

Going By-By.

And it's hot for the land of By-By,
Astraddle of papa's knee.

And maybe we'll call on the fairies
Down there in the hazel dell.

But this I know, that so surely
As the little piggie could talk,

The Broadening of the Hacketts.

BY MARY E. MITCHELL.

"Guess you're right, 'Melia," said Mr. Hackett, laying down his knife and fork, preparatory to a long draft of fragrant coffee.

Amelia straightened up with an air of conscious capability, which brought a faint tinge of pink into her usually pale cheeks.

"I will see to the expense, father," she replied. "The school board pays my way and I am going with the Farmington teachers by train.

"Well, then, dear heart, so it doesn't," responded Mrs. Hackett, taking Totty's plump first out of the mug which she was rapturously churning the milk.

Amelia's face deepened into rose-red. It was pleasant to have her efforts appreciated. She did not begrudge the money. It never should be said that she instructed other people's children, and neglected her own family's intellectual welfare.

"I suppose we can leave Totty at Letty Rich's for the day," continued Mrs. Hackett. The prospect of filling a big lunch basket which would be equal to the demands of the hungry Hacketts, and of caring for a restless family during hours of sightseeing, did not just then appeal to her.

"There is to be a model kindergarten for children," answered her daughter. "I should like Totty to have the advantage of it."

"Well, if we're going to take a day off," remarked Mr. Hackett, pushing his chair away from the table, "I guess we've got to do a bit of hustling now. Robert, you can go at the onions, and if they aren't done better than the best bed you loafed over yesterday, not a step will you go tomorrow."

It was vacation time, and when Amelia had dutifully helped her mother with the morning's work, she wandered out of doors, to the edge of the orchard slope and sat down on the soft grass. The world spread out before her, broad and beautiful, but it was the world of the country, and Amelia's soul longed for more.

Watson was a lonely little village, apparently overlooked by anything which hinted of progress. Even the railroad made a detour, as if to ignore it, and established the nearest station at Farmington, four miles away.

It was at the Farmington Academy that Amelia had been roused to long for Culture—that elusive ideal always, in her mind, to be spelled with a capital. She had tried to awaken the same interest in her family; but while they were proud of her, they remained sadly content with the simple, humdrum life, which included no literary or artistic aspirations.

Amelia, smiling under the apple trees, shook her head dolefully as she thought of some of her endeavors and their subsequent failures. The very Christmas before she had given her mother a prettily bound book of essays, which was warmly received. It now occupied a proud position on the center table, its leaves uncut.

ing meadow lands and upland pastures, all adrift with snow and flecked by the shadows of the swiftly passing clouds. No Amelia's family were certainly not desirous of culture.

"But," thought Amelia, "their ideas must be broadened by the fair!" The annual fair had always been held in a distant part of the country, too far away to be even considered by the Hacketts.

Amelia, in spite of former failures, conscientiously set to work to make her family visit to the fair as profitable as possible. That night, at the supper table she produced a number of neatly written slips of paper.

"Method is as useful in pleasure as in work," she announced, in her most pedagogical manner. "I have gone carefully over the program for tomorrow and picked out the features advisable for each. On father's slip I have put picture gallery, concert, lecture on the ancient Greeks, stereopticon exhibition of famous statues.

"I think if you follow these," continued Amelia, with pardonable pride, "you will find that you can accomplish more than if you wandered aimlessly about."

The Hacketts received the slips of paper in silence. Somehow, they could hardly tell why, there was something depressing about them.

"Amelia had a glorious day at the fair. By a judicious economy of time she got in far more, even, than she had planned. As she hurried eagerly from place to place she saw nothing of her family. "Queer!" she thought. "I should think I would run across them somewhere."

When the Hacketts got home that night they were too tired for utterance; but the next morning, at the breakfast-table, there certainly was no excuse for their studied silence.

Finally Amelia broke the ice. "It was a feast!" she sighed. "I can live for a year on it. Did Totty enjoy the kindergarten?"

Totty's mouth was full of bread and butter, but she murmured something which sounded like "merry-go-round."

Mrs. Hackett looked a trifle embarrassed. "Well, now, 'Melia," she said, "to tell the truth, Totty didn't get much of it. You see, she cried so when I tried to leave her; and then there were so many things for her to see, it did seem a shame to coop her up all day."

Amelia made no comment. "Did you see some beautiful embroidery?" she asked the twins.

"Yes, sister," answered Milly. "It was very nice, but we liked the merry-go-round better, and the crystal maze was lovely."

"Punch and Judy was great!" broke in Bobby. "But I liked sarsaparilla soda and the shooting gallery best. I got six drinks out of 'em."

Amelia's blue eyes opened wide, but she said nothing. Totty, who had swallowed her mouthful, puckered up her little red lips and breathed out a bit of a tune. Willard grinned.

"Whistling Rufus," he said. Amelia looked puzzled. "Did you hear that at the concert, Totty?"

"Yes, dear, yes," replied Mrs. Hackett. "It was grand. I dare say, but I didn't hear much of it. You see, the children were so restless I had to come out."

"What did you think of the club lecture?" continued Amelia. "Well, now, 'Melia, I don't see just how it happened, but after I'd sampled all the jams and looked at the quilts I was fair beat out, and I just set down and watched the folks, so I didn't get round to the lecture. There were some real handsome quilts, daughter."

Stevens. We can match the show in pigs, though, can't we, Willard?" The next time Amelia went to Farmington she called on a former teacher of hers. "It's no use," she said, dismally, relating the story of the fair. "It seems as if they didn't want to be broadened. It was just money wasted!"

Miss Stimson laughed. "You haven't learned all life's lessons yet, Amelia. As for its being money wasted, they all had a good time and saw the things they were interested in, and that's a good deal in this world.—Youth's Companion.

WHAT AGRICULTURISTS HAVE DONE.

There Seems to Be a Gold Mine on Every Farm.

Department reports are rather dull reading; as a rule, but the American farmer will be vastly entertained and no doubt flattered by the perusal of those paragraphs in the report of Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson which deal with the wealth taken from the soil by the "man with the hoe"—a purely figurative term in the West, where farms are as large as principalities, and sowing, reaping and binding are done by machinery almost as complicated as a printing press.

If the farmer does not think himself a superior being to the mechanic and the professional man after reading about his contributions to the national wealth, as set forth in this report it will be because there is still a mortgage on his homestead and he is walking the floor nights in painful calculation about meeting the interest. If that is the case, he must be the owner of a New Hampshire rock pasture or of a wood lot beyond the reach of a portable saw mill—surely he cannot be one of the happy mortals indicated in the Secretary's Arabian Nights tale.

There seems to have been a gold mine on every farm and plantation outside New England in 1904. The corn crop tops up almost 2,500,000,000 bushels, affording a value big enough to pay the national debt, with something left over. Cotton was another bumper crop. The Secretary estimates the value of the lint and seed at \$600,000,000. Hay and wheat together represent a value of more than \$1,000,000,000. It is estimated that the rice crop amounts to 900,000,000 pounds, and oats break all records except that of 1902. Mr. Wilson calculates that the principal crops will bring \$3,583,339,600 when they are all marketed, an increase of more than \$400,000,000 over 1903. There is \$1,136,940,289 worth of horses on the farms, and of mules \$217,522,542. The American hen has done a wonderful year's work, and if all the roosters were to stand in line and crow their triumph the salute would make a much greater volume of noise round the world than England's drumbeat. Shoulder to shoulder she has been properly omitted for the ceremony of the reception to President Roosevelt at St. Louis, declares the Portland Oregonian. If the President inaugurates during his present term a needed reform by declining to shake hands at any public reception he will be sustained by sentiment. The popularity of the handshaker is not necessarily lasting, anyway.

A Chicago man has invented a machine which will teach canaries to sing. The Washington Post suggests that he leave the birds alone and try his invention on some of the canaries of the stage.

A hog tried to eat a box of cart-ridges in a Pennsylvania town and was converted into pork sausage without the necessity of a visit to the sausage grinder.

This is a swift age and mechanical construction has kept pace with it. It is related that railroad employes near Trenton, N. J., removed a 70-foot bridge in four minutes and placed another in position in 55 minutes, "traffic going on uninterruptedly."

Handshaking of a President is a nuisance, a bore, a hardship, and a danger, and it seems to have been properly omitted for the ceremony of the reception to President Roosevelt at St. Louis, declares the Portland Oregonian. If the President inaugurates during his present term a needed reform by declining to shake hands at any public reception he will be sustained by sentiment. The popularity of the handshaker is not necessarily lasting, anyway.

A German physicist, Herr Lieberow, puts forth the theory that there is radium enough in the crust of the globe to account for all the earth's internal heat, states the Boston Globe. As this theory is being accepted by many scientists, what becomes of the old theory that the earth is a molten mass—a great red-hot stove that is bound to go out in time and leave humanity to starve and freeze? The radium theory is rather the more optimistic of the two.

Automobiles have raised the price of overshoes and rubber goods. Para rubber, which a year ago could be bought for less than \$1 a pound is now worth \$1.30. Before bicycles were popular the same grade of rubber could be had for 50 cents, continues the New York World. The demand for rubber tires for bicycles increased the price of rubber 50 per cent. The automobiles with their heavy weight require proportionately more rubber for their tires and rubber shoes correspondingly go up in price. The luxuries of the rich thus pinch the toes of the poor.

How Sleep Captures Us.

The coming of natural slumber is by stages. The general repose would seem to be made up of many little sleeps, which are premonitions of Nature's approaching control of the body. These little sleeps take each sense separately and obscure it. They take the physical organs one by one and shroud them slowly till all are quiescent.

Of the five guardian senses that protect us from danger while awake, the eyes are the most important. But mortal sleep comes with darkness; sight is useless in the dark; therefore, in sleeping, the eyes close first of all.

Next after sight, taste is lost; then the sense of smell. When "half asleep" one's sight, taste, and smell are gone. Hearing is the next to succumb, the sense of touch deserting last of all.

The same slow approach of sleep is noticed in the muscles and sinews. Drowsiness begins at the feet and spreads slowly upwards until the brain is reached. In waking, the process is the same, but it is reversed.—Waverly Magazine.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Aeschylus once remarked that, It is easy when we are in prosperity to give good advice to the afflicted.

New York judges now propose to imprison dealers who adulterate milk with water. Milk is not listed on the stock exchange.

A Chicago man has applied to the courts for an injunction to make his wife stop talking. Some foolish folk have a lot to learn about the limitations of human agencies.

A hen at Orange, N. J., has just turned from a beautiful white to deep crimson in color, and hen experts are puzzled. She's probably blushing at Secretary Wilson's praise of her.

"The Last Touch Before the Wedding" is the title of a magazine article. Every father of a bride will appreciate the significance of it, suggests the Washington Post.

The good natured person must choose between being continually imposed upon and having a reputation for being painfully stubborn, advises Puck.

"Shall women run push-carts?" is now the burning question. Indeed they should, if the cart is one of the "go" variety and contains a baby.

It is perhaps a good thing for King Peter that he has no cabinet. If he had one, the members might wish to assassinate him because he could not pay them their salaries.

Judge Daniels of La Crosse, Wis., declares that the falling off in the number of marriages is due to the high wages paid to women in various walks of business life.

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These Should Not Marry.

The woman who expects to have "a good, easy time."

The woman who wants to refurbish her house every spring.

The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying.

The woman who thinks that cook and nurse can keep house.

The woman who would die rather than wear last season's hat.

The woman who expects a declaration of love three times a day.

The woman who marries in order to have some one to pay her bills.

The woman who thinks she can get \$5,000 worth of style out of a \$1,000 income.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket handkerchief and never made up a bed in her life.—Philadelphia Record.

Most Costly Leather.

It is said that the most costly leather in the world is known to the trade as piano leather. The secret of tanning this leather is known only to a family of tanners in Germany, though the skins from which it is tanned come almost entirely from America.

LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS VAST

Assets of Companies in New York State Equal to \$2,226,423,202.

If the assets of all the life insurance companies engaged in business in the United States were distributed equally to all the population of the world, each man, woman and child of every continent and every country, from Africa to Labrador would receive \$2 each, says a writer in the Era Magazine. There would be \$2 for every human being on the globe.

The assets of the life insurance companies of this country—that is, the actual property, real estate, bonds, stocks, etc., which they own—amount in the aggregate to more than \$2,000,000,000. The companies doing business in New York state, and these include also practically all of the companies with headquarters in other states—had at the close of 1903, assets, in exact figures, equal in value to \$2,226,423,202. Such is the magnitude of the institution of life insurance! If all the adult men in America, of every race and occupation, should contribute simultaneously \$100 each toward a fund, that enormous sum would not equal the value of the property owned by the American life insurance companies.

More than \$500,000 of the money paid to the companies every year by policy holders goes to defray the expense of maintaining a spy system. After all the preliminary precautions have been taken the medical examination made, the references looked up—after the policy has been granted, detectives are employed to watch policy holders. Your money is paid to employ men to follow you through your daily walk, to track you into restaurants, to interview your servants, to use all the other low and contemptible means which these creeping shadows employ. The spy system of the "combine" is interesting.

CURIOUS CAVERN IN NEVADA.

Harriman and Senator Clark Having a Wonderland Explored. What is probably the outlet of one of the lost or disappearing rivers in eastern Nevada in a high cave near the line of the Clark and Harriman Salt Lake and Los Angeles road, which B. L. Magruder, of Sioux City, Iowa, is exploring for E. H. Harriman and Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana. He is soon to make a report on the subject to them, the latter having become greatly interested in the subterranean chamber for meager reasons already given them. The place is about sixty miles west of Caliente, Nev.

It is said the beauty of the cave's stalactites and stalagmites is something wondrous. The latter rise from the floor in the shape of trees. Some of them are thirty feet high. The statistics are represented as forming all sorts of beautiful designs. Magruder has gone into the cave a distance of 2,400 feet and found six or seven magnificent crystallized chambers. Several of them are of great size and height. At the end of the cavern there is an abyss far down in which can be heard the roar and splash of running waters. An attempt will be made by Magruder to find the depth of this abyss and try to trace the source of the hidden river.

Seventy Years Without Kissing. Ell Richardson, who died at Martin, Tenn., at the age of 70 years, boasted that he had never put his lips to a woman's, though he was married.

In explaining how he happened to eschew the joys of kissing he said he was a very bashful boy. At a party before the civil war a game was often played in which the young women had to forfeit a kiss to her captor.

Young Richardson's timidity being known, a plan was formed to get him to kiss a girl. She placed a pin in her mouth, and when Ell's bashful lips were to press hers she was to prick his lips with the pin. The fatal moment came. Ell demurred, but was prevailed upon to take the kiss from the maiden. He started to implant the kiss, but his eye caught the gleam of the pin and he refused. From that day until his death he never kissed a woman.

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TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD. 7:30 A. M.—Train 64. Week days for Sunbury Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia 11:48 a. m., New York 2:55 p. m., Baltimore 12:15 p. m., Washington 1:35 p. m. Parlor car and passenger coach to Philadelphia.

8:22 A. M.—Train 30. Daily for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Week days for Scranton, Hazleton, and Pottsville. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia.

1:24 P. M.—Train 12. Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Week days for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, 6:00 p. m., Washington at 7:15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

4:45 P. M.—Train 32. Week days for Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harrisburg, and intermediate stations. Week days for Scranton, Hazleton, and Pottsville. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, 9:48 p. m., Washington at 11:00 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

8:10 P. M.—Train 6. Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York at 7:15 a. m., Baltimore, 2:20 a. m., Washington, 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passenger cars remain in sleepers undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

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

10:50 A. M.—Train 31. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations, and week days for Tyrone, Clearfield, Philadelphia, Pottsville and the West, with through cars to Tyrone.

1:31 P. M.—Train 61. Week days for Kane, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philadelphia, Pottsville, Canandaigua and intermediate stations. Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Philadelphia.

5:36 P. M.—Train 1. Week days for Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

10:07 P. M.—Train 67. Week days for Williamsport and intermediate stations. Through Parlor Car and Passenger Coach for Philadelphia.

8:10 P. M.—Train 921. Sunday only, for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. WESTWARD. EASTWARD. P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

1:38 8:40 Montandon 9:55 4:25 1:45 6:30 Lewisburg 9:55 4:25 7:13 6:38 Rich 8:58 4:19 2:00 6:42 Sunbury 8:58 4:19 2:08 6:50 Millinburg 8:45 4:08 2:20 7:02 Millmont 8:33 3:54 2:28 7:09 Glen Iron 8:28 3:50 2:36 7:40 Paddy Mountain 8:00 3:19 2:50 7:50 Colburn 7:50 3:10 3:02 8:05 Rising Springs 7:30 3:02 3:12 8:11 Penn Cave 7:28 2:48 3:18 8:18 Oak Hill 7:28 2:48 3:25 8:24 Gregg 7:17 2:42 3:36 8:31 Linden Hall 7:10 2:39 3:40 8:38 Oak Hill 7:02 2:29 3:48 8:39 Lemont 7:02 2:29 4:00 8:48 Dale Summit 6:57 2:17 4:13 8:52 Fern Gap 6:48 2:07 4:16 8:55 Azzaman 6:48 2:07 4:20 9:00 Bellefonte 6:40 2:05

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5:30 a. m., 7:25 a. m., 9:55 a. m., 1:15 p. m. and 7:25 p. m., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7:40, 9:27 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 4:50, 5:45 p. m. and 8:12 p. m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 8:25 and 10:01 a. m. and 4:45 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 9:25 a. m., 10:05 a. m. and 4:45 p. m.

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