By Arthur L. Salmon. Servant of God, our spirit's nurse, Tutor and craftsman of the spheres, Who drawest glory from the curse Of sin and want and primal tears-From toil and sordid strain, through

We win immortal liberty.

The glint and flashing of thy sword Are fragments of the eternal Light; Thou art the angel of the Lord

With whom we wrestle in the night, It is thy ruthless steel whose shock Sculptures the man from shapeless

From stress of matter worlds are

By stress of spirit souls are made, The clouds that stiflle back the morn Are pierced by thine unerring blade. Behold how from the midnight strife There issues forth the light of Life!

The birth-pang of the race is thine, And joy is suckled at thy breast. It is thy ministry divine

That takes the good and gives the Beneath thine overshadowing

The sons of God together sing. Thine is the pang of falling leaf Of fading flower, or wailing wind-

Of June magnificently brief, And winter following swift behind: Thine is the sob of rains that pass. Dripping athwart the kirkyard grass.

In nakedness of puissant limb We see thy purity and might: The vestures that would veil and dim Reveal us stark before thy light, Till all the passion of the soul Is won to thy supreme control.

Thine were the mysteries of birth When yet the worlds chaotic lay. We struggle half-emerged from earth, And half imprisoned by the clay: Only the swift, resistless hand Can free our limbs and bid us stand.

O thou of Love the firstborn child, And thou of love the living breath--We know, when thou hast strangely smiled.

The message is of life, not death. Thou raisest those whom thou hast slain

To two-fold being-mystic Pain. -From the Speaker-London.

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WHILE MRS. WESTWOOD

WAITED.

Greenstrand and Market Company

"I'm afraid," she said as they sat

down on a log where they could watch

the clear water as it rippled along

over the shining pebbles, "that we

ought not to have come out here

alone. Mrs. Westwood will be wor-

ried when she finds that we are not

"Yes," he answered, "perhaps we

ought to return. She appears to take

"How do you know the path we

"I merely guessed it must be 'Lov-

ers' Lane 'at a place of this kind, you

Lane' maye be somewhere else."

it till we find the real one, though."

"Is there?" But the real 'Lovers'

"Perhaps it is. We might call this

"You must have had a delightful

"I didn't think much of it, and

"Why, wasn't it the right season?"

"Not for me. I went out there just

"Isn't it beautiful the way the sun-

Everybody has been talking about it."

liberately to throw them together."

invited them if she hadn't thought

out to hunt for us if we don't hurry.

It is true that the forget-me-nots cover

almost everything on the way up the

"I didn't notice. I believe there

"And I suppose you found a

Lovers' Lane out there, too? You

say they always have one every-

"There was one there, no doubt, but

"Hark! I thought I heard some-

I wasn't looking for it. If you had

were flowers of some kind there, but

play on the water down there?"

Colorado was a disappointment to me.

I didn't see it under very favorable

time in Colorado. Was Pike's Peak

m sight/"

ously."

know."

here before?"

very wonderful?"

circumstances, you know."

us. Shall we go back?"

"I hadn't noticed it."

ible matchmaker."

they are here?"

it might come to that."

"Shall we go back?"

sides of the peak?"

been there-"

they didn't interest me."

else."

"I have eyes for only-"

better go? What a joke it would be to get lost in these woods."

"I'm afraid that would be pretty hard to do," he said, getting up. "One couldn't go a quarter of a mile in any direction without getting into the

"But people sometimes get bewildered, so that they go around in circles without knowing it," she answered, as she tossed a piece of bark into the stream and watched it float lazlly away. "Have you ever been lost?"

"No, but I have loved and-" "Do you think Mabel Allen and Mr. Hewitt are suited to each other? They're both dark, you kown."

"What difference does it make about the color of their hair or eyes if they love each other?"

"I don't know, only people say that a girl who has dark hair should marry a man who is light, and vice versa." "Would you say no to a man because of the color of his hair if you

"Why do you keep insisting on being personal? I was talking about other people.'

"Other people don't interest me very much. But supposing other people were to get to considering the question of dark girls and light men or dark men and light girls and decided that we were-

"We must really be going, or Mrs. Westwood will never forgive us." "Yes. The sun will be down in a few minutes. There's the whistle of

the boat coming up the lake." "This is such a delightful spot that I hate to leave it. I think I shall come out every day and sit here and watch the ripples. Do you suppose there are any fish in this stream?" "I'm afraid not. But there may be wildcats in these woods."

"Oh, well, I suppose I can get the coachman, or the man who attends to the lawn, or-or somebody to come and protect me."

He looked at his watch and then glanced up the path.

"This is the lovliest time of the day to be in the woods," she continued. "There's such an eerie feeting about them. One can imagine that there's a dryad behind every tree."

"There's a chipmunk behind that one over there. I just saw him scoot around it. Hadn't we better go

"I don't believe you care for the beauties of nature." "There's the chipmunk. Do you see

"But I wasn't talking about chip-

"He's one of the beauties of nature,

isn't he?' "I mean the trees, and shrubs, and streams, and rocks. What a gift it a picture or a poem."

"And sell it for three dollars and forty cents.

"That isn't at all funny." "Mrs. Westwood won't be at all funny either if we keep her worrying much longer."

"Oh, well, if you can't think of anything but Mrs. Westwood, perhaps we ought to hurry back."

"I could forget that there ever was

her duties of chaperon very secia Mrs. Westwood if-" He stood looking down at her while she carnestly gazed at the tiny point just came down is called 'Lovers' of a shoe that peoped from under her Lane?' I thought you had never been soft, fluffy skirts. The setting sun had found an opening through the trees and was trying to add to her beauty by heightening the color of her. ers' Lane.' There is always a 'Lov-

"If what?" she asked. "If you would tell me you were sorry you said no that other time." She lifted her arms toward him and they forgot that Mrs. Westwood was waiting .- S. E. Kiser in Chicago Rec-

TURNED DOWN.

One Way of Asking a Girl to Be Your Wife and a Possible Result. Slowly they walked along in the

twillight-he and sae. He was no longer in the heyday of

after you had told me that you never youth. Time, however, had laid light hands upon him. So had his barber, but ofbeams steal through the leaves and tener and more artistically, and he was well groomed.

"Yes, it's very fine. Mrs. West-She was a rare and radiant maiden. wood will probably be worrying about known to the regular frequenters of Spotcash & Co.'s great emporium of "I think we'd better. Isn't it ridicutrade as the girl at the ribbon count-

lous the way Miss Allen and Mr. Hewitt have been flirting out here?" "Miss Mildred," he said, with a sort of premonitory cough, "let us suppose "Goodness, you can't have any eyes.

a case." "A case of what kind, Mr. Matewer?" she asked. "Notions or rem-

"It looks to me as if Mrs. Westwood had invited them out here de-"Let us not talk shop, Miss Mildred. If 'case' suggests business I "I've heard that she's an incorrigwill vary the phrase. Let us consider a hypothesis."

"Oh, she doesn't live for anything "A what?" "A hypothesis. A hypothesis is a "I wonder if she expects Tom supposition, an assumption, a postu-Thurston and Miss Marsh to arrange late, a working basis, or an idea takmatters between themselves while en for granted for the purpose of laying a foundation, establishing a prop-"You may be sure she wouldn't have osition, or demonstrating a fact. Get

"Oh, yes; anybody can understand that. Is there more of it?" "Yes, they'll be getting the help

the idea?"

"There is. Some day, my dear girl, you expect to marry somebody."

"Is that the hypo-hypo"---"No; that is one of the eternal verities. Every pretty girl expects to marry somebody. Here is the hypothesis: Suppose some man slightly past the blooming period of youth, but well preserved in full possession of health, strength, and all his intellectual faculties"----

"A hypothesis is a man, is it?" "He's a necessary part of this one. Suppose some such man as I am describing, not at all ill-looking, and posbody calling. Don't you think we'l ! ressed of a reasonable share of this | Weekly.

world's goods, should fall wildly, mad ly, desperately in love with you Miss Mildred"-

"Well?" "And offer you his hand and hear, -do you think you could learn to ove him?" "Not if he looked anything like

you Mr. Matewer." They walked along a block or two

in silence. Then Mr. Matewer spoke again. "Feels a litale as if it were going

to snow doesn't it, Miss McGinnis?" he said .- Chicago Tribune MASTER OF HIS CRAFT.

Brief Tale of a Wandering Cowboy of the Western Plains.

The cowboys who travel with herds of cattle for days across the Western plains become very tired of their rations, says the author of "The Log of a Cowboy," and gladly welcome any change or addition to their bill of fare. In illustration of this he tells the story of a wanderer who arrived at their camp one night just before Christmas. He was made welcome, and in his conversation mentioned where he had been the Christmas before.

"I was helping the folks at the ranch make doughnuts. Well, fellows, you ought to have seen them; just, sweet enough, and browned to a turn. I tell you, I'm an artist on doughnuts."

Miller rose, took him by the hand, and said, "That's straight, now is it?" "That's straight. Making doughnuts is my long suit."

"Mouse," said Miller to one of the boys, "go out and bring in his saddle from the stable and put it under my bed. Turn his horse into the big pasture in the morning. He stays here until spring; and the first spear of green grass I see his name goes on the pay-roll. You go to work on this specialty of yours right after breakfast in the morning, and show us what you can do in that line."

The next morning, after breakfast was over, he got the needed articles together and went to work. There were nearly a dozen men lying round, all able eaters. By ten o'clock he began to turn them out as he said he could. When the regular cook had to have the stove for dinner, the taste | tically all the necessities of life, are which we had had made us ravenous for more. Dinner over, he went at

A boy riding toward the railroad with an important letter dropped in, and as he said he could only stop a minute, we stood aside until he had It is of record that two or three had a taste. After eating a solid hour, he filled his pockets and rode away. One of our men called after would be if one could put this all into him, "Don't tell anybody what we've got!"

up from a camp to the north, which the boy had passed the day before with the letter. They went straight to the kitchen. An hour later old Tom Cave rode in from his camp, twenty five miles to the east. He refused to take a stool and sit down, like civilized folk, but stood up by the tut and picked out the ones which were a pale brown.

About two o'clock Doc Langford and two of his peelers rode up. Our luck was circulating faster than # secret amongst women. Our man though, stood at his post like the boy on the burning deck. He certainly was an artist on doughnuts.

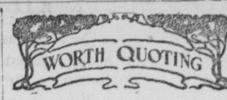
MUNICIPAL CHILD-REARING.

An English Town Taking An Ad vanced Step in Civic Reform.

The town of Huddersfield, England which stands in the front rank of the cities that have adopted the plan o public utilities owned and controlled by the municipal authorities, has re cently taken a further step, and pro vided for child-rearing under official direction. Realizing that a large par of the death-rate among the poor was of infants under one year of age, ow ing to insufficient or unintelligent care and nourishment, the mayor of the city offered a bonus of \$4 to every child born in one of the districts that should attain the age of twelve months. This offer, which is to hold good during the term of the present incumbent's mayoralty, led the local health authorities to consider whether steps could not be taken towards sav ing the lives of infants.

Accordingly they decided to offer a reward of one shilling to the first person who should inform the medical officer of the birth of a child within forty-eight hours of its oc currence. The mother is then to be visited by physicians and women health visitors, who will instruct her as to the best methods of feeding. washing, and clothing the child, while, in addition, detailed instructions are to be prepared and printed for gen-

eral distribution. The health visitors will also examine the homes of the mothers and factories and other places where women are employed, and cases where deaths of children under one year have occurred will be investigated. Furthermore, a year's experiment will be undertaken with a day nursery where children will be cared for, and sterilized milk will be supplied for the babies. Huddersfield is a manufacturing town, and the authorities consider that its present strength can best be preserved through maintains ing its native labor. They therefore believe that if the infant mortality is reduced to a minimum, a large majority of the children would grow to manhood and womanhood. The experiment is interesting.-Harper's



In 1900 there were only 93,283 persons of Chinese birth, many of whom had entered the country by fraud, in the United States, as against 107,483 in 1890 and 105,465 in 1880.

Those people who fear that football may lose its virility if the rules are changed, should reflect that virility is not necessarily manslaughter reflects the Chicago Record-Herald.

There is a great deal of suffering in the northern districts of Japan from the failure of the rice crop, and an intimation is made that relief from the United States would not be unwelcome. Uncle Sam, continues the Baltimore American, is not only the international policeman to whom all the Powers tell their troubles; he is also looked on as the universal charity bureau to which every nation with distressed citizens turns the first thing

The world is a better place in which to live than ever before, and there is more reason to cling to life, asserts the New York Globe But just as the percentage of insane is increasing, so is the percentage of suicides. The most obvious explanation is that the lessening of the hold of religion on the average person is tending to break down the old sanctity that attached to life.

The cost of living in this country for the eight years to July 1, 1905, according to Dunn's Index Number, states that New York Times, has risen 35.7 per cent.; that is, wholesale prices representing, in due relation to per capita consumption, the cost of breadstuffs, meats dairy and garden products, and other food; clothing metals and miscellaneous products like lumber, glass, paints and drugs have risen since 1897 from 72,455 to 98,312. The prices of many hundred commodities, embracing pracincluded in this reckening.

The Atlanta Constitution says: An important phase of the rural invasion of the telephone has been its perceptible effect on the value of lands. years after the establishment of lines through the country districts the prices of lands begin to rise rapidly; immigrants come in with greater freedom; hamlets develop into towns; crossroads develop into hamlets-and in the meantime quotations for wild and improved lands are steadily advancing. The thing is, of course, too new as yet to permit any broadcast prophecy in this direction, but the healthful trend is already appar-

In an address dealing with Standard Oil and allied subjects, William Allen White, of Kansas City, Mo., severely scored H. H. Rogers whom he called "the Abimelech of aggrandized capital," and who he said will, "at the close of the present contest, say to his armor bearer: 'Draw they sword and kill me, that men may not say a woman slew me.' Without for a moment desiring to be captious," continued Mr. White, "without wishing to make any unpleasant comparison, one is construed to wonier if Abimelech did not pick up Mr. H. H. Rogers as his armor bearer; to wonder farther if the sarcasm which he flourished at Missouri's Attorney General may not be the blade by which Abimelech shall die."

A New York expert, Dr. Darlington by name, relates the Louisville Courier-Journal, has been making a study of suicide, its causes and pre ventives, having been prompted to it by the suicide epidemic which carfied off more than 850 men and women in New York last year and caused thousands of others to attempt selfdestruction. Of course, as everybody knew, except yellow journals and yellow professors, the doctor anaounces that there is no such thing as a "sulcide germ." Stated briefly, the causes of suicide in his view are: Idleness, depression following alcoholism, dissappointment in love, revulsion after sin, inability to keep social pace with friends, conditions of the weather affecting the liver and thereby depressing the mind. Such being the causes, the specialist presents these preventatives: Hard work, individual righteousness, sane living, mentally and physically more religion-not more churches; temperance-and more hard work.

Postcards in the Holy Land. The picture post card invasion of the Holy Land has greatly curtailed the regular photograph business, although the number of tourists has increased from a few hundreds to many thousands annually. Last season there was sold over half a million post cards in Jerusalem, and Consul Merrill, in a report to Washington, deplores the consequent cheapening of art. The picture post cards sold in Palestine are made in Switzerland and Germany, the wholesale price being from \$2 to \$12 per 1,000. Only a few of the finest at the higher prices are sold.

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"So Long."

"You have perhaps wondered how the expression 'so long' came to be so generally used by the American people," said a Columbia college lecturer the other day. "It is usually used in closing a conversation, and is simply a form of 'good-bye.' The Norwegians brought it to this country. In that, land of the midnight sun 'saa laenge' is a common form of farewell. It means the same as the 'auf diedersehen' of the German or the 'au revoir' of the French. Among the early settlers in America were many Norwegians, and the phrase was picked up from them. They pronounce it with the g softened and accompany it with a wave of the hand."

Golden Robin a Pet. In July, 1902, a young golden robin was found suffering from a broken wing by Mrs. Sarah Skillings of Gorbam. Me. She nursed the bird back to health and now has it for a pet The old birds fed the sufferer during the convalescent period. They now return each season to the house to visit the pet, wnich refuses to take advantage of all offers of freedom.

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