

**THE OLD AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.**

Among the relics of the past,  
The links of Memory's clinging chain  
That with its meshes, binds me fast  
To days that cannot come again.  
There is no prize more precious than  
This booklet: thoughtfully I scan  
Its yellow pages, scribbled over  
By many whom I knew of yore.  
Here a refrain expressing love  
Beneath the picture of a dove,  
And there a half-sarcastic quip,  
All traced in childish penmanship.

"If you love me as I love you  
No knife can cut our love in two."  
"Nearth that trite sentiment I see  
A name once passing dear to me,  
Across the past my memory flies—  
I see a pair of laughing eyes,  
I press a little hand that lay  
Within my own that summer day  
"No knife can cut our love in two."  
Still, it was but an earthly strand,  
And what a knife could never do  
Was, as a higher power planned,  
Accomplished by the reaper's hand.

O, treasured names! O, memory!  
What were existence without thee?  
For art thou not the magic key  
With which we penetrate the seal  
That locks away the misty past,  
And in our leisure moments treat  
Great solace from that storehouse vast?  
Heretofore, how man would grope  
Into the future's unknown  
As up some storm-swept, rocky slope,  
The shipwrecked mariner doth crawl,  
Before him dreads uncertainty,  
Behind, the cruel, yawning sea—  
And darkness hanging over all.  
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**One Good Turn Deserves Another.**

By MINERVA S. HANDY.

Hundreds of years ago an elephant fell into a pit which some travellers had prepared for him. The pit was in a dense forest and the elephant knew that there was no hope for his release. He wept loudly and bemoaned his fate. His captors rejoiced at his lamentations, for they knew that the elephant would bring a good deal of money to them and were counting their gains while their unhappy captive was bewailing the fate which had overtaken him.

After listening to the moans of the elephant for an hour or so the hunters retired to the shade of a tropical tree, leaving one of their servants to guard the pit and to report to them when the elephant had ceased from his suffering.

The guard soon fell asleep and did not notice a priest, who, ever on some errand of mercy, had stopped to learn the cause of the elephant's distress. He tried to console the beast, who, however, was hopeless.

"Alas!" he said, "there is no comfort for me. I must stay here until I'm subdued and become the slave of man, or until I am dead of hunger and thirst."

"Is there no friend who can save you?" pleaded the good priest.

"None!" wailed the captive.

"Are you sure of that?" replied the priest. "Have you never done a good action to anyone? If so call him to you."

"All the services I have done are too small to be of any help to such a great body as I," declared the elephant. "Maybe not," advised his helper. "Tell me one."

"Last year," said the elephant, "the prince of this province had captured the King of Rats and many of his subjects. He imprisoned them in earthen jars and was about to drown them when I came along. I broke all those jars so the rats ran away from their murderer."

"Another time a man caught the queen of the parrots in a gilded cage and hung it on a tree so high that none could reach it. I pulled the tree down and then broke the cage, with the result that the queen flew away to safety. She was grateful indeed, for my rescue, and declared if she ever could serve me I should call upon her. It is worse than useless, for so small a bird as a parrot—even though she is queen—can be of no use in releasing so enormous a creature as I from this deep and dreadful pit."

Just then a scream of a parrot sounded from a neighboring tree. The elephant lifted his ears, but the sound suggested nothing to him beyond the fact that it was strange that a parrot should scream so shrilly at the time he was talking about one. The priest had learned many things of which the elephant knew nothing at all and the shrill tone of the parrot at that special moment meant something more to him.

"Call that parrot," said he. "Tell him to notify his queen that her benefactor is in trouble—dire trouble." The elephant protested that it was of no use, but the priest insisted.

The parrot was summoned, the story told and in a little while the queen of the talking birds herself appeared to discuss with the imprisoned elephant how she could help to his release.

It is doubtful if the release would have ever been accomplished had not the priest himself planned the way. He suggested that the parrot take her message to the king of the rats, who, remembering how the elephant had saved his life, would do everything in his power to save his in return. The priest was right, as soon proved. The king sent the message all over his kingdom. By the next morning rats and mice to the number of several million assembled to obey the orders of their sovereign.

"March at once to where our good friend the elephant is imprisoned. Remember how he saved all our lives and dare any deed of valor to save his life."

When the army of rats had reached the pit they found that the queen of the parrots was there before them, and arrayed in all the trees about were millions of her feathered subjects. Never was there a more imposing array of color and beauty as that which met the eyes of the soberly "d rats,

but they were not dazzled to the degree of losing their heads. Not a bit of it. They quietly broke ranks and while their king consulted with the queen of parrots, feasted their eyes on the gorgeous plumage of their fellow-soldiers. No danger of tiring of waiting. The parrots chattered and conversed in so interesting and scholarly a manner that the ignorant rats hung their heads for very shame.

The consultation was soon ended. The rats were given their orders, the parrots theirs. The guard awoke, but his attention was immediately attracted by the queen of the parrots who began to talk to him in the most engaging fashion. She kept flying away little by little, keeping up her fascinating talk. Before the guard realized it he was out of sight of the pit still fascinated by the parrot, which he determined he would catch and take back with him to the city where he would sell her for enough to buy his freedom.

No sooner was the guard safely out of sight than the rats began scratching at the edge of the pit. Though each one threw out but a small portion of earth at a time soon a large path sloped downward to where the elephant stood. At the same time the millions of parrots broke twigs from the trees above the pit and hurled them into it. The elephant was to be outdone by his faithful rescuers piled these twigs until they were high enough to enable him to reach the path. In a few hours he walked out of his prison and joined his companions in the jungle, filled with gratitude at his miraculous deliverance from death, or what was worse, captivity.—Washington Star.

**FABULOUS RICHNESS.**

It is Said to Be Possessed by Mexican Gold Mines.

B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad company's executive committee, and his associates, who have been operating the famous Lluvia de Oro gold mines, situated in the Andres del Rio district, state of Chihuahua, Mexico, under lease for the past two years, have just concluded a deal for the purchase of the property. The Lluvia del Oro embraces a group of about twenty mines. Those which are now being developed are said to be of fabulous richness. The lease carried with it the option to purchase the mines for the sum of \$2,000,000, gold, of which a small amount was paid down in cash at the signing of the contract, and subsequently other payments were made, in part from the products of the mines themselves and in part by the purchasers.

At the time the option was signed the mines had been slightly developed, showing a twenty-foot face of ore for a depth of thirty feet. Work has been continuous and the development so rapid and rich that today the mines are classed as the largest and richest in Mexico.

At first, a three-stamp mill was employed, which ran a few months and produced \$1000 gold per day. Then a twenty-stamp mill was erected, and produced in about a year bullion having a value of over \$1,000,000 in gold. This production came from running levels and blocking out ore bodies, so that today the amount of ore in sight is enormous.

John Scullin of St. Louis and Harry E. Cary of New York came to Mexico a short time ago for the purpose of paying the balance due on the mines of about \$1,500,000, gold. The purchase was made for account of the Lluvia del Oro Gold Mining company of Mexico, a corporation organized last year in the United States and having offices in the Hanover National Bank Building, New York City.

The capital stock of the company is \$10,000,000, and the officers and directors are: Harry E. Cary, president and general manager; James Campbell, St. Louis, secretary and treasurer; B. F. Yoakum, St. Louis; John Scullin, St. Louis; Fred Edey, New York.

Work at the mines has been under the direction of A. J. Underwood as general superintendent. He has equipped the property with all modern appliances, and the enlargement of the twenty-stamp mill is being arranged for, together with the erection of a tramway.

**Accommodating.**

Former Ambassador Joseph H. Choate recently told a story of an Englishman and a Scotchman who were swapping fish tales while dining with a number of friends. The Briton related a tall story of a fish he had landed whose alleged measurements were such that every one present smiled, though none ventured to express doubt as to the truth of the account. The Scot, in his turn, related a yarn. He had, he averred, once caught a fish that he had been unable to pull in alone, managing to land it at last only with the aid of two friends. "It was a skate, and four or five feet long," declared the Scot, in the solemnest of tones. Silence followed this extraordinary statement, during which the Briton, offended, left the table. The host followed. After returning, he said to the Scotchman, "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize."

"I did not insult him," said the Scot. "Yes, you did," indignantly responded the host, "with that confounded story of a skate four or five feet long." "Weel," finally said the offender, slowly, and with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take a few feet off his fish I will see that I can do with mine."—Harper's Weekly.

W. R. McCormick, a farmer near Orion, has a wonder of its kind on his farm in the shape of a gigantic sunflower plant.



**Washing Blouses.**

Blouses should be washed in the ordinary way, but will be found a little more difficult to iron. Place the blouse on the ironing-board and lay the sleeves folded from the seam, iron on the side nearest the seam, then fold over the middle and iron that, then the other part, till the seam is reached again.

**Nuts Healthy.**

A dietary of fruits and nuts has been tested in various experiments at the University of California. These experiments have demonstrated that both fruits and nuts furnish the body with energy, while the nuts yield some fattening material also. The cost of a diet exclusively of fruits and nuts varied from 18 to 46 cents a day for each person, which will compare favorably with the cost of an ordinary mixed diet. One student gradually changed from a mixed diet to fruits and nuts without apparent loss of strength or health.

**Washing a Counterpane.**

Rub it well with soap and put it over night in a tub of lukewarm water. The next morning wash it out of the water it was soaked in. Then wring out and wash in some clean soapuds, after which wash it through a second suds warmer than the first. Rinse it twice through plenty of cold water. The last rinse water should have a little blue in it. Wring the counterpane out, hang it in the sun to dry wrong side out. Take it in toward evening, and the next day hang it with the right side out. It must on no account be put away with the least dampness in it. Sometimes it takes three days to dry perfectly. In washing a counterpane never use soda.—Utica Observer.

**Grapes and Appendicitis.**

At this season millions of Americans eat grapes, seeds and pulp together, with little thought of appendicitis or any other danger. Thousands use them with care to reject the seeds for fear they may make trouble for the curious and apparently useless vermiform appendix. An unknown but surely large number deny themselves the wholesome and pleasant fruit of the vine because they have a more or less definite idea that risk to life and bodily vigor lies in its juicy globes. Meanwhile, hundreds of millions of the people of Europe and Asia—the Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, French, Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Turks and Persians—eat grapes to an extent uncommon in America. If they suffer as often from appendicitis as the most careful people of this country there are no records which indicate such conditions. The weight of evidence clearly acquits the grape seed.—Cleveland Leader.

**Recipes.**

**Peaches with Sugar.**—Put them in a wire basket or colander and plunge them down into boiling water. Peel off the skins, remove the stones or not, as you wish, weigh the fruit and allow for each pound of fruit a quarter pound of sugar. Put the sugar in a kettle, and to each pound add a quart of water. Boil, skim and cool. Put the fruit in the jars and pour over the syrup; adjust the rubbers, lay on the lids and finish the same as small fruits.

**Ripe Tomato Preserves.**—Take seven pounds of ripe, round, yellow tomatoes peeled, seven pounds of sugar and the juice of three lemons. Let these ingredients stand together overnight. Drain off the syrup, boil it and skim well, then put in the tomatoes and boil gently 20 minutes. Take out fruit with skimmer and spread on dishes. Boil syrup down until it thickens, adding just before taking off the fire the lemon juice. Put fruit in jars and fill with hot syrup. When cold seal up.

**Gages and Plums.**—Scald the gages and remove the skins and weigh. To each pound allow a half pound of sugar. Pack the gages neatly in pint jars and adjust the rubbers. Add to each pound of sugar a half pint of water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, and pour the syrup into the jars. Lay the caps of the jars on loosely; do not fasten them. Arrange them in the boiler the same as for peaches and boil for 30 minutes after they begin to boil. Lift one jar at a time and fasten the lid without removing it.

**Tomatoes.**—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skin. Peel, crush each tomato in the hand; this brings out the juice in a way that cannot be accomplished by slicing. When enough are prepared let them stand awhile and pour off the accumulated juice; press a plate on them and pour off the remainder of the juice. Let them boil up several times in the preserving kettle; skim and can. Stone jars, jugs and glass cans may be used. Some prefer to season slightly with salt before canning. Tighten the can covers before putting away, and wrap glass cans in paper to prevent fading. To serve tomatoes prepared in this way heat them sufficiently to melt butter. Thicken slightly with broken crackers, toast or stale bread.

Consumption of horseflesh is largely increasing in Berlin.

**THE GRANGE**

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

**MAKING THE RITUAL.**

"Founder" O. H. Kelley Relates Some of His Early Experiences.

For over a year I had been studiously considering some plan of our organization; then I took pen and paper to put my ideas into tangible form. I commenced with the plan of having all the degree work done in a grove and having its surroundings practically agricultural from start to finish. I first obtained a large engraving showing a farmhouse surrounded by a grove of trees. This was hung on the wall above my writing table. Then, studying the picture, I placed in imagination the proposed officers, each under a vine covered arbor. The members I placed in groups under the shade of the trees. The glee club I had in costumes suitable for the several degrees which were to represent the four seasons; the orchestra to accompany the singers was to consist of two violins, a flute and violoncello. The space to be used for degree work was to occupy a little less than an acre.

To pass from the master to the other officers a nicely graveled walk was to be laid. Impress such a picture upon your minds if you can, only see it in the beauty it was seen by me as I studied it. You will be better able to comprehend the work as we now do it in our small halls and what the work is intended to represent. Then I drew a ground plan and placed the officers in position, then the route of the candidate with his or her guide, then began the work of preparing the dialogue. I had commenced in May, 1867, but it was February, 1868, before enough of the ritual was in shape to warrant staging it—that is, rehearsing with living actors. Then I found all my plans for outdoor work must be given up. We must adapt our work to halls or rooms indoors. Ten months after work was begun on the ritual I took it to the printer. Don't imagine all the work in that little book stands to my credit, for it is not all my composition. Anson Bartlett of Ohio did a great deal of work on the lectures. No great alterations have been made in the floor work or dialogues, but the lectures have been pruned and very much improved as the several editions have been published.—O. H. Kelley in Grange Bulletin.

**BAN AGAINST DANCING.**

Maine State Grange Issues an Edict to Subordinate Granges.

The question of dancing has troubled more than one grange in the United States. Evidently it has been pretty thoroughly discussed, pro and con, in Maine granges, or the executive committee of the state grange would not have found it necessary to issue the following edict to all subordinate granges in the Pine Tree State:

To the Officers and Members of the Subordinate Granges of Maine:  
Whereas, by reason of continuous complaints to us and local dimensions that are aroused in consequence of the practice of many granges of dancing in connection with their grange meetings, resulting in corresponding decrease of interest in real grange work, the executive committee of the Maine state grange, by virtue of the authority vested in them, chapter 6, section 1, article 8 of the Digest, and in the interests of harmony and good fellowship, hereby prohibit dancing at or in connection with any and all grange meetings when the grange is opened in form. The master of each grange will be required to enforce this law.

From the wording of the above we infer that the prohibition is against dancing only when it is carried on while the grange is in session, inasmuch as it says "when the grange is opened in form." That it prohibits dancing in the grange hall after the grange has closed we do not understand. And, on the other hand, we do not see where it could be introduced when the grange is in session except during the lecturer's hour. The Lewiston Journal, which gives much attention to grange matters in Maine, remarks that this edict is "the most important transaction in connection with the grange for many a day. There can be no question that this matter of grange dancing has caused more trouble among the granges over our state than all other causes combined. Church people and others who are averse to that form of amusement have looked askance at the grange for this reason, and the matter has been a growing source of discontent. The state executive committee have now taken the bull by the horns, and they have done it well. No more timely action was ever taken, and from now on there will be an improvement among the granges all over the state. It will be noticed that this order applies to every grange in Maine."

**Grange Day at New York State Fair.**

The New York state fair devotes one day on the programme to the grange. A large tent is erected every year in which the Patrons gather. The addresses made this year on Sept. 13 were by Lieutenant Governor Linn Bruce of New York, who welcomed the grangers; Hon. E. B. Norris, Hon. F. A. Derthick and Hon. Aaron Jones, master of the national grange. The woman's work committee of the state grange held a meeting the same day in the woman's building on the fair grounds and presented a most pleasing musical and literary programme.

Eagle grange of Pennsylvania is the oldest grange in that state, having been organized in 1871. The organization fees were \$55.

**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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