

THE HIDDEN STREAM.

Deep, deep within my breast
Flows on my love for you,
Beneath the day's unrest
And all the long night through.

Whether I laugh or weep,
Let life be grave or gay,
I feel that current keep
Its full resistless way.

And yet so deep it hides
That none has ever known
My being's inmost tides
Are swayed by you alone.
—Phoebe Lyde In, Lippincott's.

A PUPIL OF STAHLMANN

"Good luck, Luella!" "Show them what you can do!" "We'll be there tonight, George and I. Look for us in the front row." "Bring us the papers when you come back, and tell us all they say about you."

The girl to whom all this was addressed leaned back comfortably in her seat as the train began to move. She was a large girl of about eighteen. Her eyes were dark. Her hair, dark also, was much curled and hung loosely about her face. She was dressed in shades of red which did not match, and her ungloved hands held a roll of music.

Perhaps her hands were the only thing about her that would have attracted a second glance. They were long and pointed, with slender fingers, the hands of the artist. Her expression as she looked out at the flying landscape was confident and self-satisfied. The confusion of voices and farewells rang pleasantly in her ears, and she smiled.

They had all come to see her off, friends and neighbors, boys and girls from the high school, the members of the little orchestra with which she played. Even the editor of Town Briefs was there; he would have a personal in the evening edition about "our distinguished townsman, Miss Luella Morgan Wright, who left town this afternoon to give a concert in the city this evening."

They believe in her, these people. They had always believed in her ever since, as a little girl in white ruffles and plaid bows, she had climbed up on the piano-stool at church socials and played "Monastery Bells." Her friends, her family, most of all herself, considered her a musical genius.

Now all the years of practice and study, all the drudgery of teaching, the struggle of ambition with poverty, were to have their fruition.

Out of the confusion of voices still ringing in her ears, one recurred to her with strange distinctness. It was her mother's voice.

"Do your very best tonight, Luella, and make mother proud of you. But remember first of all, whatever happens to do what is right."

It was the old exhortation. It had followed her every time she set foot from home. A picture rose before her eyes, the bent form of a faded woman standing on the station platform. The girl's face softened. How much she meant to do for her mother in the years to come—and for the rest of them!

She unfastened her music-roll and took from it a printed poster. Her name in large letters stared up at her, Luella Morgan Wright. She looked at it lovingly, and then, although she knew every word on it and had seen it for weeks in and out of her dreams, she read it over again, letter by letter. As she read, the frown came back to her face and grew deeper.

PIANO RECITAL,
Tuesday evening April 10th by
LUELLA MORGAN WRIGHT
(Pupil of Stahlmann).
Holland Hall, 8 o'clock.
Admission \$1.00, 50c., 25c.

"Pupil of Stahlmann." That was where her eyes lingered.

"Mother wouldn't think that was right, I suppose," she thought, unwillingly. "But what was I to do? The man at the booking office said it was no use to try a concert unless you had the name of some big man like that back of you. He said it was just legitimate advertising. Anyway I shall be a pupil of Stahlmann just as soon as I can get a little success and money. He said I didn't need to worry, even if Stahlmann is in America. His tremendous success in New York is sure to keep him there. The use of his name now, when every one is talking about him, means such a lot to me. Mother doesn't know—they don't any of them know, they live such little narrow lives. You have to fight so even for a foothold when you get out into the world. It's business—the man said so. He said all business men did these things. People have to push themselves along. Mother doesn't understand, that's all."

She fastened her music-roll with a snap and rose to her feet, for the train was pulling into the city. Her face was flushed but determined.

The city sights and sounds distracted her thoughts and, as always, excited and stimulated her. This was the life she understood and loved. Soon she would be a part of it.

By the time she had reached the hotel where, by the advice of the booking agent, she was to spend the night, she had forgotten doubt and hesitation. She entered the great lobby with assured step meeting unabashed the stares of the office loungers. Her heart quickened its beat to keep pace with the music of the or-

chestra wafted from the dining-room. She belonged here; this was her world.

She crossed over to the desk, and the clerk pushed the register toward her. As she dipped the pen into the ink her eyes traveled over the array of posters on the opposite wall. Yes, there it was—"Piano Recital by Luella Morgan Wright, pupil of Stahlmann."

Her cheeks grew red, her eyes shone. The name she was about to write in the register was not entirely obscure and unknown. The bell-boy perhaps would recognize it; the clerk, too, and he would tell the man standing next him—in fancy she could see them whisper and smile.

She took up the pen eagerly. Then her hand stopped in mid-air, her face grew very white. For the name just above hers on the register was August Bernhard Stahlmann, Vienna.

A mist swam before her eyes. Was she seeing correctly? She looked helplessly at the clerk.

"What is it?" he asked, thinking that she had spoken.

"This gentleman—when did he come?"

"Half an hour ago. Came in on the Overland."

Half an hour ago! Then he must already have seen those posters. The letters stared at her as if printed in fire on the opposite wall. And if he had seen them what must he think of the girl who had done this thing!

Mr. Stahlmann sat at the piano in his room on the third floor of the hotel. As always when he was very tired, he was finding his rest in music. He was worn with weeks of concert playing and the long journey overland. The hills and skies of southern California seemed to promise all that he needed. Even now the evening song of the mocking bird had filled him with delight.

The door opened and his secretary stood beside him.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he said, apologetically, "but there is a young lady here who insists on seeing you. I don't know how to turn her away."

"You told her that I never see strangers?" said Mr. Stahlmann.

"Yes but she says she has something to tell you that concerns you closely."

"The old story. They all say that." The secretary hesitated. "She seems in deep trouble of some sort."

"So? Well, admit her."

A moment later a pale and trembling girl stood before him.

"You wanted to see me?" She held out a crumpled poster to him. "It's this," she said. "Haven't you seen it?"

He took the paper from her hand and glanced over it. Then he raised his eyes to the frightened girl, and she felt them studying her face.

Nothing could escape such a look as that. She stood revealed before him and before herself, just as she was, a foolish, ignorant girl. She could not hold up her head; she stood abashed her cheeks flaming, her eyes filled with hot tears. "I came and told you about it, anyway," she broke out at last. "Wasn't that something?"

The grave eyes, still resting upon her, wandered over the details of her dress with its gaudy coloring and bit of cheap jewelry at the neck. They rested upon her hair, her face—last of all upon her hands. Still he said nothing, and so she broke out again, unable to endure the silence.

"It was my concert, sir. So much depends on it. They told me it was the only way to get an audience, to use some big name like yours. I thought if I once got people to come, I—I might be able to please them. Oh, you don't know what it means to me to succeed just now. I've worked so hard and there have been so many difficulties! I worked with people who didn't understand. If I should succeed with this concert I could do so many things for mother—and the children. You see we're so poor—" Her voice broke.

At last he spoke, and his voice, although grave, was kind. "You are very fond of music?"

Out of the depths of the girl's humiliation a sudden light illumined her face. "I love it!" she cried.

"Will you play something for me?"

"I—play for you?"

"Yes, if you are willing." Uncertain, hesitating, almost overpowered with confusion, she took her seat upon the stool. She realized for the first time the measure of her own incompetence. Just for a moment the thought trembled in her mind of a brilliant fantasy with which she meant to open her concert. But the strange new doubt of herself that was upon her led her to choose instead a little nocturne of Chopin.

At first her fingers shook so that the notes were weak and uncertain, but gradually, as she played, her nerves grew calm. This quiet room, raised so far above the noise of the city outside, seemed full of a peace and refinement such as her life had never known. The deeply lined face above her spoke of things she could only picture with awe and reverence. Something within her responded deeply to this new atmosphere.

The dramatic, overwrought mood in which she had come to him gave place to something calm and sweet. The nocturne, with its wistful minor notes, seemed to be uttering all that her tongue would have spoken if it could. She knew that she was playing as she had never played before.

There was silence in the room when she finished. She sat still upon the stool, quivering, not daring to raise her eyes to his. Suddenly her self-control gave away, and she burst into tears. In the midst of her sobs she felt a hand laid on her shoulder.

Mr. Stahlmann was speaking to her, and she checked her tears in amazement, for what he was saying seemed the most wonderful words she had ever heard.

"I thank you for the pleasure you have given me," he said, and his simple courtesy touched her to the heart. "Don't worry about the posters. You are a pupil of Stahlmann. You have just taken your first lesson." Then the pressure upon her shoulder grew heavier. "As for the future, we who serve so great an art should try to keep ourselves pure from unworthy acts."

The girl caught his hand and pressed it to her lips, quite unable to speak. Mr. Stahlmann led her, still speechless, to the door.

"After your concert is over," he said, "come to me in a few days for your first lesson."—Youth's Companion.

DEATH BY ELECTRICITY.

Instantaneous When Inflicted as a Penalty For Crime.

Every now and then somebody starts a foolish story to the effect that the means employed in the New York State for executing the death sentence is not rapid and sure. A leading paper in this city, which has a new editor, was betrayed into accepting one of these yarns not long ago. It thereupon evinced doubt whether death really occurred while the prisoner was in the electric chair or afterward. Notice of this unfortunate expression was promptly taken by Dr. Augustin H. Goeliet, who, in company with a leading electrician, Professor E. A. Kenealy, was invited by Governor Flower many years ago to look into the matter and report to him. He now writes to the medical paper to give the result of that inquiry. The opinion adopted was that death was caused (when the alternating current was employed, by producing ruptures of the blood vessels of the brain.

There was at the autopsies marked evidence of such rupture and the microscopic investigation of the brain of the two subjects examined, viz., the negro Hampton and Dr. Buchanan, showed abundant evidence of rupture of the vessels throughout the brain in verification of those observations on the autopsy table. These observations were repeated by other investigations subsequently at other executions by electricity.

The explanation of cerebral hemorrhage caused by electricity, adds Dr. Goeliet, is to be found in the fact that the alternating current employed for executing criminals causes violent contraction of all the muscular structure throughout the body, both the voluntary and the involuntary muscles, and hence the blood is driven forcibly into the brain and rupture of the overdistended vessels occurs in consequence. The absolute bloodless condition of all parts of the body and the absence of blood in all of the vessels throughout the whole body below the head was noticeable at the autopsy, and when the cranium was opened it was found to be filled with blood. Up to the time of this investigation and the report of the committee the cause of death by electricity was involved in obscurity and there was much speculation thereon, but that report settled the question so far as electrocution is concerned.

It is very well and proper to attempt resuscitation of those accidentally shocked by electricity, for in many instances they may be revived if the effort is made promptly and judiciously, but in these cases of accidental shock the condition is very different. The total energy of the current actually directed against the body is indefinite and uncertain and may be insufficient to cause death, but in executions the strength of the current employed is definitely known, and it is applied in a manner to bring the whole body under its influence. Death is therefore both positive and instantaneous, beyond a question of possible doubt. The maximum electrical energy employed for the purpose is 1,740 volts and 8 amperes, equivalent to 13,920 watts, and since 746 watts equal one horsepower, the energy used is equivalent to about 18 2-3 electrical horsepower.

The Inalienable Right to Crow.

A Pennsylvania correspondent refers us to the decision in *Hillegas vs. Reinhart*, 4 Lackawanna Jurist, page 87, where the headnotes of the Pennsylvania court were as follows:

"In the exercise of his prescriptive right, a gamecock cannot be enjoined by a preliminary injunction in Lancaster County.

"Equity is without jurisdiction when it is invoked to restrain a rooster from crowing.

"The prerogatives of a chanticleer are beyond the reach of any common law doctrine or legislative enactment. They are founded upon principles that antedate hotels, and were honored for centuries ere the commercial traveler or ubiquitous drummer ever monopolized a tavern or usurped a passenger car.

"The right to crow is an inalienable right, and must not be abridged nor suppressed, because it is eventual, and not perpetual.

"Dictum: A chancellor might be moved did the rooster crow continuously.

"An injunction will not be allowed, at the instance of a hotel keeper, to stop the crowing of gamecocks in the early morning on adjoining premises, no direct damages being proven."—Case and Comment.

Prizes for the best patriotic songs for the use of school children were offered in Brussels, and the first prize was won by a Frenchman.

THE KEYSTONE STATE

The Latest Pennsylvania News Told in Short Order.

High jinks occurred at the home of Mrs. Agnes Strunk, at Reading, while she was visiting relatives in Brooklyn over Sunday. As a result the following guests of her husband were held in bail for court after a hearing before Alderman Koch today on a charge of malicious mischief: Clara Howell, Lottie Reiter, Howard Ravel, Walter Hart, John Snyder and Harry Tyack; Irvin Kepley, Kate Kepley, Charles Lot, William Snyder, Emma Becker and Eva Weisbrod were discharged for lack of evidence. Mrs. Strunk charged that her husband gave a party during her absence and that when she came home she found costly furniture in the parlor, sitting-room and dining-room damaged and ornaments ruined.

The will of Dr. D. D. Richardson, late resident physician at the State Hospital for the Insane, was probated at Norristown. He devises his estate of \$10,000 and upwards to his daughter, Clara Richardson, who qualified as executrix. She also receives a \$5,000 insurance policy.

Two big mortgages, given by the Lehigh Valley Transit Company and amounting to \$12,500,000, have been filed of record in the office of Recorder of deeds of Northampton County. One of the documents, to cover the first bonds, is for \$5,000,000, given to the Guarantee Trust Company, of New York. The other, for the second bonds, is for \$7,500,000, given to the Lehigh Valley Trust & Safe Deposit Company, of Allentown.

Congressman Reynolds has appointed Charles A. Pownall, son of Dr. H. W. Pownall, of Tyrone, a naval cadet. He is to report April 27 at Annapolis.

Carey Heaton, a veteran of the Civil War, who served with distinction in Company B, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, died at his home in Shenandoah. He was the father of a large and well-known family and a prominent citizen. He was 69 years of age.

One hundred young women of Wilkes-Barre, divided into committees of ten, were appointed by the Young Women's Christian Association, to solicit subscriptions in the effort to raise \$100,000, which is to be used for the erection of a permanent home for the organization. They are to raise the money by selling shares at 25 cents and already a pledge of \$10,000 has been given by a public-spirited citizen. The association has been established for thirteen years and has a large membership.

Attorney General Carson furnished State Veterinarian Pearson with a written opinion to the effect that the State Live Stock Sanitary Board has the authority to condemn and order the destruction of a horse afflicted with glanders, the owner of which refuses to enter into an agreement as to the value of the animal or to designate an appraiser to represent him.

Judge Wilson finished the hearing of the contests against the three wholesale liquor license applicants at Clarion, and at once handed down his order refusing to grant any such license in that county. Of the three retail applications held over he granted the one in Shipperville. He also refused the application of the Morningside Distillery for a distiller's license; his decision on which he held forth yesterday.

State Fish Commissioner Meehan, in his annual report, which was transmitted to Governor Pennypacker, says that the commercial fishing in Pennsylvania during the last year aggregated over \$800,000, of which \$700,000 was for shad caught in the Susquehanna River, and \$124,500 for shad caught in the Delaware River. The German crab industry netted about \$300,000; oysters, \$22,500, and brook trout, \$20,461. Mr. Meehan recommends that some steps be taken to prevent American fishermen from encroaching on Canadian waters and says it serves them right when they are arrested by the Canadian authorities and their boats and tackle confiscated.

William Morgan, of West Pittston, has been punished for manufacturing a story that he had been waylaid, beaten and robbed and telling a newspaper all the details. The police have investigated and upon learning that the whole story was a fabrication a Pittston newspaper in which it was published had Morgan arrested. He made an affidavit that the statement was false in every particular and after a severe reprimand by Justice of the Peace Ehret was released.

Dr. D. K. Smith, aged 40, who until three years ago resided in Altoona, died of tuberculosis at Colorado Springs. He was prominent in Junior Order United American Mechanics.

Following the placing of the responsibility by the coroner's jury upon the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co., Mrs. Elizabeth Bambrick, of Pottsville, brought suit against that corporation for \$10,000 as damages, because her son, Martin F. Bambrick, fell down the Pine Knot Shaft at Coal Castle and was killed.

Frank Rublewski, 35 years old was crushed to death by a fall of roof rock in the Primrose Colliery, near Mahanoy City. This makes the third fatality at this mine in the last ten days.

Henry J. Fares and wife, aged residents of Kinderhook, Lancaster County, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary by holding a family reunion.

Arrangements are now being formulated to organize a Camp of Sons of Veterans in Darby Borough. Past Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans Charles C. Morton, district organizer for Delaware County and the lower half of Chester County, has made several trips to the borough in an effort to secure the names of enough applicants to form a camp.

At a meeting of the Elsie Rebekah Lodge, No. 304, Independent Order Odd Fellows, in Odd Fellow's Hall, Darby, eight new candidates were named for membership. The order is not a year old and has a membership of seventy.

A class of 125 new members was taken into the Order of the Modern Woodmen in York. The degree team of the Harrisburg Camp did the work for local organization. The Harrisburg degree team comprised seventeen members and was under the command of Captain C. N. Follsey and Lieutenant H. S. Kantz.

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Legend of Monkeys.

Prince Carl of Sweden and Norway, when starting out from Hyderabad, India, on a tiger hunt, in 1883, was struck by the scenery around the city, where the undulating ground is strewn with huge blocks of stone, "as if they had been tossed hither and thither by Nature in some capricious mood."

Some of the blocks are piled upon each other in such a manner as to cause a lively imagination to fancy them giants barring the way.

According to Indian folklore, these blocks were brought hither some four thousand years ago, in this manner:

The monkeys, which, in the earliest times, in great numbers inhabited the lands beyond the Himalayas, seized on the remarkable idea of building a bridge between the mainland and Ceylon, and, headed by their leader, they left their settlements for the south, carrying with them, from their mountains, materials for their gigantic bridge. But the road became too long for them, and they were obliged on reaching the spot where Hyderabad now stands, to throw their loads away, and here they lie to-day.

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