

Song of the Search.

With garments crumpled and torn,
With her heart in a desperate mood,
A woman fumed in unwomanly rage
Seeking a cooker of food.
Search! search! search!
By subway, by trolley, in church,
Wherever she went, in dolorous voice
She sang the song of her search!

Search! search! search!
While the cock is crowing aloft!
And search! search! search!
For she has no cook—foursome!
It's oh! for the days of slaves,
When your servants dare not shirk,
When ladies had never a dish to wash
And were waited on like a Turk!

Search! search! search!
Till your brain begins to swim!
Search! search! search!
Till you ache in every limb!
A cook who will wash, or who won't,
Or who condescends only to cook,
It's always the same old tiresome game
Whichever way you look!

With garments crumpled and torn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
She returns at night to a comfortless home
And tumbles, weary to bed.
Search! search! search!
Next day it begins again;
And we fear it will be till eternity
The burden of her refrain!

—Puck.

The Big Bear of the Tetons.

The sun was just turning to crimson the glacier while triangle of the highest of the Three Tetons as David Hanlon slammed into the log cabin, bringing in a fresh whiff of the crisp autumn air. His sister Marta was bending over the stove, frying trout. Fork in hand, she turned in surprise.

"The Big Bear!" cried David. "He's been in the sheep corral again. He tore down that low place in the willow fence where he always goes over, and he just slaughtered the sheep."

"Dear! dear!" wailed his sister. "He has killed so many before! What ever shall we do?"

"Kill him!" retorted her brother, grimly. "He must be a grizzly," ventured Marta, dubiously.

"That's about what he is," assented David. "Our Teton grizzlies are not as large as some silvertips but there are none so cunning and wicked and powerful. Most silvertips make their lair in some dark canon, and scuttle when they see a man, but these fellows range far and wide, just hunting for trouble."

The Big Bear had done enough mischief up and down the Teton Basin to warrant his bad reputation. Every rancher for miles hated and feared him. He was an ugly, surly fellow, although not so large as a California grizzly.

"I mean to catch the Big Bear," boasted David. "I'll sell his wicked old hide for twenty-five dollars, Marta, and you can buy some trinkets." He laughed, although he felt angry enough over his losses occasioned by the bear's depredations.

in the Teton Basin. Even now, when the big game has been driven back by the encroachments of settlers, David Hanlon still derives a good income from his beloved mountains.

During the summer tourist season he acts as guide in the Yellowstone National Park. Every autumn, when the game season opens, he earns from five to ten dollars a day as guide for the wealthy sportsmen who come from the East to hunt big game in the Teton range and in the Jackson Hole country which lies just south of the great park.

David Hanlon has lived and loved his mountain life as a true sportsman. Your true sportsman has a true nature—a poet's appreciation of beauty, a philosopher's content with simple living, and the primitive man's passionate love of the chase.

The tang of sage on the far, high mesas, the incense and murmur of pines on the slopes, the gleam of the eternal silver seams fourteen thousand feet up yonder on the peaks—these are things incomparably precious to the lover of the free, wild out doors.

Marta Hanlon had her rifle, too, for under her brother's tutelage she had become an excellent shot. She was a good horsewoman and an adept snow-shoer as well.

When her brother took his stand on the farther side of the sheep corral, Marta stood her rifle conveniently near the kitchen door. As she washed the supper dishes she listened for any unusual sounds from the corrals.

About nine o'clock her quick ear caught a wild bleating and a rush of small, stampeding feet. The bear was among the sheep! She listened intently, waiting for David's rifle to speak. There was no report, only wilder uproar. Marta snatched up her rifle and ran out cautiously toward the corral.

Meanwhile David had been sitting on a log on the farther side of the corral, near the break in the fence. No unusual sounds broke the silence of the forest night. The sheep were bedded in open sheds along the front of the corral. Now and then a little bell tinkled drowsily. A half-broken bronco, tied in the log stable not far beyond, tried every half-hour or so to kick out, but his hoofs made only a brief, vicious bombardment on the logs. David thought he had never heard the mountain stream before the house gurgle and babble so loudly over its boulders. He buttoned close his fur-lined fustian jacket, for the autumn nights are bitter cold in those high altitudes.

The night was brightly, crisply still. The moon, a faint, milky bit of jaggedly broken pearl, added no light to the cold white star brilliancy. The peaks stood sharply defined, like sculptured marble and ebony.

Once David fancied he heard faint, padded footfalls on the old path. He waited, rifle ready, eyes on the break in the fence. He could hear his blood pounding in his ears, but not another approaching footfall on the path. Presently a distant crackle of undergrowth only denoted that some wary night wanderer had gone off into the pines. David settled down on the log in sore disappointment.

shealing horribly—almost human cries of agony and anger.

Marta was frightened enough, but she did not lose control of herself or of her weapon. She waited, her rifle-barrel still resting on the top pole of the gate.

The bear flung himself against the barrier, and the strong panel of poles creaked and swayed with his weight. He upreared his great head, so that his foaming, gaping mouth was not six inches from the muzzle of Marta's rifle. Then Marta fired a fatal shot. The bear shook the gate in a last spasm of rage. Blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils as he fell back heavily.

Even then Marta was not certain enough of his death to risk opening the gate and entering the corral over his body. She ran along the fence a few rods, and after climbing over, sped across the corral to her brother's assistance. The flock had parted in two streams that flowed in opposite directions round the fence.

With frantic haste Marta pushed and rolled the sheep off David's body. She had arrived just in time. A few minutes more under the sheep would have put an end forever to David Hanlon's bear-hunting.

Then sweet waters sang in his ears as he floated slowly back to consciousness, to find Marta shaking the breath into him and wiping muck and blood from his face.

As David hobbled back across the corral, Marta explained how she had despatched the Big Bear.

"Bless you!" said David, admiringly. "But you're a sister worth having!"—Youth's Companion.

UMBRELLAS AS LIGHTNING RODS.
A Recent Observation of a Well-Known Phenomenon.
The astounding tension of natural electricity and the smallness of the quantity are the despair of electricians who attempt to utilize the forces present in our atmosphere. At the same time it is to these two conditions that we owe the surprising variety of effects produced by lightning, and the interest which we find in observing these effects.

The editor of Cosmos, for example, recently received from one of his correspondents a letter stating that not long ago, while walking through a snowstorm with an umbrella raised in front of him, he received clearly perceptible shocks of electricity through the steel ribs.

WORTH QUOTING

The millions of bushels of Kansas wheat which are being ruined by reason of a shortage of harvest hands will find their way into the elevator in due time and be marketed at handsome figures, is the consolation of the Kansas City Journal.

The Dewey has reached the Philippine. A long, difficult and wearying task her tow from Maryland to the other side of the world has been, tire-some to the men who managed it and not unaccompanied by danger, remarks the New York Sun. Soon the United States may dock its biggest ships without bringing them home or renting accommodations from other nations. Great is the increase in our power in the Far East, for a dry dock in time of need is worth a good many battleships.

The petit jury is not an entirely ideal tribunal for the settlement of criminal responsibility, and the protection of society, observes the New York Globe, but it is certainly far more likely to attain the ends of justice when the evidence is put before it in strict legal form at the proper time and place, than when presented through the newspapers with the various garnishings inseparable from this organ of publicity.

In South America generally the United States is distrusted when it is not frankly hated; while since the Spanish-American war this suspicion or enmity has been intensified by fear, for which another reason was found in the Panama incident, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Our southern neighbors prefer European to us, and commercially and socially all their relations are with Europe instead of the country which has protected them against that same Europe for the better part of a century.

One finds oneself next to some kind of food reformer every time one dines out, laments the Sphere. But the fact remains that if you want to find men in good health you have only to go to the restaurants where eating and drinking go on to excess. How seldom does an actor have to disappoint his patrons through illness! and yet actors are notoriously unhealthy livers—late hours, stimulants, lobsters, tobacco, hot air.

Only a crime affecting a multitude of people injuriously can arouse national interest. Such a crime is the effort to monopolize for private profit some necessary of life—ice in summer, coal in winter, food at all times, observes the New York American. When such a crime gets for its perpetrators adequate punishment, some millions of Americans will arise, rejoice and applaud the community and the official concerned in the prosecution.

For our part, we do not join very enthusiastically in any cry against the extravagance of the Congress which has just adjourned, remarks the Richmond News Leader. The appropriations provided foot up an enormous total, but we notice that the state of Virginia, for instance, did all she could to make them even larger. As to us, we got a pretty fair share—a million and a quarter for the James town Exposition and \$200,000 for the Richmond post office included. It looks a little ungracious for us to be passing up our plate for slices of the pie and then complaining because so much pie has been given.

Senator Knox tells a story of the last fight the late Senator Quay made in the Senate. Quay was working hard on the statehood bill, obstructing legislation, when a scheme was fixed up to get him away from the Senate for a time. Quay was very fond of tarpon fishing and had a winter place in Florida. One afternoon he received this telegram from a friend who thought the senator might be in better business than pottering about new states: "Fishing never so good. Tarpon magnificent. Come, Quay read the telegram and smiled a tiny little smile. Then he answered it thus: 'Tarpon may be biting, but I am not.' M. S. QUAY."

So Rojstevsky was not guilty of cowardice or treason in the Battle of the Sea of Japan. Neither was Villeneuve thus guilty at Trafalgar nor Ney at Waterloo, declares the New York Times. If there was an appalling difference between his achievements and theirs, responsibility for it must be placed on other shoulders than his. It would be senseless and worse to deny great ability and courage to the commander who safely and unhesitatingly conveyed the Russian fleet through strange waters all the way from Cronstadt to Tsu Shima. Had the whole Russian Admiralty been allied with as great a spirit as his the outcome of his enterprise might have been far different from what it was. It was for the Russian government to ask pardon of Rojstevsky rather than to censure him.

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Indian's Prodigal's Return.
Solomon Homer, the brilliant Choctaw Indian, said at his home in Caddo that he needed to be a very intelligent and industrious Indian who would go out into the world and make a name.

"Many Indians," he said, "go out into the world and some of them, of course, succeed. Those who fail return home; and that is a sad returning, for every one sneers at the young man whom the world has conquered and driven back.

"It is not much of a welcome that the returned Indian gets, even in his father's house.

"There was Black Eagle, a Choctaw. He went to Chicago, failed and came back home. But he was afraid to go to his father's house till an old man said:

"Are you going to your father's, Black Eagle?"
"I don't know," answered the youth.
"Go there," said the old man, "for you will be very welcome. There is no doubt of it."

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