

EVERYDAY FANCIES.

By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

If the poor should cease from our land, And the needy be no more, Then what would become of the open hand.

And the rich man's borrowed store? Thought his wealth should reach to the azure sky, The fields would all unfruitful lie, For with lack of need, and no mouths to feed,

Man never would plant or sow the seed. We never should list to the factory bell, Or the engine's labored puff, To the busy throngs that buy and sell.

If the rich should cease from out the land, And the Master lead no more, Then what would become of the working hand That look up for their modest store?

With no master hand the work to plan, And no money to pass from man to man, This world would be in its misery As bad a world as one could see.

Then we'll be contented with our call, And quarrel with fate no more; For the rich and poor are brothers all, From the king to the humble sower, Let the world go on in the old time way.

With its sunshine bright, and its shadows gray; With its needy hands, that the generous hands May be ready to give as the case demands.

ROSAMOND'S CONQUEST.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Rosamond!" "Coming, mamma!" and the little girl ran in from the garden, her dimpled fingers all stained, and her wicker basket half filled with ripe strawberries.

"My love, I want you to run to the drugstore," said her mother, looking up from the handsome party dress she was trimming. "Poor papa's fever is coming on again, and he must have his medicine. Ask the druggist to refill this bottle, and—"

"Yes, mamma; give me the money." Mrs. Trevor burst into tears. "Rosamond," she said, "I haven't a cent in the wide world, and shall not have till this dress is finished, and I've worked so hard; but run, my love, and ask the druggist to send me the medicine, and tell him he shall have his money early to-morrow morning."

"Yes, mamma!" and away ran Rosamond, her sensitive mouth quivering, her blue eyes full of tears. "Poor mamma! poor mamma! I wish I could help her!" she murmured.

Meanwhile Mrs. Trevor sat at her sewing, but her tears often blinded her, and she arose every minute or two to cross the room and peep into her husband's chamber. He was dozing, his wan face flushed with rising fever—her dear, handsome husband, for whose love she had sacrificed so much.

She was the daughter and only child of a wealthy banker, this pale, sorrowing wife. When she reached her eighteenth birthday, her father called her into her library and told her that he had chosen her husband, at the same time displaying a handsome set of diamonds, which had come with Mr. Oglethorpe's proposal. "Such fine diamonds they are! And, my dear, Mr. Oglethorpe comes of the best family in the State, and he is a millionaire as well.

distress. The letter was returned to her unopened. Then she set to work herself, talking in embroidery and plain sewing; but all her efforts could not keep the gaunt wolf from the door.

She sat at her work now, thinking over her troubles and waiting for Rosamond's return. It was not long before the little creature came running in, but one glance at her grief-stricken face told her mother she had failed.

"Well, Rosie darling?" she said, gently. "Oh, mamma, he wouldn't let me have it!" sobbed the child. "I told him about poor papa, and I begged him, but he said no—the money must come first."

"Well, love, it can't be helped," sighed her mother. "I can finish the dress in an hour, and then we shall get the money. Go and fan poor papa now, and put a cold strawberry in his mouth when he wakes. Mamma must sew."

Rosamond obeyed, taking her place by her father's couch. She fanned him into a sound sleep, and then she went to the open window, and fell to dreaming. The afternoon sunshine glittered on the little garden plot, with its tufts of pink and heart's-ease, and its square bed of strawberries.

"All right, mamma," answered Rosamond. The summer afternoon droned away and with the twilight her mother returned. Rosamond had tidied up the sick room, and had made the tea a ready for her father's supper, beside rocking her baby brother when he awoke.

"Well, mamma," she cried, joyfully. Her poor mother fell into a seat, and burst into sobs. "Oh, Rosamond, the lady can't pay me till next week. There is no hope for us; poor papa must die!"

Rosamond only nodded her curly head, and a curious sparkle lit her eye. "I'll do it," she whispered, under her breath.

Mr. Trevor had a bad night, and his wife got no sleep, consequently she did not rise early the next morning, but Rosamond was up with the dawn. She put on her best dress, and her chip hat, and stole downstairs, with her little wicker basket in her hand.

Then she ran into the garden, and gathered the largest of the strawberries. When she had filled her basket, she made a little nosegay of her heart's-ease, and another of pink, and put them on top of the bright berries. Then she hung the little basket on her arm, and dropping on her knees upon the wet grass, she looked up at the opal sky and prayed.

"Oh, dear Lord, please help me to sell my berries, to buy my poor, sick papa some medicine." And never doubting in her sweet, child's faith, but God would hearken to her request, she bounded to her feet and ran off in the direction of the village.

Early market was just opened, and a dozen or two countrywomen were ranging stalls and along the sidewalk, with their produce in green array before them. Little Rosamond looked about her for a minute, and then established herself in a corner, and stood there like a picture, her hat pushed back, her cheeks flushed, her golden curls in a tumble.

"Who'll buy my ripe strawberries?" At last a gentleman paused, attracted by the sweet, bird-like voice. "Please, sir, would you buy my berries?" "Baskets and all, and yourself in the bargain."

the child sought to release her hand, but only need at the closer. "Rosamond," he said, presently, in a faltering voice, "did you ever hear of your Grandfather Everleigh?"

"My Grandfather Everleigh?" Oh, yes, indeed, sir! Mamma tells me about him, but I never saw him. He's a rich man, and—and—well, I don't think he cares for us because we are poor!"

"Rosamond, I am your grandfather!" The child looked at him with incredulous eyes; then all at once she began to clap her hands.

"And you will go home with me and see poor mamma—you will, you will!" she cried. "Yes," replied the gentleman, in a hoarse voice. "Come along; my carriage is not far off."

They drove up the green lane to the cottage just as the sun was rising. Rosamond's mother was in the garden looking about with much concern for her little girl.

"Here I am, mamma," shouted Rosie, putting forth her golden head. "I ran away to market to sell strawberries; and, oh, mamma, I've got a whole dollar, and I've brought Grandfather Everleigh home with me!"

The meeting between father and daughter was a happy one, and all the past was forgotten and forgiven in the joy of the present. Under the treatment of a good physician, and the restorative power of a contented mind, Mr. Trevor soon regained his health; and Edith's father, to make amends for his former harshness, took him into the firm of which he was the head, and insisted that they should all live together in his mansion, where little Rosie is now his pet and almost constant companion.—New York Weekly.

FRANCE AND THE SAHARA. Mehraristes Slowly Winning the Desert. France is constantly giving proofs of her mastery over the Sahara. She has won it by her new methods of desert travel, which were adopted only three years ago and proved from the first successful.

Her mehraristes travel wherever they are sent. At irregular but frequent intervals they raise their flags over some new territory and attach it to one of their organized districts. The mehraristes are small troops of camel cavalry mounted on animals specially trained for fast travel, so that they may go lightly laden. They depend on the cases to replenish supplies.

Their latest journey is one of the most notable of their achievements. Starting from Timbuctoo they marched north and northwest about 350 miles to Taudeni, arriving there May 8. Captain Cauvin and his men camped in the town for eight days. The natives had never seen a white man before. Their fathers saw one specimen seventy-eight years ago, when Rene Calle crossed the desert. Lenz was in that neighborhood about twenty-five years ago, but passed around the place because he did not dare to enter it.

Captain Cauvin attached Taudeni to the Government of Timbuktu, and his party returned to the Niger. They had met no opposition, but were much fatigued by the heat and the hardships of a desert march nearly as long as the distance between New York and Chicago.

Isolated and miserable as Taudeni is, the place has long been one of the most notable in the Sahara. It occupies a depression only about four hundred feet above sea level. The waters come near the surface here, and many wells are possible. This has made the settlement the converging point for all the caravan routes between Morocco and Timbuktu. It is the centre of the largest salt industry in Africa.

Here are apparently inexhaustible beds of pure rock salt, which the natives hew out in blocks about three feet long, weighing seventy pounds. Four of these make a camel load. The salt is taken to Timbuktu and distributed throughout the whole Western Soudan. It is sold to the Timbuktu merchants for a platinum, but increases in value with every day's journey of their camels to the south. Taudeni is described by the people of Timbuktu as one of the most wretched of desert settlements. The natives are of mixed Arab and Negro blood. They have had no government. Every man is a law unto himself. Often the miners suffer from lack of food, as they are dependent on imports for supplies of all kinds except water and salt.

They exact a camel from every caravan replenishing its water skins at their wells, and the animals thus acquired are kept as a food resource. It was because Lenz could not spare a camel that he replenished his water supply at Wady Tel, outside the settlement, and went on without seeing a native. Salt mining is the only industry. The heat is so intense that at times the miners are compelled to quit work and take refuge in caves. Lenz found abundant evidence that this region, some time or other, gave support to people of a culture differing from that of the present inhabitants. He found the ruins of ancient walls, objects of ornament, tools and other articles such as are no longer in use. He learned that many of these relics are scattered over this part of the desert, and specimens of finely worked and polished stone have been carried as curiosities to other Saharan towns. The French expedition may throw more light on this region. The population of the United States is estimated to be eighty-five millions, and only twenty-five millions are connected with any church—Catholic or Protestant.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT POEM. He wanted a city beautiful, A city that should be fair; A city where smoke should never roll In billows upon the air.

He wanted a city where art should be, A city of splendid halls, Where culture's touch should appear upon The battlements and walls.

He called for a city beautiful; He shouted it day by day; He wanted a city where noise was not, Where the spirit of art should sway.

MARRIED LIFE. Mrs. Knicker—So she has settled down to prosaic realities? Mrs. Bocker—Yes, she has found it is harder to get a jewel of a cook than a solitaire.—New York Sun.

DEFINED. Knicker—What is the political situation? Bocker—You need a rubber wagon to see which is the band wagon.—New York Sun.

EXPLAINED. She—Why Dick chose her I can't understand. She's not a nice girl. He—No, but her father is an ice man.—Boston Transcript.

THE WRONG TIME. "Did your husband ever bet on a winning horse?" "Oh, yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "all the horses Charlie bets on win at some time or another."—Washington Star.

SUPERFOUS. Mrs. Knicker—Does your husband ever complain if his buttons are missing? Mrs. Bocker—No, he has to fasten so many of mine that he wouldn't have time for his own, anyway.—New York Sun.

THE PASSION FOR THE THEATRE. Uncle Hiram—Noo York has an acting mayor. Aunt Maria—For the land sakes, who'll go on the stage next?—New York Sun.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE. "And," he supplemented after the proposal, "we shall have love in a cottage." "Yes," she agreed, "and when we want to quarrel we'll move to our town house."—Brooklyn Life.

STILL THINKING. "I thought you were thinking seriously about getting married." "I was." "Then why didn't you you?" "That's why."—Cleveland Leader.

EASY TO IMPROVE. Fisherman (beginner). "Don't you think, Peter, I've improved a great deal since I began?" Peter (anxious to pay a compliment). "You have, sure. But, sure, it was easy for you to improve, sort!"—Punch.

HOW IT STRUCK HIM. Mrs. Suburba (with paper)—"I see that the site of the Garden of Eden has at last been located." Mr. Suburba—"Yes? When will the sale of lots take place and what's the fare from the City Hall?"—Puck.

HER KIND HEART. Mistress—Was Mr. Spooner annoyed not to find me at home when he called this afternoon? Maid—He seemed so, miss. But I made it all right. I told him that it was really true, this time.—Cleveland Leader.

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WISE WORDS. Ethics alone is a good ark for dry weather. They who make light of truth get no light from truth.

Man wants but little here below cost.—Atlanta Journal. No greater legacy can any man leave than that of a good life. If you are afraid of being sincere you are likely to be but shift.

When the reformer begins to be a boss, he is lost.—Atlanta Journal. The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes. Faith is not thought, but substance. It partakes of the foundation on which it rests.

Why express an opinion when you can send it by freight for less?—New York Press. The moment should be improved; if suffered to pass away it may never return.—Washington. A pig doesn't feel that there is plenty of food unless there is enough to lie down in.—Tampa Globe.

A summer philosopher has discovered that temper is largely a matter of temperature.—Atlanta Constitution. In proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty, and more respect to wealth.—Colton. Let us be generous of our dignity, as well as of our money. Greatness, once and forever, has done with opinion.—Emerson.

A wise man will desire no more than he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly.—Bacon. Nothing is worth the entire devotion and enthusiasm of a man's soul that does not in some way lift him above the temporal and assure him of the eternal. There are no fractions in the mathematics of right and wrong. A thing is not truth until it is the whole truth. What seems half a truth is a whole lie.

Keeping a Secret. A few years ago the President decided to appoint Mr. Wynne, now Consul-General at London, to be First Assistant Postmaster-General. "How will we keep this from the newspapers?" was asked by some of the President's advisers. "I think that the best way would be to take the newspaper correspondents into our confidence," said the President. This was done, and the secret was carefully guarded for a month, although known all that time by fifty or more Washington correspondents. —Louisville Post.

The Family Koh-I-Noor. It is quite the thing among fashionable folk this summer, when a caller comes, to take her out and proudly show her the large piece of ice in the refrigerator.—Somerville Journal.

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