The Next of Kin.

One night they spake of me-my kin, Wide-wandered from the earth! The dew that fell was from her eyes, Who here did give me birth; My father's voice was in the wind; I sowed, but there is dearth, Or bitterness, as of the ash

The gale lifts from my hearth!"

My little sister (flown in Spring) Leaned past the evening star; "Till now I waited for thee here Beside the crystal bar; But that which thou hast done, alas! From thee removes me far; And in the wreath I made for thee The flowers all weeping are!"

They spake of me, of me-my kin, In lengthened line arrayed; From one to other passed the word, On blanching lips effrayed; They mounted far-an ancient host, By scorn or pity swayed! Of me they all together spake, Yet none would give me aid.

Then from the lessening line, came one With mine own form and face; "Thy grandsire's grandsire knew me

not. Yet am I of thy race: Thy good-thy ill-and all thou art, To me mayst surely trace; And, next of kin, I'll stand by thee, In the dread Judgment Place!

"I best can say how that wild blood, Which ruled thine erring will, Ran, undiverted, from my spring, Thy fragile cup to fill; And, when the rest thy doom invoke,

From Heaven's midnight hill, Thy next of kin for thee will plead, And they shall hold them still!" -Edith M. Thomas in the Century.

WHICH WAS

A Story From Turkey.

THE GREATEST?

BY REV. GEORGE E. WHITE

Three men were walking along the road when they met the Cadi, the judge, who gave them a salaam and without avail, and now I was deterquarrel as to the one for whom the wrest from others the luxuries that I salutation was intended.

"It was for me," said one. "No," said another, "it was for me." "No," said the third, "he saluted me." When they could not agree about the matter they determined to seek

the Cadi and ask him for which of them he intended his salaam. They found the Cadi and asked to

which one he gave the salutation. He replied, "To the greatest fool." each of the men still claimed the sa-

lutation. One said. "I am the greatest fool." "No," said the second, "I could not endure torture I should proof. I rushed for a car and when am the greatest fool." "No," urged continue to lead a virtuous life. I I got in it it was so crowded I had to the third, "I am the greatest fool of

So they appealed to the wise Cadi again, asking him please to tell them which one he considered the greatest fool. He answered, "Tell me some of your past experiences and conduct, so that I may justly decide." So the first began:

"Your Honor, I am sure no one is a greater fool than I am. For I have a wife who is a very good sort of person, but she has one fault-she will not always do as f bid her. Sometime when I tell her to do something "he refuses, and sometimes she tells ae to do it myself. So in order to svoid difficulties I proposed to her that whoever spoke first in the morning should do whatever work was needed to be done about the house that day. She agreed, though she is naturally talkative, being a woman, and that night we retired to rest as usual.

Next morning when we woke I signalled her to start the fire, but she made no response, though I expected her to commence talking, according to her custom. By and by I showed that I was hungry and motioned her to get me some food. She motioned me to get it myself.

"A long time passed and I could not make her stir. The animals in the stable under our room began calling for their breakfast, and finally the calf pushed open our door and looked in, bellowing for food. I made signs to my 'house lad' to go and tie the calf, but she remained motionless and never uttered a word. At last I lost patience and, seizing a stick, proceeded to beat her so profoundly that the stick broke in my hand and she fled out of the house.

"As I lay there meditating on my uncomfortable condition and her uncomfortable disposition, my wife's brother knocked. I kept silent, and famous Boston. "Tea Party." Indeed, he opened the door, . looked around for his sister. I answered nothing, and he, seeing the room in confusion, with his sister gone, evidences of a struggle lying about and the broken stick still near me, charged me with having murdered his wife. As in Boston. If you should follow the I made no reply, he soon roused the community, called the police, and had me taken off to prison.

"At the trial I said not a word, my wife was not forthcoming and the the site of Griffin's wharf, at which evidence against me was such that I lay moored on December 16, 1773, the was sentenced to be hung. They led three British ships with cargoes of me to the scaffold, and the prepara- tea. This house bears a tablet comtions for my execution were all complete, when a woman's shrick was Party," which threw the cargoes into heard on the outskirts of the crowd, the sea. and my wife came rushing up, begging them not to execute her kind charge of crime.

"As soon as the noose was romoved from my neck I raised my finger and said to my dish and spoon washer, 'You spoke first; you go and tie that calf.' But I beg your honor to observe what a fool I was for making such a bargain with a woman.

Then the second began his story: "But Mr. Cadi, I have been a greater fool still. Some time ago I was troubled with toothache, and one day when I was going to Amasia to market, my wife advised me to go to the barber and have him pull it out. I went to the barber accordingly; he pulled the decayed tooth and the pain was relieved.

"When I reached our village that evening, my house-sweeper inquired how much I paid the barbar for pulling my tooth. I told her one cent, whereupon she flew into a violent passion, saying it was not strange that we always remained poor when I had so little notion of economy.

"'Don't you know,' she railed, 'that it is all one to the barber whether he pulls one tooth for a customer or thirty-two? His price is the same for any number of teeth. Why didn't you make the most of your bargain while you were about it?"

"So the next day I made an excuse to go to Amasia again, and asked the barber whether he remembered pulling a tooth for me the day before. He replied that he did. I asked him his prices and he told me that he charged the same price, one cent., for drawing any number of teeth from one up to thirty-two. On my asking whether he would object to giving a good customer the worth of his money in two installments, he replied that he had no objection whatever, so he pulled the rest of my teeth.

"I reached home that evening with my mouth full of blood, but without a tooth in my head, and boasted to my deficiency of my shrewdness in bargaining and of the great return I had received for my money. But soon had reason to find out what a great fool I was to part with a mouthful of sound teeth."

"My case was worse than that," said the third man. "We have always been very poor, and at last I got so tired of poverty that I told my wife I could stand it no longer, I have tried by every honest means in my power to better our condition, but passed on .. Then the men began to mined to become a highwayman and could not win by toil.

She asked what I would do when I was caught and put to cross-questioning as to my conduct, and I said that I would invent such stories as would enable me to escape. But when she inquired what I would do if they put me to torture to make me confess, then I hesitated.

"My house-sweeper proposed, therefore, that we should experiment a lit-But that did not help matters, for the, and if I found I could endure tor- to go up stairs and put it away, but ture I might embark on my plan to I was in such an awful hurry 1 slid become a highwayman, while if I agreed and she began to apply various stand. I was squeezed so close to a kinds of torture to my person. She man I could hardly breathe and more applied pincers cold and hot to my flesh, scratched me with a razor, placed hot coals in walnut shells and laid them on my naked skin, and I easily stood these and many other things.

"Then my house sweeper got the iron brand with which they mark the forehead of a thief, heated it and ap plied it to me, and that I found more than I could endure. So with the prospect of that terrible brand before me I was afraid of becoming a robber, and yet my forehead already bears the mark. I am as poor as ever, as virtuous as ever, and yet I bear the brand of a thief. Am I not the greatest fool yet?"

The reader or hearer is expected to make answer for the wise Cadi and decide which was the greatest fool.-Congregationalist and Christian

SAVING "OLD SOUTH."

The Debt Which the United States Owes to Mrs. Hemenway.

The ground on which the Old lin was baptized in this meeting Press. house. The voices of Adams and Hancock and Warren and Washington have been heard within its walls. You will see, back of the pulpit platform and below the quaint old soundingboard, the very window through which Gen. Joseph Warren came to deliver his famous oration on the anniversary of the Boston massacre because the crowd in and around the church was so great he could not en-

ter by the door. In this church were held some of the great meetings leading up to the it was from this "Sanctuary of Freedom," as it has been called, that the band of men disguised as Indians, started for the wharf to board the ships and throw overboard the taxed tea that had created such a turmoil exact route taken by that band of "Mohawks" on that eventful December day in the year 1773, you would formance in this regard. finally reach a modern building on memorating the famous "Boston Tea

Did you ever hear the story of how the Old South was "saved?" Reverhusband, and relieving me from all ence for historic landmarks did not run so high thirty or forty years ago ing their own work.

as it does today, and in our centerinial year of 1876 tt was proposed to sell the Old South simply for the value of its bricks and timbers, and tear it down, that a modern business block might be built on its site. Indeed, it was sold-"knocked down" at auction to a bidder for the meager sum of \$1,315!

Suddenly a wave of patriotic feeling swept over the city of Boston. The papers and some of the people began to protest against the tearing down of the old "Sanctuary of Freedom," and a movement was set on foot to raise funds to buy the church from its purchaser, and to buy also the ground on which it stood. This good plan might never have succeeded had it not ben for one noble and loyal woman in Boston, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, of hallowed memory. When the difficulty of securing funds for the purchase of the old meeting house became known to her, she came forward with a gift of \$100,000, and thus the old meeting-house was saved -to stand as an object lesson to the children of future generations.

Having given such a large sum to help save the Old South Meetinghouse, Mrs. Hemenway felt that it should be something more than a mere silent monument. She determined that it should be a real, living force in our country, and particularly to the children of Boston. She actermined that it should renew and increase its fame as a temple of freedom, and that its sacred walls should again echo and re-echo to the sound of patriotic utterances, and that some of these utterances should come from the lips of the boys and girls of Boston; and thus the Old South Lecture Course and the Old South Prizes were established. Each year a prize of forty dollars and another of twenty-five dollars are given to the gradnates of the Boston high schools who write the best essays on historic on patriotic topics. The committee having this work in charge announce the subjects in June, just before the schools close, and the competitors must submit their essays the following January. Then on Washington's birthday there is a patriotic gathering of the school children of Boston in the old meeting-house, and the names of the prize winners are announced .- From J. L. Harbour's "The Children's Hour in the Old South Meeting-House" in St. Nicholas,

NOT THE SAME POCKET.

Predicament of a Girl With a Sup posed Thief. This is the way a girl related a re-

cent experience to her chum: "Nettie, I never felt so small in my life and I'm just dying to tell you all about it. I had to go out this morning and it looked so much like rain I put on my mackintosh. Just as I got to the door I met papa and he gave me my month's allowance. I knew I ought it down in the pocket of the waterpeople getting in all the time. I had forgotten all about my money until I felt a hand slowly sliding down to the bottom of my pocket.

"Horrors! it was a pickpocket! I had cold chills all over me. I didn't want to scream and get everybody looking at me, and then if I did I was afraid he would get away, and I was determined he shouldn't have my money. I just shifted the strap to my other hand as though I hadn't notied anything, and without looking at him slipped my hand down and caught his wrist. I held on with a death grip, but the man never tried to take his hand away. I didn't know what to do, but I did hold on, and so we went block after block. Oh, I really thought I should die.

"I finally concluded to get out at the next corner and see what he would do. He never moved, and when the car stopped I made a quick twist around, and when I went to pull his hand out of my pocket, what do you think? I had had my hand in his overcont pocket all the time. What did I do? I got out of that car and ran a whole block without stopping. My money? South stands was the dwelling place Oh, that was in my pocket, all right, of Gov. Winthrop. Benjamin Frank- just where I put it."-New York

A Two Headed Turtle.

A perfect two headed turtle is a very unusual animal, but there is one in captivity in Washington now that has excited considerable curiosity among the snake sharps of the National Museum.

The turtle is a very plain little fellow, and is now in the possession of a local bird fancier. It was captured over in Virginia some time ago and brought to this city by a hunter. It is about as big as a silver dollar, and looks like an ordinary young land turtle, except that there are two perfectly developed heads sticking out of its shell. Otherwise it seems to be perfectly normal. Just what its arrangements are inside, no one knows, but it eats with both mouths and winks its four little beadlike eyes in "blocks of two," each head being indifferent to the others per-

It has but one tall and the usual turtle complement of four legs. The owner is making a determined efforts to raise it, and the little fellow will not be cut open to investigate his interior department so long as he consents to feed on flies and fresh meat, which just now constitutes the chief part of his diet.

Belgian women take a pride in do-



STILL HOPE Don't worry if they take brutality From football; for-oh, glad reality!-They'll put it in some other rare, Rough game, and we can view it there.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

DESCRIBING IT. Farmer Sosede-What's thet book yer readin' about, Mandy. Aunt Mandy-Bout the war, Joshna. It's one o' those here hysterical novels.-Brooklyn Life.

ILLUSTRATED. "That barber tells too many stories to be popular."

"And, furthermore, he embellishes them with altogether too many cuts." HIS SCHEME OF LIFE.

"I believe in giving every man a square deal." 'You do, ch?"

"Yes, every man who positively won't stand for a crooked one." THE CHAMPION MEAN MAN.

"He's so small that when judg

ment day comes he'll be able to slip through the crack.' "What crack?" "The crack of doem, of course."

THE NAME FOOLED HIM. "Are you fond of smelts?" "Never dasted it."

"Eh! Smelts are fishes." "Fishes! I thought they were some kind of cheese."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NEED 'EM NOW. "Pa, what were these suits of armor used for?"

"People wore 'em in elden times

"What sort of people, pa?" "Oh, life insurance agents, I sup-

THE MARCH OF EXPOSURE. 'What are youse cryi' fer?" asked the first urchin.

"Me conscience bodders me," replied the second urchin. "Last week I robber me little brudder's bank." "Don't worry. It'll be some time before Mister Lawson gits around to youse."

CONTENT.

"Is your son doing well at college?" "Yes," answered Farmer Corntos-"He had his picture took after the football game, and it showed he had his regular share of arms an' legs. I should say he was doin' well." -Washington Star.

DIMENSIONS. Uncle John-My goodness, Tommy, you eat an awful lot for such a little

Tommy-I 'spect I aren't so little as I looks from the outside.-Woman's Home Companion.

MEDIEVAL WIT

"My wife," complained the Duke de Doolittle, 'says she's obliged to keep her coom. Yet I see nothing the matter with the dame."

"Put her in the secret chamber," advised the Count de Funnicuss. "She will then never keep that."

A NATURAL INFERENCE. Six-year-old Fanny, just returned from Sunday school, seemed to have something on her mind. "Mother." she said, after a while, "they must have had very large beds in Bible times.'

"Why?" asked her mother. . "Well, our teacher told us today that Abraham slept with his four fathers."-Harper's Weekly.

SCARED OUT. "Why did the Earl break the en-

gagement?" "Oh, he became afraid, when he found out that her father was president of a life insurance company, that the old man would appoint him a vice-president or give him some other kind of a job that would make it necessary for him to at least memorize the figures referring to the as-

Herald. LESS LABOR INVOLVED. "How'd youse like to have de job of keepin' de streets of Havana free from snow?" jocularly inquired Tired

sets and liabilities."-Chiago Record-

"I'd rather be a dummy insurance director," promptly replied Weary

A PERFECT SHAME. "I see the Chicago packers claim that they have been tricked and deceived by Government detectives."

"Yes." "Well, any one who would trick and deceive a Chicago packer ought to be harshly dealt with."

ACTION OF GRAVITY. "Senator, how did you get your start in life?" asked the reporter. "I was born on a hillside farm in Vermont," said the eminent statesman, "and at an early age I rolled down."-Chicago Tribune.

IT STUCK TO HIM. "There's nothing like printer's ink," said the enthusiastic advertising man, "No, I don't know as there is," replied the other man; "I got some on my hands once, and I never remember meeting anything just like it!"-Yonkers Statesman,

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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