

For the Blues.

It doesn't pay to frown when you're blue; You'd better exercise a bit and fill your lungs with air; Don't sit down and mope or grumble; If you do men may pity, but they'll leave you sitting there.

When the world has been unkind, when life's troubles cloud your mind, Don't sit down and frown, and sigh, and moan and mope! Take a walk along the square, fill your lungs with fresh air— Then go whistling back to work, and smile again and hope. —Cleveland Leader.

Agnes, the Indian Girl

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"An Indian girl, a real Indian girl!" exclaimed Helena Dickson, with a little scream. "Dear me! I never expected to see anything like this even in the Far West."

It was a spacious, roomy kitchen, furnished with an odd intermingling of luxury, privation and makeshift. At one end a large fire of walnut and pine logs roared up the great, cavernous chimney; at the other, two or three girls sat round a table; while Ralph Davenant, the farmer, lay fast asleep on the chintz-cushioned lounge, lulled by the continuous rushing sound of the great western river that bounded one extremity of his domains.

Guy Davenant sat near the girls—a tall, splendidly molded young Apollo of the forest, with shaggy, hazel eyes, and hair curling in black, silky rings all over his head. He looked up quickly as Miss Dickson spoke.

"Agnes Oshawanda?" he exclaimed. "You say she's in the outer kitchen? Why don't the women tell her to come in?"

"Guy!" reproved his sister. "An Indian interpreter's daughter!" "Helena ought to see her," urged Guy. "She's as beautiful as a statue."

"But she is old Oshawanda's daughter, and she lives down by the falls." "What then? She is as intelligent and cultivated as nine out of ten of the girls around here. Call her in, I say, or I'll go out there myself."

Julia Davenant rose with a curl to her lip, and opening the kitchen door, beckoned haughtily to a tall, slight figure standing by the fire beyond. "Come in, Agnes," cheerily called out Guy, as if determined to atone for his sister's evident lack of courtesy, and Agnes Oshawanda entered, moving with the slow, willowy grace of a bending reed.

She was dark, but not darker than many a brunette of unblemished Saxon lineage, with velvety soft eyes, raven black hair, looped in heavy braids at the back of her head, and a delicate, oval face, with features straight and pure as the outlines of a Greek model. Her dress was of some dark worsted stuff, with a scarlet shawl folded across her shoulders, and a silken scarf was twisted about her hair. She hung her head with evident embarrassment at Helena Dickson's bold stare.

"I only came to bring Mr. Davenant the baskets he ordered of my father," she said, in a low voice. "But sit down and rest a few minutes," said Guy. "You have walked a long distance."

Agnes Oshawanda hesitated. Had Guy Davenant's sisters confirmed the request, she would have gladly rested a little. But Julia and Clara sewed on, without looking up, and Helena's supercilious glance called the red blood to her dark cheek.

"No," she said, quietly. "I must go." "Then I will walk a part of the way with you," said Guy, jumping up for his hat. "I don't think Agnes has accustomed herself to an escort through the woods," said Julia, rudely.

between her and their brother Guy, the young gentleman persisted in treating her with nothing more than the regulation civility. "It's too mean!" said Clara, pointing. "When Helena has such a nice little property of her own, too," added Julia. And Helena, herself, who was getting into the sore and yellow leaf of maidenhood, curled her hair, and anointed her cheeks with "rose-bloom" more vigorously than ever, for Guy Davenant was a husband well worth the angling for.

"But you'll ask Agnes Oshawanda to your picnic party, girls?" "Indeed, we shall not!" Julia Davenant answered, with a toss of her haughty head. "An Indian girl! What would people say?"

"Then I shant come to it!" said Guy, independently. Julia burst into tears. "Guy, you are too hateful for anything! And Helena thinks so much of the picnic."

"Not enough, it seems, to treat a harmless, pretty girl with ordinary decency," said Guy, angrily. "She passed Agnes yesterday in the road without even speaking to her."

"Do you expect us to receive her on an equality with ourselves?" "I do not know why you should not," was the brusque reply.

"I believe Agnes Oshawanda has bewitched you with some of her father's outlandish Indian charms," flashed out Julia. "Perhaps she has," said Guy, laughing. "Her father's or her own."

"Guy, it is no jesting matter." "Did I say it was? Miss Spitzfire? Do leave me in peace a little while now."

"But Helena wants you to go with her to gather flowers and autumn leaves." "I shall do nothing of the sort," said Guy; and he adhered resolutely to his resolution.

The day of the much-anticipated picnic came; but Guy, instead of escorting Miss Dickson down to the slope of velvet grass, shaded by superb forest trees, which had been selected as the site of the merry making, took his gun and started off into the woods.

"I won't be deafened by the cackle of these girls," quoth he to himself. "Dead! Oh, father, he is not dead?" Old Oshawanda, the smart-browed Indian interpreter, listened with his ear against the stalwart chest of the fallen hunter, who lay among the yellow autumn leaves, where Agnes had found him, bathed in his own blood.

There had been some imperfection in the lock of the new rifle—what or where no one ever knew, but it was blown to pieces, and Guy Davenant lay like a dead man beside it. They carried him to the little cabin beside the rushing falls of the Metacasa, and laid him on the wide couch of the old Indian, and then he struggled his way back again to life.

"Who bound up these wounds?" he asked, with a slight shudder, as he glanced downward at bandages and wrappings, and began to comprehend the full extent of the perils from which he had so miraculously escaped.

"I did," Agnes Oshawanda answered. "You!" His eyes rested admiringly on her calm, beautiful face. "There isn't one woman in a thousand who would have had such pluck as that. I should like to have Helena Dickson see blood without fainting away, and as for Clara and Julia—pooh!"

"Just their maneuvering!" said Julia, when she had sobbed and shrieked away her first terror at the frightful news of the accident that had happened to her brother. "Of course Agnes and her scheming old father expect to make a profitable speculation out of it. Why couldn't they just as well have brought you home?"

"They might have done so," said Guy, calmly, "but a corpse would have been all that was borne across the threshold. Oshawanda and his daughter have saved my life, and I shall never cease to be grateful to them for what they have done."

"But," lisped Helena, "mayn't we come down and nurse you, dear Mr. Guy? I am sure it would be a pleasure, and these good people, although well meaning, I dare say, cannot understand the refinements an invalid so much needs."

"Your kindness is quite unnecessary," said Guy, coldly. "I have every care and attention here." "The bold, sly thing!" said Clara, biting her lip as the three girls walked homeward again. "I saw her eyes flash triumph when she spoke."

significance his words were intended to convey. "I married her this morning," he said, with quiet, exultant pride. "As my wife, she is your equal—in all else, infinitely your superior. Agnes, my pearl of the forest, welcome, a thousand times, to your new home."

And, with a sinking heart, Helena Dickson saw Agnes Oshawanda, the Indian interpreter's daughter, elevated to the position she had so vainly tried to occupy.

Truly, "Woman proposes, but Cupid disposes." The Miss Davenants had outwitted themselves, after all.—New York Weekly.

THE "WEATHER CLERK" IN LAPLAND.

Automatic Registration of Meteorological Phenomena, Under Difficulties.

If the weather observer in Lapland were to imitate the tenants of the stations on Mt. Washington or Pike's Peak and spend the winter on the mountain top to observe the changes in person, there would probably be no observer left to tell the tale when spring came.

To secure the observations without sacrificing the observer, Professor Axel Hamberg, of the University of Stockholm, has constructed automatic registering apparatus for the Lapland Alps, one station being on Sabko, mountain at an altitude of 3,500 feet, and the other on the Portjokko at an altitude of 6,500 feet.

Each apparatus is expected to run without interruption or adjustment for one year. Emil Guarini describes the method of operation and the attendance difficulties in the Scientific American.

The registration is obtained by means of a bar, which, three times an hour, fall across needles and produces in the paper perforations corresponding to each of them. The great difficulty to be surmounted is the hoar frost. The Portjokko station, for example, was, after a few months, completely surrounded by a stratum of frost of at least three feet in thickness, and the apparatus very naturally ceased to operate.

The instruments were then taken down to 500 feet from the summit, but, even at this altitude, the formation of frost interfered with their operation, especially in autumn. It is then almost impossible to prevent interruptions in the registration of the velocity and direction of the wind. In order to obviate this inconvenience, M. Hamberg has the summit apparatus cleaned from time to time by a Laplander, and after this the running proceeds uninterruptedly till the succeeding autumn.

The instruments must not only be kept free from frost, but also from moisture as far as possible. In order to dry the air to as great a degree as possible, it became necessary to place paper cylinders around the clockwork movement, and around the registering apparatus, an iron plate casting containing cups filled with chloride of calcium. It was owing only to such precautions that the running of the apparatus became uniform during the entire winter. The apparatus installed at 3,500 feet altitude has operated almost continuously for two summers, and the second, placed at 6,000, has operated equally as well.

The winding up of the clockwork and the changing of the paper bands of the registering apparatus are needed but once a year. The registration during the year requires the use of 65 feet of paper. The weight that actuates the clockwork movement descends but 60 inches a year. This movement was constructed by M. G. W. Linderoth, a Swedish horologist.

A complete station comprises two huts, one containing the paper cylinders, the clockwork, and the registering apparatus, and the other the cups and snow registering apparatus. This latter is suspended from spiral springs in a large cask. When there is a fall of rain or snow, the cask descends according to the greater or less quantity of material that it receives, and thus registers.

Where Providence Guarded.

"I've come to the conclusion that Providence looks after the absent minded as well as the inebricated and juvenile," said a young business man who sometimes looks for his hat when it's on his head.

"Yesterday afternoon I broke a button off my coat in the office, and that it out with my boy to a little tailor's around the corner. A few minutes later my best girl happened in. I did not mind meeting her in my shirt sleeves, and she, reminding me I must hurry up to keep a luncheon engagement with her before she took a train out of town, apparently didn't notice my dishabille."

"I hustled into my overcoat, put on my hat and we started off for the Bellevue-Stratford. Just before we reached the merry-go-round door I discovered that I was shy a coat. I figured out also that folks don't dine in shirt sleeves in the B-S. So, as there wasn't time to go back for the coat, and as it was a little lark for us anyhow, we lunched in a hurry up place in Chestnut street and kept our coats on. The meal cost 85 cents, which I paid from a bunch of small change in my overcoat pocket."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A man has been arrested in Philadelphia for stealing popular songs. He should have been given a medal for stealing them instead of singing them.

A young Long Island farm hand has married the millionaire widow for whom he worked. Yet some people say there is no money in farming.

A woman out in Indiana died recently, and she stipulated in her will that no man was to be present at her funeral. She was an old maid, too.

The young man out in Minnesota who ran away with his mother-in-law, twice his age, must have made a mistake in the dark.

The Indiana man who claims that he never had a dream, never experienced the exquisite pleasure of counting an imaginary treasure and spending it all on imaginary pleasures.

The "Dark Night" Society has just been organized by the ladies of Geneva, Ind. The club is not a stay-out-late organization, but has been started for the purpose of promoting municipal lighting.

A Chicago man has been fined \$100 for attempting to steal a kiss. It would appear that in addition to being the sweetest, forbidden fruit is also rather expensive in Chicago.

A correspondent suggests the revival of toll gates for automobiles, states the Boston Transcript. That would indeed, be bringing the obsolete and the up to date face to face.

It is not at all imprudent that before some of us die—although we might perhaps wish to die first—we may see a lady entering for the amateur golf championship and perhaps winning it against all the men. An analogous calamity occurred in croquet, concludes Country Life.

Down in Connecticut there is a man who is using the motor of his automobile this winter to perate a churn and run a fodder cutter. There's no use trying to keep down Yankee ingenuity, declares the Chicago Record-Herald.

The man with the latest funny story and who knows how to tell it effectively is well met for a time, but he soon becomes a good deal of a bore, says the Boston Herald. We believe this is one of the numerous causes that have contributed to the prospective defeat of Chauncey Depew for reelection. It doesn't pay to be a clown except in the circus.

The Brutallarian is the name of a new Magazine just started in London, heralding itself "A Journal for the Sane and Strong." It takes the stand that the refinements of our day have made us too effeminate and sensitive and that the world needs to return in a measure to the stronger, if cruder, ways of less cultured times.

An Indianapolis coal dealer has been arrested for selling 1,500 pounds of coal for a ton. Naturally the court is loath to fine a man for an offense that is so generally committed that it is expected, and he has continued the case. But how did the coal dealer come to give the customer the odd sixty pounds? asks the Hartford City News.

Bribery would be less common if would-be bribers were all treated like one in St. Paul who offered a roll of bills to Michael Doran, a referee in bankruptcy, if he would make a decision in his favor, says the Pathfinder. Doran knocked the man down and then kicked him out of his office.

Out in Nebraska the other day the sheriff jumped into his automobile and took after a bank robber who was riding a good horse, the Newark News states. What is more, he caught this man. You may see "the passing of the horse" in this interesting episode; or, if you please, view it as a striking illustration of the opulence and style of Nebraska sheriffs.

"Touching" to ward off evil is one of the most curious habits of the human race, states the Chicago News. Many people will "touch wood" when talking of past immunity from trouble. But even more obscure is the individual habit—a nervous and morbid one, no doubt—of performing apparently unnecessary devotions to inanimate objects. Sir Walter Scott as a boy cut the button from the coat of his rival in class—the button that was always fingered before the right answer was delivered. Dr. Johnson would turn back in Fleet street if he had missed touching one of the posts.

Pigeon Kidnappers. New York City has a multitude of "flights" of pigeons. There are few blocks that have not at least one roof devoted to this purpose. The section of territory bounded by Eighteenth and Thirtieth streets and Eighth and Ninth avenues, has over twenty "flights." Their owners may be seen, twice a day, at six in the morning and again at five in the afternoon, stirring the birds to flight. A ten foot fishing pole, with a black cloth at one end, is often used for starting the birds. Many of the "flights" are used to catch stray pigeons. The "stray" as it is called, joins the flock in their upward flight and is trapped on the descent. One the East Side, it is considered legitimate to trap a "stray" from a rival fancier's flock.—Country Life in America.

ELEPHANTS ARE DYING OUT.

Only Two Thousand in Ceylon, It is Estimated.

In the new Ceylon Handbook and Directory an interesting record is that of the export of elephants from the island during the past forty-one years. In 1903 there were only eight of these pachyderms sent out of the country, one to British India and seven to Germany.

The price paid for these animals was 7,500 rupees, giving a modest average of 825 rupees each. A royalty of rupees 200 per head was imposed in 1873, and the number of elephants exported, which had fallen long before then, dwindled in the next few years to three and even to one. In 1882 the royalty was reduced to Rs. 100, in the hope that business might revive and encouragement be given to supplying the new demand for Ceylon elephants in the Continental menageries.

The Rajahs' courts in India had previously formed the chief market for them. The total number sold in the time treated was 2,225, or an average of 56 per annum.

Mr. Alfred Clark, an expert, estimates that there are now only 2,000 elephants in Ceylon. The royalty in 1891 was again raised to Rs. 200. Whether the effect of this will be to permit the animals to increase in undue proportion to their available haunts or that sportsmen shooting elephants will counterbalance the decrease in the export remains to be seen.—Lahore Tribune.

WAYS OF THE "BORN FIXER."

Never Any Use to Interfere, Says Woman Who Knows.

"One of the easiest ways to get over a difficulty is to walk around it," said the woman who had just returned to her home after a summer outing. "Our lock, which has done good work for our years, naturally stopped while we were away, when I wound it the endulum refused to swing. William told me to let it alone until he had time to fix it."

"One evening after dinner William took down the clock. He told the servant to bring him the kerosene oil can. He poured half the contents of it can down the back of the clock, incidentally he ruined the tablecloth and his trousers. But I didn't mind that. It never pays to interfere with a born fixer when he's fixing something."

"After William had tinkered with the timepiece for an hour he decided to wait until the next night. When he had gone down town next morning I took it to a clockmaker.

"Jimmy!" he exclaimed, "who's seen monkeying with this? To remedy the original trouble would have cost forty cents. Now you'll want a new face, since this one is soaked with oil. You're in for \$4.50 all right."

"I had the clock in its usual place when William came home to dinner, but he never seemed to notice it. I said he was going to a neighbor's that evening to help him fix his automobile."

DOG LEFT THE CHURCH.

Humiliated by Accident, Collie Abandoned All Religion.

At the disruption in 1843 the bulk of the shepherds joined the Free Kirk. But one collie held by the Established principle, and refused to "come out." Every Sabbath he went alone to the Established church, where he had been wont to accompany his master. His master refused to coerce him "Na, na," he said, "he's a wise dog; I'll no meddle wi' his convictions."

The collie's adherence to the Establishment had, however, a disastrous end. He was accustomed to lie during the sermon on the pulpit stairs, no doubt better to hear the discourse. Below him were placed the long stove-pipe hats of the elders. On one unfortunate day he fell asleep, rolled off his step and managed to get his head firmly fixed inside one of the hats. Bitterly mortified, the dog fled from the kirk, and ever afterward, as his master said, "had nae trockings wi' religion."—The Spectator.

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Table with columns: TRAINS LEAVE MONTAUND, EASTWARD. 7:38 A. M.—Train 61. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia, 11:38 a. m. New York 2:55 p. m., Baltimore 12:15 p. m., Washington 1:20 p. m. Parlor car and passenger coach to Philadelphia.

Table with columns: WESTWARD. 5:33 A. M.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie, Genesee, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and intermediate stations, with passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester. Week days for Harrisburg, Belleville and Pittsburgh. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper to Philadelphia.

Table with columns: CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table. Week Days. Read Down. June 15, 1904. Read Up. No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10

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