK.**  
 Let me work and be glad,  
 Oh, Lord, and I ask no more;  
 With will to turn where the sunbeams  
 burn  
 At the sill of my workshop door.  
 Aforetime I prayed my prayer  
 For the glory and gain of earth.  
 But now grown wise and with opened  
 eyes  
 I have seen what the prayer was  
 worth.  
 Give me my work to do,  
 And peace of the task well done;  
 Youth of the spring and its blossom-  
 ing,  
 And the light of the moon and sun.  
 Pleasure of little things  
 That never pall or end,  
 And fast in my hold no lesser good  
 Than the honest hand of a friend.  
 Let me forget in time  
 Folly of dreams that I had;  
 Give me my share of a world most  
 fair—  
 Let me work and be glad,  
 —Theodosia Garrison, in The In-  
 dependent.

## Reconciled by Eliza.

The local train, which had been speeding out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour, came suddenly to a standstill with a violent recall at a level crossing in a country lane, and Reynolds, shaken out of his reverie, opened the window, quite prepared for an accident.  
 But as the view from the window revealed only an impassive stretch of green he settled back to consider a more important question.  
 She was a friend and neighbor of the Potters. There was a fair chance that she might be seen at their house, since an invitation to see her at her own home had not been forthcoming.  
 That ten minutes' tiff at the seaside at Easter when they met had not in the least detracted from her charm, though it had entirely demolished his welcome, and he would do much to be near her for a week—for that he could endure the Potters.  
 A moment later the little guard came up to him.  
 "I beg pardon, mister," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but you have a bag there which looks as if it might have a musical instrument in it."  
 "Why, yes," the young fellow answered in astonishment. "My banjo."  
 "A banjo! That's lucky! What tunes can you play? Can you play 'Rule, Britannia'?"  
 "Great Scott! Why, yes, I think so. But what in the name of patience—"  
 "Then you are the man we want. This way, sir, please, and as quick as you can, if you don't mind. We can't move the train an inch till she hears 'Rule Britannia.'"  
 "But what?"  
 "It's the only thing that will start her up. We've tried everything else. Pushing, pulling, everything. She sticks on the rails like a limpet to a rock. I wouldn't bother you, but we're five minutes late already. You'll be doing everybody a good kindness if you'll come along and grind one a good lively 'Rule, Britannia.'"  
 Reynolds caught up his banjo case and hurried after the official, wondering, as he went, which of them had gone insane, and whether the attack would prove to be a permanent softening of the brain or merely a temporary aberration.  
 A number of passengers had left the train. They were gathered en masse around the portion of the level crossing which intersected the lane.  
 "Now, then, here comes Orpheus and his lady!" cried a voice in the crowd.  
 For a moment the young man stared about him with ever increasing fears for his own mental condition. Little by little a light broke in upon his brain.  
 A few yards only of line lay between the engine and the level crossing at the crossing stood the obstruction in full view. It was a small, antiquated pony phaeton, drawn by—or, rather, attached to—a rotund white mare.  
 The animal was neither standing, the usual and approved attitude of her kind, nor prostrate, as will sometimes happen by accident. She was sitting upon her glossy haunches, a calm, almost blasé expression in her brown-green eyes.  
 The carriage was occupied by two women. One of them, a stout, elderly, maiden-aunt-looking person, was engaged in making voluble explanations to a delighted crowd. The other, a girl in white, who leaned back among the cushions and laughed, in evident enjoyment of the situation.  
 At the sight of the girl Reynolds drew back, with a little cry of astonishment, under his breath. Then he ran forward, lifting his hat.  
 "Why, Miss Perry! I'm tremendously sorry to find you—ahem—delayed in this way. What is the trouble? Can I be of any assistance?"  
 The pleasure which exuded from the young man's face was not reflected in that of the girls.  
 "How do you do, Mr. Reynolds?" she said. "I'd no idea you were in this part of the country. No, so far as I am concerned you can be of no assistance, I think. If the train people want to try any experiments, of course, they are welcome to do it for the sake of getting the train in motion. Aunt Milly," she added, turning to her companion, "you have heard me speak of Mr. Reynolds? My aunt,

Miss Blithe—Mr. Reynolds."  
 Miss Milly grasped his hand with a warmth which was in striking contrast to the chilly demeanor of her niece.  
 "So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, though I must say the circumstances are not those I would generally like to meet people under. Such an embarrassing position! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I never thought of Eliza behaving this way on a railway, or I should have been afraid to drive her. You see, Eliza has not sat down for years now, and we thought she'd quite forgotten it. She is an old circus horse, as you may imagine, though I'd no idea of that when I bought her. It isn't Eliza's fault, really. She thinks she's doing perfectly right, you know. They taught her to sit down at the circus, and not get up till she heard the 'Rule, Britannia!' and she never will get up until she hears it."  
 "Lady," cried the guard, elbowing up, "we are ten minutes late now."  
 "Ten minutes late? How sorry I am! It is most unfortunate in every way that Eliza should relapse just now, when she has not sat down in years. It's just like her, remembering about sitting down this morning, when I am on my way to the station to take the train to London to see my old friend Amelia Lewes, intending to let my niece drive the phaeton home. But now I shall be afraid to let Barbara return alone, and Amelia leaves London for Liverpool at 1, and I would give the world to see her, as I may never see her again for years."  
 "I am only going around the curve to the station," Reynolds suggested; "I am en route for the Potters'. It would give me great pleasure to see your niece safely home."  
 "There is no need in the world of any one accompanying me!" said the young lady with great decision. "Eliza would not hurt a fly. I really prefer driving alone."  
 "That is like you, Barbara. You are always so brave," cried Miss Milly. "But remember, love, that I am older and more nervous, and since Mr. Reynolds so kindly offers, I accept for you, Barbara, and I insist on your availing yourself of his kindness."  
 "You are perfectly right, Miss Blithe. It would not be safe, to say the least, for Miss Perry to attempt to return home alone. And, far from inconveniencing me, it would be a great pleasure," urged the young man.  
 He seated himself on a fallen tree trunk and slipped the cover from his banjo, keeping his eyes fixed on a portion of the landscape where it was impossible for them to encounter the eyes of Miss Milly's niece.  
 A moment later a particularly vivacious "Rule, Britannia!" entered the somnolent country atmosphere. Something in the exultant strains of the melody caused Miss Barbara to gather her pretty brows.  
 Eliza, however, was unfeignedly pleased. At the first notes her ears twitched, assuming an upright attitude, suggestive of earnest attention. At "Britons never, never," she turned her head and regarded the player with what appeared to be unqualified approval. Slowly gathering her forces together, she rose in a dignified manner at the first chorus and drew the phaeton from the line.  
 The spectators cheered. The guard shouted a warning, a general scramble for seats ensued, and Miss Milly had just time enough to encooche the new protector in the phaeton, while she took the vacant place in the train.  
 When the last carriage had rounded the curve and became lost to view, with Miss Milly's handkerchief fluttering like a white moth from one of the rear windows, Miss Perry gathered up the reins.  
 "Do you mean," she said, addressing the empty air directly in front of the phaeton, "that you will continue to force yourself upon me the entire distance home?"  
 "I promised Miss Blithe to take you home in safety, and, of course, I mean to fulfill my promise."  
 "But my aunt is gone now with a perfectly easy mind. A child of two could drive Eliza, and I really prefer going alone."  
 "I couldn't reconcile it with my conscience. You might meet with some accident, and then how could I face Miss Blithe? One never knows what will happen—especially in driving excursive horses."  
 "If you are determined to be so horrid, the best thing I can do is to get home as soon as possible," remarked the young lady.  
 For some moments they drove on in silence. When the voice came again from the left-hand of the phaeton it had undergone a change. It was positively humble.  
 "Please don't be so hard on me," it pleaded. "The temptation was really too much—a whole ride with you when I'd been trying for weeks to see you and couldn't."  
 As the whip hand side had nothing apparently to add, the left hand resumed.  
 "You don't know how sorry I was about that affair at the seaside, and how I suffered after I cooled down. I admit it was all my fault, and I wrote to you begging to forgive me. But you sent the letter back unopened. Isn't there something I can do to win back your good opinion? I'd do anything you say, no matter what."  
 "You might get out of the carriage and allow me to go on alone. I should really appreciate that," said the whip hand with instant readiness.  
 Whatever the left hand intended to say in reply was left unsaid, for at this point the phaeton stopped suddenly. Eliza was sitting down again. Reynolds fell back upon the seat and howled. The situation soon pro-

ved too much for his companion also. They laughed together until Eliza cocked her ears in astonishment.  
 "Good old Eliza!" cried the young man when he had partially recovered. "She knows a thing or two. She won't budge a step until I play 'Rule, Britannia,' and I will never play a note of it until you invite me to accompany you the rest of the way."  
 "You won't take a mean advantage like that, surely?"  
 "Won't I though?"  
 "But that is most unfair."  
 "All is fair in war and—"  
 "Please play," she interrupted quickly.  
 "Not a note. Are you going to invite me?"  
 "I am not. I shall start Eliza without you."  
 The attempt to set Eliza in motion by alternate kindness and discipline was a failure.  
 At the end of fifteen minutes Miss Barbara returned to her seat, exhausted.  
 "I suppose I must accede to your demands," she said, "or I shall be here permanently."  
 "Do you invite me of your own free will to accompany you home?"  
 "Yes, I suppose so."  
 "Cordially?"  
 "You never said it must be cordial."  
 "It must certainly be cordial."  
 "Well, cordially, then."  
 "I am entirely at your service," he answered, opening the banjo case.  
 Five minutes afterward a rotund white mare jogged easily along a charming country lane drawing a phaeton which contained a man who laughed and a girl who protested, albeit not wrathfully, that something of her was a mean advantage and detestably unfair.—London Answers.

**The Feminine Language.**  
 You may talk to a woman for an hour or more and understand every word she says. Meat, bread, money motor cars, drains, the ace of trumps—there is really no space in my disposal to give a list of the words that are common to both languages. In fact, most of the solid, concrete things of life may be left out of the question. It is when we pass beyond the concrete that the real misunderstanding arises. Take a couple of very common words used equally by both sexes. A man will say that So and So is a "nice" girl. I should know what he meant. A woman will reply that the girl is pretty, agreeable and all that sort of thing—but that she is "not quite nice." The two are using the same word to express different ideas, and they will never agree as to whether that girl is nice or otherwise until they can talk the same language.  
 Again, in the feminine dictionary the opposite of "nice" is "horrid." A man will talk of a "nice scoundrel" and a "horrid bore," and I can understand him. But when a woman tells me that a man is wealthy and clever and good looking—but I'm sure he's horrid!—she has dropped into her foreign language. I can only be sure that she does not mean what I mean when I speak of a "horrid girl."—London Outlook.

**Moscow and Dalny.**  
 The destruction of Dalny, however, is rather a different matter from the destruction of Moscow. The latter left the great Napoleon, in the midst of an enemy's country, far from home with nothing to relieve the distress of his army. Here the conditions are reversed. It is the Russians who are far from home while the enemy is comparatively near its base of operations. Its policy is also different from that of its huge antagonist. Up to date it has shown no disposition to burn its bridges. Making Dalny useless for its immediate purpose may be temporary obstruction and embarrassment, but hardly a serious discouragement. The quick-moving and resourceful Jap if he cannot find a way generally makes one. If docks and piers are denied him he can wade ashore through the eel grass almost anywhere along the coast.—Boston Transcript.

**Complicated Leases.**  
 The lease system in vogue in Indian Territory is one of the most complex that the officials have had to handle. One of the most remarkable leases yet seen is one which was filed for record recently, in which the grantor agrees to lease the land for five years for twenty-five cents per acre for each year. The grantor further agrees to put the lease in possession by a stated time or forfeit \$5 per acre. Another remarkable provision in this lease is that the grantor agrees that if any stone, gravel or slate is found within ten feet of the surface the entire rental price on such land will be forfeited. Three leases on the same tract of land were filed for record. One lease is for five years, one for seven years and one for ninety-nine years. All three leases are made by the same parties and all are overlapping from date of contract.—Kansas City Journal.

**X-Rays and the Violin.**  
 It has been discovered that the ageing of a violin can be artificially secured by exposing the wood to X-rays. The beautiful tone which has heretofore resulted from a natural ageing of the wood for fifty or sixty years can thus be obtained in a single day. If this be true Stradivarius violins will be no longer at a premium, except in so far as perfection of manufacture is concerned.

Berliners are growing extravagant. declares the London Chronicle.

## The Art of Concealing Old Age.

By Jane Meredith.

NE of the precious lost arts of our time is the art of growing old gracefully.  
 This is particularly true of women with whom the cult of youth has become more than a fad. It is an obsession that fills their waking thoughts and nightly dreams.  
 Every woman you know past thirty has but one purpose in life, and that is to keep young. Every paper you pick up has columns and pages devoted to telling its feminine readers how to massage away wrinkles, and obliterate triple chins, and avoid gray hair.  
 Every woman you meet spends hours in the privacy of her apartment hopping around on one foot, or trying herself up in figures of eight, in a vain attempt to preserve the waist measure of eighteen and the luscious graces of her vanished girlhood.  
 Beyond thirty the entire feminine population consists of a vast army of Ponce de Leons engaged in a frantic, nerve-wearing, heart-breaking search for the fountain of perpetual youth.  
 They do not find it, of course. They find the peroxide bottle, and the complexion specialist, and the stay-maker, that for a time seem a substitute for the thing they seek, and they cry out that they have found it, and that there are no more old women.  
 In a way this is true. There are no more women who are frankly and serenely old, who have accepted age gracefully and without regret, and who are enjoying the calm twilight of existence that is, perhaps, the most beautiful part of life, as it is the most beautiful part of the day.  
 There are not even any old women's fashions in our stores, or any old ladies' corners in our households. Grandmama wears a picture hat covered with as many flowers and feathers and furbelows as her debutante grand-daughter.  
 Nowhere does the make-believe young woman flourish so plentifully as right here in New York. Ride on any car, sit in any theatre, dine at any restaurant and you may see her on every side of you with her wrinkles filled in with powder, her faded old cheeks painted vermilion, her scanty old eye-brows penciled into the proper line, her dim old eyes looking all the dimmer under the elaborate gold or bronze of her false hair, her avoirdupois laced into the tightness of a youthful gown, or the bones of her scraggy neck showing under strings of jewels.  
 Women regard growing old as the greatest curse that can befall them, but this is only because they make it so.  
 All of us have known brilliant and beautiful young women, but when we think of the most attractive woman we have ever known, the tenderest and the most lovable, and the one whose charms abided with us longest, it is of some old woman with snowy hair, and peaceful eyes, wise and gracious in speech and manner, and into whose presence it was a rest and a benediction to come.  
 It is a great art for a woman to learn to keep young, but it is the greatest art of all to learn to grow old gracefully.—New York American.

## Morals Behind Intellect.

By the Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis.

HE method of testing whether a nation is waxing or waning in manhood is a simple method. God says that a nation piles up the clouds of a coming storm. Not simply is it a sign of individual, ecclesiastical and national decay for a people to emphasize things and forget men, but also when the scholarship of the mind and intellect is far ahead of the morals of the heart and conscience.  
 We know much about cocaine, morphine and opium, but when a druggist tells us that he sells \$300 worth of cocaine and morphine to women every month, we would trade off half our knowledge of nature for obedience to the laws of nature.  
 In 1849 Carlyle stood up and hurled thunderbolts at England's economic system. England scoffed at him. He said that they were making men into industrial machines; that they had forgotten the necessity of strength. Go to England to-day, up in those counties where Carlyle delivered his warning. Four years ago England was involved in a war. She opened enlistment offices in Birmingham and Sheffield and Leeds. Only one man in six was strong enough and broad enough to meet the military requirements. The whole central population of England are feeblelings. They have white blood corpuscles instead of red.  
 Parliament appointed a committee of investigation. They returned the verdict that England in making cotton had destroyed the man. Thus England was destroying herself. In a nation where four generations ago it was regarded as a disgrace for an Englishman or a Scotchman to beg for bread, now 4,000,000 out of 32,000,000 stand in line for public charity to the pauper. In three generations more, since the poor reproduce rapidly, you will have what has happened in Ireland, and England's 4,000,000 paupers will become 16,000,000.  
 There was a day when one college man out of every five went into the Christian ministry. In this age only one out of every 250 think of it. In this church you haven't a single boy in one of your families who is pursuing a course for the Christian ministry.

## A Dissertation on Love.

By Tom Masson.

WHAT is Love?" was the burning question asked by the company of Immortals.  
 "Love," said the landlady, "is that power, so subtle as to defy analysis, which draws two people together who cannot afford it, and enables me to fill my third-story front."  
 "Love," said the society woman, "is the alliance of two families in such a manner as to produce the fewest offspring and then cut the greatest swath."  
 Said the psychologist: "Love is that set of sensations which, finding their way through the afferent nerves, stimulate certain gauglionic centres of the occipital portion of the brain, and extend upward through the higher areas of cerebral consciousness. It is purely subjective in its action, and while it has no regular synthesis, being extremely diverse in all of its aspects, it seems to be subject to some higher defixative law, as yet undetermined."  
 Said the college graduate: "Love is the supreme folly."  
 Said the octogenarian: "Love is eternal."  
 Said the theologian: "Love is that divine force, co-existent with Jehovah that has dwelt in the hearts of men since the shepherds have watched their flocks, and which enables us to force every one to believe in our own particular views, even if we have to do it at the edge of the sword."  
 Said the actress: "Love is an angel—with plenty of money."  
 Said the bachelor: "Love is an amusement."  
 Said the married man: "Love is the dearest thing in the world. It's the thing that prevents me from living within my income."  
 Said the widow: "Love is constant in its change."  
 Said the dressmaker: "Without Love I should go out of business. Love pays all my bills."—Life.

## Languages and the 'Phone.

By the Editor of the Electrical Review.

AN interesting statement was made recently in a cable message to the New York daily press to the effect that the telephone employees in Paris have found that French is more easily understood over the telephone than English.  
 If it be the fact that the French language lends itself to transmission by telephone better than the English the difference must be inherent in the language itself.  
 The greater part of the sounds employed are common to both languages; but a few are peculiar. For example, the hard and soft th and the flat a (as in hat) do not exist in French, while the nasal n (as in mon, pain), the narrow final u and the palatal r do not exist in English.  
 There is a difference in intonation, or timbre of voice, no doubt, and it is possible that this might be the cause. But it seems more probable that the difference, if there be a difference, is in the stress. All English words above monosyllables have a well-marked primary stress, and polysyllables also a secondary stress, and sometimes two. French, on the other hand, has properly no syllabic stress except that on the final syllable. The result is that the strong stress in English causes the unstressed syllables to be slurred over, while in French they have equal enunciation. Compare the English "university" with the French "universite" (u-ni-versi-te, as if it were "oac, two, three, four, five").  
 Should further investigation confirm the statement that various languages are transmittable with difference degrees of distinctness it would be well for those who attempt to introduce a common language to bear this in mind and construct one which is suitable for telephoning.  
 Two and a half tons of whaiebone was recently sold at Dundee at the rate, it is understood, of \$15,000 per ton, or \$1,000 a ton higher than the previous record price. Early last century the price was \$125 per ton.  
 The wife of a Chicago millionaire has had a scent distilled from some variety of water lily that is said to be worth \$125 a drop. It takes thousands of blooms of water lilies to make a very small bottleful.

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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!**