

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 aloof!
And search! search! search!
For she has no cook—forsooth!
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.

"You must be careful," cautioned his sister. She knew David had killed so many bears during his five years in the Teton Basin that he felt only contempt for the big clumsy fellows.

He made no ado about killing a bear. A good gun, steady nerves, and a bullet well placed—that was all that was required. Of course, he would add, you must look sharp when you meet a bear with cubs, or wound or corner a grizzly. And one would hardly shoot a bear on a ledge above, as it might roll down upon one. In brief, as David would summarize it, a man who hunts anything needs—just gumption!

While David and Marta ate breakfast David enlarged upon his plans for putting an end to the bear.

His sheep corral lay a little way back from the cabin. It was enclosed by a high, tight fence of woven willows. At the rear of the corral the fence was set squarely across an old path leading back and up into the pines which feathered the base of a talon-like spur of the mountains.

On every trip to David's corral the bear had come down this path and climbed over into the corral, partially knocking down the fence. When he had slain to his bloody satisfaction, he had climbed out at the same place and returned to the upper mountain fastnesses.

"I mean to watch every night," said David, "just inside the fence, close to the broken place, and as the old fellow comes down the path and over the fence, I'll shoot him."

This campaign seemed to David and his sister certain of success. Night after night David watched, ready for the fatal shot the moment the bear should life his head above the fence.

During the day David slept and rested, and so, fresh and enthusiastic every evening, he resumed his watch for the marauder.

"I think he'll come tonight," David said on the fourth evening, as he took down his favorite rifle from the small arsenal on the cabin wall. David Hanlon's "fad" was guns. He possessed seven of the best and latest patterns. Nor was his fad an extravagance, for the guns were his stock in trade. His hunting brought him many a dollar for game, and heads and pelts for Eastern taxidermists.

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 trine 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.

Suddenly the sheep lying under the sheds heaved up from their straw. It was like the very ground heaving and breaking into gray, rounded waves. Bleating wildly, the flock stampeded toward his side of the corral.

David saw the waves—a thousand sheep—surging madly toward him. Near the gate, on the ebbing edge of the rushing flock, a large, dark animal was knocking sheep right and left with powerful slaps of his paws. The wily Big Bear of the Tetons had entered the corral from the front, while David was waiting to receive him at the rear!

But David himself had little time to realize how the Big Bear had frustrated his reception program, for the frightened sheep surged close about him, thrusting him back toward the fence. On they came, knocking each other down and trampling on the fallen. The onslaught of the thousand fear-maddened creatures was so terrific and unexpected that David was knocked down and trampled.

The sharp little hoofs cut his hands, his face. He could smell the very grease in the wool. He was being barbed alive under the frantic flock. He was suffocating!

Dimly he heard two rifle reports, and he wondered dully how his gun, which had been knocked from his hand, had contrived to go off—twice! Then his whole body seemed bursting for want of air. Notes of flame danced in the black void. His eyeballs felt big and ready to burst.

Marta ran cautiously toward the corral. She reached the gate of pine poles and looked in. The Big Bear stood just inside. He had climbed the gate and descended unexpectedly upon the sleeping flock. Near him lay a bleeding, quivering carcass, ripped wide open by one slash of his razor-sharp claws.

Marta arrived at the gate just in time to see David go down under the stampeding flock. But the bear was between her and David, and must be disposed of before she could attempt the rescue of her brother.

She rested her rifle on the gate took good aim. She fired twice.

The bear paused in his slaughter and wheeled ciemly toward the girl. He was hard hit, but Marta saw there was yet enough vitality and fury in that big, shaggy body to carry him over the gate. He came toward her,

squealing 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. After a few convulsive quivers the big, dark bulk lay quite still beside the gate.

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.

This phenomenon is all the more interesting as it is easy to explain it with the aid of known and observed facts. For a long time it has been known that during falls of snow one frequently sees, when the storm takes place on a moonless night, flashes of light denoting the presence of a large quantity of positive electricity. When the snow is blown by the wind and falls through dry and cold air the rubbing of the crystals on the air suffices to produce the phenomenon.

This theory is confirmed by aeronauts, who state that the spontaneous combustion of balloons, which frequently occurs when they reach the earth, is due to the electricity developed by the rubbing against the air of the moving envelope while it descends. A recent catastrophe in the Alps also proves that an abundant fall of snow is accompanied by intense electrical phenomena. The Times, in its number of July 19, states that seven students of the University of Geneva were overtaken by a snow-storm in a cabin on the Aiguille du Gouter, in which they had taken refuge. They rifled themselves of all articles of iron which they had with them, but notwithstanding this four of them were struck. After this terrible example the appearance of the sparks noted by our correspondent is not surprising.

The experience described by the writer is identical with that which is experienced in all similar cases. The silk of the umbrella may be considered as a protecting veil capable of arresting the effects of electricity if the interior is not wet. In this case an effect is produced similar to that experienced by aeronauts. I will not be the apologist for umbrella lightning-rods which would seem to be the logical ending of this article, but it is interesting to recall that this invention was once considered by Benjamin Franklin.

Good Shots.
"During the past fiscal year," said Secretary Shaw of the Treasury Department, "we spent \$1.42 per capita on the navy. But we have something to show for it."

"The other day our bluejackets set up a target twenty-one feet long and seventeen feet wide. A mile distant was a battleship moving ten knots an hour, rocking slightly over the waves and rolling from the recoil of the gun. The men reached down into the hold of the vessel and took a cartridge and shell weighing three-quarters of a ton, swung it up forty feet, put it into a gun and fired at the target. They reached down and got another cartridge, swung it up and fired it. And from that moving ship, out of ten shots they put nine thirty-two inch holes through that target one mile away in five minutes by the watch. Men that can do that are certainly worth \$1.42 per capita."—Washington Star.

An inhabitant of Farmoutiers, France, has left a legacy sufficient to provide prizes of 25 francs each yearly for the two most polite scholars—male and female—of the town. The winners are to be elected by ballot of their schoolfellows.

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 Philippines. 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 dis appoint 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 Rojostevsky 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 as appalling difference between his achievements and theirs, responsibility for it must be placed on other shoulders than his. It would be nonsense and worse to deny great ability and courage to the command: 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 Rojostevsky rather than to censure him.

It is so easy to find fault with the good things possessed by others.

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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."

"Heartened a little, Black Eagle did go to his father's, and the next day he met the old man again.

"The old man smiled kindly."
"So the prodigal returned," he said. "And did your father kill the fatted calf?"

"No," Black Eagle answered, "he didn't kill the fatted calf, but he nearly killed the prodigal."—Kansas City Journal.

Perfectly Normal.
A journalist visited an insane asylum to get material for an article, and was shown over the establishment by one of the inmates, who was so intelligent that it was almost impossible to believe he could be out of his head.

"And what are you in here for, my man?" asked the journalist at length.

Immediately a cunning look came into the man's eyes and he looked about him warily.

"I'll tell you if you keep it dark," he said, lowering his voice. "I have a mania for swearing. I write 'cuss-words' all around. It's great sport. Why, they have to hire a man just to follow me round and rub 'em out. But," coming a little closer, "I'll tell you a secret. I'm four 'damns' ahead of him and I've got 'hell' written all over your back!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

OFF AND ON AT STATIONS.
"Yes, he works off and on."
"Why, I heard he had a good, steady job."
"So he has, but he's a railroad conductor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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