

HOW LAW'S JAWS GNAW.
Law's a jest—a paradox,
With a grim, rapacious paw;
Laws a goose, and law's a fox—
Yea, a lawless thing is law!
Every status has a flaw
That the lawyers know and use;
Law rests on the ancient saw,
"Heads I win and tails you lose."

Law is always orthodox,
Viewing precedents with awe;
Law's a snake and law's an ox—
Yea, a lawless thing is law.
Law is iron, law is straw—
Works whichever may you choose,
If you are a lawyer—pshaw!
"Heads I win and tails you lose!"

Running water wears out rocks—
So does law—it's greedy claw;
Skins you to your very socks—
Yea, a lawless thing is law!
Law, as cooked for us, is raw—
Food of knaves that knaves abuse,
Try it—get the loud guffaw—
"Heads I win and tails you lose!"

L'ENVOI.

Law, thou hast a greedy maw!
Yea, a lawless thing is law.
Thou hast driven me to booze—
"Heads you win and tails I lose!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Who Dealt the Blow?

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

To my nephew, Felix St. Alban, I leave the Italian dagger which has been an heirloom in our family and the curse of our race; but, lacking the superstitions of the former St. Albans, I beg to remind him that it has failed to bring the customary evil upon me, its latest possessor. There has not been so much love between us that I need fear its sharp blade will cut the thread of his affection for my ghostly memory.

"My lands and houses, such as are not sold to pay my debts, I leave to my ward, Honoria Dillon, daughter of the woman I once loved and deserted, partly as a recompense for the wrong I did her mother, partly to disappoint my nephew, who naturally expects to step into my shoes, and mostly to surprise the girl, who has no reason to think I will leave her anything.

"To my enemies I leave my undying ill-will; to my friends, who are few, the doubtful benefit of my blessing."

The bitter spirit of old Leonard St. Alban spoke after him in this remarkable will, and something like a shudder ran over the little audience who listened to it, for three months after penning his disbelief of the superstition which attached to the dagger—a superstition that had been crystallized in the shape of a prophecy that every St. Alban owning it must either kill with it or be killed by it—he had been found with its sharp blade driven straight through his heart. Not one person in the room would have taken it as a gift except the legalized recipient, but the spirit of Leonard St. Alban lived over again in the last representative of his race.

He was a thin, sallow man, with restless, burning eyes, and he came forward, smilingly, to receive the souvenir at the hands of the executor. The slender blade was tarnished with a dull crust, and a great ruby set in the hilt glowed red as the blood it had spilled. McDermott, the detective, was watching him as he took the weapon, and obeying a sudden impulse touched him on the shoulder.

"Would you mind leaving it in my hands for the present Mr. St. Alban?"

"Not at all," responded Felix, promptly. "Time enough to fulfill my destiny when you have unraveled the mystery here, sir. Infidelity did not save my uncle, and it may not save me."

"You have been disappointed in your expectations," said the detective smoothly. "There's no harm in saying now that, before the reading of the will, you seemed the only person who could have any motive in the old gentleman's decease."

"It seems so still," returned Felix, composedly. "There was no robbery, and I expected to be his heir."

Both men had spoken in the quietest of tones, and as they stood, with level, meeting glances, it was as if one had given a warning to which the other flashed defiance back, but a third person had caught the low-spoken words. Honoria Dillon came a step nearer, with a reddening gleam breaking through the stony pallor of her face.

"Mr. McDermott, you are mistaken. I knew the disposition Mr. St. Alban intended to make of his property; I acquainted Felix of the fact."

"Honoria!" pleadingly, warningly whispered Felix, and the young detective was conscious of a mental recoil when reason suggested that he should suspect her since that knowledge gave her a motive for the deed.

That evening he examined the dagger in the privacy of the chamber which had been devoted to his use while he chose to remain at St. Alban's. A crust of blood still clung to the blade close up to the hilt. Putting sentiment aside, McDermott doubted whether a woman's hand could have driven it so deep and true. It was gold-handled, with a single ruby set in the end, and as he turned it over he saw that one of the small points which held the stone

in place had been wrenched and broken, and caught under the ragged edge was an infinitesimal line which the microscope revealed to be a shred of white silk. It startled him a little, until he reflected that it might have been lodged there at some time preceding the tragedy.

It was still early next morning when McDermott entered the library where he had seen St. Alban precede him, but he was not prepared for the sight of Miss Dillon also, and that indescribable, electric presence in the atmosphere which told him that he had interrupted a stormy scene between them.

"I came to return your dagger," he announced, sullenly.

"And it has told you no tales?" Felix questioned, carelessly.

Miss Dillon shuddered, turned pale, and hastily left them.

"Do you remain at St. Alban's?" asked the detective.

"Certainly; I have just arranged that matter with its mistress. I can't go away under a cloud of suspicion."

McDermott would have given something at that moment to know how he had arranged it. He was at a loss to understand the precise nature of the sentiment which existed between them—more at a loss as the days went on, and he saw Miss Dillon shrink at the casual touch of Felix's hand, or watch him at times with an expression very like horror dilating her great dark eyes.

One morning—the days had worn into weeks, and the late spring had leaped as it were, into the fervid lap of summer—she shrieked as his hand, playing about her, made a snap at her hand. In an instant St. Alban's face had darkened, he caught the dog by the throat, there was a glitter in the sunshine as the dirk, which he had taken a fancy to wear about him, descended, and then the poor creature lay gasping his last breath, and looking with pitious glances into his master's face. Miss Dillon sprang to her feet and walked to his side, and for the moment it seemed as if the woman and the man had changed places, for it was he who blanched at sight of the red life blood spurting out as he withdrew the blade, and she who stood stern and still.

"Give it to me," she demanded, "and pray Heaven that the curse may be removed from you—that this may be the only blood you will ever spill."

He rallied with a laugh. "Are you superstitious, Honoria? Is that the fear which has been troubling you—that I'll fulfill the prediction and save myself by doing the killing? Is that the reason you have been so perverse? I'll give it to you on condition—"

"Hush!" she uttered, sharply, and both became aware that McDermott was standing on the grass plot a dozen feet distant. He entered the parlor by the window as she came in at the door, some strong feeling struggling for expression in his well-schooled face.

"Miss Dillon," he asked, with perfect abruptness, "will you tell me just what relation you bear to Felix St. Alban?"

"There is no reason why I should not," a little flush tingling her clear cheek. "I once promised to marry him, but broke the engagement at Mr. Leonard St. Alban's desire. He was very bitterly opposed to the match."

"Pardon me, I am not satisfied yet. You are bound by no promise? There is nothing now to prevent your renewing it?"

A flash of that passionate spirit, which he had detected in her once or twice, looked at him out of Miss Dillon's eyes.

"That is what he says. He has given me no peace since you have been here, importuning it; but I will never, never marry Felix St. Alban."

"Then I can tell you why I have stayed, since the business which brought me here has dwindled out of my hands. I had a desire to distinguish myself in my profession when I came, but it has been superseded by a more ambitious dream. Honoria, may I tell you what?"

"You may tell me."

What was it that stilled the torrent of hot words rushing to his lips? She had laid aside her warm mourning that day for the first, and wore a morning-robe of white alpaca that had a vine of silk embroidery down the front and on the sleeves. It was a spark of something bright caught in a tangle of that embroidery on one of the cuffs, and as she raised her arm, a darker spot underneath revealed by the garish morning sunlight. Startled by his look, her glance followed where his was fixed, and she exclaimed hastily that she had got a spot of the hound's blood on her dress. But McDermott knew that dull, dark stain had been dried and fixed by time. What was it she had overheard her maid saying to the housekeeper at an earlier hour, as if in excuse of her mistress's white attire?

"She never so much as tried it on, but once, on the night of the murder, and it would be a pity to let it get yellow without ever wearing it at all."

Before night he had found means of securing both the dagger and that tiny spark from Miss Dillon's sleeve. It fitted accurately to its place in the broken point of the setting.

"What the deuce am I doing down here, my boy? Well, bringing you some light on this case that seems to have sent your wits wool-gathering. I don't see how you failed to unravel it."

Detective Kranz went deep in his pocket, and McDermott gave him a glance of dismay.

"Here it is, a letter from some respectable old domestic who has had it

on her conscience till she got it off in this way. You'd better just call her up and see what she has to say about it."

It was the housekeeper who came, looked at the letter, and fell into a tremble of awe.

"It's witchcraft, so it is. That's my hand, but I never touched pen to paper to write them words; I couldn't bear to do it, me as nussed her when she was a baby. 'But it's the truth, Mr. McDermott, sir; yes, it is. I did see Miss Honoria go into Mr. St. Alban's room late that night, and I did think it queer; but I didn't feel called on to tell at the inkwell when I wasn't asked."

Mr. Kranz was not long in sifting out corroborative evidence, and McDermott neither lifted his hand to aid or stay him. Perhaps he felt the hopelessness of the last. He did ask his brother detective for a night's delay before effecting the arrest. Kranz hesitated, but finally said:

"Well, Mac, all right; but just see that you don't give me any game." He had fathomed already the secret of McDermott's inaction.

The latter went to look for Miss Dillon. She was somewhere in the grounds with Felix St. Alban, her maid told him. Excited voices from a remote spot reached him, and he turned that way.

"Only promise and I won't let them take you, Honoria," in the man's raised, rapid tones.

"Don't you know that you would swing, swing as high as Haman? I swore I'd lose you that way rather than have another man win you from me, but it would be easier to die by the dagger, after all. Why do you shrink away from me, love? It did not hurt Uncle Leonard much, only a moan, and his dying eyes looking up at me. It won't be hard to try the unknown life if we go together? See, I'll show you how it is done!"

A wild shriek of terror from Honoria, and McDermott tore his way through the bushes to find her upon her knees beside St. Alban, who had driven the fatal blade deep in his own breast with his own hand.

"He is mad, mad!" she cried, sobbingly. "He was insane once before."

It was that carefully-guarded secret, imparted by the elder St. Alban, which had caused her to break her engagement with Felix. Only McDermott had thought enough in that hour to grasp the clue which had fallen from the dying man's lips, for dying he was, though the end did not come until two days of lingering agony passed, and meantime, in a lucid interval, he made a confession which lifted the threatening cloud from Honoria's life.

Bitter feeling had existed between his uncle and himself, and when he had sought an interview to demand the withdrawal of the former's opposition to his suit, it had been denied. He had concealed himself in the house and was making his way to Leonard's chamber, when the housekeeper looked out of her room, and fancying she heard a voice in the corridor, brought a lamp to the door. Felix avoided her by darting into the nearest apartment, Miss Dillon's dressing-room as it chanced, where the long white robe she had taken off hung over a chair. Finding that the housekeeper had left her door ajar, he wrapped this about him and proceeded deliberately on his way, trusting and with reason to the dim light and the old woman's imperfect vision, to pass undetected.

There had been no premeditation of the deed which followed, but hot words had passed between them, and the dagger lay close to his hand. Afterward, when he found that the obstacle of his uncle's opposition was not at all which interposed between himself and Honoria, when he saw her preference slowly growing for another, who can say whether it were the cunning of insanity or the mere malice of ignoble revenge which prompted him? It had recoiled on himself, and the dagger had done more and for the last time done its fatal work.

"The Force" say they lost a promising member when McDermott married, but even though a brighter prospect had not opened before him, Honoria's husband felt that he could never again take the responsibility of weaving a chain of circumstantial evidence around any being whose life might pay the forfeit.—Good Literature.

Found a Father.

Mrs. Ed. Roop had two turkey hens to die of cholera. They left twenty-three little turkeys that did not know what to do with themselves, in their distress they turned to the old gambler, who at first treated their advances with scornful indignity. But the keeper after him, as he looked more like the real thing than anything else in the neighborhood, and almost tormented the life out of him.

Finally his masculine heart melted, for the motherless brood began to droop and grow faint for the lack of sympathy, and he did the handsome by squatting down and hovering them beneath his big wings. Once done it was easy to do it again, and when night came his majesty did not fly up to his lofty perch, but he wandered away to a secluded spot with his gladsome brood and hovered them in the most approved manner. Since then he has been unfailing in his attentions to his adopted family, taking them out each day to the pastures and teaching them how to find the tenderest and best bugs and grasshoppers. And woe be it to any other turkey, male or female, who comes near. He can whip anything in the country—Warrensburg (Mo.) Star.

The most awful accident in history was the fall of the Roman amphitheatre in the time of Tiberius. Fifty thousand people were crushed.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

A mile under ground at Shamokin, Simon Burcavage, an insane man, engaged in a fierce fight with a number of miners and fractured the skull of Richard Petter, fire boss. He will likely die. A crowd of miners rushed at the maniac, and after a desperate struggle tied him to a plank, and conveying him to the surface, turned him over to the police.

Because of the typhoid epidemic prevalent in Hamburg the opening of the public schools was postponed to September 10, as a precautionary measure against the spread of the disease by the public schools' pupils. The authorities are now nearly positive as to the cause or source of the disease, subsequent to the flood in the North Ward. In this ward 50 per cent. of the cases reported got their water at a certain well, which since has been found to be contaminated.

Ricardo Forte was hanged at West Chester for the murder of two small Italian children in Howellville, eighteen months ago. There was nothing sensational in the execution. Dominick Di Luca, father of the murdered children, witnessed the execution.

The Williamsport Board of Trade has just sent out an artistic booklet devoted to an exposition of the commercial advantages, the beauties and healthfulness of that city. It is a convincing piece of advertising and another evidence of the hustling propensities of the Board of Trade and the citizens in general.

Amicable suits against ex-Mayor Vance C. McCormick and Mayor Edward Segross will be filed this week with Prothonotary Royal by County Solicitor William H. Middleton in an attempt to get the Courts to turn over to the county treasurer nearly \$10,000 now in the hands of the Harrisburg treasurer. It is claimed by the county commissioners that under the act of Assembly of 1882, Mayors, Aldermen, Justices of the Peace and any other magistrates are required to turn over all fines and forfeits collected from disorderly conduct cases to the city, but this act was amended in 1895 and made to read that all of these fines and forfeits collected by the Mayors, etc., should be turned over to the county.

Bernard Darrah, recently appointed steward of the Conyngham Poor District, must give up the present because he has not married. It is an unwritten rule that the steward of the district must be a married man so that his wife may act as matron of the institution, a position made necessary by the presence of a number of women inmates. When Darrah took the office it was with the expectation that he would soon be married, but the time in which he was expected to take a wife has now elapsed and he is to turn the place over to a married man.

Fearing that his illness was incurable, Morgan Ott, of Schoenersville, committed suicide by almost severing his head with a razor. The act was committed in sight of his sister. Ott was thirty-three years old.

Chief of Police Gideon S. Lever has suggested a punishment for vagrants taken into custody in Abington township which, if approved by the commissioners, will be far more effective than the present method of arresting them and sending them to jail for short terms, as is now being done. Chief Lever suggests that while such extensive road improvements are being conducted, to compel the vagrants to break stones on the roads for several days in lieu of sending them to jail for ten days. The suggestion is being warmly approved by residents of the township. In the last few weeks nearly a score of vagrants have been arrested and sent to Norristown to serve ten day terms. By arresting the vagrants the authorities believe they can reduce petty thievery to a minimum in this section.

Roscoe V. Madden, a conductor, accused of having caused the death of an unknown man, by throwing him from his street car, was acquitted at Pittsburg of voluntary manslaughter. When the verdict was rendered Madden clapped his hands, wept and kissed his counsel and parents. "Order," yelled the tipstaves, and Madden's father, who was seated behind the young man, rose and precipitately threw himself on his son, to stop the noise. "Arrest that man," said Judge Frazer, but no one stirred. Madden's father having by this time suppressed the excitement. It was several minutes before Madden could be quieted and removed from the court room.

Struck by a trolley car as he was engaged in a game of ball, John Schleicher, aged 9 years, of Allentown, was so badly injured that he died shortly after being taken to his home. He caught sight of his mother and called. "Don't cry, mamma, I'm not hurt much," and then lapsed into unconsciousness.

Miles Gray, the oldest Pennsylvania Railroad employee at the weigh scales, Shamokin, had his feet caught in a rail frog and was unable to release himself to escape an approaching train. To save himself from being cut in half he threw his body clear of the railroad. His feet were so badly crushed they will have to be amputated.

Dr. C. C. Boyer scored athletics and high school societies in an address at the Reading teachers' institute on the ground that they rule the schools. "In America," he said, "individuality in children has become rebellion run riot. Obedience to authority is discarded by the girl and boy. In Europe obedience is more important than development of the individual. In America the air is full of the spirit of independence; children determine their own destinies; schools must introduce fads and fancies of all sorts to induce scholars to remain a while longer."

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WISE WORDS.

Wishing-gale leads to nowhere.—Spurgeon.

Light another's lamp, but don't put out your own.—Spurgeon.

A thought provoked is worth ten thoughts imparted.—Phillips Brooks.

It is almost as irritating to be patronized as to be wronged.—Theodore Roosevelt.

A man was born, not for prosperity, but to suffer for the benefit of others, like the noble rock maple, which, all around our villages, bleeds for the service of man.—Emerson.

We would do well to get our kindnesses done while they will do good, giving cheer and encouragement, and not keeping them back till there is no need for them.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

Who does not know what it is to rise up from a fault—perceived, confessed and forgiven—with an almost joyous sense of new energy, strength and will to persevere?—H. L. Sidney Lear.

The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely.—Lubbock.

The truly happy man is not made by a pleasant and sunny course. Hard tasks, deferred hopes, the beating of adverse winds, must enter into his composition here below, as they will finally enter into his song on high.—C. A. Bartol.

Be systematically heroic in little unnecessary points; every day do something for no other reason than its difficulty—so that if an hour of need should come it may find you trained to stand the test. The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic will and self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him.—William James.

Carry abnegation, self-sacrifice, altruism, living for the good of the race—which are the highest of the virtues and produce the heroes whom man most admires and longest remembers—carry these to their logical conclusion, and what matters it what becomes of man's particular, petty self, if by his life and influence he has helped humanity on to something fairer and better. He ought not to care: the world-patriot does not care.—William D. Little.

TALKED SHOP.
"I spent a pleasant half hour in a barber's chair yesterday."
"How was that?"
"Listening to the barber's story of how his brother went suddenly insane, and slashed a customer. The barber explained between strokes that insanity ran in his family."—Columbus Press-Post.

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