

A Window Gleaner.
All day they have tolled up the sun-burned slope,
Homeward bound with their heaped sheaves;
Brawny the arms in their blue-checked sleeves,
Buoyant each heart with youth and hope.
While I watch through a tree with yellowing leaves,
From the window behind the heliotrope.
Do they guess for a moment the splendid dower
They bear up the hill, those harvest hands?
With their ringing song o'er the harvest lands—
Day at the flood, and life at the flow-er?
The wheat that cannot be bound in hands,
Unminted gold in a Midas shower?
Not they! But that other whose couch is spread
By the window overlooking the wagon track;
Who cries a bit at the sweetmeat lack,
With the daily portion of bitter bread.
While this the taunt of each creaking rack—
"Who go not afield must stay unfed!"
But now that the last of the loaded wains
Has rolled out of sight, my tired eyes close;
And a river of dusk thro' the still room flows,
Till the travail passes, and peace remains.
I look—and the sky is a dew-damp rose,
And the panes of my window cathedral panes!
Look down the steep where the hot- lows lie,
Full to the brim of the red-gold light;
And a picture unrolls on the falling night,
Limned by the artist, Imagery!
O purblind reapers gone over the height!
Ye have passed much goodly substance by!
So I must glean from my window-seat,
Nor go afield with the hale and strong;
When the daylight falls and the shadows throng.
Behold! my garner are full of wheat!
A marvelous canvas, a sheaf of song
And a vision above and beyond them, sweet!
—Emma Herrick Weed, in Youth's Companion.

A CROOK'S REVENGE

By a Secret Service Man.

"When an expert crook calmly and deliberately sets to work to get even with a former pal against whom he has a grudge, something uncommonly artistic in deviousness is bound to be the result.
"The release from the New Jersey State prison of old man Brockway, the octogenarian counterfeiter and forger, and the man who, as everybody knows, has been at the very top of his profession for a matter of fifty years, reminds me of the singularly handsome fashion with which Brockway got even with another famous crook who had done him an underhand trick.
"The other famous crook was the 'celebrated' Tom O'Brien, the man who is said to have made a million dollars in the purveying of gold bricks, of whom a great deal is written in the crooks' book of former Inspector Byrnes of New York. O'Brien is now doing a 'lifer' in a French penal settlement. After he had bribed the keepers who were taking him to Dannemora prison a number of years ago, he escaped and made his way to Paris, where not long after, he shot and killed his pal, 'Kid' Waddell, and the French authorities put him away for life. Every once in a while a story pops up to the effect that O'Brien's wife, who lives in New York, is about to buy a South American man-o'-war and undertake an expedition to the French penal settlement to release her husband by leveling the prison walls, but those are New York Sunday newspaper stories.
"A good many years ago Brockway and O'Brien were on friendly terms, although, as their 'lines' were different, they never worked together. Then O'Brien pulled off some sort of a mean trick on Brockway, the details of which are only known to a few close-mouthed veteran crooks, and Brockway determined to get even.
"O'Brien was making his annual gold-brick-selling tour through the State of Pennsylvania a few months after he had gained the enmity of Brockway, when, in a little town not many miles from Pittsburg, he was approached by an extremely simple-looking old farmer who asked O'Brien a question as to the time of departure of the next train for Pittsburg. The appearance of the prosperous-looking old farmer immediately caused the gold-brick man to chirk up.
"Got business in Pittsburg eh, pop?" said O'Brien, with the amiability for which he was noted.
"Well, I reckon I have—some," replied the old farmer. "Got a few bonds that I'm calculating to sell in Pittsburg."

"Gilt-edged stuff, I'll warrant?" said O'Brien.
"Well, they couldn't be much gilt-edged, I reckon," was the old farmer's smiling reply. "Pennsylvania railroad first mortgage bonds, and I guess they're as good as the kind the Government issues, ain't they?"
"This interested Mr. Thomas O'Brien a great deal.
"How much have you got tied up in those bonds, sir?" he asked the guileless-looking farmer. "I inquire because maybe I'll buy them myself and save you the trip to Pittsburg. I'm looking for an investment of that sort with a bit of money that I have not any pressing need for just now."
"Oh, I've only got ten thousand dollars' worth," replied the farmer, "and I reckon I won't have any bother getting rid of them in Pittsburg."
"Then O'Brien got busy in his scientific way. He had something he wanted to show the old farmer, he said, and he invited him up to his hotel room, and there, after leading up to it with the customary ingenious story, O'Brien showed him the gold brick.
"But how am I going to know that it's sure enough gold?" inquired the guileless one.
"Simplest thing in the world," was O'Brien's ready reply. "Come on to Pittsburg and I'll prove it to you."
"They got aboard a local train and went to Pittsburg, and O'Brien took the farmer-looking man to an office in an out-of-the-way office building. The office had the legend, 'U. S. Assayer,' painted on the glass door. The 'assayer,' of course, was O'Brien's pal, planted there by him to convince victims of the 'genuineness' of the bricks. The 'assayer' bored a little hole in a corner of the brick, went through the motions of testing the borings with acid, and so on, and pronounced the brick to be of the purest coin gold. The farmer-looking man's eyes-glistened.
"What are you asking for it?" he inquired of O'Brien.
"It's worth a pat \$12,000 at the Mint," said O'Brien, "but, for the reasons which prevent me appearing at the Mint myself just now, I'll let you have it for an even \$10,000."
"I reckon I can't pay that much," said the farmer. "I'm going to buy forty acres of ground to add to my farm, and that'll cost me \$4,000. If you could let me have it for \$6,000 now, maybe I'd—"
"O'Brien reflected, and made some figures on his blotting pad, and finally he said that he'd make the great sacrifice and let the farmer have the \$12,000 gold brick for \$6,000.
"All right," said the farmer. "I'll go down town and sell these bonds and get the money, and then I'll come back and pay you the \$6,000."
"But O'Brien was too crafty to let so good a thing get out of his sight.
"I'll go with you," he said. "Better let me sell the bonds—I'm used to that sort of thing, and probably I could transact the business more quickly than you could."
"The farmer agreed, and they went to a well-known Pittsburg bond dealing establishment. O'Brien had taken the bonds from the old man's grip and had them wrapped in a neat package. The old man waited out in the corridor while O'Brien was disposing of the bonds. The head of the bond dealing firm looked at the bonds, and gave O'Brien the \$10,000 out of hand. O'Brien would have probably run away with the whole amount if he'd had the chance, but the old man stuck to him like a pup to a roofer after he had sold the bonds, and O'Brien couldn't lose him. So the gold brick crook took the old man to the back room of a secluded saloon and paid him out \$4,000 in good lawful currency. Then they went out to the little town near Pittsburg, the old man was handed his brass brick and the transaction was completed.
"Three days later, while celebrating in Pittsburg, Tom O'Brien was arrested at the instigation of the bond-dealing firm, which had discovered that those \$10,000 in Pennsylvania railroad bonds were forged. The work was superbly done, and O'Brien knew, as soon as the hand was laid on his shoulder, that old man Brockway had 'got bunk' with him.
"And that is exactly what had happened. The guileless farmer-looking man was one of Brockway's pals in the bank note and forging business, and he had fixed up the job with the greatest deliberation on O'Brien. He had not only 'drilled' the gold brick man to the tune of \$4,000 in good cash, but he had fixed it so that O'Brien himself should make himself responsible to the law by disposing of the 'phony' railroad bonds.
"O'Brien was released on \$15,000 bail, which he 'jumped,' and he had to wander around Europe for several years before the Pittsburg bogus bond job was 'squared' by the methods known to high-grade criminals, so that it was safe for him to venture back to the United States.—Washington Star.

Raising a Girl the Wrong Way.
An Atchison girl of fifteen gets up in the morning, eats breakfast which her mother has prepared, goes upstairs and takes care of her room, and then goes downtown, sometimes taking two hours to buy a spool of thread. She eats dinner which her mother has prepared, wears clothes her mother has made, spends the afternoon reading story books or gadding with her friends, and spends her mother has prepared, and spends the evening with her girl friends. She has done nothing wicked all day, and her mother is satisfied that she is bringing her up right. But is she? —Atchison Globe.

FEW CHINESE JEWS LEFT

THOSE REMAINING SCARCELY AWARE OF THEIR ORIGIN.

Ignorant of Their Religion—Scattered, Poor, Without Schools, Houses of Worship, or Rolls of the Law, They Are Fast Dying Out in Obscurity.
For more than two thousand years there has been a colony of Jews established at Kaifengfu, China. The exact date of their entrance into the country is not known, but it is supposed from a tablet found in their synagogues at that place that they must have appeared there about 500 B. C., although it may have been as late as 58 A. D. It is not until the third or fourth century that they are mentioned in Chinese annals, says the Cleveland Leader, when their synagogue is referred to by a Chinese writer as a "heaven spirit monastery." Western Persia is given as their starting point, by which Persia is probably meant, because of the number of Persian words which are used by the Chinese Hebrews.
Mr. Ezra, who is an authority on the subject, thinks that there is no good reason for the theory that the Chinese Hebrews are descended from the ten tribes. There are many references to these Hebrews from the year 878. An Arabian writer mentions them as one of the sects that perished in a general massacre at Khanfu, but in 956 and 958 there are records of the Chinese district officials conferring honors on Hebrews, and in 1163 the erection of a synagogue was begun in Kaifengfu.
Hebrews were invited to Pekin to join the Imperial army. In the fifteenth century there were many Hebrew communities in China. The best information we have about these communities comes through the Jesuits who entered Pekin at the end of the sixteenth century.
The discovery of the Chinese Hebrews was made by Father Ricci, one of the first Jesuits to enter China.
Early in the seventeenth century, one summer day in Pekin, a visitor, prompted by rumors of the arrival of certain foreigners who worshipped a single God and yet were not Mohammedans, called on Father Ricci. The missionary, noticing the difference of features from the ordinary Chinese, led him to the oratory and knelt on his knees before a picture of the Virgin and the infant Jesus and St. John the Baptist. Nearby was another picture representing four of the apostles. The visitor knelt also, remarking, "We in China do reverence to our ancestors. This is Rebecca with her sons Jacob and Esau, but as to the other picture, who make obeisance to only four sons of Jacob; were there not twelve?"
Returning to the former apartment mutual explanations followed and an unforced solution ensued. The stranger was a Hebrew, Ngai by name, who had come to Pekin from Kaifengfu to procure literary honors. He stated that in his city there were some twelve families of Israelites, with a fair synagogue, in which they preserved a roll of the law more than four hundred years old, and in Hangchow, the capital of Chekiang, there were many more families, also with a synagogue.
Scattered over the length and breadth of China there were others of his sect, but these were gradually being lost, from having no meeting place. When shown a Bible in Hebrew he confessed his inability to read it, though he recognized the characters. He said that his preference for Gentile literature subjected him to many reproaches from the chief of the synagogue. Father Ricci was able to test the truth of these statements, and despatched some Chinese Christian messengers to Kaifengfu for the purpose of investigation, and soon received visits from other native Hebrews.
The condition of the Chinese Hebrews has been declining very fast since that time. A missionary in 1866 found them in an impoverished condition. They had been obliged to tear down a part of their synagogue to sell it. Finally, some thirty years later, a society for the rescue of these people was established, and in response to an urgent invitation eight Chinese Hebrews left Kaifengfu for Shanghai. They arrived in that city in March, 1902, where they were cordially received by the Hebrew colony. Questioned as to their observance of their ancient religion, these Hebrews admitted that their faith was rapidly declining. At present they do not observe any of the ordinances of the Hebrew religion, nor do they observe the idolatrous practices of the heathen. Many of them have been scattered, but there still remain to the seven clans about one hundred and forty adults.

POOR PAY IN CONGRESS.

Very Few of the Members Can Get Along on Their Salaries.
While there is no disposition to pass a bill raising the salaries of Congressmen, it is growing more apparent each year that the existing stipend is wholly inadequate and that few men without private fortunes will consent to remain in public life. With every Congress not a few useful men quietly drop out on this account. A New England representative used to say facetiously that there were two classes of men, speaking from the financial point of view, who should come to Congress. Those who were so rich that no amount of appeal for money could affect them adversely, and those so poor that the worst offer would not waste his time in hunting them up. As this member

said he belonged to neither class, Congress was no place for him.
"I have reached a conclusion as to how much it costs a man to be in Congress, even on the most economical basis," remarked a Representative of moderate means today in discussing this subject. "Whatever it is costing a man to live at home, it will cost him that amount to live here, plus \$5,000—the Congressional salary. I pay at a hotel here \$240 a month for accommodations for my wife and myself, which is \$4 a day per capita, with no reduction for absences from the city.
"A Congressman must live in a hotel. The moment he buys a house it gets telegraphed to his district that he thinks he has a life claim on his seat, and the chances are that the caucus will go against him the next time. A Senator, elected for six years, may sometimes build a house, but even with them the experiment has not always proved safe. I abhor hotel life, but feel that for political reasons I must submit to it.
"A man must also allow 20 per cent. of his salary, at the least calculation, for subscription to political and charitable enterprises in his district, good, bad and indifferent. I think few persons will take exception to my formula that the man at home who wants to come to Congress must bring his present living expenses with him, in addition to what Uncle Sam proposes to pay him."
There was a time twenty years or more ago when by common consent this was not the case. A Congressman could live in reasonable comfort on his salary. But standards of entertainment are constantly rising here as elsewhere, and few men can afford wholly to omit social obligations. The "striker" for aid has become recognized as a distinct type of Congressional parasite, but one which cannot wholly be ignored.
A rich Pennsylvania Representative, and the tendency is now strong in that State to send only rich men to Congress, was accosted by a well-dressed man in the lobby today, who began to tell a plain tale of travel, but he had not gone through two sentences before the discerning Keystone statesman interrupted. "What, are you straggled?"
"That, Mr. —, is just what I was getting around to say," and with another mouthful of explanation and apology occupied the time while the M. C. was drawing a five-dollar bill from his pocket. Not infrequently a professional striker comes to town who sees every man in the delegation of the State often netting a substantial sum in this way.—Boston Transcript.

Helpful Surroundings.

Whatever you do in life, make any sacrifice necessary to keep in an ambition-arousing atmosphere, an environment which will stimulate you to self-development. Keep close to people who understand you, who believe in you, who will help you to discover yourself, and encourage you to make the most of yourself. This may make all the difference to you between a grand success and a mediocre existence.
Stick to those who are trying to do something and to be somebody in the world—people of high aims, lofty ambition. Keep close to those who are dead in earnest. Ambition is contagious. You will catch the spirit that dominates in your environment.—Success Magazine.

Our Actions Live.

Silently the work of our lives goes on. It proceeds without intermission, and all that has been done is the understructure for that which is to be done.
Young man and maiden, take heed to the work of your hands. That which you are doing is imperishable. You forget it. It passes away from you apparently, but it does not pass away in reality. Every stroke, every single element abides and there is nothing that grows so fast as character.—Reformed Church Advocate.

STRENGTH OF MUSSELS.

You must, some time, try to open the shell of a fresh water mussel or a sea clam. You will find one the size of your hand has great strength, although both his muscles may not be larger than those of one of your fingers. I have often seen a boy flick up a mussel and insert his finger before the shell was quite closed, thinking he would open it again. Few boys can succeed. They usually have hard pulling to get their fingers free. A big mussel can bite hard. Were it not that the edge of the shell, in big specimens, is smooth and thick, a boy might get his fingers cut to the bone.—From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.

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To Mark the Old Trails.
In Kansas an effort is being made to have the Legislature appropriate funds to mark the course of the Santa Fe trail, which is perhaps the most historic highway in the Union. In California a society has been formed to locate the route of "el camino real," or king's highway, the road used by the Franciscan missionaries from Mexico who founded missions from San Diego to San Francisco more than a century ago. It is proposed to restore this road and make of it a wide boulevard for its whole length. The project is thus practical as well as sentimental, a circumstance which augurs well for its success.
Many historic trails remain to be marked, however, and the work will have to be inaugurated soon if it is to be done at all. The wagon trails from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City on the south and to Fort Letterman on the north will soon be obliterated through disuse. The railroads have long ago taken all the traffic that once passed over these trails. Nothing now remains to mark where they once ran except an occasional deep-worn rut which time has yet failed to fill up and the ruins of a "station" far away from any human habitation. For many miles no trace of many of the overland routes can be found, and history and tradition will often have to be relied upon to relocate them.
Yet the task of picking up the old trails is not at all impossible, as is shown by the success which has attended efforts to locate the old military road over which General Braddock marched from Virginia to death and defeat near old Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg. Thanks to the exertions of individual investigators, the route of practically the whole road is now defined, and he who has leisure and inclination can follow it from its beginning to the very spot where George Washington and his "irregulars" saved the broken remnant of the Braddock expedition from annihilation.—Chicago Chronicle.

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