

What's the Use?
I've got a sorry case of blues,
Because the world's reward is slow.
In Sicily, at Syracuse,
They've raised a statue, don't you know,
This year of nineteen hundred five,
Of Archimedes (sakes alive),
Who died two thousand years ago.

Old Archimedes was a man
Of many most astounding parts;
He could the vast heavens span;
By means of mathematic arts;
And he devised a forceful screw
Whereby the earth an inch or two
(He claimed) he moved by fits
and starts.

No doubt most of us living now
Could move the world, with half a show.
But where's the profit, anyhow,
If we to cold oblivion go
Like Archimedes (such a shame!)
And ere we reach the Hall of Fame
Must wait two thousand years or so?

—Portland Oregonian.

The Girl at the Five-Yard Line.

BY EDWIN BALMER.

"It's Randall!" In a hoarse whisper, as if a louder tone feared to confirm the statement, the words swept through the throng. On the twelfth tier of seats at the five-yard line the girl made out the murmur, already confused to a sigh, upon the lips of the thousands.

"It's Randall! It's Randall!" she repeated. "That means—"

Young Barstow, beside her, raised his left wrist and let it fall again into the black silk sling he wore over his shoulders.

"Yes," he said, without interrupting his eager, jealous scrutiny of the field below, "that means David goes in as quarter-back. It ought to mean me," and he glanced down bitterly at his broken wrist, "but it means David now. They'll have to put David in."

"They'll have to?" the girl asked, reproachfully.

Jimmy Barstow, of Harvard—, and but for his broken wrist first substitute for Randall, the crimson quarter-back, smiled with his customary elder-brother-of-David indulgence. Then he looked approvingly at her troubled, flushed little face set off by wavy brown hair.

"Excuse me, Helen," he said, "David has my place to-day, but I have his. 'Twas awfully rude to want to change back, wasn't it? But," he went on, quickly and more seriously, "he's only a freshman; he's only a freshman, and he's never been in a big game—and the ball's on the five-yard line."

"He isn't 'only' at all," the girl corrected, stubbornly. "He's David. What if it is our ball on the five-yard line? Isn't that all the better?"

Upon the side lines, where the substitutes sat together, a crimson-clad form, smaller and more youthful than the others, turned and twisted uneasily; and beside him Dalton, the head coach, hesitated uncertainly. Almost upon the broad chalk-line, which eleven men in body and twenty thousand in spirit defended as Yale's goal, the blue and the crimson teams—the latter lacking a man-eyed each other defiantly, confidently. Five yards more or only another play, perhaps, and the game would be lost and won. But Randall, who had directed Harvard's play during the long first half of the game still barren of score; Randall, who, in the second half, driven back, had at last inspired his team for their successful stand before their goal; Randall, who, taking the ball, had driven the unceasing, unwearying line plunges, which regained the lost ground for the crimson; Randall, who had guided the play on past the center of the field, on past Yale's twenty-five-yard line and on to the very shadow of the coveted goal; Randall, who had never faltered and never failed—was gone, and his team knew, as the coach knew, who must take his place.

They had known from the week before, when Barstow the elder was hurt, that Barstow the freshman would have to go into the game if anything should happen to the regular quarter-back. But Dalton could not have foreseen that the boy was fated to make his first appearance not only in the game against the team, but to direct the very play which would be the play to the forty thousand straining forward from their seats. It was not strange, therefore, that during the seconds which seemed minutes the head coach hesitated.

Indeed, although few in the eager, impatient multitude fully comprehended the reason for the delay, all sat in a silence which seemed doubly still by reaction from the moment before. Only here and there one who understood more fully muttered to himself, "He's only a freshman, he's only a freshman; but—but"

Dalton half-beckoned with his hand, and as the little substitute quarter-back sprang forward, as if at a signal, the rows of crimson banners streamed higher and waved frantically, as the thousands jumped up to cheer him. But Barstow, running to-

ward the waiting teams, heard nothing but the voice of the coach. "The five-yard line," it said. "The five-yard line, David. David—David." That was all.

The teams crouched in position. Young Barstow bent forward.

"15—53—38—53—94."

Like the jaws of a trap, when sprung, the lines crashed together. To direct the play between guard and center, Barstow had already received the ball, but as he turned with it toward the full-back, the left guard behind him fell back a little. Stamping for a fresh hold, as he yielded, the big lineman tripped the quarter-back, and the ball bounded perversely away from the crimson line, an opposing end-rush threw himself forward upon it. Less than five seconds had passed; perhaps not three.

Barstow, as he trotted bravely to his conspicuous lonely place far to the rear of the line, where Harvard now crouched in defense, hardly realized his failure. He scarcely heard the great tumult, still sounding as it did before that moment when the ball slipped from his hands. It confused him at first, as it came hoarse and unintelligible in its exultation. It sounded dully in his ears. Why should they still be cheering? It was not for some moments that he realized that the sounds came from the stands where the blue waved triumphantly, and that the great crimson-decked crowds to his left and behind him were sullen and silent. For a moment the great stands seemed to be dropping and sinking away till, as the sinking ceased, he realized that it had been only the great masses which had been standing settling down into seats again.

A single figure, a dozen tiers up and opposite the five-yard line, remained standing—a trim little girlish figure in a gray suit, across which the wind whipped a broad crimson streamer. The girl stood all alone for a moment, facing not the two teams at the end of the field, but the quarter-back all alone in the center. With one hand she waved a crimson flag proudly and confidently; and she extended the other hand to the man beside her.

The Yale captain dropped behind his own goal for a kick, and Gray, the Harvard full-back, ran down beside Barstow, while the ends spread out. The ball rose in a high ellipse and hovered for a moment over the freshman quarter-back. On the right an end came down rapidly, but Gray threw himself forward, and went down with him. On the left the other end threatened, but Barstow caught the ball in his arms and darted forward, dodging quickly. Five yards, ten yards he ran. Fifteen yards; and his own men were about him staving off tackles. Twenty yards he ran, and then—

One man was bandaging his head while another was bathing his face with a very dirty sponge. In the excitement the pall of "training-table" water had been dashed over him for he could feel the soaked oatmeal flakes sticking to his cheeks. He was hugging something in his arms and murmuring to himself.

"Yes," Gray was answering him, "yes. It's the ball. You have the ball. You have the ball David. They threw you pretty hard, old man; but get up. Come on, David. Get up! You're all right!"

There was alcohol in the fresh sponge which they passed over his face, and the freshman staggered to his feet.

"Certainly," he said, apologetically. "Of course."

"Harvard's ball on Yale's thirty-yard line?" the newspaper men shouted down. "Five minutes to play?" they asked.

Barstow did not hear the answer, for the big men were crouching about him once more.

"25—53—64—28—92!" he called. "37—43—85—90—51!"

Series of numbers burned blue and yellow upon his eyeballs. He shouted at them and drove them away. Methodically, but quickly and accurately, he grasped the ball from between the legs of the man before him. He hurried it into the arms of the back running up from behind and he clung to the runner,—except when instinct sent him ahead,—pushing, pushing, pushing all the time. Then some one would help him up just as a fresh row of figures danced before him. And he would do it all over again and again.

On his left the deep, regular roar, reverberating like the echoes of a mighty sledge, and on his right the quicker, panting cheers grew louder and more indistinguishable, till they blended together into a mighty, incoherent sound. The line from still another transverse mark stung his eyes as he fell forward, and they forgot for an instant to pick him up. Something very cold and stinging struck his face, and a voice came to him once more. "The five-yard line. The five-yard line, David," it said. "David—David—"

As he crouched again, he knew without looking that he was on the five-yard line once more; but he staggered a little, and the friendly numbers which had flashed before him had ceased to burn. He faltered a signal, however, but as the ball came to him on the snap-back, it slipped from his useless arms. He sighed thankfully then, as Gray covered the leather with his body. The quarter-back called a signal again, and this time he passed the ball safely, but as he ran weakly beside his half-back, a Yale end brushed him aside

easily, and downed the Harvard runner in his tracks. It was third down with still five yards to go—and the last five yards.

"No. There's no one else," he heard the captain say, as he lay upon the ground. "There's no one else we can put in."

"There's no one else." It thundered in the little freshman's ears. "There's no one else." It seemed to come to him from all about. Pitiably and exultantly it came from the north and west stands; and bitterly and reproachfully it scudded in the roar from the south of the field. Even the flags, the crimson flags, waved angrily and resentfully at him. But no—not all. For sending out confidence and inspiration from every fold, one flag fluttered proudly high above the rest—as high as a little girl in a gray suit, with a crimson ribbon whipping across her chest, could raise it.

"35—62—37—18—38."

He half knelt upon one knee behind his line. He took the ball and passed it back. With a mighty effort the center guard opened a hole in the line before him. Pushing, pushing and tugging behind his full-back as the others closed about them, the little quarter-back broke through the line beside his captain.

Between them and the goal stood only the Yale captain, looking up his line. He had turned, as the line yielded, and when the Harvard backs came through, he sprang confidently toward them. Then throwing his captain to one side—to one side and forward, so that the big Harvard back rolled across the goal line with the ball—the little quarter-back, with his best effort, hurled himself against his waiting adversary, and bore the Yale captain out of the play.

A great cry, louder than any before, crashed and crashed in the air about him, and then suddenly died quite away. Those bending over the freshman quarter-back handled him gently and carefully now. So he smiled and lay very still, for he knew that the game was over—and won.

Late that night, when the last of the special trains were deserted at Huntington avenue, and when the overflow from the electric cars had marched their noisy way from Back Bay to Harvard Square, a platform was hastily improvised between Hollis Hall and Thayer. The crowds, which filled the yard to overflowing, cheered, first of all, Gray, the captain, and the man who had made the touchdown. Then, as they hesitated upon the order of cheering the rest of the team, the big full-back leaped down and caught up beside him the smallest player of them all.

"David," the captain said, simply, and—

"Harvard, Harvard, Harvard! Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!"

David, David, David!

It echoed about the ancient building, not doubtfully and with forced trust, but proudly and confidently. For they all cheered him; the new friends who called him David, thinking it his surname, and the others who repeated "David—David!" because he was that to them. And the little girl who had stood at the five-yard line during the last of the game was very happy and quite content.—Youth's Companion.

The Perfect Pun.
A perfect pun makes good sense both ways; the edges meet with a click like the blades of a sharp pair of shears. Sometimes the very thoughts fit tight together in antagonistic identity, as when the man said of the temperance exhorter that he would be a good fellow if he would only let drink alone; or when Disraeli (if it was he) wrote to the youth who had sent him a first novel: "I thank you very much. I shall lose no time in reading it;" or, as when a man seeing a poor piece of carpentry, said: "That chicken coop looks as if some man had made it himself." Exquisite perverse literalness of thought! And the same absolute punning, the very self-destruction of a proposition, was the old death-thrust at a poor poet by the friend who said: "His poetry will be read when Shakespeare and Homer are forgotten." It was a fine double-edged blade of speech until some crude fellow, Heine, I think, sharpened it to a wire edge by adding, "and not till then," a banality that dulled its perfection forever.—J. A. Macy, in Atlantic.

Difference in Creeds.
"I ran across two new sects up in Minnesota a few days ago," said the returned traveler. "In a village of a few hundred people I saw two large churches. I thought there must be intense piety among the natives, coupled with a difference of opinion, and I made some inquiries.

"'Yah,' said the Swede, 'das wan we tank Ev she made Adam eat apple, an' das wan we tank Adam big rascal all time.'—New York Press.

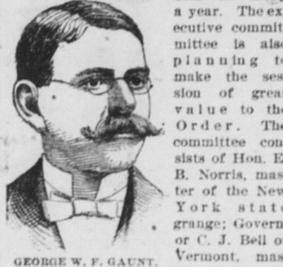
"Something Nice" in Kansas.
The young ladies of the Thompson Dry Goods Company invited us in the other afternoon to drink lemonade with them, prefacing the invitation with the remark that we must say something nice about them in the paper. And of course we could not do otherwise, for they are all, without a single exception, just as nice and sweet as they can be, and our only wonder is that they have been allowed to remain single so long—and some of them, oh, so long.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARRROW, Chatham, N. Y.
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

A Large and Enthusiastic Meeting Anticipated at Atlantic City, N. J.
There is abundant evidence that the meeting of the national grange at Atlantic City, N. J., in November will be of unusual interest. Worthy Master George W. F. Gaunt and a hustling local committee are working to make it the largest meeting that has been held in many years. The executive committee is also planning to make the session of great value to the Order. The committee consists of Hon. E. B. Norris, master of the New York state grange; Governor C. J. Bell of Vermont, master of the state grange of that state; and Hon. F. A. Derthick, master of the Ohio state grange. Excursions will be run from the New England and middle states, and many members of the Order who have never had an opportunity of attending the national meeting will be there. As the highest degree of the Order is conferred by the national grange, a strong effort is being made to make this year's class the largest since the Portland (Me.) meeting, when 1,700 members took this beautiful degree.



GEORGE W. F. GAUNT.
[Master New Jersey state grange.]

GRANGE LITERATURE.
The Assistance Which the Press is Giving the Order Commended.
Hon. F. A. Derthick, master of the Ohio state grange, believes in the use of printer's ink. He rightly believes that the good the Order is doing should be made known and that its light should "not be hid under a bushel." He says: "The principle of acting together is a cardinal principle of our Order, and its necessity was never more apparent than now. Every other interest and business keeps in close touch, has its literature and studies its own problems. I am often surprised in visiting granges to find an absolute ignorance of the condition of the Order in Ohio, its achievements and its present efforts. It will be impossible to keep in line or be in touch or be helpful in the absence of the literature of the Order."

It is quite true that the daily and weekly press and agricultural journals manifest a willingness to use grange matter, as Mr. Derthick further suggests, and by so doing they benefit the Order immensely, while they commend themselves to their farmer readers. Time was when the grange could not get a hearing in the newspapers, and it may be it did not deserve it. But when the publisher discovered that the grange was in earnest in its labors for the farmer and was not being "worked" by politicians then he was willing to "lend a hand" to further its good work, and to the credit of the press he said that, while it despises and detests any organization of men who profess one thing and do another or who permit themselves to be used by politicians or any one else for base and underhand purposes, it is ever ready to help a good cause along. And that is why the newspapers are opening their columns now to such a department as the grange or are printing news of the Order of a local nature or otherwise by the column. Our state granges, and the national grange as well, should appreciate the grand work being done today in their behalf by hundreds of newspapers throughout the country, and we think they do. The work would make slow progress without such publicity.

Mission of the Pomona Grange.
This is a very large part of the mission of the Pomona grange—to help build up the subordinate grange. Why shouldn't it be so? Pomona is nothing if there are no subordinate granges upon which it can draw for membership, and it can do very little without the cordial co-operation of the local organization which houses it and feeds it at the monthly or quarterly meeting. The Pomona lecturer does well for his own organization if his work results in adding new life and new members to any grange within its jurisdiction. His work and that of his organization should be performed in the true missionary spirit, with the object of reaching out and benefiting the whole community.—Grange Bulletin.

Grange Co-operation.
That many granges are availing themselves of the opportunity to save money for their members by co-operative buying is shown by the two instances following: Medford grange of Burlington county, N. J., purchased 695 sacks of seed potatoes, valued at about \$1,500, and a quantity of grass seed, valued at \$610, making a total of something over \$2,100 on these two alone. Manhattan grange of Illinois last year purchased 33,000 pounds of binder twine, twelve carloads of flour, three carloads of salt and four carloads of bran and middlings. Over \$800 was saved on the flour deal alone.

Columbia grange, No. 83, Bradford county, Pa., initiated 133 candidates during the last quarter and received nine by demit and twenty by reinstatement. Good record!

There is Money in Growing Ginseng

Prof. W. L. Howard of the Missouri State Agricultural College says: "I advise American farmers to cultivate Ginseng. Big profits may be realized. It is a hardy plant and is easily grown."—A recent bulletin issued by the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College in part says: "The supply of native Ginseng root is continually diminishing and the price per pound is correspondingly increasing, while the constant demand for the drug in China stands as a guarantee of a steady market for Ginseng in the future. The market for our cultivated root will exist as long as the Chinamen exist."—Consul General W. A. Rublee of Hong Kong says in the U. S. Consular reports: "The sale of Ginseng root grown in America is very large here and the demand is so great that much more could be disposed of advantageously. The root is as indispensable to the 400,000,000 Chinese as is their rice."

Ginseng is a staple on the market the same as corn, wheat and cotton. The present market price varies from \$5 to \$8 per pound according to quality, while the cost of production does not exceed \$1.50. There is room in an ordinary garden to grow several hundred dollars worth each year. The plant is hardy and thrives in all parts of the United States and Canada, except in arid regions. We are successful growers and can show you how to make money growing Ginseng. You can get a good start in the business for a small outlay, and soon have a comfortable income. We have several thousand choice roots for sale for fall delivery. The planting season begins in August and continues till the ground is frozen. Write us today for literature.

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