

Try.
There's a victory yonder awaiting the chap
Who greets with a laugh every down-
ing mishap.
Who loses the game with a glint in
his eye,
Who fights as he loses and dies full
of try.

Who tackles the ladder with vim and
with bounce,
And laughs when he lands at the foot
with a jounce;
Who tightens his belt and with never
a sigh
Keeps falling and falling with heart
full of try.

He isn't defeated who dies in the
fight,
If he had but lived he'd have finished
all right.
It was fate stilled his laugh, and en-
deavor put by,
While his jaw was firm set and his
heart full of try.

And I know that up yonder when he
has cashed in
The loser will head many fellows
who win;
For we're judged when we win to our
homes in the sky
Not by our success, but the strength
of our try.

—Houston Post.

A LETTER FROM HOME

"Don't write to my mother. She's had so much trouble already. Don't write to her. I shall be better soon."

This had been her cry from the very first hour of her illness. But two weeks had gone by, and, although the best medical advice had been called in, there was no perceptible improvement in her condition. Mrs. Dalrymple began to grow uneasy. She way-laid the family physician, one morning, as he came downstairs.

"I want you to tell me about Miss Ballard, doctor," she said. "Do you find her any better, this morning?"

The physician shook his head.

"I see no improvement, alas!" he said. "Her case seems beyond the reach of medical skill."

"Why, doctor, you alarm me," cried the lady. "I had no idea it was as bad as that. Poor dear little girl."

Major Lennox, Mrs. Dalrymple's brother, was sitting in the hall, engaged in the arrangement of some fishing-tackle; but he dropped his hooks and lines and listened with intense interest, while the conversation went on.

"Surely, doctor," continued the lady, "you don't think there's danger?"

"It is hard to tell Mrs. Dalrymple. But I don't like these low fevers, that stand at one point so long, as this does. Tell me something about the young person."

"Come in here and sit down, doctor, and I'll tell you everything. She's been with us just two months; 'Charlie's governess,' we call her," nodding toward her brother. "I'll tell you why. I advertised for a nursery-governess, and, immediately after, was called away to the wedding of a friend. On my return to my great surprise I found Flossie and Ted settled down at their books, and Miss Ballard acting as governess. Charlie had engaged her without waiting to consult me. He couldn't help it, he said, she looked so young and friendless; and he was in a terrible hurry for fear she might not suit us. But she did. We found her a perfect treasure—the sweetest, most obliging little soul; and the children just adore her."

"Yes, yes; I dare say," interrupted the doctor, the least bit impatiently. "But about the girl herself? Has she had any trouble?"

"She is very reticent, poor thing. But Mr. Dalrymple knows something about her."

"Ah?" said the doctor, interrogatively.

"Yes. Her father was sent out to Canton, sometime ago, by the firm of Briggs and Bonifant, and perished on his homeward voyage, when the steamer Halifax was burned. His family was left unprovided for, and the daughter was forced to do what she could."

"Yes," said the physician. "I understand now. She's homesick, poor thing. You should have sent for her mother a week ago."

"I wanted to, doctor. But don't write to mother; I shall be better soon, has been her cry from the first."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to write, in spite of her."

"I'll write this very day, if you think best," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

The physician went his way, and the kindhearted lady, greatly distressed at what she had heard, went in search of her husband, to ask his advice.

In the meantime, in her hushed and darkened chamber, the young governess lay, her slender hands clasped, her eyes closed, her pretty golden hair falling about her pale face. Her past life all seemed to come back to her, that her father was on his way home; the happy day when the news came he had already sailed, and would soon be with them once more. Her mother's grateful joy; little Janey's delight; and her own happiness. The glad, busy days of preparation, when their beautiful home was made ready to receive and welcome their loved

one; the joyful hope and expectation; and then, in the very midst of their sunshine and happiness, that awful, awful news. The Halifax had been burned at sea, and all on board had perished!

Everything had seemed like night after that. There had been no more brightness or sunshine; no more hope, no gladness, no comfort. A mortgage had swept away their beautiful home; and her mother, left poor and broken-hearted, had gone, with little Janie and herself, to live in two comfortable rooms; and even then they had found it impossible to make both ends meet. Such work as they could do was scarce, and paid for but poorly; and, through the dreary stormy nights, the widow and her children—accustomed, in days gone by, to affluence and even luxury—were insufficiently clad, and even scantily fed.

Rosalie could not stand this. So, when the spring opened, she went out as nursery-governess, leaving her mother and little Janie alone in their comfortable lodgings.

"I'll earn enough, mamma dear, to put us a little ahead, and then I'll come back to you," she had said, at parting.

But, before her first quarter was over, she had fallen ill.

The days and nights were very tedious, as she lay there in that darkened room; and her head and heart both ached with a cruel, ceaseless pain. Oh, for a sight of her mother's dear, loving face—for just one touch of her tender hand!

The poor girl's very soul went out in weary longing. But she would not yield.

"No, no; they shall not write to her," she said. "Dear mother has trouble enough. I shall be better soon."

She knew, poor child, that her mother's resources all told were not sufficient to pay the expenses of the journey yet she was too proud to tell her employers so.

"I shall be better soon," she had said, from day to day.

But this last morning found her weaker than ever, and the pain in both heart and head so cruel.

"What if I should die, and never see mamma and Janie again?" she thought.

The mere suggestion brought the tears to her eyes, in a hot, blinding rush. But there was a tap at the door, and she winked them away.

The housemaid entered with a letter.

"Please, miss, a letter," she said.

"Oh, a letter from home!" cried the invalid, recognizing the handwriting of the address.

She put forth her weak, trembling hand, as she spoke, and took the precious missive. She pressed it to her lips. If she could not have mother herself, this was the next best thing. She tore open the envelope with quivering fingers.

"Oh, Rosalie," the letter began "how shall I tell you, darling? God has been good to us, my dear. He has changed the night of our sorrow into the morning of gladness and rejoicing."

The letter fluttered from Rosalie's trembling hand. She could read no more.

"Oh, thank Heaven," she cried, "my father lives! My father lives!"

With the cry on her lips, she fainted away; and, when Mrs. Dalrymple came running up, followed by her anxious brother, the letter was on the carpet, and the nursery-governess lay white and still, as if dead.

"A letter from home, madam," began the housemaid.

"And it has killed her," cried the lady.

But she was wrong. It was the letter from home, and the blessed news it brought, that saved Rosalie's life.

In a little while she recovered consciousness, to find that it was not all a dream, but a blessed reality. Her father had escaped from the burning steamer, and was safe at home with her mother. More than that. He was possessed of means sufficient to buy back their beautiful home.

"What's up?" demanded the doctor, when he entered his patient's room the next morning. "You look like another person."

"I'm happy, doctor; that's all," answered Rosalie, simply.

"And happiness is better than medicine, my dear," he replied. "You'll be on your feet in a week."

And so she was. At the end of the next week, Mr. Ballard came for her, and she went home, leaving Flossie and Ted inconsolable.

Major Lennox, in the meantime, had been called to join his command, while his governess was yet in the early stages of convalescence. The hardest trial of his life, perhaps, was being obliged to leave her without bidding her goodbye. There was no help for it, however.

He put a little cluster of sweet white violets and purple heliotrope in his sister's hand, and said:

"Give these to my little governess, and say good-bye for me."

He had been ordered on frontier service and two years elapsed before he returned. But he had not been under his sister's roof an hour, before he asked concerning his governess.

"Oh, yes, indeed; we hear from her every now and then," answered Mrs. Dalrymple, brightly. "She came down to see the children once. But there's no need of her being a nursery-governess now, you know. Mr. Ballard is a partner with Briggs and Bonifant, and bids fair to become a millionaire."

"Where do they live?" inquired the impatient soldier.

"Oh, they've got their old home

back; a lovely place, down at White Plains."

The very next morning, bright and early, down to White Plains went Major Lennox.

"I'm afraid you have quite forgotten me, Miss Ballard," he began, when Rosalie entered the handsome parlor, where he sat waiting.

"Oh, no, indeed I haven't," she cried, her eyes brightening and a lovely color blooming in her cheeks. "My friends were not so numerous, in my adversity, that I should forget a single one."

The major took her hand.

"I'm a plain man, as all soldiers are," he said. "Let me tell you at once, Miss Ballard, that I fell in love with you the first time we ever met. But I was suddenly called away. I know, of course, that you care nothing for me now. But—but do you think you can learn? Knowing that I have loved you more and more every day and hour since we parted, don't you think you can, in time, give me something in return?"

He stood, the brave soldier, trembling before her. She looked up at him, her eyes brimming.

"You befriended me when I came to you in my trouble," she said, softly. "I have never forgotten that; and—"

Her voice broke and faltered. She took from her bosom a little perturbed silk sachet.

"Do you remember these?" she said, opening it and exhibiting a cluster of pressed flowers; white violets and purple heliotrope.

For a moment he was puzzled. Then his eyes suddenly lit up.

"Can they be my poor flowers?" he cried.

"I have kept them ever since that morning," she replied.

The next day, Mrs. Dalrymple, entering the nursery said:

"Flossie, Ted; come here my darlings. You never could guess what I have to tell you. It is such wonderful news! Listen now, my dears. Uncle Charlie is going to marry his governess, and make her your aunt. What do you think of that?"—Good Literature.

THE LOST CHORDS.

And "Sound of a Great Amen" From the Organ Loft.

The congregation of Ballynagh Methodist Church, near Belfast, was treated to something beyond the ordinary round of devotional exercises on Sunday.

Lately the relations between the organist and the members of the church had become strained owing to the introduction of innovations into the service (the singing of the "Seven-Fold Amen" among others), which was strongly objected to.

During last week the organist was politely informed that he must either discontinue his "revolutionary" methods or make room for a successor. This ultimatum was, it is said, treated with quiet contempt. Those in authority thereupon resolved upon drastic measures. On Sunday last, when the musician presented himself at the church, he found every door closed and the worshippers assembled in knots outside.

He persuaded the sexton to allow him to enter the church, and at once proceeded to his place in the organ loft, only to find that a new lock had been fitted to the organ and the hydraulic pressure cut off.

At this moment the minister arrived, accompanied by the remainder of his flock, among whom was the new organist. After a brief consultation an old pedal organ was wheeled out in front of the pulpit, the choir formed up around it, and the service was commenced.

Meanwhile the solitary figure in the organ loft remained in his seat. At the close of the first hymn, it is stated, he gave vent to a more than usually vigorous "Amen," in which he was joined by a number of the congregation. This called forth strong deprecatory observations from the clergyman, and at the close of the second hymn the lonely figure aloft was permitted to sing a solitary "Amen." Four hymns in all were sung, and at the end of each "the sound of a great Amen" issued from the organ loft.

At the evening service, long before the usual hour, the new organist had taken his seat at the Carnegie organ, and when his predecessor arrived on the scene he found his successor actively manipulating the keys. The deposed musician attempted to make his way to his old place, but was prevented and ultimately took a seat in the body of the church.—London Daily News.

A Sudden Change.

Two commercial travelers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries.

The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit, and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American. "My two friends, Johnson and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inches of snow on the ground. The argument got heated, and Johnson picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of that snowball, believe me or not, as you like, the weather changed and became hot and summerlike, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was—scalded with hot water!"



USE FOR A LEAKY HOT-WATER BOTTLE.

In a recent case of severe sickness where the hot water bottle was in constant demand, it received by accident a puncture as large as a silver dollar, rendering it entirely useless for holding water again. As nothing excels hot salt for applying heat to parts of the body where needed to allay pain—a piece of new ticking was securely stitched over the hole of the bag, salt heated, the bag filled through a funnel—the screw top adjusted and lo we were better off than ever; for salt if made as hot as can possibly bear it, retains its heat much longer than water and there is no fear of the patient being scalded by the bursting of the bag where hot water is used as we often hear of. Only enough salt should be used to make the bag comfortable in weight.—Mrs. Emma Durfee.

KEEPING MEATS FRESH IN SUMMER.

In answer to our call for methods of keeping small quantities of meat fresh in summer, L. S. sends the following: This recipe is for about one hundred and twenty-five pounds of beef, which, treated in this manner, and closely packed, will keep for two or three months. Six gallons of water; three pounds of salt; one and one-half pounds of brown sugar; three ounces of common cooking soda, and three ounces of saltpeter. Boil these all together, skim thoroughly, and when clear, set away to cool. Cut your meat into pieces suitable for cooking, removing all bone that can be readily cut out. Pack the meat closely in a clean barrel or suitable vessel, and keep the bony pieces to themselves, cooking them first. When the brine is cold, pour it over the meat and at all times keep the meat so weighted that it will be under the brine. Rock salt is best for use. For pork, five pounds of salt should be used in making the brine.—The Com-
moner.

TO CLEAN LINOLEUM.

A correspondent makes the request that directions for cleaning linoleum be repeated in this column. An authority on the subject says: "It stands to reason that soap is going to injure the varnish and finish. On a farm where there is plenty of milk, a cloth wrung out of skim milk is the best means of taking up the dust and brightening the linoleum. Where milk is scarce, use lukewarm water to which has been added half a cupful of kerosene oil or some good furniture polish. Wring the cloth rather dry from this and go over the linoleum after sweeping. An ordinary broom should not be used upon linoleum any more than upon a hardwood floor, because it is too harsh, and in time produces unsightly scratches. Have a soft, long-handled brush, which takes the dust from a polished surface much better than a broom, and does not scratch or mar the surface; then finish with a clean cloth wrung out of the oil and water. Most housekeepers and nearly all servants scrub oilcloth and linoleum as though they were a bare floor. They are dusty rather than dirty, since everything remains on the top."—New York Post.

RECIPES.

Mush Bread.—Heat one pint of milk in a double boiler and stir in slowly half a pint of white cornmeal. Boil until it becomes a mush that can be poured from the spoon. Remove from the fire and add one saltspoonful of salt. Drop in the yolks of four eggs, one at a time. Beat the white to a stiff froth and add to the other ingredients. Bake for half an hour. This should be served in bowls and eaten as a breakfast food with a fork.

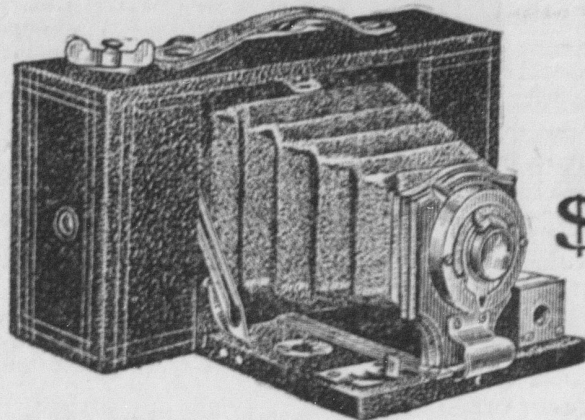
Danish Dumplings.—One cupful of grated bread, one of suet, one of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, three eggs, a cupful of milk and a teaspoonful of salt. Sift the powder and flour together add the beaten eggs, breadcrumbs, the sugar, suet and milk, and form into a smooth batter. Drop this by spoonfuls into boiling milk, and when cooked pour over them the remaining milk.

Columbia Cream Cakes.—Beat together two eggs, one cupful of granulated sugar; one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of milk; add one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, season with vanilla and pour the mixture into a long shallow pan and bake. When done, and while still hot, split through the center and spread one piece with jelly, a thick layer, lay the other over it and cover the top with a stiff whipped cream.

Starlight Cake.—Beat the whites of three eggs with one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, in which is dissolved one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar well sifted in, and two-thirds of a cupful of butter. Beat the mixture for fifteen minutes, then pour into layer pans. When baked, fill the layers with whipped cream, covering the top one with an extra thick coating, and drop spoonfuls of orange jelly here and there over it.

Denmark, with a population of only 2,500,000, sells \$40,000,000 worth of butter a year, and half that amount of bacon and hams.

No. 2 Folding Brownie



Price,
\$5.00

A wonderfully capable and accurate camera built on the Kodak plan. Good enough to satisfy experienced photographers, yet so simple that children can use it.

PICTURES 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches.
Loads in daylight with film Cartridges.

Fitted with meniscus lens, and shutter with iris diaphragm stops.

Full description in Kodak Catalog FREE at any photographic dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 125 F St., Washington, D. C.

SHOES For Everybody

The old and the young. For Ladies and Gentlemen and the Babies.

The Radcliffe
The Douglas
The Tourine

Are on our shelves for your inspection.

Also fleece lined for Ladies from \$1.00 to \$2.00
The best makes of Rubber Boots and Shoes.

Come to see us. We are always glad to meet our old as well as new customers.

O. A. KRAPE
SPRING MILLS, PA.



The siren of Neapolitan folk lore is a crowned woman in a flowing robe who rides a seahorse which has two feet and a fish's tail. On an old vase in the Naples museum she appears thus, riding above the rushing waters of the River of Death, having been sent to Hades by Neptune in search of Proserpine.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to...)
(GRANT HOOVER)

Control Sixteen of the
Largest Fire and Life
Insurance Companies
in the World.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Mutual Assessments

Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage

Office in Crider's Stone Building
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

LARGEST INSURANCE Agency

IN CENTRE COUNTY

H. E. FENLON
Agent

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Largest and Best
Accident Ins. Companies
Bonds of Every Description.
Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

THE LESTER PIANO is a strictly high grade instrument, endorsed by the New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.; Broad Street Conservatory, Philadelphia, as being unsurpassed for tone, touch and finish.

... THE LAWRENCE ...
7-OCTAVE ORGAN
is the only organ with the Saxophone combination and correctly imitates orchestral instruments. TERMS to suit the buyer. Ask for catalogues and prices.

C. E. ZEIGLER
SPRING MILLS.

ADVERTISING PAYS.