THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Is there, for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by, We dare be poor, for a' that! For a' that, and a' that!

Our toils obscure, and a' that; The rank is but the guinea-stamp, That man is the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hodden gray and a' that; Gie fools their silks, and knaves

their wine A man's a man for a' that! For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show, and a' that; The honest man, though e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkle ca'd a lord, Wha' struts, and stares, and a

Though hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that; For a' that, and a' that,

His riband, star, and a' that; The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; But an honest man's aboon his might, Guid faith he mauna fa' that! For a' that, and a' that, His dignities and a' that, The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,

Then let us pray thatcome it may-As come it will for a' that-That sense and worth, o'er a' the

Are bigger ranks that a' that.

earth. May bear the gree, and a' that; For a' that, and a' that, It's comin' yet for a' that,

That man to man, the warld o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that! -Robert Burns.

gererererere THE COLOR OF THE ROSE

Krzezezezezezezezezek

Agatha rose from her chair with an astonished expression, as the butler announced "Major Melville," and a tall, square-shouldered man, with a deeply bronzed face, entered the drawing room. "When did you arrive from India?" she cried, as their hands met. "The day before yesterday," he answered. "How nice of you to come to see me so soon! Or." she continued, as a faint smile crossed his face, "perhaps you haven't come to see me! Anyhow, Elinor will be here in a few minutes. Do, pray sit down-it must be quite four years--

'Nearly five," said Hugh, taking a on Judith's wedding day, you know." "By the bye," returned Agatha, "we all rather expected Judith's marriage might possibly be followed by -by another.'

"Yes," murmured Hugh, with his eyes on the carpet; "I was hopeful a profoundly depressing sigh; enough to share your anticipations. Is Elinor all-all right?" He inquired. "Oh, dear, yes." "The-same as ever?" he persisted.

"Of course, like the rest of us, the is so much older," said Agatha with a laugh. "Although you would scarcely think so to look at her. A little more sedate, perhaps and ever so much sweeter. She has lived with us the last eighteen months, since her mother's death-I suppose you knew. Now, why were our expectations disappointed, Hugh?" she asked. He sat gazing down at the carpet as if he were hestitating how to answer, but suddenly raised his eyes to Agatha's face.

"The fact is," he explained a little awkwardly, "I was younger and more ingenuous in those days. I-well, I didn't see my way to begin a fresh chapter without saying something about that which had ended." "Elinor was not interested?" sug-

gested Agatha. "I fancy it had a kind of interest

for her." said Hugh. "Anyhow, it didn't meet with her approval?"

"That was scarcely possible," he answered. "But I had counted on her magnanimity!"

"Oh, dear!" cried Agatha, "how plainly you bring that day back to me! I can picture you all in this room again-everything is just the same, ign't it? Of course, you were Harold's best man. I can see you in the church at his side. You wore a white rosebud in your buttonhole."

"Pink," said Hugh. 'But I am certain it was white,"

she insisted. "I assure you," answered Hugh, with much solemnity, "that the rose was pink---'

As he was speaking, an electric bell was heard to ring; and after a momen tary hesitation, Agatha interrupted him by rising from her chair. Without a word of explanation she left the room before he could find time to reach the door. Running downstairs she met in the hall a girl a few years younger than herself, and as much like her as an extremely beautiful cousin could be like a rather plain one. "Elinor!" whispered Agatha, resting a hand on her arm, "Hugh Melville is in the drawing room." For a second Elinor, taken completely by surprise, stood stock still, pressing a

hand to her neck, while all the color faded from her face. He he has been asking about you," added Agatha, and Elinor threw

back her head a little disdainfully. 'Very kind of him," she answered, having recovered all her self-control. "Shall we go upstairs?" she enggested, and a minute afterward she was sweeping into the room in Agatha's look for the flower after all!"

wake, her tall figure erect, offering Hugh her finger tips.

"Oh, Major Melville," she cried, and during the next few moments conversation seemed to flag. Hugh appeared to be suffering from the most extreme depression, Elinor looked bored to death, and even Agatha was tongue-tied, until she perceived the urgent necessity of venturing a remark of some kind.

"Elinor," she exclaimed, "Hugh and have been having a small dispute.' "Already?" asked Elinor.

"About the color of a flower!" Elinor turned her head languidly, fixing her eyes on the large, shallow bowl of chrysanthemums in the middle of the table on her right hand. 'Which one?" she asked. "The one," answered Hugh, "that I wore at Judith's wedding-the last time I was here, you know.

Elinor lifter her dark eyebrows. "Did you wear a flower?" she inquir-

"A pink rosebud," he returned. "I protest that it was white," said Agatha, congratulating herself on having succeeded in breaking the ice.

"You must both have really the most marvelous memories," answered Elinor, in a tone which suggested con-

"Obviously one of them must be defective," said Hugh. "It isn't mine," cried Agatha.

"Consequently," Elinor insisted, with the shadow of a smile on her lips, "it must be yours, Major Melville."

"Surely you recollect--- said Agatha, when her cousin peremptor- priation.—Black and White. ily interrupted.

"I really haven't the slightest recollection about it," she exclaimed. "Well," continued Agatha, "at all events, I remember that just as we were to drink Judith's and Harold's health, I noticed that Hugh's rosebud was missing. It had broken off short at the stalk. He pretended to be in a sad state of mind about it, and several of us tried to find it for him-I recollect as well as if it were yes-

"My own mind is a perfect blank," opened the door. "I'm afraid," Elinor explained, "that you will have to lous to know the reason. excuse me. I have an appointment Mme. Pelisse, Rogers?" she asked.

"Yes, miss." "Goob-by, Major Melville," she said "Oh." he returned, "but-but I shall see you again!'

"That last time we met was let me give him some tea. Make haste time it never miscarried.

lapse of memory is a very bad sign-" able. "Well," he answered, "I fancy it is, posed to envy her."

"Now I wonder," she murmured, "whether you would thank me-"What for?" he inquired perfunc- neighbors from her apartment.

"If I convinced you that you have ly the rose was white! You look," she added, with a laugh, "as if you flower."

would give any odds---

"Will you mind excusing me a minute?" she cried, and once more hand, substantially bound in black

"Are you going to convince me by testifying on oath?" demanded Hugh, with manifest astonishment.

"I am going," said Agatha, "to perform an extremely shabby trick. can only hope that the end may be thought to justify the means."

Opening the book in the middle, she held it toward Hugh with a rath- of making roads and pathways. er theatrical gesture, so that he could see a pressed, withered rosebud which had been broken off at the stalk.

"You see," she cried, "that it is lections of a devotional character, gain. printed on India paper, and it seemed to Hugh that there was something intimate and secret about it, as if there were a kind of sacrilege in wave of emotion passed over him as

thumb and forefinger: "Whose is the book?" he inquired.

"Elinor's." "What is Elinor's, pray?" Turning guiltily, they beheld her on the threshold, and then they saw all

the courage go out of her. "Oh-Agatha!" she cried reproachfully, darting forward and regaining possession of her book, although Hugh continued to hold the crushed rosebud. But Agatha lost no moment in

quitting the room. "Elinor stood with the book pressed against her bosom, breathing quickly ing stage water, where a cash box as she tried to look into Hugh's face without wavering.

"Is your memory re-awakening?"

"Very-very faintly," she faltered. "Because you must have helped to

"Perhaps-perhaps, I may have

done," she said. " And you found it," he suggested, holding it between his finger and thumb, as he drew nearer. "You thought it worth keeping." "It made," she cried, " a-conveni-

ent bookmarker." "Do you read the book often?" he

"Every night of my life." "And-every night of your lifeduring the last five years," he continued, "you looked at the flower and your thoughts have turned to-

"Oh, please, Hugh!" she pleaded. "Every night your thoughts have turned to the East!"

"Anyhow," she murmured, "surely one's thoughts ought to be held sacred." "Not," he said, with a smile, "unless they were hallowed by charity.

Elinor," he added, taking one of her hands, "what was the cause of your forgetfulness?"

"You see," she returned, "the rose has lost all its fragrance." "Do you mean," he asked, "that you did not know whether my love had faded too?"

"Agatha was quite right," Elinor exclaimed, with an abrupt change of manner. "The bud was always white," "Anyhow," he urged, "she was right in returning it to me?"

"Oh, well, of course it-it is yours," said Elinor.

"And so are you," he whispered, with an impulsive action which seemed to signify her complete appro ings?

QUEER HIDING PLACES.

Means People Have Taken to Keep Their Money Safe.

One of the best known members of Parliament built himself a mansion in a remote part of Hampshire, on the confines of the New Forest.

He noticed during the progress of the work that a contractor's clerk came back from the railway station bringing with him a walking stick bearing a label addressed to his emsaid Elinor, and then the butler again ployer. This always happened on a Friday afternoon, and he became cur-

When he asked for an explanation with my dressmaker. She is going of the mystery the contractor touched to alter something for tonight, and a spring in the handle, screwed off I dare not keep her waiting. Is that a headpiece and, turning the stick upside down, rolled out on the table a

heap of sovereigns. It appears that the nearest local bank could not be used in time for

weekly pay. Accordingly the con-"Some day, perhaps, but I shall be tractor had the stick made, the inleaving London for a few months. terior of which was hollowed out in Good-by," she cried, walking toward order to take the sovereigns. The precious freight amounted to £100. "But, my dear child," said Agatha. and was despatched every week as an I am going to make Hugh stay and ordinary parcel. During the whole

and dispatch Mme. Pelisse! You will Possibly a more remarkable savings be back before he goes." On return- bank was found during an inquest ing after closing the door, Hugh took held in London recently. It was disup his position with his back to the covered that the deceased had a fireplace. Agatha did not speak for wooden leg, within which were a a few seconds, and then he breathed number of sovereigns wrapped in a kid glove. Surely a wooden leg is one "Of course," said Agatha, "such a of the most peculiar banks imagin-

A short time ago an old miser died though for that matter I feel half dis- at Brescia. She lately revealed a singular hoarding place for teasure. She had always lived as one in deep poverty, and had carefully excluded all

When she was taken ill and felt the approach of death she sent for a nomade a great mistake? Because, tru- tary, to whom she confided the hiding

place of her money. She had lived in constant dread of

were not inclined to bless the poor robbery or loss, and so for years had preserved the whole of her money in "I-I imagined you were tarking a hollowed out leg of a certain table about something else," he muttered. in the room. When search was being "But still. I am convinced-in fact, I made before properly accredited witnesses a sum of £5,000 was brought to light in money securities.

A sum of over a quarter of a milshe left Hugh alone. While he stood lion pounds has been thrown into the waiting in front of the fire Agatha ash pit by the Government. This exre-entered with a small book in one traordinary exhibition of waste of public money was found out some little time ago. It was discovered that scrap brass had been used for road making.

Originally the ashes from the brass foundry and rolling mills of the Royal Laboratory and other factories were regarded as so much waste material. As a matter of fact, they were given to the superintendent for the purpose

This went on for a number of years, when a wideawake contractor got to know of it. He generously offered to remove the ashes from the fire holes and to give the government the sum It appeared to be a volume of se- of 3s. 4d. a ton for them into the bar-

After this arrangement had been going on for some time it was discovered that the contractor was selling the refuse at £6 a ton. Then the showing it by the light of day. A ordnance officials took the matter into their own hands and issued proper he took the pressed bud between his tender forms for them.

Toen the firm which had been used to paying 3s. 4d. a ton offered £5 to £6 a ton, while eventually as much as £7 7s. 6d. per ton was offered for the waste ashes. This means a revenue of £10,000 a year, which hitherto had been thrown into the ash pit. Actually, it is estimated that a quarter of a million pounds has been wasted by the military officials who thoughtlessly threw the refuse away. A sum of £8,000 was found in the mud at Liverpool a short time ago. This was in the mud behind the landwas found containing a number of bank notes and about £8,000 in securities.-Pearson's Weekly.

During 1904 Ecuador produced nearly 50,000,000 pounds of cacao beans, or nearly a third of the total world output.



A MYSTERY. I can't conceive how it was done;

Yet sweet Mae told me just this minute That she had hung her stocking up, And found an automobile in it! -San Francisco Call.

IN THE DIME MUSEUM. "Why has the contortionist tied

himself up in a knot?" "So as not to forget that his wife wants him to go shopping with her this afternoon.'

A GOB OF THOUGHT. "A lot of men attended the Boston tea party," observed the sage of Plunkville, "who couldn't get an invite today to a third-class Beacon street affair."

THE NEW DISEASE. "And you can't recollect happen-

"Not the simplest things, doctor." "Hum. You seem to have a pronounced case of what we call life insurance memory.'

PRECEPT EASIER THAN PRACE TICE.

Bibbs-Who was the man you gave half a crown to at the hotel this morning?

Gibbs-An old literary friend of mine; author of "How to Get Rich." -Royal Magazine.

IN 1950.

First Business Woman-Whew! Where did you get that skunk-cabbage

Second Business Woman-My husband gave me,a box for a Christmas present. I have to smoke a few of them to keep from paining the poor

NOT AN ARREST, BUT A RESCUE. "You were arrested for striking

your wife." "No. Judge," answered the unworthy specimen of manhood who was on trial. "I had made a pass at her and she was just reachin' for the stove lid when the officers came and took me in charge. That wasn't an arrest. That was a rescue."-Washington Star.

WHAT HE WANTED.

"How shall I word this ad?" asked Mrs. Housekeep. "'Wanted: a cook who will stay nights?' "

"'Wanted: a cook who will stay nights," suggested Mr. Housekeep, 'and get up mornings.'

AN EXPLANATION.

"I beg your pardon, waiter," said the tourist in the railway restaurant, "did you say that I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?" "I said nayther," answered the Hibernian attendant. "I said yez had twinty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye had. Yer thrain's gone now."-Cleveland Leader.

TURNED ABOUT. Reid-How your friend Shipton has changed! He used to be so communi-

cative, you know. Greene-Isn't he yet? "No, why he draws himself right into his shell now when you're trying to question him."

"He's turned turtle, has he-"-Yon-

kers Statesman. AT THE CAPITOL. First Doorkeeper-Senator Doopdo tells me to instruct the boys not to

send in any visitors' cards. Second Doorkeeper-Wonder why? First Doorkeeper-Maybe he's expecting a call from his rantankerous

THEY SUTTENLY AIR. "Women are certainly changeable creatures," said the weary-looking

"What's the explanation?" asked the friend of the family. "During our honeymoon," answered the weary party, "my wife declar-

ed she could not live a day without me." "Well?" queried the family friend. "Only last week," continued the other, "she tried to get me to insure my life for \$25,000 in her favor."-

Kansas City Independent. BUYING UP THE ENEMY.

Uncle (to nephew playing the game of war with a companion of his own age)-If you take the fortress within a quarter of an hour I'll give you six-

Youngster (a minute later)-Uncle, the fortress is taken; now let me have the sixpence. Uncle-How did you manage it so

Nephew-I offered the besieged threepence, and they capitulated-

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tomers.

proval of steam.

First Steam Warship. The Fulton, built as the Demologos, was the first steam warship. She was built in 1814 by Robert Fulton. In addition to the radical innovation of steam she was fitted with the wheel in the center. Her battery was composed of twenty long 32s and a submarine gun projecting a hundred pound shot. There was also a monster pump, to be used against the enemy by filling her with water through a porthole. In one hull was the boiler, of copper; in the other was the engine; the wheel was in the fifteen foot space between the two. She had four rudders, two at each end, and could go in either direction. At the end of the war of 1812 the Demologos was assigned to the navy yard in Brooklyn as receiving ship. While on this duty she was blown up, June 4, 1829, and twenty-six persons killed. It was popularly supposed that the explosion was caused by old sailors who wished to testify their disapJno. F. Gray & Son

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