

SUPPOSE YOU TRY SMILING.

Your burden is heavy, I haven't a doubt,
But others have loads they must carry about.
And they are not whining,
Some people are glad if but half of the way
Lies out of the shadow, or part of the day
They see the sun shining.
Suppose you try smiling.

I know you are lonely, but other hearts
ache,
And bravely refuse to be bitter or break
Because of life's sorrow.
They think of the joy in the land far away,
And hasten the slow passing hours of today
With hopes of tomorrow.
Suppose you try smiling.

This funny old world is a mirror, you know,
Turn its way with a sneer, or face of a foe,
And you will see trouble,
But meet it with laughter and looks full of cheer,
And back will come sunshine and love true
and dear,
Your blessings to double,
Suppose you try smiling.

All places are open to those who are glad,
Too many lack courage, too many are sad,
Those near you need cheering,
So sing with your burden, the way is not
long,
And if you look upward your heart will
grow strong,
And skies will be clearing,
And suppose you try smiling.
—Youth's Companion.

ANGLING FOR A RISE.

Hilda Joicey and Amy Evershed were bosom friends, according to the standard of bosom friendship that obtains between girls in their early twenties. They made a point of seeing each other twice or thrice every day, and spent most of the remainder of the twenty-four hours in writing each other effusive notes. Neither had a secret from the other. Their whole converse, viva voce or by letter, was one perpetual interchange of mutual confidences. Had you breathed to them the hint that this excess of fondness was bound to be followed, sooner or later, by reaction—that the pace, in fact, was too warm to last—they would have resented the ridiculous suggestion with mingled indignation and amusement. And yet the reaction was even then impending; the little rift within the lute was close at hand; and—as you will probably not be surprised to hear—a man was the cause of it.

The man in question was Reginald Smart-Shryke, the eldest son of a neighboring squire, and heir to five or six thousand a year. For some years he had been friendly with both girls. But it was Hilda Joicey with whom he ultimately fell in love, to whom he proposed and by whom he was accepted.

So far all was well. Amelia Evershed betrayed no sign of jealousy. On the contrary, she congratulated her darling Hilda warmly on the engagement.

But I must get on to the little rift within the lute which I have spoken of as impending. It came about in this way: Hilda was one afternoon pouring into Amelia's receptive ear all sorts of intimate confidences in relation to her wooing by Reginald Smart-Shryke.

"And when he takes me in his arms and kisses me," she cried, "oh, Amelia, when he takes me in his arms and kisses me!"

"Is it—er—very nice, Hilda?"

"Nice? It is heavenly. He does it so beautifully—with such—such—I do not know how to express it—but there's an eloquence about it—that—"

"Just so," Amelia nodded, knowingly. "To kiss like that isn't a thing that comes all at once, either. It wants practice. And you are very lucky, my dear girl, in possessing a lover who has had such practice, and thus acquired the art of kissing really well."

"Nonsense! You are quite in error," protested Hilda rather sharply. "I am Reggie's first love. If I were not, indeed, I should have had nothing to say to him. I am not the sort of girl, as you know very well, who cares to be one of a multitude. I must be either a man's first and only love, or nothing."

"Is that so? Well, I confess you surprise me," rejoined Amelia, raising her eyebrows. "For my part, I'd much rather be a man's last love than his first. In fact, it's only his last love that ever comes to anything. His first is usually dissipated on some impossible person. It is with them that he gets the practice and experience, by which he learns how to make love and kiss effectively, and—"

"I really think you must have gone mad, Amelia."

"Oh, nonsense. It's like golf or croquet. There's no fun in playing with a beginner to whom you yourself have to teach the rudiments of the game. Give me a man who knows as much as, or more about it, than I do!"

"And how much do you know about it, pray, considering that you never have had any experience of a lover?" demanded Hilda, with all the superiority of an engaged girl.

Amelia Evershed smiled, enigmatically. "Oh, I know what I know," she said. "I've had my little experiences with men, in a probationary sort of way, just to keep my hand in against the time when Mr. Right (as servant-gallop styles him) comes along. Whenever an opportunity has come my way, I have seized it, and made the most of it. And I always found (which brings me back to where we started) that those men who had previous practice and experience made much the best lovers. Bumblepuppy at bridge is bad enough; but from Bumblepuppy in love-making—may the saints deliver me!"

"Have I not spoken good practical sense? Would you find your Reggie's wooing so acceptable if he were not an expert at it? You know you wouldn't."

"I tell you Reggie is not an expert—he has had no previous practice in making love," exclaimed Hilda, almost crying with indignation at the idea.

"No?"

There was a note of amused incredulity in the interrogation. Moreover, brief as it was, it seemed to Hilda to be pregnant with sinister meaning. "I don't understand you, Amelia," she flashed out. "You are hiding

something from me. You know nothing against Reggie?"

"Against him? Far from it. I know nothing about that handsome and eminently agreeable young man but what is entirely to his credit. If he has practised and made himself perfect, that is all in his favor. And you, who have entered into the fruits of his practice, ought to commend him for it most of all."

"I tell you, again, he has never practised. You have no right to say such a thing. You know he hasn't, Amelia."

"Do I?"

Amelia smiled provokingly, as she uttered these two words, with the air of one who could, and she would, throw a good deal of light on the subject under discussion.

"What are you driving at, Amelia? You must tell me what you mean by these odious covert insinuations. Do you know of any girl to whom Reggie has made love before he became engaged to me? If so, who is she? I insist on a plain answer."

"Oh, nonsense, Hilda," interposed Amelia, with amused contempt. "Don't make such a ridiculous fuss about nothing. Talk about a storm in a teacup! This is a veritable hurricane in a thimble. Your Reggie has been like other young men, that's all. Leave it at that, and don't talk any more rubbish about insisting upon particulars. For one thing, I don't admit that I know any particulars. For another, if I did, I shouldn't tell tales out of school. . . . And now, let us change the subject."

But Hilda was not in a frame of mind in which she would acquiesce in being thus cavalierly put off.

"You do know something," she cried, furiously, "and you shall tell me, Amelia."

"I shan't," said Amelia Evershed, pursing up her lips, with a determined air.

"You shall—you shall, I say," ejaculated Hilda, more and more furious. "My dear child, do keep calm. I absolutely decline to say any more about the matter. More especially as I have promised—, but there," she broke off, hastily, with some slight appearance of confusion, as though she had been almost betrayed into making an unguarded admission, "let us consider the subject finally closed."

But Hilda's keen perception, rendered keener by rabid jealousy, had not missed Amelia Evershed's hastily checked slip of the tongue, with its attendant signs of confusion, and with eyes blazing and cheeks aflame she was down on it like a thousand of bricks.

"Minx! Traffress! I see how it is. Reggie has—has—been making love to you!"

"Pshaw! What has put such a foolish notion into your head?" replied Amelia, with affected amusement at the absurd imputation.

But she avoided looking Hilda in the face as she said it, and Hilda was not slow to mark the omission.

"It is true. I can see it is true," she cried, in furious accents. "Deny it, madam, if you can."

"I am not going to stop here to be insulted in this way by any such ridiculous accusations," retorted Amelia Evershed, evidently glad of an excuse for terminating the interview. "Good-by, Hilda. When next I meet you, I hope you'll be in your right mind again."

And she took her departure.

Hilda went up to her bedroom and cried for two hours and three-quarters. But the tears brought her no relief. Tears of anger never do. Besides, while brooding thus alone, her jealous suspicions had magnified themselves to an astonishing extent.

She saw a secret understanding between her Reggie and Amelia. She saw herself betrayed, in her tenderest affections, by one whom she had supposed her most faithful and devoted friend. She saw her lover's heart stolen away from her, and her whole life laid waste and desolate by the serpentine wiles of that diabolical mix. All this she saw, and a hundred other things besides.

When Hilda came down to tea she found her brother Philip just returned from business. He saw at once by her red and swollen eyes, that something was the matter. He asked her what it was. Then out it all came. "All," do I say? Yes, far more than all.

Philip, who was a good brother, was greatly aroused and perturbed by the tale of his sister's wrongs.

"Something going on between Smart-Shryke and Amelia Evershed," he exclaimed. "Tut-tut! It—it is too outrageous. I can—can—hardly believe it either of him or of her."

"But it is true!" cried out Hilda, clenching her hands excitedly, "she as good as confessed it to me. I don't blame Reggie so much—disloyal and perfidious as he has been. It is more that snake Amelia's fault than his. She

has beguiled him to his downfall, like her congenial prototype in the Garden of Eden."

After tea, Philip put on his hat, and, with a determined air, sallied forth. Hilda had no doubt from his manner that he had gone to demand an explanation from Reginald Smart-Shryke. It was three good hours before he came back. Hilda looked up at him anxiously.

"Well?" she inquired.

"It is all right," answered her brother, smiling.

"What do you mean by 'all right'?"

"I mean it is as I half suspected from the first. There has been an egregious mistake. Amelia Evershed doesn't care twopence for Smart-Shryke, and there has never been anything between them."

"Reggie has told you this?"

"No; I haven't seen Smart-Shryke. I have been to Amelia's. She has told me."

"Ah! I'm astonished at your having done that, Philip; still more at your having allowed yourself to be deceived by that mix's plausible and interested lies. For, of course, she would tell you that she was innocent. But—"

"Half a moment, Hilda. She has not only told me that she cares nothing whatever for Smart-Shryke, but she has also given me incontrovertible evidence of the fact."

"Evidence? What evidence?"

"She has promised to marry me."

"Why did you make me so unhappy by all those false insinuations against Reggie?" cried Hilda Joicey at the next meeting with Amelia Evershed, shedding tears of mingled reproach and joy upon the other's bosom.

"Why did you pretend that he had been making love to you? You did it in jest, I suppose—to get a rise out of me. But it was a cruel, cruel joke, oh my Amelia!"

"I did it, I confess, to get a rise, but not out of you—out of some one else," said Amelia, smiling.

"Out of whom, then? I do not understand you."

"Out of that very procrastinating admirer of mine, your brother Philip," said Amelia Evershed.—Truth.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Esperanto, the new universal language, has been set to music.

The total area of the earth, including the polar regions, is about 1,500,000 square miles, and the total population is estimated at 1,550,000,000.

A small boy has discovered that old corks cut into cubes or bricks may be used as building material for miniature castles and fortresses. These cork bricks do not look unlike some kinds of stone.

It is claimed that a parrot for sale in London can speak 800 words distinctly, and use sentences from 20 to 30 words in length. That means more words than many human beings use or understand.

Miss May Carrington of Springfield, Mass., has broken all records for blindfold typewriting from dictation, writing 5221 words in one hour, exclusive of errors, for each of which five words were deducted.

A meteor has fallen "with a screeching sound"—so the reports say—in Michigan, and buried itself in the earth with a report which was heard at a long distance. It made a hole nearly twenty feet deep, and it is thought it pulled the hole in upon itself.

A marvelous downfall of little toads descending from the clouds has stirred a great deal of consternation in a remote region in Utah. Where the diminutive batrachians came from and for what purposes they may be utilized are puzzling questions to the rustic Mormons.

The Massachusetts fish commission has planted about 80,000,000 lobster fry this year, and if one in a hundred would reach maturity there would not be much danger of a failure of the lobster crop. The young lobsters have so many enemies, however, that the death rate among them is very high.

The law firm of Putnam & Putnam in Westfield, Mass., consists of husband and wife, Mrs. Putnam, the junior member, having been admitted to the bar last week. She is 25 years old and was married five years ago. She began the study of law three years ago out of interest in her husband's profession.

Half-Deaf People.

"If you are deaf in one ear," said the boiler-maker, "I don't care about giving you a job."

"Why?" asked the applicant.

"Because you can't tell what direction sounds come from. Hence in a place like this you would be in great danger."

"How do you know I can't tell what direction sounds come from?" the applicant demanded.

"No person deaf in one ear," replied the boiler-maker, "can do so. A man deaf in one ear will look behind him if a gun goes off on his right. He will look up in the air if a child shrieks at his feet. He will look wildly in front of him if a locomotive whistles in his rear. A boiler shop is no place for such a man."

"I knew I was like this," said the applicant, "but I didn't know all half-deaf people were."

"They all are," said the boiler-maker, "and my shop is no place for them."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



Making Stovepipes Fit.

If you should have an odd size stove, and your piping is too large for it, cut a slit about five inches up one end, lap over the ends and fasten with a brad. This is an easy, simple and very effectual manner to make the piping fit.

Grease Spots on Carpet.

These may be removed by covering with a paste made of fullers' earth and spirits of turpentine. Let the paste remain on till thoroughly dry, and then brush off. If the spots are very bad, they may need to be slightly rubbed with the paste—not too hard, or the fullers' earth will be difficult to get out.

Cooking Cranberries.

Cranberries cooked in a double boiler, with no water except that in the outer vessel are superior in color and flavor to those stewed in the ordinary way. The flavor of the cranberry is greatly improved if a small piece of apple, prepared and cut in small bits, is added. The proportions should be half an apple to a quart of cranberries.

Uses of Old Gloves.

Old gloves should not be thrown away as soon as they are discarded, for they are still useful in a number of ways after they are no longer fit for wear in the street. Probably everybody understands their value as a protection for the hands in cleaning a bicycle, and most persons have a few glove fingers laid away in reserve for use in case the hand is injured, but bits of glove kid may be utilized in many fashions.

They are excellent for applying dressing to kid shoes, for making watch cases and pen wipers and for tying over the tops of bottles in travelling to keep the stopper secure. Suspenders may be mended with kid; spectacles, jewelry and the finger nails polished with it. Strips may be cut from the clean part of the wrist of mousquetaire gloves, these strips to be neatly stitched upon the edge of the collar, cuffs and belt of a tailor made gown as an appropriate finish, says Woman's Life. There is material enough in the arms of long evening gloves to make pretty little shoes for infants.

Recipes.

Spanish Omelet.—Fill a plain omelet with a dressing of one green pepper, two tomatoes, one small onion, a piece of parsley, three thin slices of fried bacon and five mushrooms chopped fine and allowed to simmer for fifteen minutes.

Pudding Sauce.—One tablespoon salt, butter size of an egg, one-half pint of sugar, grated peel and juice of one or two lemons, to suit taste; mix flour and butter together, then add sugar and lemon; then put into one-half pint boiling water, boil until it thickens, cool a little, then add well beaten egg.

Preserved Grapefruit.—Get the largest to be had—those called shaddock are best—and take out the pulp from the half of each, but cross-wise, with a spoon; squeeze the juice from the skins. To a pound of the pulp and juice add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and bring to the boiling point. Boil twenty minutes steadily and skim; remove from the fire and seal in jars.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Cut a portion across from the top of hot, well-baked potatoes. Scoop out with a teaspoon all the interior, put into a hot bowl, add butter, hot milk, and seasoning of salt and pepper, as directed for mashed potatoes. Refill the skins, lightly piling up the mixture quite a little above the opening in a fluffy mass. Brush the top lightly with butter and place back in the oven until well browned on top. Serve standing.

Macaroni à l'Espagnole.—Make a sauce from one tablespoonful of flour, one cup of stock of thin beef juice, and season with one tablespoonful of salt. In the bottom of a baking dish place one layer of cold chopped meat, one layer of boiled macaroni, a sprinkling of chili sauce and chopped onion, and continue this order until the dish is full, having the macaroni last. Pour the sauce over all and bake in a hot oven for forty minutes.—Washington Star.

French Rolls.—Three cups of sweet milk, one cup of butter and lard, mixed in equal proportions, one-half cup of good yeast, or half a cake of compressed yeast and a teaspoonful of salt. Add flour enough to make a stiff dough. Let it rise over night; in the morning add two well beaten eggs; knead thoroughly and let it rise again. With the hands make it into balls as large as an egg; then roll between the hands to make long rolls (about three inches). Place close together in even rows on well buttered pans. Cover and let them rise again, then bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown.

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