

IT'S UP TO THE WOMAN.

It's up to the woman, whatever goes wrong; She swallows an ache, while her lips trill a song. It's up to the woman.

If husband breaks loose and come drunk at night, "It wouldn't have happened if she'd managed right." It's up to the woman.

If daughter gets giddy and dangles the men, "If mother had watched her it wouldn't have been." It's up to the woman.

If young son gets frisky and smokes cigarettes, "His mother has spoiled him, now see what he gets." It's up to the woman.

If baby, poor young one, gets choked on a bone "Why mother's to blame; she ought to have known." It's up to the woman.

If callers come early and find things upset, "Twas a bad day for William when he and she met." It's up to the woman.

The grocer and book agents, plumbers and cooks— She must keep them in hand and find time for books. It's up to the woman.

With one foot, on bank book and one on accounts, And both ends must meet when she figures amounts. It's up to the woman.

It's worse than a four-in-hand balky and gay This team that a woman must manage each day. —Chicago Journal.

MARION'S ARIA

BY ELIZABETH PRICE.

The decision will be announced this afternoon," said Marion, nervously twitching her throat. "I can hardly wait to hear it, yet I dread it, too. O mother, if it should be Marguerite Ollis instead of me I don't see how I could bear it! There, I've broken my neck!"

"Give me the glove, dear. I'll mend that rip. You are too excited to sew."

"I'm afraid I am, though I suppose I ought to be ashamed to confess it," and Marion laughed a little quivering laugh as she relinquished her task.

Anna looked up from her geography sympathetically. "It's no wonder I feel that way for you till I can hardly tell the Isthmus of Panama from the Gulf of Mexico."

"What's all the fuss about, anyway?" asked Alfred, coming back with an effort from the vortex of adventure into which the book he held had plunged him.

"We are to learn at this afternoon's concert, the 'Inflammatus' from the 'Stabat Mater,'" announced Marion, who was now strapping music into her roll.

"The Philharmonic Society is going to sing it at the grand concert, Alf," explained Anna. "They've engaged a solo singer from Boston, or somewhere, for all but this one piece, but they are going to choose somebody in the society to sing this aria. It's awfully high and hard, and it's a great honor to be asked, and Marion hopes she is going to be chosen."

"Oh, yes. Well, what is the aria or whatever you call it?"

"It's where one singer goes shrieking and warbling away up above everybody else, and the chorus sort of mumbles along underneath, soft and subdued."

Even Marion, in spite of her agitation, laughed at her sister's definition. "It's this way, Alf," she said. "I've been studying very hard. My teachers tell me I have done well but no one has yet given me a chance to demonstrate to the public what I amount to. This aria is hard, but I can do it. If I should be chosen to sing it, it would encourage me very much, and it would introduce me formally into the musical world, where there are to be had choir and concert engagements such as I need."

Alfred's face was full of interest. "What about this Ollis girl?" he asked.

"She is the one I fear most. She can't sing the high notes as well as I can, but she is so pretty and dresses so beautifully. But she doesn't expect to earn her living by her music—and to be chosen would mean nothing to her beyond the honor of the moment."

"Well, I am perfectly sure you'll get it," said Anna with much decision.

"Go in and win, Marion. You're all right," and Alfred subsided into his cushion.

"Three o'clock, daughter. Here's your mended glove. Be brave and cheerful to meet whatever comes."

"Till try, mother. Thank you; you are such a comfort!" and the girl, pale with anxiety, kissed her mother tenderly and departed.

Half an hour later Conductor Morosini raised his baton for silence. Before him were ranged his orchestra and chorus, row after row.

In the front row of sopranos sat

Marion Wood. Her hands held her music without a tremor, but her heart beat suffocatingly, and her breath came too fast for comfort. Next her sat Marguerite Ollis, her pink and white prettiness set off to the best advantage by her becoming costume. If she was nervous no one would have suspected it, as she smiled archly up into the conductor's face.

He glanced at her girlish beauty, the soft curves of her cheeks and the waves of her sunny hair; then at Marion, silent, intense, almost grim in her earnestness.

How could he know why one looked forbidding to the other graciousness itself? He shrugged his shoulders.

"The music is not all, even here. Miss Ollis is a picture—the audience—they will be better pleased," he murmured to himself.

Then aloud, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is with pleasure I have to announce to you that the aria from the 'Inflammatus' will be sung by Miss Marguerite Ollis. Arise, Miss Ollis, Ladies and gentlemen, behold the prima donna of the Philharmonic Society."

Of course she rose and bowed and smiled bewitchingly, and the chorus applauded vigorously, while Marion sat, wretched and heart-sick, yet calm, still holding her music in hands that did not tremble.

The professor, glancing in her direction with a little guilty feeling at his heart, reassured himself: "She does not care."

Then they sang, and Marguerite's voice came out clear and sweet on every difficult passage. Marion had never heard her do so well. The inspiration of the occasion lent her new strength, and the number closed amid a deafening round of applause from the chorus.

The rest of the rehearsal passed off uneventfully, and at the close Marion hurried away from the condoleances and comments of her friends. Supper was waiting when she got home, but even her favorite cream puffs failed to comfort her.

"I hate Marguerite Ollis!" she sobbed, stormily. "She has everything without an effort, while I, who ask only for a chance to work my own way am denied that!"

"She's a stuck-up snip!" declared Anna, wiping her own eyes, while Alfred clenched his fists as if he longed to fight it out with somebody.

Marion's mother did not say anything at first, only stroked the brown head on her shoulder and kissed the hot hand that trembled in her grasp, while Mr. Wood said tenderly: "There dearie, there!" as if his eldest born were once more a wee tottler with a broken doll.

It was after the table had been cleared and they sat about the room with book or needlework that the mother gave her little talk. Marion had subsided into silence after her outbreak, and Mrs. Wood looked sympathetically at the flashing eyes and still quivering lips.

"Be fair, daughter," she said. "Don't do yourself the injustice of being unjust to Miss Ollis. She was honestly chosen and deserves no blame. We add to our own unhappiness when we try to satisfy our anger by finding fault with others as innocent as we are."

"But she doesn't need this chance, mother, and I do!"

"True, dear, yet you couldn't expect her to refuse the invitation because of that, especially when she is ignorant of the fact. You will look at the matter differently after the keenness of your disappointment has worn off. I can trust you to be good, dear, and when you find the chance to do a little kindness for Miss Ollis, it will help you more than it will her."

"Kindness—never!" declared Marion, emphatically. But Mrs. Wood only smiled wisely and waited.

The evening of the concert arrived. Again the great stage was occupied by orchestra and singers. Evening dresses and fluttering ribbons transformed the platform into a rainbow of delicate lines, with a background of somber black where the gentlemen sat.

Between the conductor's rostrum and the auditorium was seated Madame Scarlati, the visiting soloist, whose fame had attracted an unusually large audience.

In the front row of sopranos sat Marguerite, resplendent in silk and pearls. Beside her sat Marion, without jewels or laces, yet looking very sweet in her simple gown of white, with her abundant brown hair arranged in a coronal and in its thick braids a single crimson rose.

The opening chorus was sung magnificently, and at last Madame Scarlati rose. High and clear, her voice soared away over the audience, sweet and soft it rippled back, to end in a burst of melody that carried hearts by storm. The listeners applauded with enthusiasm, and Marguerite spoke.

"I can never do it!" she said, tremulously.

"Do what?" asked Marion, withdrawing her fascinated gaze from the singer and turning it to the pale face at her side.

"That aria. Could I pipe up my weak little voice after hearing her?"

"I think you will be obliged to," replied Marion, coldly.

"Oh, I cannot. You do it for me, please. You sing it much better than I. You should have been chosen in the first place. Oh, do sing it! I've been getting worse and worse all the evening, until now I'm almost frightened to death. You must!"

"I will not," was the decided reply. "I shall not crowd myself into the program uninvited."

"Oh, I know I'm acting silly, but I

never realized what it would be. Look at that dreadful sea of faces out there! And Madame Scarlati! And the Stabat Mater comes next! Oh, I can't, I can't. Won't you, Marion?"

"Most certainly not. You are most absurd."

The baton tapped the stand for attention. The chorus rose, the orchestra began. With a grim satisfaction Marion heard the shivering breaths beside her. Marguerite's pretty color had vanished and her big, frightened eyes looked out from a pale, drawn face.

At last the solo was reached. Weakly her voice chimed in—weakly and tremulously. Professor Morosini glowered darkly and nodded fiercely. Madame Scarlati put up her lorgnette and turned to view the singer. She nervously herself for the second phrase—she must do it!

But only a little way ahead loomed those intricate turns, and most awful of all, that high C. She could never do it, if they killed her for the failure. In terror she stumbled while chorus and orchestra tried to make amends. The conductor's face was like a thunder-cloud, and a ripple of amusement passed over the audience. If Marion's ears there rang above everything else part of a sentence: "Do a little kindness."

How could she swallow her pride and sing unbidden the part that had been denied her?

"Do a little kindness," she heard again. A wave of pity for the poor young thing beside her surged up and washed the bitterness away. Suddenly under the weak, faltering solo there slipped a supporting voice, clear, smooth round.

The agony on the conductor's countenance gave way, and the chorus relaxed their tension and Madame Scarlati dropped her lorgnette and smiled. On through the difficult passages the velvet voice went, true, unerring, reaching its climax unflatteringly on the dreaded high C.

She had her reward. The storm of applause from the appreciative audience rivaled that which Madame herself had won. And after the concert was over Professor Morosini thanked her with an earnestness that left no doubt as to his sincerity and added: "By the way, Miss Wood, to-morrow I have to meet a committee who desire a competent soprano for a choir position. I think you will suit them; and the salary is good. Two o'clock to-morrow—my studio."

Then Madame Scarlati came and took her hand, and said:

"It was beautifully done, my dear. Your position was most trying, but you met the difficulty graciously. I am glad to know you, and I shall expect to hear of you again."

At home, after the jubilee had somewhat subsided, and Anna and Alfred had stopped talking at once and continuously, Marion laid her head in her mother's lap, and said, humbly:

"I came very near giving up to my wickedness. But my mother's little sermon came to my mind and saved me. Sermons are always more effective you know, where the preacher exemplified his text."—Youth's Companion.

Gown a Newspaper Hit.

Superb paper gowns have been seen before, but some of the costumes at Tuxedo's paper ball last week showed what the folk of the smart set really can do in this line once they put their minds to it. The women were pictures in exquisite creations designed by Paris dressmakers while the men made a rather poor showing in comparison. Of course, things were easier for the women, for to make pretty gowns out of paper is not so very difficult. It was hard to believe in some cases that the robes were not of some other fabric, so graceful and pretty were they, with the latest touch of fashion about them. One very lovely one was of white crepe paper decorated with wreaths of tiny pink paper roses and leaves. It had a full skirt, just trailing a little, with a deep flounce, set on with a large cord piping just as silk and chiffon evening gowns are being trimmed. The pointed girle was of green paper on a frame to hold it firm, and there were small puffed sleeves with decorations of little roses like those on the skirt. One woman departed from the crepe paper scheme and appeared in a most attractive dress of newspapers, gathered from all corners of the globe. The skirt was made on a foundation of crepe paper and had three flounces, all made of the titles of newspapers. The bodice was completed by the skillful arrangement of smaller headlines finished by a black paper girle. This gown furnished the wearer with plenty of topics for conversation and also furnished up the wits of others. "That gown ought to make a hit in the papers," was the jealous comment of one particular observer who had been known to run after the society reporters with typewritten descriptions of her robes.—New York Press.

According to Dorothy.

Dorothy is a sweet little maid of two and a half. Her father never carries a cane, and when a caller came in with one, one day, she was observed standing before it rapt in contemplation.

"Well, Dorothy," said her mother, "what's that?"

Dorothy looked up with a puzzled expression. "Umbrella without any clothes on," said she.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A recent invention in Germany is automatic billiards.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Insurance companies seeking reorganization should not overlook the fact that Russia has a complete set of Grand Dukes out of a job, suggests the Cleveland Leader.

Murders and homicides decreased more than 2,000 in the United States in the past ten years. Lynchings decreased one-half.

The resignation of Chief Prosecutor Constantine Petrovitch Pobledonosteff quite obviously simplifies things in Russia, thinks the Boston Herald.

Something more than "plattitudes of virtue" is indeed in the fight for public honesty and moral courage, declared Edward M. Shepard in a letter read at the annual meeting of the Federation of Church Clubs.

He who brings forth two blades of grass, where but one grew before, performs a greater service for humanity than he who builds a city, asserts the Epliomist. There is nothing new in this thought for it has often been stated in similar words, but it will serve as a text in this as well as in the original form.

Railroad accidents in Chicago during the eleven months ended Nov. 1 cost 381 lives according to a report made by Coroner Hoffman, relates the New York World. The report also shows there were 1211 suicides in the country, 120 deaths due to street car accidents, 187 homicides, 10 killed by automobiles 201 deaths due to falls and 157 to burns and scalds.

The Secretary of Agriculture has discovered that about 40 per cent of the grass seed sold to the government is adulterated, says the Washington Post. The suburbanite who has been experimenting with the free seed graft will be anxious to have the other 60 per cent identified and labeled.

Barry Pain, in London Opinion, says: "I believe that more people read reviews than is generally supposed, at any rate in those papers where a high standard of reviewing is maintained. I know, for instance, that many men are opposed to the politics of the Daily Chronicle, yet take the paper regularly for the excellence of its literary page."

Dr. Elgin R. L. Gould recently gave a history of what might be called "The Three Ages of Graft." "First, he said, 'graft was direct. Everybody grabbed what he wanted. The second stage shows us market syndicated—legal advice and market tips were dealt out to the selected among the faithful. Third, graft was imperialized. Now the boss reserves all, or nearly all, for himself."

A scientist in the United States Agricultural Department, Dr. Cushman, relates the Philadelphia Record, announces that by an electrical process he can extract 8 per cent of potash from the millions of tons of gneiss rock to be found in the country. At the same time a chemist in Denver has made another discovery—that the residuum from the refining of sugar betts can be converted into potash to such a degree that the sugar will be the by-product. Large quantities of potash are now imported chiefly from Germany.

At the Mexican government financial agency it is estimated that \$700,000,000 of American capital is invested in Mexico and the sum is growing rapidly, says the Philadelphia Record. English and French investments amount to about \$50,000,000 each. Twenty-six companies with an aggregate capital of \$10,000,000 have been registered in London in two years for working Mexican mines. Mexico is reaping the result of good credit and the protection of life and property.

The Norwegian majority for Prince Charles as King has kept up pretty close to its early promise and must be highly gratifying to the prospective monarch. It forms a fitting culmination to the episode of Scandinavian separation which has been conducted throughout with a sobriety, courtesy and general high-mindedness worthy of that strong and self-reliant race. No separation of two realms was ever more amicably effected, and no nation ever entered upon a career of independence more auspiciously, thinks the New York Tribune.

There is one general principle running through all the views of doctors in regard to disease. It is the importance of checking the growth of a variety of diseases in the interests of the physical fitness of the nation at large and not merely of the individual, remarks the Saturday Review. If this is to be done, many restraints, both legal and social, will have to be submitted to which at present are not imposed owing to the luck of an enlightened popular opinion. Sir James Crichton-Browne indicated one such restraint when speaking of the evil effects of alcohol. It is much to be wished, he said, that there should grow up one of those conventional understandings which are almost more binding than legal enactments, that it is bad form for a youth to indulge in alcohol till he has attained his majority.

In Paris even the poor man stops on his way to work to have his shoes shined.

LARGEST INSURANCE Agency IN CENTRE COUNTY H. E. FENLON Agent Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

THE LESTER PIANO is a strictly high grade instrument, endorsed by the New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.; Broad Street Conservatory, Philadelphia, as being unsurpassed for tone, touch and finish.

THE LAWRENCE 7-OCTAVE ORGAN is the only organ with the Saxophone combination and correctly imitates orchestral instruments. TERMS to suit the buyer. Ask for catalogues and prices.

C. E. ZEIGLER SPRING MILLS.

SHOES For Everybody

The old and the young. For Ladies and Gentlemen and the Babies.

The Radcliffe The Douglas The Tourine

Are on our shelves for your inspection.

Also fleecy lined for Ladies from \$1.00 to \$2.00

The best makes of Rubber Boots and Shoes.

Come to see us. We are always glad to meet our old as well as new customers.

C. A. KRAPE SPRING MILLS, PA.

Jno. F. Gray & Son (Successors to GRANT HOOPER)

Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Mutuals No Assessments

Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage

Office in Crider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA. Telephone Connection

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbooks on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Stone & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

Partridge Shattered Window Pane. A partridge flying against a plate glass window in the home of C. E. Whitney at North Adams shattered the glass in such a manner that Mrs. Whitney and her two children were badly cut. Mrs. Whitney was so badly alarmed that she telephoned her husband that all three had been shot. The police found the bird dead upon the floor.

ATTORNEYS.

D. F. FORTNEY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA. Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA. No. 19 W. High Street. All professional business promptly attended to

E. D. GETTIG Jno. J. BOWER W. D. ZEBBY ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW EAGLE BLOCK BELLEFONTE, PA. Successors to ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS Consultation in English and German.

CLEMENT DALE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA. Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. 1790

W. G. RUNKLE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA. All kinds of legal business attended to promptly special attention given to collections. Office, 26 South Crider's Exchange. 1794

N. B. SPANGLER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building. 1794

Old Fort Hotel

EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor. Location: One mile South of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Good bar. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for each occasion prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade. RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

The National Hotel

MILLHEIM, PA. I. A. SHAWVER, Prop.

First class accommodations for the traveler. Good table and sleeping apartments. The choicest liquors at the bar. Stable accommodations for horses is the best to be had. Bus to and from all trains on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, at Coburg.

LIVERY

Special Effort made to Accommodate Commercial Travelers.... D. A. BOOZER Centre Hall, Pa. Penn'a R. R.

Penn's Valley Banking Company CENTRE HALL, PA. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier

Receives Deposits .. Discounts Notes ..

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. G. STROHMIEIER, CENTRE HALL, PENN. Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE MONUMENTAL WORK in all kinds of Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my prices

LADIES

DR. LA FRANGO'S COMPOUND

Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator

Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Care guaranteed. Successfully used by over 200,000 women. Price, 35 Cents, drug stores or by mail. Testimonials and bottles free. Dr. La Franco, Philadelphia, Pa.

...LEE'S... **NEW LIFE TEA**

ALWAYS CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE.

And imparts new life to the whole system. At all drug stores and dealers. Use, or sent by mail, if your dealer will not supply you. Address, John D. Langham, Holley, N. Y.