

### A SONG

By A. E. Housman in McCiure's.  
White in the moon the long road lies,  
The moon stands blank above;  
White in the moon the long road lies  
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,  
Still still the shadows stay;  
My feet upon the moonlit dust  
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,  
And straight though reach the track,  
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twixt all be well,  
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward lies  
Far, far must it remove;  
White in the moon the long road lies  
That leads me from my love.  
"A Shropshire Lad."

## AN ARBOR-DAY CRUISE.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

The first graduating class of the high school at Chebaugwaun had three members, Polly Brockton, Georgie Davies and Anna Wall. When Arbor day approached it was decided that these three were to plant the first trees on the campus. Chebaugwaun had a new schoolhouse, built of Lake Superior granite, and its campus was as yet as bare as a kitchen floor. Arbor day exercises were set for three o'clock in the afternoon, and the class was well pleased in its part, except that it was ambitious in the matter of trees.

Chebaugwaun was a young town in the heart of the pine woods of north Minnesota, and on that side of Lake Chebaugwaun there were no hardwoods. The school board had imported from Park Rapids some young trees, mere twigs, which the graduating class, after a private meeting, decided were quite too small.

Therefore the girls determined to take the matter in hand. Polly Brockton's Uncle Morrell owned several sailboats, which he rented to pleasure seekers, and the class succeeded in engaging a small dory for its use in visiting an island some five miles offshore, where, on a squatter's claim, there was a grove of sugar-maples.

Polly and Georgie were good sailors, and when Arbor day dawned bright and pleasant, with a slight breeze offshore, the girls were allowed to go upon their errand without a man in attendance.

They left Morrell's landing at sunrise, and tied their boat at Old Joe Hibbing's pier in about one hour from the time of starting. Old Joe was the island squatter, and its one inhabitant. His little cabin stood in a tiny clearing near the shore, and the girls had expected to find him at home, and to secure his help in digging some saplings among his hard maples.

But when they walked up the path to his shack, they found that the old squatter had gone to parts unknown. His rough pine door was closed and nailed, and the window barred, and there was no evidence that he had been about the premises that spring.

"Well," said Polly, "there's nothing for it but to dig those trees ourselves."

"Goodness, but I'm glad we brought plenty of lunch!" ejaculated Georgie. "Now for business!" shouted Anna, flourishing a spade.

As Joe was away, they did not venture to dig trees upon the small plat of level ground on which his cabin stood. They passed round this field and climbed some stony hills where the growth was thick pine.

They were in some doubt now as to whether they should find desirable trees. Morrel had thought that Old Joe would dig for them. But hardwood trees of the sort they were looking for were not easily to be found.

So with spade and ax and lunch-basket they plunged into the pines in search of a maple grove. Among the thickets they wound their way, confident of their bearings, because they were upon an island, and so could not get lost. They wandered on for some time in this fashion, finding no maples, but enjoying the scramble in the wilderness.

They were trailing one behind another, looking for a spring of water under some rock ledges and for a convenient spot to seat themselves for breakfast, when a brown and awkward creature, with enormous head and big, flapping ears, jumped out of a clump of marsh-grass so close to Georgie's feet that it brushed her skirts as it ambled away.

Georgie screamed in alarm. "Whatever can that be?" she cried. "I know! I know!" shouted Anna, eagerly. "It's a young moose! We have a photograph of one, don't you know, that Thompson took?"

"Well, let's have that calf!" cried Polly. "See it can't be very old, for it can hardly waddle away."

And immediately the three, encumbered with ax, spade and lunch, turned in pursuit of the calf.

The chase led along the foot of

a low, rough ledge and beside a swampy run hedged on one side with bog and tamarack. At the first dash Polly ran toward the tamarack, thus getting between the calf and that cover.

The baby moose was not so helplessly young, however, as had appeared at first sight. Time and again Polly, who was the swiftest runner, almost had a hand upon the calf, and then by a sudden burst of speed it shot ahead and out of reach. The chase grew hotter and more exciting, until suddenly pursued and pursues broke through a cluster of bushes and out upon a narrow sand-beach, where light waves were rolling in.

The sand was deep, and the young moose, feeling its feet sinking, stopped and thrust its nose down between its fore legs.

In a twinkling Polly had thrown herself upon the calf, which, lustily bellowing, bounced up and down and forward, developing surprising strength. With Polly clinging round its neck, the animal plunged and lunged, dragging her into the water before the other girls, whom she had outstripped in the chase, could come up with her.

Polly, who could swim well in bathing-dress, had little fear of the water, and when the calf tumbled her over a shelving bar and into the deep water, she felt no alarm. She clung to the calf, persistently determined to conquer and bring it to land. The little moose proved nearly as strong, although not quite as unmanageable, in the water as on the land.

Polly's quickly formed plan to turn the calf's head about and force it to land, where Georgie and Anna could help to secure it, would undoubtedly have worked out safely but for an unforeseen incident.

Polly had turned the moose calf about and was steering it partly toward the shore when she heard a shout of affright from the girls on shore.

She looked up, to see her comrades feeding about the beach and a huge creature, which was unquestionably the mother moose, splashing toward her in a shower of spray.

Polly, hanging to the calf, was not greatly alarmed, even though the big animal swam with lusty strokes toward her.

"She cannot hurt me in the water," thought Polly. But the powerful creature came on with the force of a steam-launch, her great brown eyes fixed upon her struggling calf, and wholly unheeding Polly's black head bobbing beside it.

When the big moose drove against them, Polly suddenly felt herself borne upward and outward upon the crest of a wave, and with the numbing sensation of a hard stroke upon her left arm. The cow had suddenly realized that some creature was holding her calf, had reared herself in the water, and struck blindly to be rid of the enemy.

Polly went under and came up, strangling. Then, frantically grasping with her free hand, she found her fingers clinched in the coarse hair of the big moose's flank, and there she knew she must cling if she wished to keep the breath of life in her body.

Instead of turning toward shore, the cow moose, gathering her calf within the shelter of her neck and shoulder, pushed straight away for the west shore of the lake. It was about two miles and a half to the dense pine woods of the Chippewa reservation.

The cow, swimming with powerful strokes, did not seem to note the drag behind her. Polly, startled now beyond measure, raised her head and looked back, to see Anna wringing her hands and Georgie frantically gesticulating on the beach. Polly's left hand was yet too numbbed for use; and had it been otherwise, she was now too far out to attempt, encumbered as she was with heavy skirts, to swim ashore.

So she raised her voice and shouted directions. "Go after the boat!" she cried. "Run straight out to the north and catch us on the first tack!"

Instantly the two fled to obey her order. They ran round on the wide beach.

It took Polly but a few moments to determine that the water was too cold for her long endurance; and presently, feeling the numbness going out of her arm, she made a fierce effort, and mounted upon the moose's neck. The weight suddenly thrown upon her seemed for the first time to give the mother moose a notion of the encumbrance attached to her.

The animal snorted shrilly and struggled in real fright, trying vainly to get out from under her burden. She threshed the water in giant strokes, swayed her body, and sank her flanks until she nearly stood on end in her frantic endeavor to rid herself of her rider.

Even her calf was forgotten in the struggle. Polly saw the little creature slip to the rear, but was too busy maintaining her seat to pay it further attention. However, both hands clinched in the long mane of the cow's shoulder sufficed to maintain her hold. After a time the moose, apparently forgetting her calf, began a straightaway race for the nearest point of the mainland.

Had not the water been so cold Polly would now have looked forward confidently to rescue from the boat, or to being towed safely ashore by the moose.

But the lake had still the chill of winter in its depths, and Polly felt her fingers stiffening in the grip. The wind struck her body now with con-

siderable force; she shivered, and felt that she could not keep her hold many minutes.

Yet she thought of the calf, and looked back to see what had become of it. The little thing was still swimming strongly in the wake of the cow. Polly envied these wild creatures their strength and endurance and their lack of encumbering dress.

Minute after minute passed. Polly's teeth chattered, and she felt the deadly grip of cold creeping through her body. Slowly the shoreline drew nearer. Polly made a mental calculation—the moose was swimming perhaps at the rate of three miles an hour, and she knew the lake and its distances. She reckoned that she had yet twenty-five or thirty minutes to endure. And she felt she could not do it—that her hands must soon lose their hold.

She looked back, to see the sailboat just pulling out from the island. She saw the wind catch its single sail, and then the boat disappeared, running swiftly behind the timber-line.

Now Polly shut her eyes and clung, exerting all her will-power to overcome the cold. For minute after minute she clung with closed eyes, feeling the numbing cold creep to her very heart.

She was indeed beginning to grow lethargic, and must very soon have lost her hold, when she was brought to open her eyes upon life by a sudden lifting of the moose's body out of the water.

Then she was shaken from her perch, as a hen shakes dust from its feathers, and snorting defiance, the old moose, with the calf at her heels, dashed away, taking the line of a sunken reef, of which Polly had often heard, but had never located in her boating excursions.

Shaking like a leaf and chilled to the bone, Polly found herself standing knee-deep upon a gravel bar and with the light waves rolling waist-high about her. She had just enough strength and presence of mind left to know that she must exert herself to the utmost to keep off the cold. So she stood thrashing her arms about her waist, with eyes and mouth tightly closed, for many minutes longer.

Then she was awakened by a joyous shout, and again looked upon the world, this time to see the sailboat scudding down toward her.

Five minutes later Polly was hauled aboard the dory, and bundled into all the wraps which the girls had taken the precaution to fetch along. Lying on the bottom of the boat, in the warm sunshine, life came back to her, and when at last the dory cast anchor at Morrell's landing, she was quite herself again.

It is needless to add that during the exercises of that afternoon the trees which the school board had provided were impressively planted by the first graduating class of Chebaugwaun.—Youth's Companion.

### A Study in Value.

In two hundred years (which is the length of time that has now elapsed since Franklin was born) his gift of \$5,000 on which the Franklin Union of Boston is founded, will have rolled up to about \$10,000,000.

Where will all this have come from? It is a puzzling old problem, the answer to which may seem simple enough to those who put money out at interest, but which is something of a mystery. Money is the measure of value. Value, in the last analysis, consists of things to eat, and wear, and use. Had \$5,000 worth of these things, existing when Franklin died in 1790, actually increased to \$1,000,000 worth of them in 1890 or 1906? Had all the rest of the good things that were in existence in 1790 fructified in the same proportion? And if \$200,000 of Franklins money in 1906 will be \$9,000,000 of things to eat and wear in 2906, what will Mr. Rockefeller's \$500,000,000 pile up to in that year? To \$100,000,000,000 which is that the whole wealth of the United States now amounts to. But at the same rate of increment the present entire wealth of the United States will have piled up by 2906, to \$20,000,000,000,000—an impossible figure.

The world itself would not hold that amount of wealth. Money earns money but it cannot earn more than there is the equivalent of value for.—New York Mail.

### Labor in Old Times.

Twelve hours in winter and fourteen in summer was a fair average day's work. But in Lyons in 1571 the printers worked from 2 o'clock in the morning till 8 or 9 in the evening. In other trades the working hours were often from 4 in the morning till 9 at night or from 5 to 10. Workers in the same meter generally lived together in the same street. But the maitre-artisan had his own maison. The ground floor was his shop or workshop; above was his bedroom, which was also the sitting and eating room; a small room adjoining accommodated his children, and above was a garret where various commodities were stored.—From Brisson's "Work and Workers."

An ultimatum to the hens of Iowa is contained in a bill just passed by the Assembly of that State, ordering that hereafter a dozen eggs must weigh a pound and a half, observes the Hartford Courant.

Indiana's center of population is in Decatur county.

Indiana has 281,400 acres covered with lakes.



### REVERSE THE BOBBIN.

If, when sewing on a machine, the upper thread keeps snapping without apparent cause, reverse the bobbin in the shuttle, i. e., take the bobbin out and put it back the other end foremost.

### COOKING BY STEAM.

Nearly all mixtures capable of being boiled can be steamed, but they will take nearly as long again to cook. Steaming, though a much slower method than boiling, renders food lighter, and therefore more digestible. If a steamer is used, all that is needed is to fill the lower division with water, place the perforated upper vessel over this, and, when the water beneath boils, put the pudding in the upper part, fixing on the lid tightly. If there is no steamer use an ordinary saucepan large enough to easily hold the basin. Have in the saucepan enough boiling water to come just half way up the basin, which, in this case, stands right in the water. A sensible suggestion is to tie some string round the basin so that it forms two long loops on either side, thus providing handles with which to raise the basin. They should be caught up by the lid to keep them out of the boiling water.—New York Journal.

### DON'T FORGET THE KITCHEN.

Hang at least one picture in your kitchen in such a place that it will meet your eye a score of times daily. Let it be a landscape or a figure, or a picture "that tells a story," only be sure that it is not a scene that reproduces something of the daily routine. If practicable, change the picture for another once a week or month. Good prints of the best pictures can be had. Take a look at the picture often, seeing what it means, or, rather, realizing each time what it says to you personally.

This will break up the monotony which is the deadliest thing about housework and some other occupations, and will help to prevent the formation of the "fixed idea," which is the seed of most mental and emotional troubles. Just try this for a month. You will find this suggestion one to be thankful for—always bearing in mind that "the point of the idea lies in the application of it."

### TO CLEAN RUGS AND CARPETS.

Perhaps no task is more difficult for the average housekeeper than caring for floor coverings. Since the germ theory is an acknowledged part of every day education, a floor covered with a soiled carpet is regarded as very unsanitary.

A rug carpet much used needs cleaning every week; a carpet that is only slightly soiled can be cleaned and freshened by just sweeping thoroughly, then going over it with a cloth wrung frequently out of clean water, to which has been added a little ammonia. Go over the carpet width by width with this water, then dry quickly with soft absorbent cloths in order that the moisture may not penetrate.

One economical housekeeper cleaned a soiled and dusty ingrain making it look like new. She ripped it apart, then swept each width thoroughly, hung them over the line, beating them with limber switch to remove the dust. The widths were later put in a good suds and run through a good washing machine, taking care, however, that all spots were removed before the carpet was wet.

A Brussels, sciled but not worn, was first swept and dusted, then tacked to a clean floor and scrubbed with a strong lather of ivory soap and warm soft water; a small portion was cleaned at a time with a soft brush, then rinsed with clean water and wiped dry with clean soft cloths.

This is the most satisfactory method of cleaning a soiled carpet or rug; if much spotted it is hard to remove them without leaving marks; the washing gets rid of the dust, and leaves the colors bright if the cleaning is carefully done. If one must economize, it is well to know how to add a few years to the life of a nice carpet or rug.—The Bee Hive.

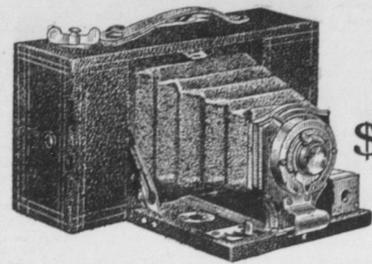
### RECIPES.

Shrimp Wiggle.—Half pint of cream or milk, one can shrimp, one can peas, two tablespoons flour, level, dessertspoon of butter, salt, pepper. Drain liquor from peas and shrimp and add to milk and boil. Cut shrimp in halves and let stand in cold water a few minutes. After milk boils thicken with the flour and let get boiling hot, then add shrimp and peas and butter and seasoning. Put crackers in dish and pour the mixture on them. Crackers are nice, but don't use at much salt, for the crackers are so salt. Serve hot.

Rolls Jelly Cake.—Three eggs beaten thoroughly, one cup sugar, one cup flour, three tablespoons cold water, one teaspoon cream tartar, one half teaspoon soda or one-half tea spoon baking powder. Bake in two long tins.

Apple Snow.—Core, quarter and steam three large sour apples; run through sieve, cool; whipped whites three eggs to very stiff froth with one-half cup powdered sugar; gradually add apple, and whip long time till white and stiff. Pile in dish, garnish with dots of currant jelly.

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### HAD THE STUDENT'S LOST CAP.

Young Lady Hastily Departed, After Making Restitution.

She was apparently from Barnard. Flushed and pretty, her jaunty jacket and voluminous plaited skirt flapping madly in the breeze, she rounded the corner of One Hundred and Twentieth street and Broadway just as a Columbia student issued from the big gate, head down, toward her. In a trice the tiny cap which covered a dozen hairs in the region of his gray matter was swept into space. When he looked up it had disappeared. His eye searched the horizon. Nothing but a maiden's petticoats describing aerial circles met his gaze.

"Say, mister," cried a shrill voice from the corner, "want yer cap? Why don't you ask her to hoist it?" indicating the swirling skirts with a comprehensive gesture.

A little shriek, a little shake, and down came the cap from the concealing draperies.

"I beg a thousand pardons," began the youth. But the girl was racing through One Hundred and Twentieth street as though the furies were after her.—New York World.

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