

Good and Bad Luck.
 Good luck is the gayest of all gay girls;
 Long in one place she will not stay;
 Back from your brow she strokes the curls,
 Kisses you quick and flies away.
 But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
 And stays—no fancy has she for flitting;
 Snatches of true-love songs she hums,
 And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

—John Hay.

MRS. DODD'S PERPLEXITY

The hall clock struck six at the Torbolton Home of Indigent Females, and Mrs. Serena Dodd opened her eyes. "I guess I'll get right up," she thought. "Maybe I'll get a chance to lay out some of them stripes before breakfast."

She was a tall, portly woman and moved slowly, so that it took a long time for her to dress; but when that was accomplished, she set about making her bed. As she was putting the finishing touches to this, the rising-bell rang, and the occupant of the other bed in the room stirred sleepily, and spoke in surprise:

"Why, Mrs. Dodd, aren't you up early?" and as her eyes fell on the other's completed task, "My! The matron won't like your not airing your bed longer."

Mrs. Dodd sniffed. "She won't ever know it if you don't tell her, Samantha Wells."

"Oh, I shan't tell her," was the hasty reply.

"Well, I don't suppose you will. I wanted to begin sewing my Afghan."

Knitting was Mrs. Dodd's delight. Therefore, when she had been commissioned by Mrs. Waldron of the board of managers to make an Afghan, she was jubilant.

"Now don't send me any of those fady colors," she begged.

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Waldron, and the gaily tinted shawls that were sent showed that she shrewdly guessed the old woman's preferences.

After the morning meal Mrs. Dodd and Mrs. Wells returned to their rooms. Mrs. Dodd sank into a chair, panting.

Mrs. Wells eyed her disapprovingly.

"You're gaining flesh," she said. "You eat too much."

"I s'pose I do," acknowledged Mrs. Dodd. "Things taste awful good, but I do feel terrible logy today, somehow."

On recovering her breath, she took the bright-colored rolls of knitting from the bureau, and spread them out on the white counterpane. It was a work of time to arrange the colors in harmonizing rows, and then all the inmates of the Home were invited in to give an opinion before Mrs. Dodd could begin her sewing.

Taken all in all, it was a tiring day, and when the clock struck nine that evening, both old women were glad to go to bed.

Mrs. Wells, being a nimble little body, was soon in bed, while her roommate still moved ponderously about. She took off her cap and laid it on the bureau, and unpinning her breastpin, thrust it into her cushion. Removing the counterpane, she folded it and placed it on a chair, turned down blankets and sheet, and reached under her pillow for her night-dress. It was not there. She lifted the pillow and felt vaguely over the surface beneath it, but in vain.

"Where's my nightgown?" she cried, sharply.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Wells. "Isn't it under your pillow?"

"No, and if you've taken it for a joke," irascibly continued Mrs. Dodd.

"Of course I haven't. I guess you made it up in your bed this morning."

"Oh, so I might," Mrs. Dodd stripped down the clothes from her couch, but the missing article did not appear.

"Look under the mattress," suggested Mrs. Wells. "Don't you remember the day you put your petticoat under the mattress?"

"I didn't turn it. I was in such a hurry," confessed the searcher.

Mrs. Dodd began splaying up the clothes, but Mrs. Wells sprang out of bed, saying, "Let me take one side. It doesn't seem, Sereny, as if you got ahead much making this up fore breakfast."

The rules of the house were "Lights out and inmates in bed at nine thirty." It was now ten minutes later, and Miss Timpkins, the matron, stood at the door.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Mrs. Dodd did not speak, but Mrs. Wells, who had jumped into bed, said, "She's lost her nightgown."

"Nonsense!" responded Miss Timpkins. "You can't lose your nightgown in a little room like this." She picked up the pillow, looked under it and into it, and with vigorous hand stripped the bed, saying, "You've made it up in the bed."

Mrs. Dodd opened her mouth to speak, but Mrs. Wells shook her head warningly.

"You've turned it under your mattress, just as you did your petticoat last month," pursued the matron, briskly throwing over the mattress.

"I—" began Mrs. Dodd, but a look from her roommate kept her silent.

"It isn't around your bed," announced the energetic matron, and she gazed upward, as if expecting to see it on the ceiling.

"You haven't got it on, have you,

Mrs. Wells?" she continued. "Probably, with an accent of Félicé, 'you've got Mrs. Dodd's on, and yours is under your pillow.'"

Mrs. Wells choked with indignation. "Me!" she exclaimed. "It takes four yards to make me a nightgown, and it takes ten for Sereny Dodd. Look!"

She once more jumped from the bed, and held her night-dress out as a little girl does her frock at dancing-school. "Don't you want to pull my bed to pieces?" she questioned, scornfully.

"Why, yes," said Miss Timpkins, "that's a good idea," and she promptly acted upon it, while Mrs. Wells glared wrathfully.

"I didn't dare to tell her I made my bed before you were up," whispered Mrs. Dodd to her friend. Then she lamented aloud, "It was one of my two new ones; my niece Lyddy over to Holt sent it me for Christmas. They was trimmed with torchon, the first ones I ever had trimmed with torchon!" she wailed.

"What's going on?" called Miss Sally Sloane, hurrying from her quarters across the hall.

"She's lost her nightgown," replied Miss Timpkins.

"Was it the new one your niece gave you?"

"Yes it was!" sobbed the old woman.

"Come," interposed the matron, "get your clean one. We'll find the other one tomorrow."

"But I don't want to," remonstrated Mrs. Dodd. "I always wear my nightgowns week and week about, and if I get on a clean one now, it will mix me all up so's I shan't know which from tother."

"Well, what will you do?" was the crisp inquiry.

Mrs. Dodd wailed afresh, but Miss Sloane good-naturedly said, "I'll lend her one of my nice print bedgowns," and waddled away.

"She's the only one in the house who's got one big enough," said Miss Timpkins. "Now you must get right into bed, or I'll have you sick on my hands. You undo your waist, and I'll take off your shoes and stockings."

The feeble old fingers fumbled awkwardly at the hooks. "I never wore a print nightgown in my life," she rebelled, weakly.

"There's a first time to everything," commented the other, as she straightened up to unfasten the bodice. "My, but you're getting fat! You'll have to have a new waist before long."

Mrs. Dodd brightened up. "It's all in the contract: 'Boarded and lodged and suitably clothed,'" she quoted.

The matron threw back Mrs. Dodd's waist, and pulled it off her fat arms; then she stared a moment, unfastened the old woman's skirts and dropped them to the floor. "Get right into bed!" she ordered.

Mrs. Dodd plucked confusedly at her throat and wrists, and crept between the sheets without uttering a word. Miss Timpkins gathered up the old lady's apparel and laid it across a chair, and raising her voice, said, "Never mind the gown, Miss Sloane. Mrs. Dodd won't need it tonight." Then she turned out the light and left the room.

As the door closed, Mrs. Wells rose up in bed noiselessly, and in tones of rapturous comprehension exclaimed, "O Sereny Dodd, you've had your nightgown on all day!"—Youth's Companion.

FUNNY STOCK.

Some of the Freaks on Pennsylvania's Wild Animal Farm.

Come good crops or bad, the wild animal farm does a thriving business. Its cosmopolitan population, gathered from Asia, Africa, India, from every clime, do not take kindly to farm work. The camels refuse to plow; no amount of urging will induce the zebra to do the work of horses; nor will the yaks or the sacred cows do the work of ordinary oxen. Actually the farm is a great animal boarding house, with "boarders" from all over the world. The farm, which comprises some 300 acres, is located near Allentown, Pennsylvania. Its population last year numbered more than 300 head of different kinds of stock and comprised a large and fairly complete menagerie.

During the summer months the entire population of the wild-animal farm travel about the country in the vans of the "Greatest Show on Earth." Early each fall the animals return to their quiet Pennsylvania farm to enjoy a well-earned vacation. It is a great day for the countryside, for miles in all directions, when the circus comes to the country. The great herds of camels, dromedaries, yaks, buffalo, llamas, and the rest, are shipped to the nearest railroad point and paraded across country to their winter quarters. The caravan makes a very pretty picture as it moves slowly along, up hill and down dale, over the quiet country roads.

The winter residents of the wild-animal farm are known in the circus as the "fed stock." In the circus country march to the farm it might more correctly be called the "pulled, pushed, or hauled stock." The journey is usually very exciting. In the various parades of the Barnum and Bailey circus throughout the country, these same animals will remain perfectly passive in the streets of great cities, no matter how loudly the band may play, the callopie whistle, or the small boys shout. But, strange to say, a quiet country lane affects them very differently, and they will balk as only a camel can, shy at the most innocent bush of tree, crash through high fences or hurdle them, and go flying

over the surrounding farms to the consternation of the farmers. The caravan starts on its journey promptly at sunrise, and it is usually late in the day before the farm is reached and the last unruly runaway rounded up and safely stabled.—From Francis Arnold Collins' "A Wild Animal Farm" in St. Nicholas.

A New Line of Graft.

"A new graft game was worked on me the other day," said a Broad street broker who advertised for an office boy. "After the place was filled applicants still came in, among them a seedy looking lad who told me he had come all the way from Yonkers in hope of getting the job. He asked for a quarter to pay his way back. He got it. In a few minutes another boy came in and asked for his return fare to Englewood, N. J. The next boy was modest—a dime for a cup of coffee and an elevated road ticket to the Bronx would do for him."

"When a lad asked for a dime to get back to Jersey City I gave it to him and sent one of the clerks out to follow him. The boy went around the corner into the New street entrance of an office building, where he was greeted with a whoop by a dozen or more lads, two of whom my clerk recognized as applicants who had called for the job and 'touched' me for expenses. The others were awaiting their turn to work me as a common. The boys recognized my clerk, too, and bolted through the entrance into Broadway."—New York Press.

Single eyeglasses are prohibited in the German army.

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OTHER NOTIONS OF DR. OSLER.

He Recommends a Tax on Bachelors and an Export Duty on Canadian Girls.

Dr. William Osler, according to the Canadian Practitioner, addressed the Canadian club of Toronto on Dec. 29. The reception to Dr. Osler by the four hundred members who were present was most enthusiastic.

Prof. Osler, who was introduced as one who had become the first physician within the British empire, was received with loud cheers. He addressed his hearers as fellow countrymen, and said it always gave him great satisfaction to return to his old town, where he had received his early education, and where he had so many friends. Taking up the serious part of his subject, Dr. Osler said as Canadians they had three relations to consider—the country to the south, the motherland, and their own Canada. Fortunately or unfortunately, the nation to the south was one of the most powerful on earth. A Briton should be proud of it, for no other nation, ancient or modern, ever had such a child.

A very serious and important influence was that of gravitation, the attraction of the larger body upon the smaller, which caused an incessant dribbling over the border of their young men. A million Canadians were in the States, many in prominent positions in finance and in the professions, particularly in medicine and theology. There they had been successful by reason of two special qualities, industry and thoroughness, the only qualities worth anything in the make-up of a young man. If it were only in the matter of draining away the young men, it would make no difference, as plenty were left to run the country. But a more serious loss was that of the young women. He had a patient once, a neurotic young man of thirty or so whose heart was not settled. Dr. Osler asked him why he did not get married. Because all the girls I wanted have gone to the States," was the reply. Of 651 women engaged in nursing in six of the great eastern hospitals, 196 were Canadians, an enormous proportion, almost one-third.

"Something should be done," said Dr. Osler, "to stop the loss of the mothers of the country." He suggested two ways. Introduce a tax on bachelors. At 25 or 26 the man who had not a family to support ought to be helping the other fellow, and such a tax would be a reasonable and rational political measure. The other way was an export tax of \$100 on every girl who left Canada.

"She's worth more," the doctor remarked, while the club hilariously assented. She was worth \$1,000 to the country, and it would pay to give her family that to keep her at home.—New York Medical Journal.

Thanked for the News.

When Everett E. Stone was inaugurated Mayor of the city of Springfield, two years ago last January he was extremely nervous, and he viewed somewhat impatiently the long line of citizens waiting to shake hands and offer congratulations. He answered most of the complimentary greetings with "Yes, yes, thank you, sir."

A friend of the Mayor noticed his stilted expression of thanks, and came to the conclusion that the new Mayor did not know what any one was saying to him.

"I'll bet he'll make the same answer if I should say the most outlandish thing I could think of," the friend said to a companion. "Now watch me and listen."

He got into the line and worked his way up to the Mayor.

"The river is full of ice, Mr. Mayor," he said in a loud tone, so that those around him could hear, and the Mayor answered, "Yes, yes, thank you, sir," and then the Mayor wondered at the gale of laughter which swept over the crowd.—Boston Herald.

Live Stock.

New York—BEEVES—Steers slow and 10 cents lower; bologna bulls firm; others steady; cows easier. Steers, 4.50@5.70; bulls, 3.25@4.25; cows, 1.00@3.70. Cables quoted live cattle steady at 10½@11½ cents per pound; few tops, 12 cents dressed weight; sheep, 12@13 cents dressed; refrigerator beef, 8@8½ cents per pound.

CALVES—Steady. Veals, 1.00@8.75; dressed calves steady; city dressed veals, 7@13 cents per pound; country dressed, 7@11 cents.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep, quiet and steady; lambs, 10@15 cents off. Sheep, 4.00@5.50; no good sheep here; lambs, 7.00@8.37½; yearlings, 7.10.

POTATOES—Quiet; Long Island, 1.50@2.00; State and Western, 1.25@1.45; Jersey sweets, 2.00@4.75.

PEANUTS—Firm; fancy hand-picked, 5¼@5½; other domestic, 3¼@3½.

CABBAGES—Steady; domestic, per ton, 8.00@12.00.

WHEAT—Firm; spot, contract, 1.13¼@1.13½; spot No. 2 red Western, 1.14¼@1.14½; March, 1.13¼@1.13½; April, 1.14¼@1.14½; May, 1.15½; steamer No. 2 red, 1.06¼@1.06¾; receipts, 3,568 bushels; Southern by sample, 98@1.12; Southern on grade, 1.01¼@1.13½.

CORN—Strong; spot, 51¼; March, 51¼; April, 51¼; May, 51¼@52; steamers mixed, 49¼@49¾; receipts, 48,825 bushels; exports, 260,114 bushels; Southern white corn, 50@54; Southern yellow corn, 50@54.

OATS—Firm; No. 2 white, 36½@36¾; No. 2 mixed, 36 bid; receipts, 16,939 bushels.

RYE—Firm (uptown); No. 2 Western, 85@86; receipts, 2,307 bushels.

HAY—Firm; No. 1 timothy, 14.50@15.00; No. 1 clover mixed, 12.50@13.00.

BUTTER—Steady and unchanged; fancy imitation, 29@30; fancy creamery, 34@35; fancy ladle, 23@25; store-packed, 22@23.

EGGS—Firm, 30.

CHEESE—Firm and unchanged; large, 13¼; medium, 13¼; small, 14.

SUGAR—Strong and unchanged; coarse granulated, 6.15; fine, 6.15.

New York—FLOUR—Receipts, 21,145 barrels; exports, 9,296 barrels. Steady, with light demand.

BARLEY—Slow; feeding, 4¼ c. i. f. New York.

BUTTER—Firm, unchanged; receipts, 5,460.

CHEESE—Steady, unchanged; receipts, 1,710.

EGGS—Easy; receipts, 2,250; State, Pennsylvania, and near-by fancy selected white, 36; do. choice, 35; do. mixed, fancy, 35; Western fairs, 33; do. second, 32; Southern, 30@33.

POULTRY—Alive, dull; Western chickens, 12; fowls, 14; turkeys, 15; dressed, weak; Western chickens, 13@14; fowls, 12@12½; turkeys, 15@20.

PORK—Steady; mess, 12.75@13.50.

TALLOW—Dull.

COTTONSEED OIL—Steady; prime yellow, 24@26½.

SUGAR—Raw, quiet; fair refining, 43½; centrifugal, 5¼; molasses sugar, 43½; refined, quiet.

POTATOES—Quiet; Long Island, 1.50@2.00; State and Western, 1.25@1.45; Jersey sweets, 2.00@4.75.

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COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says:

Confidence has become more general through resumption of outdoor work, opening of Spring trade and expectation that the war will soon terminate. Weather conditions are favorable in most sections of the country, and there is little interruption because of labor controversies.

The most gratifying news of the week emanates from the iron and steel industry, where unprecedented output of pig iron is not productive of accumulated stocks. Other leading manufacturing operations are making steady progress, although larger orders would be welcomed by cotton mills and shoe shops. In those lines the buyers are exhibiting great caution, limiting purchases to immediate needs.

Commodities are in good demand, Dun's index number advancing slightly to \$101.932 on March 1, against \$101.042 a month previous, which indicates that the people are consuming freely. This is also shown by the large increase in merchandise imported of late, although for the last week there was a decrease of \$2,664,228, compared with last year. Exports gained \$2,071,013.

Trade in woolen goods is quiet, but mills are busy. Hides continue firm, considering the season. Leather is quiet and irregular.

Bradstreet's says:

Wheat, including flour, exports for the week are 1,285,956 bushels, against 997,936 last week, 1,834,632 this week last year, 3,366,796 in 1903, and 2,966,250 in 1902. Corn exports for the week are 1,756,766 bushels, against 4,171,279 last week, 2,026,810 a year ago, 3,257,999 in 1903, and 183,414 in 1902.

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Baltimore—FLOUR—Quiet and unchanged; receipts, 7,951 barrels; exports, 11,200 barrels.

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