Reminiscence.

A gap among the hills, And a white road through the trees; A gap among the hills, And some few memories.

The river winding down, And willows bending low: The river winding down, And things of long ago. -Frank Leo Pinet, in Lippincott's.

(555555555555555555555555555555555555 The Lacemaker's Sacrifice.

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In the Rue de Lille, Valenciennes, was a little one-story house, half concealed by a thick growth of Virginian creeper and clematis. From morning to night a young girl might have been seen at the open window busily occupied in making lace. The pretty features of the young worker, and the almost rhythmical movements of her graceful arms, were quite a picture of loveliness. The bobbins danced in her fingers, flying in one direction to return with redoubled speed, so nimbly, that she appeared like one of the good fairies we read of in old legends. The eyes of the passers-by were raised to this little window with its curtain of verdure, and more than one heart sighed at the sight of the beautiful lacemaker; but such sighs found no response. Miss Noemi Verdier was as good as beautiful, and her modesty and simplicity won universal respect.

At thirteen years of age she had teen left an orphan with an only brother, a journeyman cabinet-maker, three years her senior, who thus being left alone at the head of the famfly worked for his sister and himself.

At first times were very hard for the brave youth; hardly had he finished his apprenticeship when misfortune arrived. As yet Noemi earnod nothing, and the young workman's days were not very remunerative. But with good-will, labor and great economy, he succeeded, in spite of all, in enabling his sister to finish her education in lacemaking, and now, in this affectionate association of brother and sister, it was the latter who contributed the larger share to the maintenance of the home.

The rich laces of pure artistic design, real masterpieces of delicacy, made by Noemi, were those which won Valenciennes its fame. All was happiness in the little household. Years glided by until the time for the conscription arrived, and Louis had to accompany the army. The parting was bitter for these two so deeply attached to each other.

"I shall count the days which separate me from your return-a long time, alas!" said Noemi.

"I also," replied the brother, "until the happy moment of being restored

Left alone in the little house, now too large, Noemi set to work with a heavy heart, making marvels, more delicate than gossamer, destined perhaps to adorn the heads of persons less worthy of wearing them than herself. Every Saturday she delivered her work, and divided her earnings into two parts, one of which she sent to her brother to lighten the burdens of his soldier life.

For his part, Louis behaved in his regiment as he had done at Valenciennes; that is to say, in a creditable way, so that after a term of two years he sent word one fine morning that he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. Noemi was delighted at the news and was proud of her beloved brother.

But her joy was of short duration Some days later cries of "War!" suddenly resounded on all sides. Armed France rushed to the eastern frontier. The terrible year had commenced. Noemi shed no tears; she wrote to her absent brother, not to exhort him to duty-this she knew was unnecessary-but to tell him once more of her anxious love and to send her litthe supply of money. One by one she learned by her brother's letters the successive defeats of the French army-Worth, Rezonville, Saint Privat, Gravelotte, Sedan! Then suddenly there was silence; no letters, no news, nothing. Wounded? Perhaps

Noemi, who had never read the newspapers, now hurrled every morning to the offices of the Valenciennes papers to look for some ray of hope, She listened to the street rumors, mingled with the crowds discussing the news, and heard the sorrowful accounts of that horrid war, learning that her brother's regiment had suffered most severely. The wounded were transported by the Hirson and Avesne lines to the northern frontier towns; every day new convoys arrived at Valenciennes. Soon the civil and military hospitals were filled, but the wounded still continued to increase, so that private ambulances had to be organized everywhere.

Churches and factories opened their doors to the poor, maimed soldiers, who seemed innumerable. Noemi was paralyzed with terror; her heart filled with an infinite pity, which with her brother was shared by all these wretched survivors of heroic battles. She watched the sad processions, eagerly scanning the countenances contracted with pain and wasted fever, in hopes of recognizing the beloved features she despaired of ever again seeing in this world.

One morning the news reached her that a convoy of wounded belonging to her brother's regiment had arrived during the night. The poor girl was inspired with new hope; she thought!

her beloved brother was there among his comrades, and she ran to the ambulances, passing from one to the other, questioning the nurses and bending over each bed

But evening approached, and all had been in vain. The hope which had supported her during the day departed like the light. In the evening she stopped quite exhausted; the supreme effort of will she had made to gaze without weakness at the unforgetable spectacle of these unfortunate soldiers -pale, bleeding, emaciated; that sweet gleam of hope which had given her strength to endure the complaints of sufferers, the sight of hideous wounds, all abandoned her soul. In the midst of her grief she was now alone, more than orphan; and without a murmur, without revolt against the cruelty of her fate, she bowed her head and wept as she had wept the day before, as she would weep again on the morrow. Then she recalled the horrible vision of unsightly wounds, the convulsed features of the livid countenances contracted with terror awaiting death, which alone could end such agony.

She pictured to herself her poor brother, abandoned on some battlefield far from all aid, stretching his hands to her in agony, calling her to his side. Suddenly she remembered that on the previous day a hospital had been established at St. Saulve especially for officers. Was there any chance of an unknown sergeant having been conveyed thither? Certainly not, and yet she summoned sufficient strength to return. In a few minutes she reached the hospital, resolutely opened the door, and entered.

A military doctor met her. "What are you looking for, miss?"

"My brother." "His name?"

"Sergt. Louis Verdier."

"You mean Sub-Lieut. Verdier." As he spoke the doctor pointed to the long line of mattresses on the floor. "There he is, in the sixth bed."

The ground seemed to fly under her feet, and, suppressing a cry of joy, she staggered forward, overcome by happiness and gratitude, falling on her knees at the side of the bed on which her brother lay in a heavy stupor, his head enevloped in linen bandages.

"Louis, Louis, I am here!" she said,

and almost swooned. The wounded man recovered consciousness at the sound of her voice and opened his eyes. Then, recognizing his sister, he stretched out both his hands, unable to raise his head, which Noemi grasped and bathed with tears-tears of joy this time flowing from a heart which at last had found happiness. Her emotion was so great that words failed.

The doctor walked quickly forward and half compelled her to leave the

ing, but do not stay now."

ployer gave me an order for a magnificent piece of lace, very difficult to make, which he requires for a rich English firm. I began the work yesterday, and I hope to finish it Union side?" in ten days. I shall be exceedingly well paid for this work. Can you guess what I intend to do with the serving in the State militia?" money?"

"No," replied the young officer. "Well, as the doctor says you will to be a colonel?" soon be strong enough, I shall have you carried home, so that I can be at your side night and day. You will be very happy and soon quite cured." "What a good idea, dear sister! I

that I may accompany you." "I shall work hard, because your

this happiness is close at hand.' Every day Noemi passed an hour at her brother's pillow; he was now convalescent, and Noemi constantly majority of cases such is not the case. chatted about her lace; the work was said, would be completed in ten days.

One morning as she entered the with joy, her brother made a sign to tient on the neighboring mattress.

This was Count de Lanterac d'Ambroyse, lieutenant in the light infantry; he had been struck on the shoulder by a fragment of shell.

"Poor youth," exclaimed Noemi,

She was interested in this unforhitherto been expressionless, seeming | correct,-New York Press.

to be gladdened and smoothed. After her departure his eyes remained fixed for a long time on the door which had concealed the vision, then gradually closed in sleep.

Next day, long before Noemi's arrival, the wounded man, as though gifted with second sight, which warned him of her approach, directed his looks to the door, and when at length the apparition was visible, a gleam of joy passed over his shrunken fea-

"Oh! the poor fellow! the poor fel-

low!" exclaimed Noemi, troubled by the fixity of those eyes, which seemed to contemplate her from beyond the grave. She whispered in her brother's ear to inquire about the state of the stranger's wound, and seemed freed from anxiety on hearing that

there was hope. The days passed rapidly and Louis daily grew stronger. Had he not promised to make haste to get better? On the morning of the tenth day Noemi made her appearance, her face radiant with joy. In her hand she carried carefully a little packet wrapped in tissue-paper. She also kept her word. Her marvelous piece of lace was completed, and she wished her brother to see it before taking it to her employer. In her happiness at being able to remove her brother, she quite forgot the poor wounded stranger, who was now watching her with reanimated eyes.

"Is it not lovely?" she exclaimed, laying the delicate masterpiece of which she was so proud on her brother's bed; her pride, however, was not due to the difficulties she had conquered, but to the fact that she would now be able to take her brother to their home, to which happiness would thus be restored. They were both happy as, with clasped hands, they examined the delicate fabric, giving no attention to the stranger, who, being uneasy on account of this behavior, raised himself

partially in his bed. In moving, the count displaced the bandages on his wound, and a stream of blood gushed forth and inundated the bed. Hearing the cry of the sufferer, the doctor appeared and laid

the horrible wound bare. "Quick! Quick!" he shouted. "Some

While the distracted nurses were looking everywhere the blood still flowed, and the anxious doctor reiterated his commands.

Brother and sister, motionless, pale with terror, exchanged a single glance. Noemi tore her beautiful lace to pieces and handed it to the doctor, who applied it to the wound; the hemorrhage was checked. "Thanks, dear sister."

Louis could say no more. "Merely a few days' delay," murmured Noemi, repressing the tears in her eyes. "I shall recommence my

Today Count de Lanterac d'Ambroyse is a colonel; he has three children-one tall, pretty daughter almost as lovely and gentle as her mother, Noemi, whose name she bears, and two fine lads who, according to their uncle, the brave Commandant Louis Verdier, promise great things .- New York Weekly.

Easy Enough.

'From time immemorial,' "You must keep calm," he exclaim- Judge Asner Corruth. of Louisville. ed, "or we cannot answer for any- "Southern people have been lavish in thing. The wound is healing; your bestowing titles. I think there is brother will certainly recover unless something in the Southern temperayou spoil our work. Enough for to- ment which explains this. I didn't day. You can return tomorrow morn- start out on this, however, for a philosophical disquisition, but rather to Louis Verdier, promoted to a sub- tell how a certain Kentucky gentlelieutenancy on the field of battle, was man established valid title to the rank shot in the forehead, but the bullet of colonel. He went to Cincinnati struck him obliquely and passed to once with a friend, who enjoyed many the back of the head, from which it acquaintances in the Buckeye metropolis, and who introduced him to every "Do you know," exclaimed the one as Colonel Brown. Everything happy Noemi some days later as she went along smoothly until finally one sat by the bedside, "yesterday my em- Cincinnatian asked of the introducer:

"'I suppose your friend Colonel Brown was in the Confederate army?' "'No, sir, he was not.'

"'Well, then, he fought on the "'You are wrong there, too." "'Oh, I see now; he got his title by

"'No, he never entered the militia." "Then, how in thunder did he get

"'He drew a sword, sir, at a church fair!"--Washington Post.

Sex in Handwriting.

It is a curious fact that one of the shall make haste to get better, so only things which even an expert graphologist does not guarantee to discover in handwriting is the sex of return home is not a mere dream, and the writer. We are accustomed to think that the feminine or masculine temperament will readily betray itself in the written word, but in the

Writing bold, black and firm, most progressing rapidly, and, as she had masculine appearing in every way. will frequently be found to emanate from the pen of a woman, while delihospital, her countenance beaming cate tracery with the regularity suggestive of precision and method, or her to speak in a low voice, glancing the dash and spontaneity which indias he did so, at a newly arrived pa- cates a lively fancy almost unmistakably feminine, one says on examination is discovered to belong to a writer of the opposite sex.

An interesting little experiment proving this theory can be made in this way. Take twelve or twenty enmoved with pity; "he has no sister velopes written in chirographies you are sure of, and number each scrap clearly. Pass them around and see tunate, whom death seemed awaiting, how many of your friends will cor-The pale sufferer gazed with staring rectly guess the sex of the different eyes at the young girl, who, amid the writers, which may be written down hallucinations of fever, seemed to him and numbered like the envelopes. It like some heavenly vision. He fol- will seldom prove that more than lowed her with his gaze, which had one-third of the guesses, at most, are

He Understood.

"Willie," said an interesting young mother to her first-born, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulder, "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?"

"Oh, I know," said Willie, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel sairt!"-Lippincott's.



TO REMOVE PUTTY.

To remove old putty and paint, make a paste with soft soap and a solution of caustic soda, or with slaked lime and pearlash. Lay it on with a piece of rag or a brush, and leave it for several hours, when it will be found that the paint or putty may be easily removed.

TO ECONOMIZE IN EGGS.

Eggs at this season are a luxury, and should not be used too recklessly. For settling the coffee egg shells are quite as efficacious as the egg itself. Wash all eggs before breaking, then save the shells to crush and mix into the coffee. Many cooks think they have to use eggs in a rice pudding, but a delicate and palatable pudding may be made without any.

TWO USEFUL HINTS.

Cracks in a cooking stove can be satisfactorily filled by a paste made of six parts common wood ashes to one part of table salts, mixed with cold water. Properly mixed it will prove lasting and will take blacking.

To clean plaster of Paris ornaments, cover them with a thick coating of starch and allow it to become perfectly dry. Then it may be brushed off and the dirt with it .-- Washington

WASHING BLANKETS. A housewife whose blankets always retain their softness without shrinking gives the secret. Make the suds in a tub with any good white soap, having the water hot. Dissolve in it a tablespoonful of borax. Run threads around soiled spots on the blanket so that they may be found after they are wet. Rinse the blankets up and down vigorously, rubbing only the marked spots. Never rub soap directly on them. Prepare another hot suds with borax and put the blankets in it. Rinse up and down for several minutes, then rinse in clear hot water, softened with borax. Rinse in as many hot waters as necessary, then run blankets through a wringer .-

Housekeeper.

THE BATHROOM SPONGE Brushes and sponges that have been used in the bathroom and kitchen require cleaning to prevent them from having a musty, disagreeable smell Wash them in a strong Pearline suds, rinse in clear water and put them up to dry. A rack made of wire, which allows the air to circulate through it, should be used to keep sponges in after they have been used, and they will dry quickly.

One can stain a kitchen floor walnut color with asphaltum in liquid form, thinned with turpentine. Apply with a large brush. Use it sparingly and scrub it in well. Two light coats are better than one heavy one. When drp apply a coat of linseed oil, boiling hot. It improves the looks of the floor and lessens the work of keeping it clean at least one-half .--Christian Work and Evangelist.

That last suggestion requires a word of caution. Boiling linseed oil is almost as dangerous as gunpowder. If it takes fire the only thing to do is smother it with an old blanket or carpet, which should be provided beforehand. Water wont put out oil.

RECIPES.

Roast Plover on Toast-Clean and truss neatly. Cover the breast with fat baccn, and roast in a hot oven twelve minutes. Set on slices of toast. Add a glass of white wine and a little rich, concentrated broth to the drippings, and strain this over the birds. Garnish the lower end with watercress and quartered lemon Serve with chiccory salad, on small cold plates.

Bigarade Sauce-Cook the trimmings of the duck (giblets, etc) (the carcass of a cooked duck may be added to advantage) in a pint of broth with part of a "soup bag." Stain and skim off the fat, and put in a saucepan with the juice of two sour oranges, a tablespoonful of sugar,, a dash of red pepper, and a cup of Spanish sauce. Let simmer slowly, removing the fat as it rises, until all has been removed and the sauce is of good consistency, then add the rind of two oranges, cut in fine shreds, and It is ready to serve.-Boston Cooking

School Magazine. Hominy Waffles-Add one-half pint cooked hominy to a batter made of two cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one and one-fourth cupfuls milk, one tablespoonful melted butter, one-half teaspoonful salt, three eggs beaten separately; run through a coarse sleve and bake in

hot, greased waffle iron. Cream Cheese Salad-Form the cheese into balls about the size of a large nut and press nut meats on two sides of them, or, if preferred, the nuts may be chopped and mixed with the cheese; also some chopped olives will be very nice mixed through the cheese; arrange on lettuce leaves

and use a very little dressing. Codfish A La Mode-Mix well then beat until light one cupful codfish, shedded and freshened, or cold boiled fish, two cupfuls hot mashed potatoes, one pint of milk, two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful butter and salt and pepper to taste; turn into a buttered amekin and bake twenty-five minutes n a steady oven.

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Fire Slowly Consuming Tree. Flames issuing from the top of a live redwood tree is the sight that can be seen in the state park in the Big Basin. This is the third time in fourteen months that flames have been visible. The fire is burning constantly, but at times so slowly that it is not perceptible. The heart of the tree is decayed and it burns like a punk until the blaze burns a hole through the trunk. This forms a vent and causes the smoldering embers to burst into flames. The tree was 140 feet in height when it first took fire. Now it is but ninety feet high.-Santa Cruz correspondent San Francisco Call.

Plan Livingstone Memorial. The tree upon which Dr. Livingstone carved his initials at the Victoria falls, Africa, is dying, and it is proposed to cut down the trunk and send it to London to be preserved with other relies. It is further proposed to perpetuate the memory of the great explorer by erecting a monument on the spot where the tree now stands.

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