

IF all the skies were sunshine,  
Our faces would be fair  
To feel once more upon their  
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,  
Our hearts would often long  
For one sweet strain of silence,  
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,  
Our souls would seek relief,  
And rest from weary laughter  
In the quiet arms of grief.  
—Henry Vandyke.

# THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

By Emma Gari on Jones.

"There it is, girls; there's Chesholm Manor. You can just catch the tips of the grim, gray turrets over the gloomy fir hills off to the left there."

We all leaned forward, and followed with eager eyes Miss Tresham's pointing finger.

There it was, dimly defined beyond the black firs, in the weird old county of Cornwall.

Miss Tresham shook her pretty head, with its abundant bronze tresses in a melancholy way.

"The most uncanny old place, girls," she said, "a second Moated Grange, for all the world. I always dread our annual visit, though I certainly love godpapa very dearly; but it is such a weird old place. And, girls, there is a haunted chamber, too!"

"A haunted chamber, Beatrix?" we all cried, in a breath.

"A veritable haunted chamber—the 'crimson chamber,' they call it, and it is the grandest room in the house; yet I've never seen it but once in my whole life. I can't bear to go near it. I remember dimly how vast, and grand, and dark it looked, all aglow with crimson and gold. And oh! girls, such an awful legend connected with it. Mrs. Sinnott, the housekeeper, told it to me herself."

"Trixie, dear, tell us!"

"I can't tell it, as Mrs. Sinnott did, but I'll do my best. Centuries ago, in the time of the very first Chesholms—and they came down from the Norman chiefs, you know, ever so long ago—there was a brave knight, Sir Geoffrey Chesholm, I think they called him. He was a great soldier, and the bravest, handsomest man in all England. He wed and won, so the story runs, a lovely Scandinavian girl, with eyes like stars and tresses of golden hair that reached to her knees. He married her, and brought her home to Chesholm Manor, and the crimson room was their bridal chamber.

"Well, a week after they came home to the manor Sir Geoffrey was called away. He parted from his lovely bride with great reluctance, and many tender caresses, for he was excessively fond of her.

"Owing to some circumstances, which I do not remember, he returned much sooner than he had anticipated, and reaching the manor one stormy midnight he let himself in with his night key, and hurried to the chamber of his bride, thinking to find her in bed and asleep.

"But lo! when he reached the crimson room he found it in a glitter of wax lights, and on opening the door he saw his young wife all arrayed in her best robes, with diamonds in her golden hair and on her white throat; and a feast was spread out, with wine and fruits and other dainties. And who do you suppose this fair, false creature had to keep her company? An old lover, who had been Sir Geoffrey's rival.

"Well, he killed her then and there, and his rival, too, and concealed their bodies in the secret passage, into which they say the crimson chamber leads. That was centuries ago, but to this day they come back at midnight and tap against the oaken panels, hoping that some one will come and liberate them. Mrs. Sinnott avers that she has heard this ghostly tapping again and again. She would not sleep a night in this haunted room for worlds. No one ever does except Sir John, and he scouts the whole story."

"Oh, how awful!" we all cried, "and how delightful!"

We drove up the fir-shadowed drive and reached the grim, gray front of the old manor just as the darkness fell. Sir John was on the great stone terrace to welcome us.

"I've brought a lot of young school friends to share my visit, this time, godpapa," said Beatrix, when the greetings were well over.

"That's right, Trixie; the more the merrier. You didn't know we had a ball on the tapis, did you? Nor that young Major Farleigh was at home on furlough either—hey, Trix?"

Beatrix blushed divinely. Major Farleigh was her betrothed lover. The old baronet pinched her glowing cheek.

"I planned it all to surprise you," he said. "But come in, young ladies, we've no time to lose. You must eat your dinner in a hurry, and then dress for the ball."

Dinner over, we lit our candles and hurried up to dress.

"This way, please, mademoiselles," called Sir John, and we followed him into his quaint old sitting room.

"See there, Trixie," he said, pointing toward the sofa; "here's a ball dress fresh from Paris. Would you

like to have them—I mean dress, diamonds and all?"

"Oh, godpapa," cried Beatrix, with clasped hands.

The dress was of silken tissue of the loveliest pink, trimmed with priceless lace, and adorned with tufts of moss rosebuds, and the diamonds were such blinking, gleaming stars—tiara, necklace, armlets and a girdle, like a belt of living light.

"They're yours, Trixie," continued Sir John. "Major Farleigh is likely to admire you in that rig—hey, Trix? Well, they're yours, and, moreover, when you marry the major, I mean that you shall come and live with me. I'm an old man now, and a bit lonely, and I think I shall make the major my heir."

"Oh, Sir John, dear godpapa!" cried Beatrix, with swimming eyes.

"Stop, Trixie," he interrupted. "Wait till you hear my conditions—don't thank me yet—I've made up my mind to do all this, and to give you this trumpery here, provided you are willing to do one thing."

"I'll do anything you wish, you good, dear godpapa," answered Trixie, with her eyes on the glittering gems.

"Very well, you must sleep in the crimson chamber tonight."

"Alone?" faltered poor Beatrix, growing white.

"Nay, you may all go together, but you must enter the crimson room as soon as the ball ends, and remain there till daylight. If you can stand it tonight, and the ghostly pair do not eat you, I mean it for your bridal chamber when you and the major marry."

"I'll do it," said Beatrix, stoutly. "Girls, what do you say?"

"We'll do it," we cried, with one voice.

"Very well; collect your finery, and take yourselves off," said the baronet.

We obeyed, and Beatrix wore her ball dress, and her diamonds, and dazed the poor major so completely that he came nigh losing his wits.

At one o'clock, to the minute, we marched in solemn file to the door of the haunted room. Mrs. Sinnott followed us with an athen face.

"For Heaven's sake, young ladies, give over this mad folly!" she entreated; but Beatrix silenced her, and in we went.

A cheerful fire blazed upon the marble hearth, wax lights glittered in every niche and corner, revealing the vast proportions of the room, and the grand and glowing richness of the crimson hangings and antique furniture.

"It is a pity, as godpapa says, for such a handsome apartment to be deserted," said Beatrix, as we surrounded the hearth. "I hope we shall come out victorious, girls."

We glanced nervously at the great catafalque of a bed, with its crimson canopy, and concluded to keep watch before the hearth. Two o'clock chimed from the hoarse old clock above the stables. We heard the roar of the surf on the wild Cornish coast, and the mournful wail of the wind amid the grim turrets, and by the by, with beating hearts and suspended breaths we heard another sound.

Tap, tap, tap, against the oaken panel. Beatrix became as white as death, and glanced over her shoulder with a shudder.

"Girls, they are coming," she whispered—"the false bride and her lover."

We clung together, huddling over the grate. Tap, tap, tap, it came again. One of our party, a little blond miss from the Sussex hills, fell gently to the floor in a swoon. Tap, tap, tap, and then a faint, rustling movement. Beatrix thought of her major and her bridal night, and rose to her feet in trembling desperation.

"Who's there?" she demanded, in a voice that shook.

Tap, tap, tap! No other answer but that faint, rustling sigh.

A sort of heroism, born of despair, seized upon Beatrix. Her white cheeks flamed, her brown eyes glowed.

"I'll solve this mystery," she said, "I'll liberate this ghostly pair."

And straightway she marched across the crimson carpet, and lifted the crimson velvet arras. Her hand shook like a leaf, and her cheeks whitened again, but she pressed her finger upon the little knob which moved the sliding panel.

Tap, tap, tap! again, and then the carved, oaken panel slid slowly aside, and friends, not the ghostly pair came forth, but a great, gaunt, gray old rat.

Beatrix fell down in a faint, but she had won her diamonds; and she slept in the haunted chamber on her bridal night.—New York Weekly.

### TRANSPORTING SOIL.

Peculiar Rose Producing Clay is Being Shipped by the Car Load.

The soil that made Newcastle famous as the American Beauty rose city is being brought to Indianapolis to enrich the beautiful and vigorous Indianapolis rose, which, like this city's carnations, already has a name in American flower circles, writes the Indianapolis correspondent of the New York Tribune. W. J. Hasselman, owner of the Indianapolis Flower and Plant Company, a wholesaling concern, that has large greenhouses just north of Central avenue and Thirty-fourth street, shipped two car loads of the wonderful Newcastle rose producing earth to Indianapolis last year and used it with remarkable success in his greenhouse benches. He is just now unloading four more car loads. The soil that is now being shipped to Indianapolis is taken out of one of Newcastle's streets that is being improved. It is a dark colored clay—the kind that farmers call "white oak clay"—and its peculiar

characteristic is its adhesiveness when in a damp state. It can be worked until it looks and feels like putty, but when dried out it lies a compact mass that holds well any fertilizer that may be used on it.

"The Newcastle people think that this is the greatest rose producing soil in the world," said Hasselman today as he handled some of the clay that was being unloaded in the greenhouses, "but I am not prepared to say whether that is true or not. At all events it has given the best results in rose growing of any soil found in Indiana and has also given Newcastle a national reputation as a producer of roses that cannot be surpassed. Newcastle roses have taken sweepstakes and other prizes in national shows. We are shipping it to Indianapolis because it is the best soil that we have available, and inasmuch as we can get it from the streets that are being improved in Newcastle it is about as cheap earth as we could get even if we sent teams out into the country here and found a passably good clay. We have found a place north of Broad Ripple that seems to have good rose growing soil, but we have not made sufficient experiments yet to be certain that it will produce the results that Newcastle soil will produce."

Newcastle has built up a wonderful rose growing industry. Chicago is still the rose centre of the West, as Madison, N. J., is in the East, but Newcastle is looming up in the list of our national rose centres.

"The Newcastle florists are cutting and shipping between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 roses a year now, and they go everywhere. What is it in the soil that makes the roses grow and bloom so wonderfully? I don't know, but it is there. We have very good rose soil around Indianapolis, and it produces a superior flower, but still I cannot say that it equals the soil of Newcastle."

"All of Indiana is the best carnation growing region in this country, and possibly in the world. I don't know why the carnation likes Indiana so well, but perhaps it is because Indiana has produced more good, high standard commercial carnations than any other part and more new species of the flower. The State is well to the fore in flower raising of all kinds."

Hasselman has developed several carnations, one of which, a brilliant red one, is as pretty a flower as can be found in the carnation family. He is working on several other new species and has them in the third year of their development stage.

### WHY STARS TWINKLE.

The Effect Produced Upon Them by Air Waves.

The great aerial ocean over our heads is made up of an infinite multitude of moving currents and stream of varying density and temperature, all in process of continued change and adjustment due to the heating of the atmosphere by the sun during the day and cooling by radiation at night, says the Baltimore Sun. The atmosphere is full of little waves or streaming masses of air, somewhat resembling the ripples in a shallow stream of water flowing over gravel. And if the astronomer will point his telescope on a bright star and remove the eyepiece, so as to look directly upon the object glass illuminated by the light of the star he may see these streaming currents dancing in all their complexity. It is these little waves in the air which cause the twinkling of the fixed stars. As the waves are passing before our eyes they act like prisms, deflecting the light first this way and then that, producing flashes of the spectral colors, and sometimes almost extinguishing the stars, so that momentarily they appear to go out. In high, dry countries where the atmosphere is quietest, these waves are generally diminished in importance and astronomers have noticed that in such localities the scintillation of the stars almost ceases. There the air is quite free from agitating currents, and the astronomers can make good observations.

It is worthy of remark that but for the brightness of the sky the stars could not be seen in daylight. Even as matters stand, some of the brighter ones have been seen after sunrise by explorers in high mountains, where the air is very clear and the sky dark blue. If we could go above the atmosphere the sky would appear perfectly black and stars would be visible right close up to the sun. Astronomers observe bright stars in daytime by using long-focus telescopes, the dark tubes of which cut off the side light; and persons in the bottoms of deep wells have noticed stars passing overhead, the side light being reduced by the great depths of the wells.

A Hard Critic.

A clergyman was rebuked by one of the ruling elders for sauntering on the Sunday along the hillside above the manse. The clergyman took the rebuke in good part, but tried to show the remonstrant that the action of which he complained was innocent and lawful, and he was about to cite the famous example of a Sabbath walk, with the plucking of the ears of corn, as set forth in the gospels, when he was interrupted with the remark: "Oh, yes, sir, I know what you mean to say, but for my part I have never thought the better of them for breaking the Sabbath."—Gelkio's "Scottish Reminiscences."

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# Why College Athletes Come Very High.

It Takes Two Hundred Footballs, Four Hundred Baseballs, More Than a Hundred Pairs of Special Shoes and a Lot of Board and Traveling for a Season.

By Arthur Camp.

**T**HAT college athletics come high in these modern days is generally understood. That we must nevertheless have them is the positive argument of the majority among students and faculties. Without entering into the discussion, one may contemplate with interest the new details concerning supplies and their cost for the athletics of a great Eastern university. The general report of the treasurer in this instance reminded the writer of the budget of some small city, considered as a matter of fiscal magnitude. It set forth receipts reaching up nearly to \$100,000, with total expenditures of about the same imposing sum.

Of the outlay, about two-thirds went for running expenses of the crews and the three athletic teams, and included such items in round figures as \$10,000 for board at "training tables," \$7,000 for sporting goods, \$14,000 for traveling, hotels and meals, \$2,500 for "trophies," and so on.

Here was what entered into consumption for the football squad during a single season: 197 pairs of shoes, 29 silk ankle supporters, 179 undershirts, 167 under-jackets, 20 canvas jackets, 87 nose guards, 76 leather belts, 59 pairs of "pants," 79 sweaters, 32 shin guards, 17 headgear (leather caps), 437 elbow and shoulder pads, several hundred shoe cleats, 10 "charley-horse" guards, 15 silk knee-caps, 189 pairs of hose and 200 footballs.

It should be explained that the football squad at the university referred to consists of about fifty men, including the large and well defined nucleus of the "regular" eleven. Each one of the squad during the season averaged about \$57 in his supply of sporting goods.

The smaller baseball squad averaged for the season almost \$100 per man in consumption of sporting goods, and nearly 400 baseballs as a vivid item. Of the high consumption of footballs connotes the fact that some fifty of those ovoids, costing about \$3 each, are distributed to candidates during the spring and summer, partly for home practice. It appears that after a day or two of use the ball has a tendency to grow "round" and lose its orthodox shape. In catching punts the player can practice on the rounded ball only at some risk of the deadly fumble of the new ball used in the match game, and thus a fresh ball must be substituted in practice as soon as the normal arc of the ovoid is impaired.

"Charley-horse guards" interpret itself as a peculiar stiff padded guard of the large frontal muscle of the thigh, which is very amenable to the deep "charley-horse" bruise, so called. Tricky players in earlier football epochs sometimes adopted a concealed metallic guard at that vulnerable spot.

The ample stock of 170 undershirts meant that provision must be made for frequent changes, to avoid an irritating eruption of the skin.

A supply of 197 pairs of shoes, made to order, and retailing at about \$3.50 a pair, certainly seems liberal on the face of the return. But the up-to-date football man must hit him to a fresh pair at first symptom of rash or blister; and a wet day and match signifies that the shoes dry stiff and must be discarded by the wholesale, with most disastrous results to the football exchequer.—The Outlook.

# Have Geniuses the Right to Marry?

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

**A**CCORDING to a lecture delivered in Chicago by Mrs. Kate Upton Clark, of New York, a genius should not marry. "Genius is in sanity," she declared. "In order to be a genius one lives most of the time in a world of deep emotions. It is hard for people of artistic temperament to conform to ordinary rules. Thus divorces, suicides, drunkenness and impulsive vices are found among people of genius. The irrepresible temperament seems to be absolutely necessary to art."

Undoubtedly, this is the greatest blow that has been struck at the institution of matrimony in recent years. For, eliminating the genius factor from the list of possible sacrifices to Hymen, who or what will be left? No, you, surely, gentle reader, not your brilliant cousin, your talented brother, your wonderful nephew, nor your next door neighbor, nor mine. For if the bell were to ring for the great international genius sweepstakes this minute would we not all be ready to toe the line?

Considering the subject more seriously, how may a man or woman determine—or other men and women determine for them—whether or not he or she possesses the divine afflatus that, if Mrs. Clark and others before her are to be believed, unfit one for the married state?

So far as the artistic temperament, which cannot conform to ordinary rules, is concerned, more crimes have been committed in its name than if that of all the seven deadly sins for which it exhibits such a marked proclivity. If a man who can't play "The Campbell's Are Coming" without making his neighbors wish that they would come in a rush and get it over wants to elope with his best friend's wife, he suddenly remembers that he is a musician and does it—in the name of the artistic temperament.

If an amateur photographer posing as an artist, or a half-baked author who can't spell, or a ten-cent-thirt' actor out of a job wants to do anything that will self-respect weasel would balk at, he does it because he is a genius and because of his artistic temperament.

It would be too bad, however, if the crimes committed in the name of genius should bar the few real and fortunate possessors of it from marriage and inflict upon the human race the inevitable deterioration that must come from the limitation of its joys and sorrows to mediocre people.

It is true that many unquestioned geniuses have led unconventional lives. But they did not do so because they couldn't help it—no person of ordinary intelligence does anything for that reason—but merely because they could afford to.

The lives of ordinary people are cut according to system as their clothes are. They get them ready-made because they can't afford anything else. When a genius comes along he thinks he would like his life made to his own measure, and in order to fit himself out properly takes a length from our commandment and puts a gusset into another until Moses himself would not recognize his handiwork.

Generally, he is very much disappointed in the result, for the ready-made life is decidedly the best one to be had. And the ready-made life includes marriage, which has a certain disciplinary value for every one, genius or no.—New York Evening World.

# Advice to Young Writers.

By W. A. Alden.

**W**HEN one hesitates to suggest to a young writer the formation of his style through a study of approved models. He must, first of all, find himself, and he cannot do that by following the figure of another's labyrinth, beginning from the outside circle. The form is of the spirit, and each writer's form is of his individual spirit. The young writer's first object in reading is inspiration, not artistic equipment, and he selects those works which most appeal to his imaginative sensibility. Other books he reads simply for information—the more of them the better, since the knowledge of nature which his imaginative faculty reacts. The initial moment of his career is that in which his own individual note is disclosed to him, known and felt as his own and not any other's—the key-note of a harmony which, if he pursues not, as to the fulfillment of a destiny, will never be taken up by another. Mentors and models have no place within the charmed circle of this contemplation. The writer has found himself, and the world awaits a disclosure. This individuality is not isolation; the new harmony takes its place in the line of continuous human culture. Each star shines by its own light, but a part of a constellation.—Harper's Editor's Study.

# What a True Scholar Is.

By President David Starr Jordan.

**T**HE scholar in the true sense is the man or woman for whom the schools have done their best. The scholar knows something thoroughly, and can carry his knowledge into action. With this, he must have such knowledge of related subjects and of human life as will throw this special knowledge into proper perspective. Anything less than this is not scholarship. The man with knowledge and no perspective is a crank, a disturber of the peace, who needs a guardian to make his knowledge useful. The man who has common sense, but no special training, may be a fair citizen, but he can exert little influence that makes for progress. There may be a wisdom not of books, but it can be won by no easy process. To gain wisdom or skill in school or out, in education, to do anything well requires special knowledge and this is scholarship, whether attained in the university or in the school of life. It is the man who knows that has the right to speak.—The Atlantic.

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