

AN EASTER PRAYER

BY H.M. Queen Margherita of Italy

SWEET JESU, the bold son of the mountains invokes Thee, as Lord of the eternal snows and Sovereign of the lofty peaks. Incline Thine eyes towards these white plains, that have the likeness of Thy robe, spotless and snowy! Deign, O Lord, to soften the horror for mortals who go through the frozen ways; lead them, protect them in the dangerous paths; and if any should fall by the way and die, receive him into Thy pitiful arms. Softly spread over him the gentle cold shroud; and as soon as his soul abandons his earthly body, may he ascend to God's throne. O Blessed One, hear my prayer! Look Thou on all the deeds of his life; find out the noble thoughts that have sprung from his heart, and scatter them like fragrant mountain flowers before the face of God, that, when his spirit reaches the feet of the Lord, the Lord may in His infinite mercy welcome him. And may the golden light that crowns the Alps, which is an emanation of the Divine light, enfold him in glorious peace for ever! Amen.

AN EASTER IDEA OF MARGERY'S

Margery Lennox ran down the steps of the piazza, buttoning her jacket as she went. Patsy, her little fox terrier, hearing the bang of the front door, rushed around the corner of the house to join his little mistress, and together they ran to the corner of the avenue.

"Now, Patsy, dear, you must go back. You ought to be thankful that you can go back, instead of having to sit in a stuffy old schoolroom all morning, when it's so beautiful outdoors. Go, that's a good doggie!" And Patsy turned back obediently, if a little reluctantly, and was soon dashing about the wet lawn with one of Margery's old rubbers for a play-fellow.

Margery went skipping on to school rejoicing in the enticing beauty of the April morning. It seemed to her that the grass and the bursting leafbuds on the shrubbery fairly laughed as she passed them, and as

way the joyousness of the morning seemed dimmed, and if the birds in the maple trees above her sang as raptly as ever she did not hear them. She was thinking of the tumbled old gray head bending over the broken plant.

In the school room the girls were gathered in a corner discussing a plan which Margery herself had set on foot, the buying of a palm for their Sunday school teacher by the six girls of the class, to be presented on Easter morning. Several of the girls had brought money and tendered it to Margery, whom they called chairman of the committee. To their surprise she refused to take it, urging her friend, May Gardner, to take it in her place.

"But why don't you take it, Margery? You started the plan." Margery was silent for a moment trying to gather courage to face the girls' surprise and displeasure.

"Because," she said at last, not very bravely, "I can't give anything toward the palm, and it wouldn't be fair for me to choose it."

The girls were silent for a moment. Then one of them said, meaningly: "It's a queer way to do, I think, to talk up a plan and get people inter-

and, and I have thought of another way to spend mine."

The girl who had spoken first turned away. "Miss Andrews will be flattered when she hears that," she said. Once more the tears started in Margery's eyes. The bell rang and the group broke up, but May waited to give her friend a sympathetic squeeze and to whisper: "Never mind, Margery, I know you're all right."

On the way to school in the afternoon Margery ventured into the alley and peeped through the half-open door of the shanty. The old woman lay asleep on a cot. On the floor beside her was a half emptied bottle, and on the window sill stood the poor geranium tied with a piece of string to a stick to keep it upright. The stem had been carefully bandaged, but the leaves had wilted and hung limp and dying.

The school children had become familiar with the sight of Mrs. Laney intoxicated and belligerent, but it is doubtful if they had ever thought of her as Margery saw her now, a friendless old woman, her poor old body worn with long years of hard, incessant labor and her mind weakened by sorrow and loss and most of all by the liquor she had taken to make her forget her hard lot. As Margery went to school her spirits rose. She was saying to herself: "I'm glad I thought of it. The worst was telling the girls and that's over. Now, I am going to enjoy the rest."

Mrs. Laney was still asleep on Easter morning when Margery peeped through the little window, but she had not thought it necessary to lock the door, and opening it softly, the little girl set inside a beautiful white hyacinth in a prettily decorated pot. Then she closed the door and ran.

What the old woman did when, on waking, she saw the lovely plant Margery never knew, but she was quite satisfied that her sacrifice had not been in vain, when next morning she discovered. Mrs. Laney seated in her doorway holding the pot in her lap and every now and then bending her rough gray head to inhale its fragrance.

When at last the waxen bells began to fade the old plant mysteriously disappeared, and in its place the bewildered woman found another just as fresh and fragrant, but this time pink. Again the pink faded and a purple flower took its place, until the colors were exhausted, and Margery was substituting a flourishing geranium in place of the last one, when she was startled to hear a shrill voice behind her call out: "Thanks to heaven, I've found ye at last! And to think the only friend I have do be one o' thim school childer I be cursin' this many year!"

The geranium thrived, but Mrs. Laney did not, and before another Easter came round her hard life was over. To her little friend she had confided her horror of being buried by the town, and, after consulting with her mother, Margery was able to promise her that she need not dread a pauper's funeral.

When Miss Andrews' Easter present was under discussion that year Margery made haste to hand her share over to the chairman, saying,

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

USEFUL HINTS.

A few drops of lime water, added to milk will prevent it from souring on the stomach.

A cloth rung out of tepid water will not injure the most delicate wood-work, if wiped with it.

Indian meal and vinegar used on hands when roughened by labor or cold, will heal and soften them.

A spoonful of raw cornmeal, moistened with water, taken on an empty stomach will cure constipation if persisted in for some time.

A teaspoonful of turpentine put into the boiler with white clothes will aid the whitening.

Clear boiling water poured through will heal and soften them.

Salt will curd new milk; hence in preparing dishes containing milk, the salt should not be added until they are cooked.

Wetting the hair occasionally in a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

Keeping accounts may be a little troublesome, but it is quite worth while.

Have just one book, rather thick, that will do for everything. Turn the front part into a cash account. Open the book out flat, write down your allowance on the left-hand page, and on the right put down what you have paid the butcher, baker, etc.—everything even to a postage stamp. Then once a week, or oftener, balance. Balancing is nothing harder than subtracting the total of the money you have spent from what you should have in cash.

When you have been keeping accounts for some time you will realize as you never did before what your money goes for. Keeping accounts is helping you to make money, but it does help you to find out how to get the most for your outlay and how to balance your needs with your income.—New York Sun.

FOR THE SEWING ROOM.

The very best dressmakers always begin at the bottom of a bodice when they sew on hooks and eyes, and work toward the top or neck, and they also keep a continuous thread, instead of fastening it at each hook and eye. It is better practice to alternate the hooks and eyes wherever practicable, since they are sure to remain more securely fastened than when arranged each kind on one side. A good many amateur dressmakers use the hook and eye tape that can be bought all ready for use, but the best dressmakers in particular work, prefer the sew on the hooks and eyes by hand.

Always finish off your sleeves before sewing them in; overcast or bind the seams and carefully press them open if necessary, also adjust the trimmings and finish the sleeves off at the wrists, then the bodice will not get wrinkled and soiled from over-much handling. Before finishing the sleeves, however they must be carefully fitted to the arm, and the proper length noted; the bodice must be entirely completed before the sleeves and stock are permanently fastened to place.—Ladies' World.

RECIPES.

Chicken Pancakes—A chicken dish called "chicken pancakes" is tasteful, easily made, and serves to use a small chicken left over in an easy way. Chop chicken coarsely, moisten slightly with some chicken stock or gravy and spread between two or three hot French pancakes baked as large as the griddle. Cut in pie fashion.—Delineator.

Cream Sponge Cake—Whip separately and then thoroughly together the yolks and whites of three eggs; add one cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of milk, one-half of a teaspoonful of soda mixed in two scant cupfuls of flour, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved in milk. Bake in a square tin, and if desired split when cool and add a filling.

Cocoon Pastry—Two ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of self-raising flour, one cup of desiccated cocoanut, a little milk, and one egg. Cream the butter and sugar, then the well-beaten egg; add enough milk to make it into a stiff mixture, pour into a well-greased tin and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. When done sprinkle with powdered sugar and cut into fingers.

Banbury Cakes—Take two pounds of currants, half an ounce each of ground allspice and cinnamon four ounces each of candied orange and lemon peel, eight ounces of butter, one pound of moist sugar and twelve ounces of flour. Mix well together. Roll out a piece of puff paste, cut it into oval shapes, put a small quantity of the mixture into each and double them with a rolling pin and sift sugar over each. Bake in a very hot oven.

Almond Rock—Four ounces of blanched almonds dried and cut into spikes, three ounces of orange peel finely sliced, one ounce of flour, quarter pound of sugar, two ounces of butter and the whites of two eggs. Mix into a light paste and place on water paper in small heaps. Bake twenty minutes in moderate oven.

Iron was discovered in Virginia (the first metal found in America) in 1715.

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Down in Mazatlan the other day, on the western coast of the dreamy land of Manana, a bear broke loose from an itinerant circus and sought lair in a native saloon. There his bearship met a crowd of thirsty peon loafers, who with unknown celerity forsook their aguardiente and fled. All but one. He was too drunk.

"Pr'tty-hic!—doggy," crooned the paralyzed one and made as to stroke the wild beast's fur. "Grr-r-r—" said bruin, and in the midst of the intimate festivities that followed a goodly jug of Mexican whisky was dislodged and largely uncorked.

When circus folk came upon the scene with ropes in search of what was theirs they found a drunken bear and a drunken peon rubbing noses on the floor in a perfectly friendly test as to which could lap up the most before the fluid brimstone should soak away.—Los Angeles Times.

Shipload of Soldiers' Brides.

The English, a homely nation, are so fond of seeing their soldiers "settled down" to the comforts of home that they even go to the trouble and expense of sending brides to the furthest corners of the earth for Tommy Atkins.

The recent dispatch of 30 young women for India in the troopship Plassy, on marriage bent, was by no means an uncommon occurrence.

The good-behaved soldier, when he has been in the service a specified time, usually finds that he is in love, and whether he is stationed on the sandy plains of Egypt, or in India, his lady love will be invited to take passage on a troopship to share his lot in life.

The old troopship Himalaya, now in use as a coal storehouse, holds the record of having conveyed the greatest number of soldiers' wives and sweethearts abroad.—Stray Stories.

Scuttled Ship Saved Dam.

Mr. Fosdyke, engineer in charge of the Asaka dam on the Nile, scuttled a ship to save his cherished earthworks from ruin. The dam partly burst, and the great rush of water was forcing the banks from below.

Something had to be done to stop the flow, for a terrible disaster was imminent. Mr. Fosdyke boarded a cargo steamer tied to the bank some distance away, and, getting up steam, steered her down the rapid stream.

When she was broadside on the trembling dam the engineer had her scuttled, and as she sank in the rushing waters Mr. Fosdyke and his men cheered themselves hoarse. The scuttled cargo steamer had saved the dam! This remarkable makeshift for a breakwater cost nearly \$35,000.

Man Broke Shark's Jaw.

According to a letter from John Ginder, street commissioner, a shark attacked him while he was bathing in the surf at Palm Beach, Fla., with Walter Phares and F. P. Holz, also of this city.

Holz and Phares, being expert swimmers, made for the shore, but the shark made for Ginder. Seeing he could not escape he dived and seized the shark by the jaw. Being a Hercules in strength he broke the jaw of the shark and carried the "man-eater" ashore. The jaw has over seventy teeth.—Trenton (N. J.) Cor. New York World.

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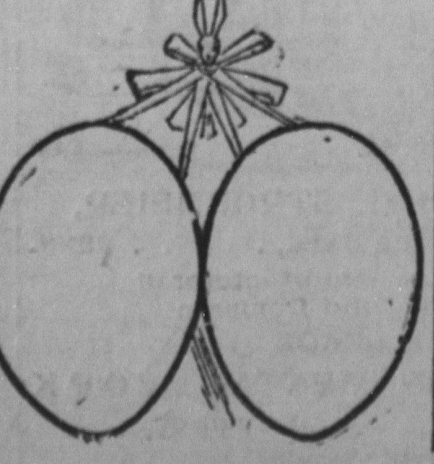


'The Christian's Prayer.'

—PAINTING BY M. NONNENBUCH.

osted and then back out when it comes to paying your share."

Margery blushed and the quick angry tears came into her eyes. May Gardner slipped her arm around her friend's waist, which gave her courage to answer: "It does look that way, I know, but we agreed to spend only our own money for the palm.



for the robins and bluebirds, they were actually hilarious in their joy that spring had come. The people she met seemed unusually pleasant looking until she came to where Central alley met the street. Just as she reached it three boys rushed out, almost colliding with her as they ran, and looking over their shoulders as if they expected some one were following. Margery checked herself to avoid them and then looked in the direction from which they had come. "They've been teasing old Mrs. Laney," she thought, and sure enough, the old woman stood in her door shaking her fist at the receding boys. While Margery paused the dirty, disheveled old creature stooped and picked up a battered tin can in which a sickly geranium had been growing. With trembling fingers she tried to straighten the plant, and it fell over the edge of the pall again, and Margery could see that the main stem had been broken off near the root. Then she went on, but some