

To Pain.

By Arthur L. Salmon.
Servant of God, our spirit's nurse,
Tutor and craftsman of the spheres,

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

From stress of matter worlds are born,
By stress of spirit souls are made,
The clouds that stifle back the morn

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

Thin were the mysteries of birth
When yet the worlds chaotic lay.
We struggle half-emerged from earth,

In nakedness of pulsant limb
We see thy purity and might;
The vestures that would veil and dim

Thin were the mysteries of birth
When yet the worlds chaotic lay.
We struggle half-emerged from earth,

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

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

WHILE MRS. WESTWOOD
WAITED.

"I'm afraid," she said as they sat
down on a log where they could watch
the clear water as it rippled along

"How do you know the path we
just came down is called 'Lovers'
Lane?' I thought you had never been
here before?"

"I merely guessed it must be 'Lovers'
Lane.' There is always a 'Lovers'
Lane' at a place of this kind, you know."

"Is there? But the real 'Lovers'
Lane' may be somewhere else."

"Perhaps it is. We might call this
it till we find the real one, though."

"You must have had a delightful
time in Colorado. Was Pike's Peak
very wonderful?"

"I didn't think much of it, and
Colorado was a disappointment to me.
I didn't see it under very favorable
circumstances, you know."

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

"Not for me. I went out there just
after you had told me that you never

"Isn't it beautiful the way the sun-
beams steal through the leaves and
play on the water down there?"

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
fields."

"But people sometimes get bewil-
dered, so that they go around in cir-
cles without knowing it," she answer-
ed, as she tossed a piece of bark into
the stream and watched it float lazily
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 know."

"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."

"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—somebody to come and
protect me."

"This is the loveliest time of the
day to be in the woods," she con-
tinued. "There's such an eerie feel-
ing 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 now?"

"I don't believe you care for the
beauties of nature."

"There's the chipmunk. Do you see
him?"

"But I wasn't talking about chip-
munks."

"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
would be if one could put this all into
a picture or a poem."

"And sell it for three dollars and
forty cents."

"That isn't at all funny."

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

"Well?"

"And offer you his hand and heart
—do you think you could learn to
love 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 little 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 ra-
tions, 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 ar-
rived at their camp one night just be-
fore Christmas. He was made wel-
come, and in his conversation men-
tioned where he had been the Christ-
mas before.

"I was helping the folks at the
ranch make doughnuts. Well, fel-
lows, 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 dough-
nuts 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 pas-
ture 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 break-
fast 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 be-
gan to turn them out as he said he
could. When the regular cook had
to have the stove for dinner, the taste
which he had had made us ravenous
for more. Dinner over, he went at
them in earnest.

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
had a taste. After eating a solid
hour, he filled his pockets and rode
away. One of our men called after
him, "Don't tell anybody what we've
got!"

The next morning two men rode
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 tub
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 a
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.

WORTH QUOTING

In 1900 there were only 93,283 peo-
ple of Chinese birth, many of whom
had entered the country by fraud, in
the United States, as against 107,488
in 1890 and 105,465 in 1880.

Those people who fear that foot-
ball may lose its virility if the rules
are changed, should reflect that viril-
ity is not necessarily manslaughter re-
flects 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 in-
timation is made that relief from the
United States would not be unwele-
come. Uncle Sam, continues the Bal-
timore American, is not only the in-
ternational 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
for help.

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 in-
sane is increasing, so is the percent-
age 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 prac-
tically all the necessities of life, are
included in this reckoning.

The Atlanta Constitution says: An
important phase of the rural invasion
of the telephone has been its per-
ceptible effect on the value of lands.
It is of record that two or three
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 ad-
vancing. The thing is, of course, too
new as yet to permit any broadcast
prophecy in this direction, but the
healthful trend is already appar-
ent.

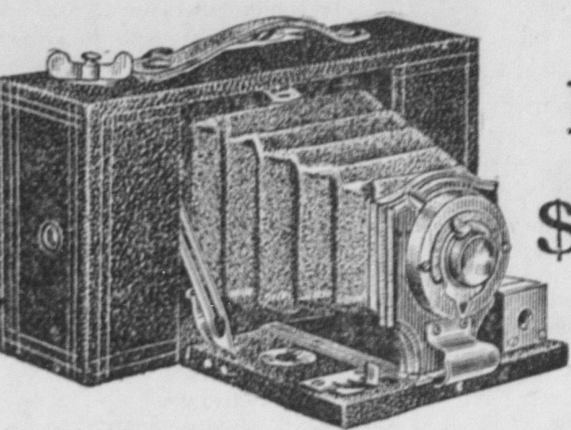
In an address dealing with Standard
Oil and allied subjects, William Al-
len White, of Kansas City, Mo., se-
verely scored H. H. Rogers whom he
called "the Abimelech of agrarized
capital," and who he said will, "at
the close of the present contest, say
to his armor bearer: 'Draw thy
sword and kill me, that men may
not say a woman slew me.' Without
for a moment desiring to be cap-
tious," continued Mr. White, "with-
out wishing to make any unpleasant
comparison, one is constrained to won-
der if Abimelech did not pick up Mr.
H. H. Rogers as his armor bearer;
so wonder farther if the sarcasm
which he flourished at Missouri's At-
torney General may not be the blade
by which Abimelech shall die."

A New York expert, Dr. Darling-
ton 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 car-
ried off more than 850 men and women
in New York last year and caused
thousands of others to attempt self-
destruction. Of course, as every
body knew, except yellow journals
and yellow professors, the doctor an-
nounces that there is no such thing
as a "suicide germ." Stated briefly,
the causes of suicide in his view are:
Idleness, depression following alcohol-
ism, disappointment in love, revulsion
after sin, inability to keep so-
cial pace with friends, conditions of
the weather affecting the liver and
thereby depressing the mind. Such
being the causes, the specialist pre-
sents 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, al-
though the number of tourists has
increased from a few hundreds to
many thousands annually. Last sea-
son there was sold over half a mil-
lion post cards in Jerusalem, and Con-
sul Merrill, in a report to Washing-
ton, deprecates the consequent cheap-
ening of art. The picture post cards
sold in Palestine are made in Switzer-
land and Germany, the wholesale
price being from \$2 to \$12 per 1,000.
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C. A. KRAPE
SPRING MILLS, PA.

"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 Nor-
wegians 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 die-
dersehen' 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 Gor-
ham, 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, which refuses to take
advantage of all offers of freedom.

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