The Little Sister.

When days are dreariest, When the nights are long, Sudden on the creaking stair Sounds her careless song: Sudden on the darkened sill Falls & footstep free, And the little sister comes Back again to me.

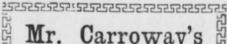
Blithe and gay and jubilant, All her words a jest, Laughter on her merry lips, You upon her breast, Happy dreams within her eyes, Daring days to be-So the little sister comes Back again to me.

And she hath the eyes I had When the world was new, And she hath the heart I had When the world was true. And my very name she bears-Ah, so close our tie! Just the little sister now Who one day was I.

Strange that she who knew no tears So my tears should wake: Strange her very happiness My own heart should break. Oh, so other than myself, Two vet one are we-Little sister of my age Comes she back to me.

Not a wistful ghost she comes-Better so, perchance-But with lips too fain to sing, Feet too fain to dance. And I turn my eyes from her (Eyes she must not see)-When the little sister comes Back again to me.

-Theodore Garrison.



Mr. Carroway's Position.

It is old how the news of a girl's engagement spreads, and how she at once begins to shed old lovers for whom she has no further use as naturally and painlessly as the seed-pod sheds its outer husk. At least that was my case.

Of all men who had vowed always to be my friend, if ever I had need of them, there remained-by the time my engagement had ceased to be an entirely new delight to meonly Mr. Ambie (short for Ambrose) Carroway; and he, as will presently be shown, continued to dangle merely because he was painfully ignorant | ment. of the change that had taken place in ny condition. He called on me

didn't make any difference. Mr. Cosnett was here, you see. He was most entertaining. Told us all about the Maoris Such, curious people. But I'll get him to tell you about them himself." Ambie rose in disorder and crossed

"We got your wire," said I.

last Sunday.

over to the window. Then he came and glowered down at me. I gazed up at sim with pathetic eyes.

"You 'are not at all-nice-today," I pouted. "I have the misfortune to be a con-

trast," said he. "Compared with this Cosnett fellow-' "I hardly think you should speak

of him in that way," said I--"a man to whom you have never been introduced. I hardly expected this sort of thing from you, Mr. Carroway." "Nor I from you," he retorted savagely.

"I feel a bit frightened. You are very disagreeable today," I faltered. "And you are-not too ingenuous, Miss Lacey,

"Now, don't let us be horrid to one another," I said brightly, and smiled my prettiest.

He sat down again. "That brings me to the object of my visit." He looked owlishly solemn. "Am I not the object, then?" I ask-

ed lightly, contracting my brows. "I mean," he replied, "that I called with a certain specific purpose."

"That sounds exciting, rather," said

He eyed me in a way that made me feel slightly uncomfortable. "It is not a very pleasant thing I have toto say to you," he went on, clearing his throat noisily I was utterly mystified. Was he go-

ing to propose to me? I wondered. "Why say it, then?" said I. "I must. It would be unfair to both of us to keep silence any longer." But still he found a difficulty in proceeding. "May I ask you a-a ques

tion?" he blurted forth at last. I nodded, smiling. He bent so low over me that his breath stirred my hair and tickled the back of my neck. -"How-how would you define our-

our relations?" he said, huskily. "Our relations?" I repeated. "Yes," said he. "In what relation

would you say we stood to one another now?"

"I don't know what you mean," said I. laughing nervously. "What does it matter? Why?"

He lowered his voice to an irritating drone. "Has it never struck you that for nearly all of them some form of I stand in a somewhat ambiguous position?" he said.

I looked at him in frank amaze-

"Look here," he said with an air of

am so sorry I could not get down here seemed to him an intolerable while, he spoke again, doubtfully.

"I knew you would forgive me," he sighed Then I sprang up, raising radiant

eyes to meet his gaze. "I am glad!" I almost shouted. "Oh,

you can't tell how glad I am!" "Glad!" he stammered, foolishly. I clasped my hands. "I have been dreading so frightfully to see you," I said. "I have been miserable in an. ticipation of this moment, Think what a relief it is to me to find that

you don't care, after all." Then I saw dull anger stirring slug-

gishly within him. "Don't you care, either, then?" he

demanded, sullenly. "Of course not," I cried in a rap-

ture. "I can say that now without fear of hurting you. Perhaps I did care-a little-once. Before I met Mr. Cosnett.'

Hescowled at me. "You almost gave me to understand-" he said, frowning.

But I interrupted him. "And we were both mistaken all the time!" I cried. "Oh, what a good job it is-isn't it?-And we can still be friends.

And you can congratulate me-" I paused. He had kicked a hassock out of the way and was mumbling unintelligibly to himself.

"Come," I said, "you should be glad, too

"I am," he answered. "Of course, I am. Still, I didn't think you were the sort of girl-"

"Fie!" said I with provoking playfulness. "In our peculiar case reproaches are surely sword-blades without handles. All you can say of me I can say of you, too-and with equal justice.'

I think he muttered an oath os he stooped, with a flaming face, to pick up his hat.

"Good-by," I said to him heartily. "I must introduce you to Basil-Mr. Cosnett. I should like you to beyou ought to be-friends."

He grinned at me spitefully, said 'good-by, Miss Lacey," as if he were cursing me, then stalked out of the room .- Edward Pugh in the Sketch.

HAD NERVE DISORDERS.

Nearly All Famous Characters Suffered From Incurable Diseases.

Of supreme captains of the world there are but six or seven and scarcely one among them exhibits genius in its healthiest colors. In ambush" nerve disorder lurks. Grotesque as the statement seems, epilepsy, manifest in greater or less degree, revolves upon their destinies. Charlemagne the great and wise captain of the Franks, who stands for feudal civilization, who



has adopted a resolution to investigate simplified spelling with a view to its use in schools

It is considered probable that the British Parliament will increase the tax on motor cars this year, levied on the purchase price.

They're finding thorium in the island of Ceylon. You can't keep anything hidden now that the rage of investigation and exposure is in full cry, is the comment of the Kansas City Star.

By holding sun spots responsible for volcanic disturbances, scientists bring us back to the old question, "What are we going to do about it?" suggests the Washington Star.

The novel is as valuable a form as any offered by law or science for showing conditions as they really exist. Statutes and statistics are not the only terms in which facts can be legitimately expressed, declares the Chicago Post. But inasmuch as all ways are open, the man who selects the one that offers most license must be. judged by the highest standard of sincerity, veracity and ability.

Representative J. Adam Bede's suggestion that Texas should be divided into five States is described as 'novel." In fact, says the New York Tribune, it is as old as the State of Texas itself, and older. The original design of the Texas annexationists, in the days of "Old Hickory," was to make five States of it, so as to balance the five free States at the North, which they then saw impending.

An inspector of London police, who had had an opportunity to note the behavior of the 600 Japanese sailors during the time they were being entertained in the metropolis recently on their way to take over two new Japanese cruisers, was asked his opinion of them. "Little gentlemen, every one," he replied.

A Hiawatha clergyman preached a rather exhaustive sermon from the text, 'Thou are weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an



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few days after the proposal, and as I liked him well enough, in a way, I had him shown up. I must tell you that my finance had only just left me -indeed, the two men met on the doorstep, I believe.

We exchanged the usual banalities, and he sat down. "I say," he blurted forth suddenly,

who was the chap I met on the step? Do you know him?'

"That was Mr. Basil Cosnett," 1 replied.

"Odd-looking person," he remarked. "Where's he from?"

"He is from-from all over the world," I replied, deprecatingly. "He looked a bit all over the shop,"

said Ambie, tittering. "I suppose you have never been to the far west have you?" I asked of the parties concerned."

him. "N-not exactly," said he. "But how do you mean? Earl's Court?"

"Nor to China?" I went on. 'Well, no," said he, looking some-

what surprised. "Nor to-let me see-Brazil?"

He stared at me with a slack mouth. "Can't say I have," he replied. "Why?"

"Mr. Cosnett has," said I. "And tu heaps of other places, too."

He laughed unpleasantly. 'Yor make me feel horribly inferior," he marmured.

"You haven't traveled much, have von?" said I.

"Oh-well-Paris, you know. And the Riviera. And so on," he said.

"Everybody goes to those places," I rejoined scornfully. And I added, me heartless. Pleasant memories are "I think a man ought to travel."

A dull flush overspread his face as he forced a smile. "Shall I travel of those hours." And I choked back now," he asked, rising.

"Don't be absurd," said I, picking up my palette again to paint flowers ed, catching at my hand and missing on satin. "I only meant-you don't R. mind if I go on working? What I meant was that a man who has trav- | wildered. "Forgive you!" I cried eled has always so much to talk about."

"I should have thought that was mured. "You overpower me." rather a fatiguing characteristic," he drawled.

But Mr. Cosnett is an exceedingly clever man," I retorted.

There was a lengthy pause. "Why don't you talk to me?" I

asked, at last.

"I haven't traveled," he said.

"Would you like some tea?" "Thank you," said he. Shall

ring?" "If you please," said I, and the spirit of mischief being still in me, I went on teasingly. "Mr. Cosnett have been trying to say." knows all about tea. Visited plantations in China and Ceylon, and saw it

growing, you know." "I believe things to grow very fast in the topics," observed Amble, "Saw it growing, did you say?"

This I ignored. "You mustn't think a good deal," said I. "The fact is, I have "gen so much of him lately."

would be better for us both if I did he conquered," and who reared an emnot call here any more?" "Of course," said I, with creditable

"But I do," he protested.

more?" said 1. "Can't you see," he said, with a helpless gesture of the hands, "thatthat misconceptions may arise?" "Misconceptions!" I repeated, in genuine perplexity now.

"Yes," he nodded eagerly. "You see, we have been a good deal together, you and I. Such familiar intercourse between a man and a woman as we have enjoyed is apt to prove fatal to the peace of mind of one-at least-

Then, indeed, I perceived the whole mean, pitiful vanity of the creature. He actually thought that I was in love with him. Any spark of compunction died in that instant. I felt I could be quite merciless.

"I understand now," I interposed quickly. "And I can't say how sorry I am. I-I didn't think. I have been foolish-selfish-blind! I like you, you see. It has been entirely my fault. I feel that now, absolutely.' "No, no, it was my fault," he cried, taking my bait ravenously. "I should have effaced myself sooner."

I raised my melting eyes to his. "I am glad-so glad-you didn't," said I. "I should have missed many joyous hours if you had. Please don't think so precious. I shall always remember our friendship kindly, for the sake a most artistic sob.

"You forgive me, then," he breath-

I lifted my head sharply, as if be-"What have I to forgive?"

"You are too generous," he mur-

"I am deeply sorry," I quavered, "if I have caused you pain. To forgive "It would be-in a stupid person. you for loving me would be too absurd. What higher honor could you pay me?"

"Believe me, I love you sincerely," he said. "I cannot help it if I have changed. No man is master of his Jim, a talking crow, has received num-

own heart. I--" I was very effectively amazed. "Do you mean," I exclaimed, "that youyou don't care now?"

"Surely," said he, "you can't have misunderstood me That is what 1

replied slowly: "I did not understand eral times a day-Morocco Corresthat."

He rose. I bent my face close to the painted satin. I believe that he was beginning to wonder if, after all, he had gauged me quite accurately. I it odd if I seem to quote Mr. Cosnett knew that his mind was fumbling in the baloon, declares Montreal Star. holplessly after a solution of the enigma I presented to him. When my

real desperation, " don't you think it | "snatched from darkness all the lands pire that no hand but his was able to control, is almost the sole excephauteur, "if you don't wish to come tion. What says the bead-roll?

At 32 Alexander the Great, who had reckoned himself a god, died during "Then why talk of not calling any or just after one of his frenetic orgies. Caesar, the foremost man ef the ancient world, had strange convulsions in his later years, and it may be that the dagger of Brutus saved him from declining into madness. Marlborough, who was married to a violent woman and whose only son died in boyhood, was epileptic during his ten last years of life.

The adventurous and daring Clive, world famous and conqueror of India, at 40 was decidedly a neuropath. In his memorable duel with a brother officer he missed his aim, flung away the weapon, and cried: "Shoot and be damned! I said you cheated and I say so still." Clive was passionate, morbid, gouty and an oplum eater. At 49, rich and of unstinted reputation, he committed suicide.

Wellington was distinctly epileptic. His fainting fits after Waterloo were frequent, and it was an attack of epilepsy that carried him off. The Romanoffs have been neuropathic for nearly three centuries, and one of the epileptic fits of Peter the Great is "said to have lasted three days." Charles V, whose mother was insane, had fits in his youth, and was gouty, bald and scrofulous. Frederick the Great (from the face of whose father, when he took a walk, says Macaulay, "every human being fled", reared in a perfect hell of a palace had a certain general unsoundness of mind, to which mercy was altogether foreign. The stock of Oliver Cromwell was not overhealthy, and of the neuropathic tendencies of the Protector himself there is sufficient evidence. Mohammed-but let Mohammed rest Joan of Arc, the divine girl-woman, seer and soldier, who came from her sheepfolds of Lorraine to make victorious the oriflamme of France, Joan heard voices and saw visions and was kissed, she said, by the celestials .--London Times.

Teaching a Crow to Talk.

John Don, of this place, owner of erous letters asking how he taught the bird to talk. He says the foolish idea that splitting a crow's tongue will cause it to talk is still generally believed. The only secret of success, however, he says, is to give the bird a clean, well lighted cage, and then I hope I looked like Bernhardt as I talk to it at regular intervals sevpondent of Indianapolis News.

> And another beauty of the ballooming fad is that it isn't very likely to kill or mangle anybody but the folke

The Canadians are discussing the "That reminds me," said he. "1 silence had lasted for what must have advisability of annexing Jamaica.

hour some began to get weary and went out; others followed, says the Kansas City Journal, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Soon another person started, whereupon the preached stopped his sermon and said: "That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out."

The suffragettes of England have had one of their meetings broken up by outsiders, and now know how it is themselves. Mr. Keir Hardie, who had come to address the strenuous sisters, notes the New York Press, climbed a high picket fence and took to the tall timber, but it is refreshing to note that Mrs. Sullivan, one of the leaders of women's rights movement, stood her ground manfully and knocked down two male disturbers of the peace with her clinched fist in an effort to restore order.

From the blue grass of Kentucky to the Canada line there is not a man with a spark of liking for horses in his soul who will not sympathize with Mr. Keene over Sysonby's death. He was an alien, to be sure, but what boots it where a good man or a good horse was bred? While the line from which he sprang was English, he was suckled by his English dam in Kentucky, says the New York Sun. If Mr. Keene so decides, hippophilists will applaud the feeling that may lead him to give Sysonby a final resting pace in the Blue Grass country, where he was born.

Except as a decorative feature in fox hunting, stag hunting and the like, the horse has made his exit from postage coaches and ruddy-faced squires armed with pewter mugs and long churchwardens.

Most railroad managers supposes the New York Tribune, have considered the proceedings which have been going on in the United States courts to prevent them from giving special favors in the way of rates or cars as persecution. Some of them have denounced the President as a mischief maker running amuck and as a dangerous radical ignorantly interfering with the legitimate business of the country. But it seems that the radicalism of yesterday is the conservatism of today, and the legal and moral standards which a little time ago were so unreasonable are now regarded as eminently proper. The railroad presideats have been convinced at last

that the ignorant and prejudiced public had a good deal of right on its

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AN OX WAGON IN AFRICA.

The oxen were going quietly along. when, all of a sudden, they were startled by the heavy thud of the wheels jolting over a tree stump on the track. Within a few yards off the brink they set off at a trot, the long and heavy chain hanging loose between them.

"Kouta! Kouta ninni!" ("Brake! Hard on!") shouted the driver, and we felt the Ovampo boy behind the wagon whirl the screw round till the hind wheels were locked. But it was too late. We were over the edge already. Backing and slipping and pulling every way, striking with their horns, charging each other helplessly from behind, the oxen swept down the steep. Behind them, like a big gun let loose, came the wagon, swaying from side to side, leaping over

the rocks, plunging into the holes, at every moment threatening to crush the hinder oxen of the span. Then it began to slide sideways. It was almost at right angles to the track. In another second it would turn clean over, with all four wheels in air, or would dash us into a great tree that stood only a few yards down.

"Kouta loula!" (Loosethe brake!) yelled the driver, but nothing could stop the sliding now. We clung on and thought of nothing. Men on the edge of death think of nothing. Suddenly the near hind wheel was thrown HIGH GRADE against a high ridge of clay. The wagon swung straight, and we were plunged into a river among the struggling oxen, all huddled together and

entangled in the chain. "That was rather rapid," I said, as the wagon came to a dead stop in the mud and we took to the water, but in no language could I translate the expression of the driver's emotions.

Only last wet season the owner of a wagon started down a place like that with twenty-four fine oxen, and at the bottom he had eight oxen, and more beef than he could salt .-- Harper's Magazine.

Detroit River.

The domestic freight traffic of the Detroit River for the season of lake navigation for 1905 amounted to a total of 53,699,886 tons, of which 39,991,085 tons were southbound and 13,648,000 northbound. Of the southbound freight 32,900,685 tons were of iron ore and minerals, 1,-090,997 tons flour, 3,176,928 tons of grain and flaxseed, 1,851,324 tons of lumber and 971,151 tons of unclassified freight. Coal was the principal item in the northbound freight, amounting to 11,928,158 tons. The difference between the amount of freight carried through the Detroit River and the Soo canals amounted to 9,368,406 tons in favor of the river, and 6.156.059 tons of that amount were in northbound freight The frade through the Soo canals has doubled in seven years .--- United States Consular Reports.



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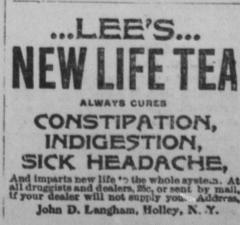
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lite literature and, appropriately enough, the equipages which he draws

have gone lumbering after him, prophesies the New York Mail. Hereafter we shall find the faithful friend of man exiled to dialect stories and pastorals which tell of circuit riders in

the Southern mountains, shrewd, kindly horse traders, simple-minded peasants or that life in "ye olden time" which we have been wont to associate with pictures of English

side.