The New Samaritan.

He fall by de wayside-Ho lay dar, deef en dumb; De Samaritan cross over, En holler out, "How come?"

At dat, he sorter wake up, En shake his'se'f, en say: "I thought I knowed de road, suh, But I trip up on de way!

"I stumble in de darkness-I flounder all erbout; I didn't have no kerosene, En so, de light gone out!"

En now, what does you reckon Dat Samaritan, he say?-"I 'stonish fer ter fin' you In so deep a ditch to-day!

"You knowed de road wuz long, sur, En de night wuz comin' on, En nobody gwine ter 'scuse you Kaze de kerosene wuz gone!

"So, dar ain't no use ter holler-Kaze none'll hear you call: It's a fool that walks a dark road, En don't pick his place ter fall!" -F. L. Stanton in The Atlantic Constitution

Q0000000000000000000000000000 THE GORING **SYMPHONY**

The man looked up from the desk and held his busy pen idly in his hands for some moments. Before him was a large sheet of manuscript music, the ink still wet at the place where he had left off.

He was listening now, not writing, From a room adjoining his the strains of a violin could be heard, the notes sounding in a plaintive air which penetrated through the wall. But after a few minutes the music ceased, and taking up the pen once more the man proceeded slowly to place certain notes upon the page in

front of him. It was laborious work, yet it was plainly a task that entirely absorbed him, until everything around him was completely shut out and forgotten. Presently with a sigh he put aside the pen and leaned back in his chair, glancing with a keenly critical eye over the page he had been scor-

ing. The music written there was the music to which he had been listening -the music played by the unknown violinist who dwelt in the next house. And yet there was a marvelous difference between the airs-original work Goring had at once recognized it to be-which had sounded in the afternoon stillness and those same airs captured and held forever prisoners upon paper. The former had been little snatches of tunes, melodic ghosts, struck off the violin with

a careless touch. from the page before him were those never came forward to lay claim to same melodies, yet so finished were they and so cleverly elaborated that there was hardly any resemblance in them to their original.

Goring was a musician himself, dependent, indeed, upon his skill at the piano to earn his living in a musichall orchestra. But for the last two through foolish pride. He sent for weeks the latter building had been closed for structural alteration, and in consequence he had temporarily he still had strength he gathered been without employment until it should be reopened.

It was during this enforced holiday that his attention had first been attracted by this player of unpublished melodies.

The music was still sounding in his ears at this very moment as he walked through the crowded streets, and instead of paying proper attention to the direction his steps were taking, he was holding an imaginary discussion with an eminent conductor as to the way in which certain movements of the great work should be played when the sound of people's voices raised in a shout brought him to his senses.

But the warning came too late. He had a confused vision of heavily laden omnibuses and carts bearing down upon him, and, starting back in a vain endeavor to reach the pavement he had just quitted, he was caught by the shaft of a fleet hansom and knocked down, the frightened horse inflicting a severe kick upon his prostrate body.

He felt that he must have passed through centuries of time before he completely regained consciousness. His eyes, blinking once more at a world to which they had been so long indifferent, fell upon walls which they knew to be those of a hospital men, could have acted so dishonorward. He rapidly regained his ably." strength, and a week later was able his, a man who played in the same

orchestra as himself. "I've got glorious news for you," exclaimed Arthur Mills, his pleasant, good-humored face smiling down at the invalid. "You'll never guess what I've done for you, old chap. But I'd better tell you straight away. While you've been lying here, lost brain, I have been making your name, and opened the way for you to make your fortune as soon as you are well enough to work once more.

"Three weeks ago the symphony I found on your desk was played for | dead man could have had little share the first time at a Queen's Hall con- in a symphony based on his melodcert and hailed by a critical audi- jes alone, as heard upon a violin, and ence as a work of absolute genius." | not upon any written manuscript.

Good heavens! This symphony world under Goring's name was longer was unendurable. partly the work of another man! Gor- He lost no time, but almost at | who care for wild birds."-St. James's

-would publicly remove the laurels unworthy brow and hand them over ern upon the thresold .. to the man to whom by right they belonged.

Yet, even when he had fully recovered, Goring, although his character was not naturally a weak one, shirked the unpleasant task of stripping himself of those rewards which he had won from the world with a single composition, part of which was not his own.

He felt it to be a matter of common honesty to proclaim the truth, and yet he temporized, and finally decided that, as an initial step in this | land." direction, he would place an advertisement in the agony column of the daily papers, and thus endeavor to trace the mysterious composer. Such inquiries as he had so far made had been fruitless. But while the advertisement appeared regularly twice a week, no answer came to it, and as each day passed it became increasingly difficult for Goring to stand forward self-branded as a plagiarist. Six months had gone by, and the symphony had won its reputed com-

poser a wider fame. At a private concert one night the voice of Fate whispered in Goring's ears, when his hostess introduced him to a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, that here was the one woman whose coming into his life would change the whole world for him.

Chance threw them several times together during the following weeks, and the warmest friendship sprang up between himself and Alice Severn. And with his growing love for her the last scruple of his conscience died away. How could he acknowledge his false position, into which in the first instance he had been be-

trayed by Arthur Mills's officiousness, and stand to be derided, an object of mockery to the world, while the woman he loved was there to witness such a downfall? And one day he told her that he cared for her-begged her to be his

wife. He was a confident lover, for he believed that his cause would prove successful. But now he was bewildered by the expression on her delicate features-it was cold and

"I cannot marry you," she answered, slowly, yet with evident emo-

He stared at her dully. "I-I dared to think that-that you were not quiet indifferent to me," he said, the glad, conquering note fad-

ing from his voice. "Listen," she interrupted, quietly, "and I will explain why I can never be your wife. It was my own brother whose brain work you stole and introduced into your own symphony.

Now, need I say any more?" He started. It was the very last thing he had expected. He stood for some little time at a loss for words. But staring up at Edward Goring he said, at last; "to know why he

> his work." "My brother is dead," she replied, a little brokenly. Tears were in the deep brown eyes. "He quarreled with my father, and left home, living in some miserable fashion-denying himself the necessaries of life late. I found him dying. But while every remnant of it together, and played to me upon his violin the music that he had imagined would bring him fame and fortune."

There was silence between them for this woman, who had loved the genius that had died before the promise could not resist mentioning.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he asked. "Why did you let including a silver pin with fine spime get to love you first? Was-was raliform decoration. Terra cotta sta-

it revenge you sought?" She shook her head coldly. played until two days ago," she answered. "I had meant to do so many times, but something had always prevented it until them. I heard the melodies which the world thinks were had lifted yourself high in the public gaze, by-unworthy means. The melthe jewels in a Bond street shop benot believe it at first that you, of all

The musical world received a shock to receive a visitor, a close friend of the next day. In the morning papers the results enumerated above come was a letter from Edward Goring. In from the mere fraction of the temple it he explained, without any attempt precinct that has been opened. Unat self-justification, the whole facts til to-day archaeologic research has of the case, and stated that for the done little or nothing to add to our future the symphony which bore his name must be attributed to its real with Athens herself for the com-

composer-Hugh Severn. But instead of covering him with opprobrium, as he had anticipated, their general verdict upon it was expressed in a reply written by one of the most renowned among them, in which he conclusively proved that the

He resolved that he would leave which his friend had given to the England at once.. To stay here any

ing decided that when he was well once started to pack, and his task again he would put the matter right | was nearly finished when there came a timid knock at his sitting room which had been placed upon his own | door. Opening it, he found Alice Sev-

There was a strained silence between them for some moments, a silence which Alice at last broke.

"I wish to tell you that I was wrong the other night-hasty in my judgment, bitter in my speech," she said in a trembling voice. "I did not know the whole ircumstances then, and now that I do I want you to forgive me."

"I am glad you think that," he said with a sigh. "It will be a pleasant memory to carry with me out of Eng-

She looked up at him, and there was a wistful light in her eyes, cold now no longer, but shining with a look that made the blood throb with passionate beats through every pulsein Goring's body.

"Alice," he whispered, "need I go alone?" She rested in the arms held out to

"Not if you will take me with you," was her reply .- Douglas Alexander in Tit-Bits.

THE SPARTA EXCAVATIONS.

Finds of British Explorers on the Site of Athen's Great Rival.

The walls of the city have been traced for four-fifths of their extent, and are ascertained to be not Byzantine, but Roman in period. It seems likely that the adjacent enceinte was cleared of buildings in classical times for stategic purposes. The excavators think that the ancient city may have included the area between the low hill which served as an Aeropolis and the River Eurotas, in which case our notions of Spartan topography must be re-

The second point of interest has been the investigation of the theatre. hitherto the only identified site of the ancient city, where a life sized statue of Asklepios, with portions of reliefs probably belonging to the proscenium, have been found.

But the most important result obtained has been the identification, attested by inscriptions, of the site of the Temple of Artemis Orthia, which we know from Pausanias to have been the scene of the chastisement of the youths of Sparta, where enormous finds of votive offerings have been made. The scene of the discovery is a field on the right bank of the Eurotas, about half a mile to the south of the modern bridge. From time to time boys playing in the river bed had picked up figurines of lead. Similar figurines having been found some years ago in the excavations at the shrine of Menelaos on the opposite side of the priver, the British excavators suspected the existence of a second sanctuary and made a trial here on April 7. With-"I should like to hear everything," in a few hours it was clear that the site contained an immense deposit of votive offerings. During the past fortnight a few skilled workmen, working slowly with knives, have extracted many thousands of these pe-

culiar figurines. At least fifty variant types have been found representing divine and human figures, musicians, centaurs, sirens, fish, and other animal forms, me, his only sister, but not until too with inanimate objects, including altars, wreaths, vases, helmets, and mirrors. If the material and the modest scale of offerings seem to illustrate the traditional simplicity of Spartan usage, their number proves the importance and popularity of the cult. Nor are offerings of more costsome moments. Goring felt that to ly material wanting. The ivory carvings include two statuettes in the round, a lion, four figures of rams, of his gifts could be fulfilled, it would a helmeted head and a number of be almost a sacrilege to offer any disks, combs, and pins. In bronze defense for his own part in the there are statuettes of a horse and wretched business of the symphony. a dog, and large fragments of bowls Yet there was one thing which he and caldrons richly decorated in repousse work. Smaller objects of both gold and silver have been found. tuettes in great variety have come to light with large quantities of pot-"I had never heard your music tery. Apart from this deposit, upward of 100 inscriptions have been

found since the work began. Broadly speaking, the deposit described above consists of objects which may be assigned to the sixth born in your brain, and I knew then and fifth centuries before our era. that you had won your place in life. The pottery is largely of the "Orientalizing" types, and the presence of scarabs and other imported objects odies no more belonged to you than | confirms what has already been suspected, the presence of strong Orlenlong to the beggar who looks at tal influence in Laconian art of the them from the pavement. I-I could archaic period. The site is one of exceptional promise and more than justifies the selection of Sparta as the scene of the labors of the British school when it is remembered that knowledge of the State which vies manding place in Hellenic history; and it rests with us to see that the work thus happily inaugurated is the critics smiled at the letter, and adequately sustained. - London

> The Lady Canvasser. A lady canvasser in the Eye division asked a Framlingham laborer if he was in favor of protection, and ne replied by inquiring what it was, The question embarrassed the lady somewhat. "Well," she replied, a trifle abashed "I cannot go into precise details at the moment, but it is

> a subject of vital importance to all



WHAT THEY CALL IT. Grandma says we're right in style, A-sittin' in our automo-bile.

Grandpa says we're fit to kill, A-ridin' in cur automo-bil.

Ma, she says we ought to feel Grateful fer our automo-beel.

Pa says there ain't no other man Kin run an auto like he can.

Auntie preaches near and far 'Bout our lovely touring car.

Uncle Bill says he ain't seen

No where such a good machine. Brother Jim, he keeps a-braggin'

Bout the speed of our new wagon,

But, oh, it sounds so grand and noble When sister Sue says automoble.

NO WHISKERS. "How immaculate everything is kept around that soda fountain." "Yes, even the ice is freshly shaved every hour."-Louisville Courier-

PLENTY OF MATERIAL. "Why is that strange blond so popular with the college girls?" "Sh! She assists them to arrange

their 'cozy corners.' " "Ah, she has an artistic tempera ment?"

"No, but her father owns four junk shops."--Chicago News.

THE DOCTOR'S WAY. "Who is that jovial-looking man over in the corner?"

"Why, that's Dr. Pills, a very nice chap: takes life so cheerfully, don't you know." "The life of others, no doubt."-Le

WILLING SEARCHERS. "Wake up, John," said Mrs. Weeks;

"I'm sure I heard a burglar." "K-keep quiet, m-my dear," whis pered Mr. Weeks, "and I'll c-craw! under the bled and see if he's ththere."--Chicago News.

WONDERFUL. "I just peeped into the parlor as] passed," said Mr. Phamley, "and l saw quite a freak of nature."

"Why, Bertha is in there with her young man." "Yes. I saw two heads on one pair of shoulders!"- Modern Society.

UP AGAINST IT. Her-"I'm sorry, dear, but the

roses you sent me don't at all match my party gown." Him-"Then I'll buy you another gown. Those roses cut \$10 a dozen." -Cleveland Leader.

A HEROIC MEASURE. "You're not in love, Robbie. You only think you are." "Well, how the Dickens am I to

taken? "Oh, marry the young woman, by all means."-Home Notes.

find out my mistake if I am mis

HER WHEREABOUTS. Jinks-How's your wife. Binks-My wife is lost to sight, to memory dear.

Jinks-Why, my dear fellow, never heard your wife was dead! Binks-She isn't. I'm paying her \$50 a week alimony.-Life.

BACKWARD.

"I understand de water supply is bad at Colon," said Meandering Mike "Well," answered Plodding Pete "dey ought to be ashamed of de pendin' on a water supply. Dey should have had a brewery built long ago." -Washington Star.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT. Nervous Johnny-I love the smel' of motor cars!

Hostess-Really? What an extra ordinary taste! Why do you like it! N. J.-Because when you smell if you know the danger's past.-Punch

THE BRIDE AND THE BLEACHER "What broke off the match between Chuck Wilkins and Min Foxley?" "Poverty. Chuck said he couldn's stand the boost in the price of tick ets to the baseball games and support a wife besides."-Chicago Tribune.

THE UGLY HEIRESS. "Sir," said the courageous young man to the millionaire, "I come to ask permission to marry your daugh

ter. "And how will you support her, young man?" "As I would any of the other trials of wealth, with what patience and re signation I can muster."-Baltimore American.

They Flag the Train. The Midland Railway boasts that two of its stations have names which few passengers can pronounce. They are Penrhyndeudraeth and Ystradgyn-

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BAD TRICK OF A GOOD TRADE. Lawyers Point Out Evils of Personal Injury Litigation.

"The most serious evil of modern practice." This is the significant verdict pronounced upon the present abuse of personal injury litigation.

The words are used, not by the employers who suffer through this abuse, but by the Green Bag, a magazine published by and for the lawyers themselves. Practically the entire current number is devoted to this one subject. One of the writers, in discussing the notorious runners, tells of a case in which the day after a street car collision thirty-four suits were brought from one office in favor of passengers. Drug stores and barrooms are subsidized; it is carefully noised abroad that so and so is good for twenty-five dol-

lars if a safe case is sent him. A case in most of our large cities must wait at least two years before it reaches a jury. The cost of a trial is large, and since this must come out of the lawyer's pocket, unless a verdict is won, he makes the cases that he wins

pay for those that he loses. Even a handsome verdict is pared down by counsel's and doctor's commissions and the cost of trial to such an extent that a plaintiff would generally fare better if he had taken the bedside settlement offered by the claim agent of the insurance company. Many an uninsured employer would pay comparatively liberally if he did not know that his money, instead of going to his injured workman, must pass across the itching palm of counsel.

English Boy's Apology. A boy of 14, who fell from the gallery in an English music hall and was. uninjured said, when taken before the manager: "Please, sir, I'm sorry; I' won't do it again."

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