

The Wind is in the Maples.
The wind is in the maples
And there's music in the pines,
The hemlock scent has burdened all
The air.

For I hear the mountains calling
Where the sun forever shines
And my feet would even wander with
you there.

Oh, to wade among the daisies
To the thickets dusk and dim,
When the birds and bees are slum-
brous at the noon

Where we plucked the dogwood
blossoms
And the berries from the stem
To return by scented meadows at the
noon.

Through that fair, old fashioned gar-
den,
Thick, with eglantine and rose,
To the steps alive with memories of
the night

When the first kiss merged our
spirits;
Where the Oleander blows
His passion in the summer's waning
light.

Oh, the nights so cool and soothing,
Oh, the jasper tinted day
And the sapphire, golden skies, for-
ever new.

Where I waited on the turnpike
By the field of new mown hay
As you drove the cows to pasture in
the dew.

So I hear the mountains calling
In the glad notes of the pines
While the silver gleams among the
maple leaves,

For I hate the murky city
With its mills and trolley lines
And the mad chase for the dollar,
dear, that grieves;

I would wander through the wild-
wood,
Down the old path by the mill
And list the distant taps for hands at
noon.

While we lurch beneath the hem-
locks
At the spring that bubbles still,
To return by scented meadows at the
noon.

—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Treasure Trove.

Mr. Jehu Pontifex stood in his gor-
geous drawing room at Wimbledon
and chuckled freely over an evening
paper he held in his hand, while his
wife, who was a lady of weight so
far as adipose tissue was concerned,
joined in his mirth.

"It is a 'neveling' idea," the great
man said; "sooper! People's gardens
dug up, the fences broke down, the
roots of the trees cut through and
the trees themselves ruined, and—
what is it I see here?—the blessed
watchdog throttled to death in one
case. Oh, a 'neveling' idea. I think
I'll follow it."

"The newspaper man makes some-
thing by it. What can you do, Jehu,
and what can you want? You're
worth half a million. Isn't that
enough?"

"It's business, my dear, business;
and I ain't going to be beat by any
newspaper man. What does he sell
his paper at? A penny, ain't it, or a
'na'penny? Well, I sell my cakes of
blacking at a penny. Why shouldn't
I have a treasure hunt, too? I am
as rich as he is, I'll bet a bob."

"But, Jehu"—

"Don't argue with me, Anne Maria.
Now, listen to this I drew up at
the office this afternoon. Listen"—
and he took out a paper from the
pocket of his dinner jacket, and read
as follows: "Pontifex's blacking is
the blacking of the world! For years
it has been almost given away for
nothing. Now something is going to
be given away with it. Purchasers
of the cakes of this blacking will find
in every skin a paper, on which is
the information as to the neighbor-
hood where on a given day £10,000
have been hidden in two hundred dif-
ferent penny pencil cases, each con-
taining sovereigns to the amount of
£50. Find it and you've got it. No
questions asked. Pontifex's money
is good enough. You can find the lot
if you're sharp."

"Isn't it wonderful!" Mrs. Pontifex
gasped. "Oh, what a gift yours is,
Jehu!"

"I'm not a fool," her husband re-
plied. "There's other geniuses in this
world except them literary gents, who
never seem to do much except abuse
each other. Now, Anne Maria, in
three days' time as ever was a hun-
dred morning papers in London and
the country will have that advert. In
a prominent place; a thousand sand-
wich men will parade all the great
cities and towns of this country; a
lot of balloons will go up all over
the country just to chuck the leaflets
down on the people's 'eds; the factory
on the river side will be a blaze of
gas, and—where was I?"

"Oh, Jehu, you are a wonder! What
can't you do? But the expense."

"Blow the expense, as the girl said
when she told the waiter to bring an-
other sardine on toast. But listen
again, Maria. Baggs, our most trust-
ed employee, as we call him, with
several helps, will be all over the
country dropping them penny pencil
cases about. London and the environs
will get the most, and between our-
selves, here in Wimbledon where I'm
so known and respected in the parish,
we're going to dash 'em about freely.
Two thousand pounds at least is his
share."

"I always told you Mr. Gay was a
clever man," Mirabel said to her father,
and—

"Now I know it," that gentleman
replied. "My boy," he said effusively,
"you must go into business."

Five days later than Mr. Pontifex

had propounded this great scheme a
very handsome, well-set-up young man
was walking down a—in the summer
time—leafy lane, and this young man
was engaged on a treasure hunt. But,
since he had not bought any of Mr.
Pontifex's cakes of blacking with the
directions inside as to where his
sovereigns might be found inside their
penny pencil cases, it was not for
them that he was hunting. Yet, all
the same, it was a treasure belonging
to Mr. Pontifex which he was looking
for, viz., his daughter. For he and
Mirabel Pontifex loved each other,
and Pontifex was a stern parent of
the good old Surrey side style of
melodrama, and he laughed to scorn
the pretensions of Herbert Gay to an-
nex Mirabel loved the young man, and
consequently, they were reduced to
clandestine meetings, so that they
might have the opportunity of fre-
quently repeating to each other the
state of their feelings, and bewailing
their unhappy fate and the hardness
of Mr. Pontifex's obdurate and busi-
ness-like heart.

"But," Mirabel often said to her
lover, "if you could only show father
that you had some way of making a
living, of making money, I do believe
he would give in. He likes you for
yourself, and it's nothing against you
in his eyes that you have got such
fashionable relations; only he says I
shall never marry a man who isn't
sharp enough to make money. If you
could make five hundred pounds, or
even one, and show him that you
made it cleverly, shrewdly, I believe
he would arrange things all right for
us. But you can't do that by writing
poetry, can you, dear?"

"No," Herbert Gay would reply
gloomily, "I can't. I suppose I must
get a job somewhere."

But now, as he walked down the
lane in question, he was not bent so
much on meeting Mirabel as on going
to an old oak tree, which had, as such
things very often conveniently pos-
sess—to oblige lovers in novels and
tales—a great hole in its decayed
trunk. He went toward it because in
this tree in the lane, which was out-
side Mr. Pontifex's domain, it was the
habit for Mirabel to place a letter for
Herbert whenever anything happened
to prevent her getting out to him.

He went toward it, therefore, and
was just about to insert his hand in
the big hole, and grub about amidst
the rotten touchwood inside, when, to
his astonishment, he saw a man some
two or three hundred yards down the
lane, who was upon his knees, thrust-
ing something under a small heap of
fallen leaves. Watching him further,
he noticed the man trust this "some-
thing," which looked like a small
truncheon, further into the leaves, and
then go on further, until at the turn
of the lane he was out of sight. And
he now saw that in his hand he car-
ried another similar object.

"I'll just see," murmured Herbert
Gay, "whether Mirabel has left a let-
ter or not, and then I'll go and find
out what the gentle joker has shoved
under the leaves. I expect it's a dead
bird or something. Perhaps he has a
kindly heart."

Upon which Gay put his hand in
the hollow tree, and when he had
done so he found a letter from the
girl of his heart, saying she could not
meet him today. But he also found
something else.

His hand came into contact first
with one of those truncheon looking
things the other man had been push-
ing under the leaves, then with a sec-
ond, a third, and so on, until he had
felt eight of them, after which he
pulled out one and inspected it.

"A schoolboy's pencil case," he ex-
claimed to himself. "Let's see what
is in it. I suppose that chap's an
idiot, or playing a game with some
children. Good lord!" he went on, as
he opened the pencil case, "what's
this?" For as he did so out came
fifty sovereigns, while further inspec-
tion showed that the other seven
cases contained a similar amount.

"I understand," he said. "That
man's employed by the newspaper to
hide these things all over the place,
and he has left these here till he has
buried the other two. Well, —rabel
can't see me today, so I'll take them
off and put them away safely; but
first I'll go down and get the other
one he put under the leaves. Fifty
sovereigns are fifty sovereigns, any-
how."

"Your young man's a genius," Mr.
Pontifex said to Mirabel a few days
afterward. Then, turning to Herbert
Gay, whom he had invited to dinner,
he continued: "However did you man-
age to do it? Baggs said he hid them
all carefully way, and swore no treas-
ure hunter would ever find them."

"My powers of divination," Herbert
replied. "It's a gift, you know. No-
body, but me had a chance of finding
them."

"I should think it was a gift! I
can understand your finding one, or
even two, but—all the blessed lot!
And with you, Baggs," turning to that
gentleman, who was also present, "to
hide them away so cleverly."

"Yes, it's wonderful," Baggs said.
"I could have staked anything no ordi-
nary treasure hunter could have
found out where I put them"—and the
humbug gave Herbert a wink. For he
understood that so long as he allowed
Gay to have credit of finding eight
penny pencil cases in eight different places,
and of keeping the money, Herbert
would never give him away or betray
his carelessness.

"I always told you Mr. Gay was a
clever man," Mirabel said to her father,
and—

"Now I know it," that gentleman
replied. "My boy," he said effusively,
"you must go into business."

Five days later than Mr. Pontifex

"I should like to," Herbert replied.
"Poetry doesn't pay."
"Well, then, you shall. I do be-
lieve your powers of—what do you
call 'ems?—would double my business.
Lor' bless me! with a son-in-law like
you I wouldn't mind starting a paper
myself. We could teach them some-
thing they never dreamt of."—The
King.

LA FOLLETTE CORRECTED.

Better Prices Under the Present
Methods of Buying Grain.

Senator Le Follette contrasts the
present methods with "the old days
when the farmers brought their grain
to market and the buyers gathered
around and bid for the product. Now
the farmer has to hunt up the buyers
in their offices—there is no competi-
tion, for the profits of the buyers
are pooled."

The first part of this statement is
true; the second is not. Methods
have changed, but it is all to the ad-
vantage of the farmer. He gets more
under the present condition than
would be possible if former practices
were in vogue. It is true that in most
of the primary markets throughout
the West his buying is limited to two
or three parties. At the smaller sta-
tions sometimes only one buyer is
present. This is not because of any
destruction of competition by un-
lawful methods; it is simply because
the parties operating the handling plants,
which they themselves own, can af-
ford to do so. Wagon buyers are
just as free to operate as ever they
were, but the expense of handling
grain by the primitive method is pro-
hibitive. The farmer of the West, in-
stead of being limited to the com-
petition of the local buyers of his
particular railroad station, has now
the advantage of the competition of
the world markets.

There are a number of large grain
concerns which put into the hands of
every regular buyer at every local
station on every railroad each morn-
ing of the year a postal or telegraph
offer based on the close of the pre-
vious day's markets in Chicago, New
York and Liverpool, whichever may
be the highest. These men are ex-
pected to telegraph how much they
will sell at these prices and there is
the sharpest kind of competition be-
tween the buyers at the local sta-
tions to get as much grain as possible.
So keen is this strife that the prices
paid for grain frequently allow less
than one-half cent a bushel margin
for the buyer—all of which inures to
the direct advantage of the farmer.

Under the old method a margin of
three to six cents, and frequently
more, was exacted by the buyer in
order to insure himself against loss.

This great benefit to the producer
has been made possible through the
concentration of the business into a
comparatively few hands and the co-
operation of the railroads in equaliz-
ing rates to the various ports.—From
the Railway and Engineering Review.

NEWS ABOUT DOGS.

They Really Do Everything But Talk,
It Seems.

Under certain conditions, a tiny fer-
ret can do the work of four men. The
animal is being used to draw tele-
phone cables through long conduits.
The ferret ran through, dragging a
string to which is attached copper
wire, a cord and finally the cable
itself. Formerly the work was done
by a laborious system of "rodding."
The ferrets are employed extensively
in Indiana.

While Harold Goodwin, the son of a
builder, was walking through a quiet
part of his father's works near Lon-
don last December a man flung a
heavy piece of jagged iron at him and
stunned him. Shot, the young man's
retriever, flew at the ruffian's throat
and kept him prisoner until aid ar-
rived. The dog became the hero of
the place, Mr. Goodwin's workmen
suscribing for a silver collar for him,
while the young man's family made
him guest of honor at a dinner.

Pennies, a tiny New York dog, is
a companion of Shot in the dog-hero
medal fund. When his master, Walter
Brown, employed in a livery stable,
was attacked by Robert Reid, a
colored man, whose discharge from
the place he had caused, Pennies
went to the rescue. Reid drew a re-
volver and aimed it at Brown, but
the dog quickly impressed his teeth
in the leg of the assailant and spoiled
his aim. The shot went wild and
the man was overpowered and sup-
pressed.

John Hancock, a Cleveland genius,
has trained his fox terrier, Prince, to
fetch the kindling wood from the cel-
lar. The dog acts at command and
is skillful and industrious.—Philadel-
phia Record.

Does spontaneous generation occur
in the world today? This is one of
the burning questions now before men
of science, and in all directions ex-
periments are being made with a view
to its solution. Dr. Saleeby, F.R.S.E.,
considers the problem in Harper's, in
relation to the recent views of sci-
entists and the remarkable assistance
of radium in their latest experiments.
The chief difficulty, he thinks, is the
impossibility of satisfactorily defining
life. Dr. Saleeby is an earnest dis-
ciple of Herbert Spencer, as his latest
book, Evolution; the Master-key, at-
tests, but possesses an essentially op-
en mind.

"The Kansas City Star notes that
Miss Oklahoma is satisfied now that
her star is on straight.

THE KEYSTONE STATE

The Latest Pennsylvania News Told in Short
Order.

(B. Frank Hayden, of Stroudsburg
has received word that a fortune of \$30,-
000 is awaiting him at Atlantic City, as
the bequest of an uncle, Daniel Hay-
den. Mr. Hayden is a locomotive en-
gineer of the Erie.

The new Forest Hall, in Milford,
was dedicated Thursday. Profs. Grave,
Tumney and Weir, of Yale, and J. H. Var-
Etten, of Milford, made addresses.

The Lakeside Powder Company's suit
against the Codorus Water Company, of
Ryan Township, for \$20,000 damages
was concluded in Pottsville Thursday.
The plaintiff claimed damages because
the water company cut off the stream
which furnished the power to operate
their powder plant. An award of \$2,222
was given the plaintiff.

Attorney General Carson has given
Secretary Critchfield an opinion to the
effect that the local authorities of Dela-
ware County can collect from the State
a tax levied upon property owned by it,
which was levied prior to the purchase.

Deputy Attorney General Fleitz in-
forms Fish Commissioner Meehan that
the question of conflicting licenses for
the right to fish for eels in the same
stream is not one for the Fish Com-
mission to settle and belongs in the
courts.

Charged with slandering him in a
letter to their mother in Germany, John
Demmel, of Allentown, began proceed-
ings against Mrs. Julia Giberson, his
sister.

James McClefferty, of Allentown, is
dying at St. Luke's Hospital as the
result of a fall from a scaffold at the
Bath Portland Cement Mill.

William Albright, a conductor on the
night shifter on the P & R Ry., at
Birdsboro, was run over and killed by
his own engine.

By a broken flange on a freight car,
twenty freight cars were wrecked at
Loraine, on the main line of the P &
& R Railway. The track was damaged
for more than a mile.

Prof. S. A. Thurlow, who was prin-
cipal of the Pottsville High School for
twenty-five years, has been elected su-
perintendent of the Pottsville public
schools to fill the unexpired term of
two years of the late Rev. B. F. Patter-
son, who died last week. The salary
fixed is \$1800 a year.

Charles Monk hanged himself at his
home in Carbondale. His son, John
Monk, returned about midnight to the
house and found his father's body hang-
ing behind the door. The man was
aged and was supposed to have com-
mitted the deed in a temporary fit of
despondency.

Robbers made a wholesale raid upon
the clothing store of Wolf Ansel, at Man-
heim, getting away with 100 suits of
clothing valued at over \$700 and jewel-
ry to the value of \$300. The robbers
forced a rear door and carried their
plunder away in a team.

Falling into a pit at the dismantled
Bessemer Steel plant at Danville, George
Fasnot, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and
Mrs. George Fasnot, was drowned. His
companion, Clarence Farr, made a fran-
cic effort to save him, but failed.

The only thing adduced at the in-
vestigation by Mayor Walker, of All-
entown, of charges of graft in the Public
Works Board, in connection with the
\$300,000 paving contracts, was that the
Board of Public Works, George A. Klei-
sius, George Kuebler, Blair Andrews,
visited Chicago at the expense of the
American Asphaltum & Rubber Co.,
which got the contract, to make an in-
vestigation of the filler which had been
in use there for years.

A. B. Richmond, a noted criminal law-
yer, died at his home in Meadville, aged
87 years. He retired from practice a few
years ago, after having been retained in
over five thousand criminal cases.
Over one hundred of them were homici-
des.

After a journey of 3000 miles across
the continent, Miss Rhoda Crosby, a
Sunday School teacher, of Mahonoy
City, arrived at Raphael, California, and
was wedded to Charles Willis, a fruit
grower of that place. She got in com-
munication with the man through a mat-
rimonial agency and wires that she is
satisfied.

A wild ride in a pony cart, driven by
an escaped female lunatic, was the ex-
perience of two children of J. L. Pritch-
ard, of Lower Merion. The woman,
who proved to be Sadie Lampton, of
Ashland, Ky., is a cousin of Mark
Twain and is an inmate of a sanitarium
near West Conshohocken. She managed
to elude her caretakers and overtook
the Pritchard children, who were driving
a pony team along the State Road, near
their home. She seized the pony and
jumped into the vehicle beside the fright-
ened children. Taking reins and whip,
the demented woman lashed the pony at
a breakneck speed across the river bridge
to Conshohocken and continued her wild
ride toward Norristown. The team had
narrow escapes from overturning and
collisions. To add to the excitement
the children were screaming with terror.
As soon as the true state of affairs be-
came known, through the pursuit of
the institute's nurses, a crowd of excited
citizens took up the chase. This ended
in Norristown, where the woman tried
to end her life by jumping beneath a
train. She was prevented by several
men, who took her to city hall, where
the pursuing party found her later and
took her back to the institution. The
Pritchard children were taken to their
home unharmed, but in a very nervous
condition from their exciting ride.

Shepherd Kressler, of Mount Pleasant
Township, shot a pure white crane that
measured 36 inches from tip to tip of its
wings. The bird is one of extraordinary
beauty and is rarely found so far north.

Herbert Fielder, a Danville boy, at-
tempted to swim from the shore to a
coal digger anchored in the Susquehanna
River and became exhausted when Wil-
liam Nuss swam to his assistance. The
boy managed to get his arms about Nuss
in a grip which the later could not break
and both were drowning when Charles
Ruch reached them in a rowboat and
rescued the struggling pair.

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WISE WORDS.

Enthusiasm and sincerity are a hard
team to beat.

There are none so diffident as those
who know the most.

Enlightened men will freely follow
where fools cannot be led.

No victory is so well worth fighting
for as the victory over self.

Friendship which must be bought is
never worth the price it costs.

Time is the nursery of our hopes
and the graveyard of our ambitions.
It's a foolish fly that accepts an in-
vitation to walk into the spider's par-
lor.

Wisdom is the natural ally of vir-
tue; ignorance is the natural ally of
vice.

The difficulty of obtaining perfection
is best realized by those who have
come the nearest to it.

When wrath takes possession of the
breast, wisdom takes to flight, even
from the wise.

Wealth in books and poverty in fact
are the two most distinctive features
of our civilization.

Trust editors are Janus diplomats
forthright, bold flatterers of falsehood
and meek friends of truth.

Much of what passes for "original-
ity" nowadays is often merely the in-
digestion of a turbid imagination.

Any scratcher on the surface of life
can find its evils, but it takes a philo-
sophic mind to bear up under them.

Healthy Traveling Men.

"Hotel life and railroad traveling
are not so hard after all," said George
Mong, clerk at the Coates House, this
morning. "Three traveling salesmen
have registered this morning who are
each over fifty years old and hearty,
and one man comes here regularly
from New York who has been travel-
ing between New York and Kansas
City for forty years.

"Of course the truth is that most
of these men live with a great deal
more care than ordinary civilians.
They have to. A traveling man who
falls sick when away from home—
and all of them have homes—is mak-
ing it awkward for himself and his
firm, so that they know very well
how to draw the line."—Kansas City
Star.

The Prince of Monaco, acknowledged
to be the greatest living authority on
oceanography, has decided to establish
in Paris an institution for seabed re-
search and will endow it with some-
thing like \$1,000,000. He has spent a
great deal of money in searching out
the secrets of the sea. His splendid
yacht Princess Alice is fitted up with
fine laboratories and photographic
rooms.

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MARBLE AND GRANITE
MONUMENTS.

It's a foolish fly that accepts an in-
vitation to walk into the spider's par-
lor.

Wisdom is the natural ally of vir-
tue; ignorance is the natural ally of
vice.

The difficulty of obtaining perfection
is best realized by those who have
come the nearest to it.

When wrath takes possession of the