

**The Two Singers.**  
A singer sang a song of tears,  
And the great world heard and wept,  
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years  
And the hopes which the dead past kept;  
And souls in anguish their burden bore,  
And the world was sadder than ever fore.

A singer sang a song of cheer,  
And the great world listened and smiled,  
For he sang of the love of a Father dear,  
And the trust of a little child;  
And souls that before had forgotten to pray  
Looked up and went singing along their way.

### Margery's Little Romance.

Miss Margery stood on the veranda in the shadow of the luxuriant clematis vines, and watched the man and woman in the garden among the roses, with a sorrowful little shadow on her face. It was a sweet, pleasant face, despite the shadow on it, and the few silver threads that five-and-thirty years had left among the brown tresses on her forehead; a grave, kind face, with a soul looking out of the brown eyes, and making you feel at once that Margery Marsh was a woman to be trusted, and one who was able to stand alone with her pure, womanly dignity. But it is a sad thing to see any woman or man for that matter—standing alone in the world. God never meant it to be so.

The man she saw helping Elsie Darryl to tie up her rose bushes was John Cramer. She had known him years ago, when they were children, in fact, and she had never forgotten him, though years of separation had come and gone, and both of them were growing old. She had loved him then, and her heart was not one of those which changes easily and forgets the absent face. She had thought that she loved her. Indeed she was sure that he had, for with Joan Cramer, softly whispered words meant something.

He was not the man to use words lightly. But an uncle of his in England had died suddenly, and he was sent for to take charge of his affairs, and the years had come and gone, fifteen of them, she told herself, as she thought it all over, and the man she had loved was lost to her.

Well, it were better to have a sad yet sweet little memory of pleasant vanished days than a life full of discord and regret for hasty action. Now she was sure that he had ceased to care for her in the old way, and if he had cared for her as she wanted the man she married to care for her, he could not have forgotten so easily. He never could have forgotten. And since he could forget, it were better that everything between them had ended as it did.

But her woman's heart would feel its loneliness sometimes in spite of her, and yearn for something to lean on, and some one heart dearer and nearer than any other heart could be, to confide in. And this morning, as she saw the man she had loved walking and talking with Elsie Darryl, her heart cried out longingly for that which seemed beyond its reach.

It is a bitter, tantalizing thing to see the happiness we covet most coming unasked to brighter lives that have no need of it seemingly—lives so full of completeness before that they cannot properly appreciate the greatest of all boons, love—while we wait outside the charmed land, and stretch eager hands, imploring entrance where that must be which we have looked and longed for, but have not found. It must be somewhere for all of us. If we could only find it!

When John Cramer came back from Europe a thrill of the old love woke in Margery's heart, like an echo of music that has almost died away in a mountain glen, but which something suddenly sets ringing again. The man whom she had loved so long ago, the man whom she had thought her lover once, was near her. The thought was sweet, and at the same time bitter. Her lover once, but her lover no longer. She had thought, in a vague, dreamy way, when she heard that he was coming back, unmarred, that possibly, after these years of absence, his heart yearned for the woman he had left behind him. But when he came, and the first quiet greeting was over, she was quite sure that he had long ago ceased to love her, and she had kept herself in shy seclusion. He came often, but she fancied that it was Elsie Darryl's pretty face which attracted him; and thinking this, with a nameless pain at her heart, she tried to avoid him, and forget her foolish dream of what might not be.

He looked up, as they stood among the roses, and saw Margery standing on the veranda. A bright smile made his bronzed and bearded face look very much like the face of the Joan Cramer she had known years ago, and he came up the path, and said, as he ran up the steps and held out his hand in the old, frank way:

"You have grown to be a little gray nun, Margery. I hardly see you at all. I am half inclined to think you hide away when I am here. You are not afraid of me, I hope?"

"Oh, no," she answered, quietly,

though the touch of his fingers sent a strange, swift thrill of fire in her veins. "I am never afraid of an old friend."

"An old friend!" he repeated, softly, with his eyes upon her face. "Have you ever thought that that might be a sorrowful word to listen to?"

"Friendship is never a sorrowful word," she answered, her eyes faltering a little under his earnest gaze.

"It might be if we cared for something more than friendship," he said, and there was something in his tone which made her lift her eyes in a sudden, questioning way to his face.

There was a strange, grave tenderness in his eyes that she had seen there long ago.

Just then Elsie came up the path with her hands full of roses.

"See these white roses, Aunt Margery," she cried; "your favorites, you know. You must let me put some in your hair. They will make her look like a bride, won't they, Mr. Cramer?"

"Perhaps," he answered, with his eyes on the blue line of the hills.

"No, I don't want any in my hair," Margery said, and she would not have them there. She took one, and let it lay against her eyes while she closed them and thought of many things.

Presently John woke from his reverie and came back to earthly things.

"I believe I promised you a row this morning, Elsie," he said, turning to the girl, as she stood braiding the roses into a chain. "I am ready to fulfill my promise if you are."

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said, and ran away for her hat.

"Somehow I can't make it seem that fifteen years have been added to our lives since we used to go drifting down the river together," he said, coming to Margery's side. "Are we always to go drifting down through life alone, Margery?"

She lifted her eyes that were almost frightened ones for a moment. Was he trying to wring her heart? He was cruel, cruel.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered, in a tone that was full of the weariness she could not conceal. "And it is better so, perhaps."

"You don't mean that," he said, bending to pick up the rose she had let fall. "Drifting alone is a dreary, dreary thing."

"Do you think so?" she said, with an effort to appear at ease. "Perhaps there is some one somewhere in the world who would drift with you, if you could find her."

"Do you know where she is?" he asked, bending down till she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as they heard Elsie's step upon the stairs.

"Who is she, Margery?"

"How should I know?" she answered, with a forced gaiety. "You must seek her, if you would find her. If I knew, though, I would tell you."

He looked at her in a puzzled way. He could not understand her. A moment ago he would have sworn that she loved him. Now her face was like a mask, and apparently she was thinking as little of him as of the Sphinx.

"I am ready," Elsie said, and then he turned and joined her on the steps. And Margery watched them with a weary pain in her eyes. She believed he loved this girl.

The sun was shining on the river as if the clouds were sifting gold dust over each ripple, as Margery sat down upon the bank and began to read. It had been a lonesome day for her.

Elsie had come home with a headache, and everybody else had gone away. She had tried to read indoors, but the afternoon languor prompted her to take her book and seek some spot where there was less of a lotus-spell on everything. She opened her book at a little poem of Philip Marston's called, "Ungathered Love." It was a quaint, sweet little thing—sad as winds in autumn time, and in perfect accord with her thoughts. As she read, the tears crept into her eyes, and when she had finished it the river and the world beyond it was hidden in a mist.

The splash of oars roused her, and she saw John Cramer drifting down the river at her feet.

"You here, Margery?" he cried. "And crying? What are you reading that has touched you so?"

He gave his boat a turn and shot it in among the lilies by the bank before she really knew what he was doing, and was standing by her with her book in his hand, and read softly one little verse of the poem:

"When the autumn winds go wailing  
Through branches yellow and brown,  
When the gray, sad light is falling,  
And the day is going down,  
I hear the desolate evening sing  
Of a love that bloomed in the early spring,  
And which no heart had for gathering."

"Margery," he cried, suddenly, "is there any love for me in your heart that I have for the gathering? I am tired of drifting alone. Will you drift with me down the river?"

"Do you mean it, John?" she cried, with a glad, eager light in her eyes.

"Are you sure, you want me?"

"I want you," he said, simply, and he knew by the look in her face that he could gather love in her tender and faithful heart, and he bent and caught her in his arms and kissed her.

And they went drifting down the river in the waning day, and touched the happy shores of the enchanted land.—New York Weekly.

The emigration from Italy is in the proportion of fourteen to every 1,000 inhabitants a year.

### THE WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.

Its Relation to Intellect—Connection Between the Brain Cells.

Other factors besides brain weight are known to influence intelligence. It has long been known that the distinguishing character of the human brain is the large number of connecting fibres, by which its cells are coordinated. In no other species are they so numerous or complicated. The cells constitute but a very small part of the weight. There is now considerable evidence that the same rule applies among individual men, and that those of great intelligence have more connections, so that their cells can do more and better "team work."

Some investigations have shown the corpus callosum to have a large cross section in men who had shown great ability. It is also known that the brains of able men are likely to present more convolutions and deeper ones than the average, as though there were more brain cells as well as more connections. A few observations in the lower races point to the fact that their brains are essentially different in microscopic organization. All these facts will fully explain why men of intelligence in the higher races may have brains not notably heavy, but they do not disprove the general statement that as a class such men do possess brains heavier than the average.

The mistake arises from the failure to recognize that noted men who have shown intellectual power not infrequently were sharply limited to one or two directions, being very defective in other directions. Blind Tom was an idiot, in fact—an extreme case of what is quite common. At the other extreme was Gambetta, who was not much more than an orator, whose cerebral speech centres were found to be highly developed. The rest of his brain was small and his general intellectual power and judgments were decidedly defective. Ability in one or two lines may make a man famous, while he is really very defective and his brain proves to be small.

Heavy brains are not necessarily intellectual ones, or elephants would be in the class of geniuses. The material might also be pathologic and the possessor an imbecile. It often happens that men of big brain and great ability suffer from early neglect and are found in lowly employments or may remain ignorant through life. These few facts do not prove that large brains are worthless and not indicative of mental power as a rule. We cannot get away from the fact that man as an animal is supreme because of his large brain; that among races the brainiest are the highest, and that in any one race the most intelligent, as a rule, are those who have the most brains.

Men of small brains are not the leaders, and no statistics of the brain weights of a few exceptional men noted for limited abilities, can reverse the rule. Universities do not create brains, but merely train what exists, so that the owners are better fitted for the battle of life. Many a man is sent to college who should be handling a pick and shovel, and he never amounts to much, even though he subsequently makes his living at some very limited specialty.—American Medicine.

### To Extend Your Life.

According to the theories propounded recently by Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald of the University of Leipzig, in his lecture before the students of Columbia University, the length of human life depends upon the store of psychic energy which is within the body. The prolongation of life at pleasure, according to his theory, should be merely a question of revitalizing the body occasionally with this mysterious force, which travels through the nervous system, and which experiment has shown to be closely akin to electricity.

Dr. Ostwald said in part: Thinking is the most exhaustive kind of work, because it consumes more of this force than any physical process. It has often been found, upon stopping the process of thought, that this energy is transformed into heat in the body, and at the same time there is less need of reinforcement of the supply of energy. When I am engaged in severe mental labor, as I have been since coming to America, I eat twice as much as I do when I am not so engaged. This only shows that the brain is constantly using up a supply of the energy, and to keep up brain work we must keep supplying the energy from the outside.

Most of this energy comes in through food which we eat, but every sense impression, such as seeing, hearing or feeling, conveys a certain amount of force into the body. When the body once receives the energy, it acts just like any other machine in its transferences. The question of long life then is simply a question of keeping up the supply. As long as the vital organs are able to assimilate properly, thus providing the body with the force that is used up in mental and physical processes, a person should remain young.

The quantity of frozen meat exported from Argentina last year was 3,325,124 carcasses of sheep and lambs, and 1,322,757 quarters of beef.

The only time a man never turns to look at a pretty woman on the street, note the Baltimore Herald, is when he is on his way to his own funeral.

San Francisco is one of the few large cities of America which have no debt.



### WALL COVERINGS.

For libraries is offered a pattern termed the "Eglamour." This has a colonnade of veined marble, behind which is seen a grove of trees outlined against the sky and divided by paths.

One decorator's rule is that where furniture is dark the wallpaper should be strong and deep in color, and a bold figure is better here than in other rooms.

A pretty lace effect crown, printed in white on a pale blue chambray effect paper, is one of the daintiest of spring offerings for a bedroom or young girl's room.

Glaser is an imported substitute for stained glass. Irish scenic designs, Ross Castle, Killarney, Blarney Castle, Innisfallen, etc., are among the designs most prominently displayed.

Silk fibres are among the most desirable plain wall coverings. These come in most delightful colorings, and, besides having an attractive, plain surface, the suggestion of silk, that is one of the features of the weave, is very pretty.—Philadelphia Record.

### RULES FOR STAINING.

In staining woodwork there are a few rules to be kept in mind. If the wood is open grain, a filler is needed. First, though, apply one coat of stain, following up with the filler and if in the case of the color desired being very dark the filler must also be stained. Follow with two light coats of the floor finish. If there are any spots or roughness, first smooth off before applying the stain. Sandpaper will generally accomplish this. If a floor is soiled, use clear water alone, but if this is found not to be sufficient use about a gill of household ammonia to a pail of water. Wash rapidly and rub the floor dry. Wash again with clear water to remove all trace of the ammonia. A pint of alcohol to a pail of water is even better than the ammonia, though more expensive. If woods are close grain do not use filler. Open grain woods that should be filled are oak, ash, mahogany, baywood, chestnut, black walnut, rosewood and butternut. Close grain woods upon which a filler should never be used are white pine, white wood, Southern pine, red cedar, basswood, birch, cherry, maple, holly and magnolia.

In the case of Georgia pine that has been previously painted or shellacked there is a varnish remover that comes which will remove varnish, shellac, paint or wax from floors, but this, of course, also removes the filler, so that the wood will have to be filled again.—New York Telegram.

### SAUCES FOR FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

Caper sauce for boiled lamb is made by adding to one pint of milk a tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons flour, salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne. Bring to a boil and add one tablespoonful of chopped capers.

For egg sauce take yolks of two hard boiled eggs. Mash them with a tablespoonful of mustard, pepper and salt, three tablespoons vinegar and three of salad oil. To be used with boiled fish.

In making brown sauce for poultry peel two onions, slice and fry brown in a little butter; then sprinkle in a little flour, pepper, salt and sage. Add half a pint of the broth in which the fowl has boiled.

When grated cucumber is served as a sauce with fried fish and cucumbers are pared, grated and drained. To the pulp of four cucumbers add one-half teaspoon salt, a teaspoon of onion juice, a tablespoon of olive oil and a dash of cayenne pepper.

When cooking beef tongue save the liquor in which it is boiled to make a sauce. Strain one cupful, set over the fire and stir in two tablespoons of butter, pepper to taste, the juice of a lemon, and, when this has thickened, two small pickled cucumbers, chopped fine.

Oyster sauce is made with the liquid from a pint of oysters, to which is added pepper and salt and two sticks of mace. Place on the stove and when it boils stir in two teaspoons flour mixed smooth with milk. Boil several minutes longer, then add half a pint of oysters and a piece of butter. Let the oysters scald thoroughly.

A delicious sauce for veal roll or meat croquettes is made of mush rooms. Brown one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one teaspoon flour, mix until smooth and add enough water to make a thin gravy; add fresh mushrooms and cook for fifteen minutes. Or, if canned mush rooms are used, do not make the sauce so thin, as the mushrooms do not have to be cooked, but only heated through.

For baked fish or croquettes make a tomato sauce. Strain enough tomatoes to make one pint of juice and put it on to boil. Into a tablespoonful of flour rub one teaspoon of butter, pour the boiling tomato juice on it, and allow it to cook thoroughly. Season with cayenne pepper and salt.

A highly seasoned sauce for meats is made as follows: One tablespoon of melted butter, one onion and one carrot chopped fine. Cook together for five minutes. Add one tablespoonful of flour, one glassful of vinegar, one glassful of stock, some thyme and laurel, salt and pepper and cook slowly for half an hour. Rub through a sieve and add a little cayenne pepper.

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