

**Evenfall.**  
Come, heap the logs, and send the blaze up higher,  
And make good cheer about the roaring fire—  
Nay, but the bluebird's here! Or, stay, I think  
I heard the laughing of the bobolink! Was that the ash upon a coal took shape,  
Or is 't the blue bloom of a pulpy grape?  
Within my chimney-corner's happy gleam  
A cloud of wizard sprites the seasons seem,  
And all the year a many-colored dream!  
  
Can I mistake, or was 't but yester eve  
I saw the firefly-dance the fairies weave?  
Was it this morn that from his sphere of flame  
Love stooped, deific, uttering my name?  
Surely no music or of flute or bird  
Like the child's voice this afternoon I heard!  
Through what meridians of light you fare,  
Oh, lovely Life, and through what stress you bear  
My wondering soul to this serene air!  
—Harriet Prescott Spofford in The Century.

### SAVED BY HIS DOG.

Last summer, while on a trip through the White Hills, I chanced one night that, sitting out on the veranda of the modest little hotel that nestled at the foot of a high mountain, the conversation turned upon dogs, and the sagacity they had been known to exhibit on very many occasions.

Among the little group we formed there was an old man, whose home was in the valley some half a mile away. For some time he had taken no part in the conversation, but had puffed away at his pipe with apparent enjoyment.

At length there came a pause in the conversation, and after it had continued for a minute or more, the old gentleman removed the pipe from his lips and gave utterance to the following remarks:

"There isn't a critter living that knows so much as a dog. Leastways, I had one once that knew nigh about as much as a human being. I've seen a good many people in my day who hadn't the common sense he had."

"I don't doubt that you are right," said I. "Dogs know a great deal, and I've seen some people who knew very little. They are about as good friends as we have among the brute creation. There is no creature who will stick by a man like them."

"I know that," he answered. "The one I speak of did as much by me as a man could. He saved my life."

"How was that?" I asked; and in response he told the following story: "It was in the summer, several years ago," he began. "It was in that year, you know, that the great slides took place among the White Mountains, by which the Willey family were destroyed. The morning on which it happened I left my home, which was down yonder, in the exact spot where I live now, to get to the settlements at Conway. In those days there was no store nearer than there at which we could get the things we needed in the house.

"I was a young man then, and had a wife and two small children. We lived in a stout cabin, about half a mile from my father's, and the only brute things that I owned were a cow and my dog, Nero. It was seldom when I went away that I allowed Nero to go with me. The wild beasts were pretty plenty in those days, and I wanted him to stay and keep them away from the cabin. I was afraid they might venture too close sometime, and carry away my children, who might be playing about the door. But I had little fears of this so long as Nero was there to guard them.

"When I set out that morning he wanted to follow me badly, and I had to speak twice to him before he would remain behind. Sitting on the doorstep, he watched me until I entered the woods and was concealed from his sight. Much as he wanted to go, I had no fears of his following. He knew too much for that. He always seemed to understand almost as well as a human being.

"I went on foot, and all the way down to Conway I could not help looking at the sky. It seemed as though I had never seen it threaten rain so before. The clouds came so low that they covered the mountain tops, and appeared ready to sink down into the very valley itself.

"I got to Conway a little before noon, and hurried to get through with my business as soon as I could. I knew that a fearful storm was close at hand and unless I hurried up I should catch a wetting. Before I was through the rain came down in torrents. The people at the store tried to prevent me from going home, but it was no use. Somehow or other I never felt so worried in my life. My mind was made up that I would go home to Mary and the children if it was possible for me to get there.

"I never saw it rain so before or since as it did that afternoon. In

stead of coming down in drops, it seemed to pour by the bucketful. The clouds, which had been low and dense all the forenoon, now sank lower, and as I went onward it seemed that I would soon get to a place where I could touch them with my hand.

"The streams I crossed seemed to rise even as I looked upon them, and before I was half way home, some of the smaller bridges were swept away, and I formed some difficulty in getting across the raging torrents. I knew that the branch stream which crossed the road about half a mile from my house must be rising fast, and I was fearful that the bridge across it would be swept away before I could get safely to the other side. If it was, I knew that it would be impossible for me to reach home, for fording would be out of the question.

"I made the best time I could, and just before nightfall I came in sight of the branch. It was bankful and running like a mill race. Great trees and other driftwood were borne along on its surface as swiftly and easily as though they had been straws.

"The bridge was still there, but it was trembling and insecure, and each moment the angry water threatened to take it along. For a minute I hesitated about crossing, for it seemed that I was tempting fate to do so. But I thought of my wife and children, and of the prospect that the stream might rise enough to sweep my cabin away, and this decided me. Giving a leap, I sprang upon the bridge and landed toward the other side.

"I had not reached the center before I felt it moving beneath my feet. Another instant and it started from its foundation, and was being swept along with terrible swiftness down the stream.

"A human being could not stand the current for a moment, and therefore it was no use for me to leap into it and endeavor to reach the shore. I must go with the raft and share its fate, whatever it might be.

"But it was not long that I was left to cling to it. It struck upon some rocks in the bed of the stream and went to pieces.

"A part of the wreck hung to the rocks, and to this I clung. It saved me from death for that time, but it was only postponing the fatal moment. The fast-rising water would soon dislodge my frail support.

"I was not more than a dozen feet from the bank, to reach which I would have given all I possessed. But no man could withstand the pushing torrent that I was passing through. On the bank one of the planks of the bridge had caught, and I gazed wistfully upon it. It was long enough to bridge the space between me and the shore. If a man was there he could thrust it out to me, and I would be saved.

"Although I felt sure that I should be swept away by the angry flood before any one could succor me, I shouted for help at the top of my voice. I hardly expected to be heard in the howling of the storm, but my voice did reach the ears of a friend.

"In less than three minutes from the time I first cried out, my dog Nero stood upon the bank, looking out at me.

"The motion of my frail support warned me that it was going. Was it possible for me to make Nero understand what I wanted? He was strong enough to seize the end of the plank, which was the farthest up the stream, and bring it out to me. I hardly thought I could, but there was nothing like trying. Drowning men, you know, catch at straws.

"The dog stood uttering low whines as though he comprehended my situation. Taking my knife from my pocket I threw it so that it hit the end of the plank. With a bound Nero sprang to the spot, and taking the end of the plank in his mouth, swam boldly out to me.

"It was hardly a moment before the swift current brought the dog and plank within my reach. I caught the end of the plank, and by a great effort raised it upon the timber on which I stood. The other end rested upon the bank. There was not an instant to spare. Springing upon it, I landed over the narrow bridge, with Nero at my heels.

"I was not a moment too soon. My feet had hardly touched the land before the flood carried everything away. Nero had saved my life by a hair's breadth.

"I reached my home in safety. My wife had not heard me call, but the dog had demanded to be let out into the storm, and she had opened the door for him. Had his quick ear not caught his master's voice then, he would never have heard it again.—New York Weekly.

### ANIMAL DOUBLES OF HUMANS.

Everybody Said to Resemble Creature of the Lower Life.

"All of us have our counterparts in the animal world," began the man. "Some animal we resemble in manners and looks. Of course the counterpart of many is the ape, the monkey, the baboon. That is only in the order of things; but a lot of people look like birds and animals you see about the house. I have seen women who looked like wrens and behaved like them, little brown, sputtering, chattering, fussy things. And there are others who look like fish. Haven't you seen old maid parrots? I knew an old maid once who looked so much like her parrot you couldn't tell them apart, except that one sat on a perch.

"Go down to little Syria if you want to see people who look like dragons. The heads, I mean. There is one wo-

man there whose head is such a perfect counterpart of the dragon head, square jawed, bulging eyes, flat forehead, you expect her every moment to develop iridescent wings and fly." "I wish you'd hush," begged the woman. "You have spoiled the looks of every friend I have for me. There's Smith. Since you called him the mouse, it is all I can do to keep from gathering up my skirts, screaming and jumping on a chair whenever he comes around. His ears, the shape of his face. I never saw anybody look more like a mouse, but I should never have thought of it if you hadn't said it. And there's Carlson with the face of a pig. I used to like him. Now when I look at him I expect him to grunt. I used to think he was bright. Now I can't see anything in his face but the stupid look of that terrible animal. Tell me. You have seen Katie. What animal does she look like? a kitten?"

The man occupied a moment in thought. "No," he answered then. "She looks like a little Japanese poodle." "It's true," assented the woman. "All she needs is a few bangs over her eyes and a collar. Now tell me what animal I look like. Tell me quick without taking time to think. You must have decided long ago, you are so good at detecting."

The man put his hands over his eyes for a second, then looked brightly up. "You look like a gazelle," said he, "with your big brown eyes." "For once," said the woman gravely, "you have done yourself proud."—New York Press.

### STATIONERY CLOUDS.

Curious Formations on the Windward Sides of Mountain Crests.

Swiss meteorologists have often noticed a phenomenon in the neighborhood of Alpine crests that for a time provoked their curiosity. It was the continued existence of a small cloud above or on the windward side of a ridge, when the air elsewhere was clear. The explanation which has now been adopted is this: The atmosphere contains a good deal of invisible vapor. The quantity is so large that a little chilling will cause it to condense, for the amount of water vapor the air can hold in suspension depends on temperature. Ordinarily, as one ascends the temperature falls, the average being about 1 degree Fahrenheit for every 300 feet. If, therefore, a barrier be interposed, a current of air will be forced upward in order to pass over it. The air cools, and if the moisture in it is near the saturation point enough condensation will occur to make a cloud. After the current reaches the other side of a ridge it descends, the air grows warmer and its ability to hold the vapor increases. The conditions that cause condensation cease to exist, and on the leeward side of the mountain the cloud disappears. Though the same thing has been observed in other countries than Switzerland, it is of infrequent occurrence, and only within a few years has this type of cloud been reported in the United States.

One of the first observers of it was Professor William M. Davis, of Cambridge, Mass., who is an enthusiastic mountain climber, and also a high authority in meteorology. He told a geographical society in Philadelphia in 1903 of an observation of a single "helm" cloud by him in the mountainous districts of North Carolina. For a time it was believed that he was ahead of every one else in noticing the phenomenon. Frank W. Proctor writes to "The United States Weather Review," however, to say that the sight is common at Waynesville, N. C., and that he witnessed it as long ago as 1897. He describes two or three specimens which he has observed over two ranges in that vicinity. He adds that on the sides of the mountains facing the valley what might be called dynamic fog is frequent. That is to say, after rains, or when there is much dampness, the wind blowing up these mountain sides forms fog sheets on the windward slopes, when no fog is to be seen in any other direction.

### A Man of Many Friends.

It was characteristic of the late Sir Henry Irving to make friends of Americans whom he met in London, and to show his appreciation of the esteem and admiration in which he was held here. But it would have been asking too much to expect him to be familiar with each person's claim to his recognition. A contributor to the New York Sun says that it was often a case of "going it blind" on the part of the actor.

A certain New Yorker arriving in London found an invitation from Sir Henry to one of the famous suppers in the Beekstak Room of the Lyceum Theatre. He accepted the invitation with delight, had as good a time as the guests at these gatherings invariably did, and ultimately became a close friend of the actor.

But neither at that first supper nor at any time later did his host say a word to explain how he happened to invite a man he had never met before. So at last his American friend decided to question him on the subject.

"Tell me, Irving," he said, "how did you happen to ask me to take supper with you ten years ago in London? I've often wondered why you did it."

### THE KEYSTONE STATE

The Latest Pennsylvania News Told in Short Order.

The will of Mrs. Mary Cleaves, of Pittston, recently found dead in bed, leaves half her estate to the Methodist Church of Pittston and half to Foreign Mission Board of the Church. The estate is worth \$3000 to \$4000.

City Attorney McHugh in an opinion rendered declared that the eight lunch wagons of Wilkes-Barre are to be classed as buildings, as they are connected with gas, water, electricity and other public fixtures, that they are compelled to have a permit to conduct business, and that they are violating the building laws by being frame structures within the fire limits.

Mrs. Mary Grier Roecker, aged 62, one of the oldest and most successful business women of West Chester, died after a few days' illness.

Rev. Henry Afke, for three years and a half pastor of the North Chester Baptist Church, Chester, has tendered his resignation to accept the pastorate of the Parkersford, Pa., Baptist Church.

Gordon S. Wilcox, or Shamokin, for ten years chief engineer of the Mineral Railroad & Mining Company, tendered his resignation to take effect April 1. He has accepted a position as chief engineer and manager of a large corporation in West Virginia.

Fire which originated from an overheated stove destroyed the large general store of R. R. Myers, at Burnham, near Lewistown, and damaged two dwellings, Corretta Vanorman and Alice Ward, who returned to the house in an effort to save their wearing apparel, were seriously injured in jumping from a second-story to escape the flames. Loss, \$5000, partially covered by insurance.

Burglars paid two visits to Darby shortly before 3 o'clock the other morning, when they forced the door of the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington Railroad freight station, after which they blew open the safe in the office of the feed store of George G. Painter, Fifth and Main Streets, and escaped. At the freight station they secured about \$300 worth of copper wire, while at the feed store all that rewarded them for their trouble in wrecking the safe were two revolvers, which they took, and the firm's books. Noise of the explosion aroused all Darby, but by the time it could be located the men made their escape.

Mrs. Jennie Loper, a negro woman, of Chester, died aged 40 years. Mrs. Loper commenced to take on weight several years ago and when weighed recently tipped the scales at 207 pounds. When the funeral director went to prepare the body for burial he was compelled to call on eight men to aid him.

An incorrigible girl was the cause of her mother's death at Bangor. Viola Rupp, 15 years old, was a witness in a license case at court, and swore that she attended dances given in a country hotel and drank beer there. The Bangor School Board had the girl's father up for a hearing to show cause why he did not send her to school. He declared she was incorrigible, and he could do nothing at all with her. In the morning the requisite papers were made out committing the girl to a reformatory, and when the officials went to the home of the Rupp to take the girl away her mother fell dead. Grief and mental agony caused by her daughter's evil ways and the disgrace that had come upon her caused heart failure. There are ten children in the family.

John Gallagher was instantly killed and Howard Brownston, and J. H. Sunder severely burned while fighting a fire which occurred at the plant of the Allentown Non-Freezing Powder Company in Allentown.

Despondent from many years of suffering from rheumatism, Harry Conrad Ripperger, better known as Harry Conrad, ended his suffering by shooting himself to death at Harrisburg.

The appointment of P. A. Sandborn to be postmaster at North East, Erie County, has been confirmed by the Senate.

The City Council of Lewistown set Tuesday, May 15, as the day on which they will call a special election for the purpose of deciding whether they will negotiate an additional loan of \$50,000 for the purpose of paving the city's streets. The property owners along Market, Chestnut and Valley Streets have offered to pay two-thirds of the cost of paving if the city will pay the other third.

Molders employed in Wilkes-Barre and vicinity have notified the companies employing them that they desire a time fixed for a conference when they may present their request for a new agreement dating from April 1. They now get \$2.75 a day for ten hours' work and desire a nine-hour day for the same wages.

Oliver Hay, aged 32, fell seventy-five feet at Boswell, Somerset County, and escaped without a scratch. Hay was employed on the Merchants' Coal Company's tipples, and fell from the tippie into a bin of slack coal. He landed along side of the pile, which was covered by a foot of snow. The snow and coal served as a sort of a cushion and saved his life.

The engine on the morning passenger train from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad left the rails near Union City. The train was nine hours late on account of another wreck and moving rapidly. Fortunately the train was stopped before it was derailed. No one was hurt.

Auditor General Snyder announced the appointment of E. C. Dewey, of Clearfield, to be auditing clerk of the department, a position which the Auditor General has created. Mr. Dewey is at present assistant cashier of the State Treasury and will enter upon the duties of his new position on April 1.

Despairing over his fiancée's refusal to marry him, Irvin Francis Miller, aged 29 years, of Hamburg, committed suicide by shooting himself on South Fourth Street. Miller was to have been married to Miss Anna Gaenzel, Saturday, but she declared the wedding off. Brooding over his disappointment, Miller borrowed a revolver from a friend and put a bullet in his right temple. Death followed two hours later. Miller was married ten years ago and had been divorced from his wife. Their child, 5 years of age, remained with the mother.

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