

**Good Morning.**  
Day dawns, and bids the blushing sky  
"Good morning!"  
The flute-voiced birds take up the cry:  
"Good morning!"  
And nearer home, beneath the eaves,  
The gnarled old maple's tender leaves  
That shivered in the midnight rain,  
Now whisper at my window-pane:  
"Good morning!"  
The genial sun peeps o'er the hill  
And laughs across my window sill.  
Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—  
This is the King himself who bids  
"Good morning!"  
I rise and open the window wide.  
The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride  
Straight through the breach in merrily  
And scale the walls and fairly shout:  
"Good morning!"  
They make me captive to the King,  
They pluck at me and bid me sing.  
Their pean to the Golden Day,  
Whose conquering slogan is their gay  
"Good morning!"  
They frolic here, they scamper there,  
They clutch the singing birds in air.  
On all the world their music beats  
Until the captive world repeats:  
"Good morning!"  
Heart calls to heart. The surly wight,  
Who scorned his neighbor yesterday,  
With smiling visage stops to greet  
That neighbor in the busy street:  
"Good morning!"  
O joyous day! O smile of God,  
To hear the all who toll and plod,  
We hail thee, Conqueror and King!  
We hug our golden chains and sing:  
"Good morning!"  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

**The Cat that Killed Care**  
CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

The most characteristic feature of Mrs. Roswell's countenance was the deep, bow-shaped line that indented her forehead just above the bridge of her nose at all remarkable nose.  
Her maiden sister, Georgiana Keith, bore the same distinguishing mark, and it was likewise reproduced, in slighter degree, on the youthful brows of Mrs. Roswell's two daughters, Elizabeth and Dorothea. All four were what Mr. Roswell called "born worriers," and Mr. Roswell's mother for the bow-shaped mark was "Mother Keith's anxious pucker," because his mother-in-law possessed the deepest "anxious pucker" of all, since her's was the monument of seventy years of unmitigated worrying.  
Yet at the time of this tale Mrs. Roswell was certainly the most active worrier of the entire quintet. It was that little woman's habit to worry for three months about the spring house-cleaning, and actually to accomplish the dreaded task in less than three weeks. She worried for two nights and a day over the concocting of a cake that really required less than half an hour for the baking. She worried for weeks over discharging a cook, when the actual deed could be accomplished in rather less than two minutes.  
"Now, Mary," Mr. Roswell said on one occasion, when his wife confessed that she had worried all night over the problem of using up an over-erage roast of beef, "you've been in a bigger stew for twenty-four hours than you can ever hope to make of that meat. If you can't get it off your mind any other way, you'd better go down-stairs at once and put it on the stove—or in it. You do enough worrying over managing this one small household to run all the affairs of this country, and Russia besides."  
"I know it's foolish," Mrs. Roswell had replied, "and I don't mean to worry, but I can't help doing it."  
Why a certain lean, homeless, neglected half-grown cat with a tremendous craving for human sympathy should have selected the Roswell cottage for a permanent home is one of the things that are past finding out. Mrs. Roswell, her mother, her sister Georgiana and her two daughters had always felt that they had enough to worry about without acquiring a cat.  
But the Roswells had nothing to say about it. The cat claimed them as his own, and refused to give them up. He was not a prepossessing pussy. His fur was dingy and matted, his paws were stained with mud, and his long, extremely slender tail, had a curious spiral twist some inches from the tapering end.  
But never was there a more loving, more demonstrative cat. Henry, as they finally called him, cuddled in all the Roswell shoulders, twined himself tenderly about all the Roswell ankles. The affection, however, was all on Henry's side. No neat and tidy Roswell could bring either himself or herself to the caressing of such a decidedly unkempt creature.  
"Dear me," said Mrs. Roswell, "that cat is so dreadfully grimy that it isn't possible to tell what color he is. He must have lived in somebody's coal-bin before he came to us."  
"He has licked one leg quite clean," said Elizabeth, dislodging Henry from her lap. "He seems to be yellow, with a pinkish cast, like Aunt Georgiana's changeable silk waist."  
"He's just the shade of maple frappe," observed Dorothea, hastily tucking her ankles under her to save

them from the sinuous caresses of demonstrative Henry. "Just think of owning a maple frappe cat!"  
"I've been worrying for five days," said Mrs. Roswell, "about that animal. He must be washed, but how in the world can the thing be done? I've never washed a cat."  
"You mustn't think of trying it!" cried Grandma Keith. "Some cats go perfectly mad with terror at sight of water."  
"Yes," said Elizabeth. "I know it's dangerous. The Millards washed their Angora cat, and Grace was scratched clear to her elbows."  
"We'll have to send the poor thing away," declared Mrs. Roswell, drawing her skirt down under Henry, who was settling down for a nap. "He has already caught three mice and two rats, and I'd really like to keep him if his fur was only decently clean, but he does look too disreputable for words."  
"If you'll give him time," said Mr. Roswell, kindly permitting Henry to lick his shoe, "he may get himself clean."  
"He can't!" declared Dorothea. "There's more of him to wash than there was last week, and he wastes all his best licks on us."  
"He has nice eyes," said Aunt Georgiana. "His manners are certainly ingratiating and his craving for affection is almost human. Do poke him a little with your foot, John. He is so hungry for a little appreciation."  
Mr. Roswell poked. Henry instantly responded with a deep, sonorous purr.  
Mrs. Roswell, her mother, her sister and her two daughters worried considerably about the feeding of Henry. They even wrote to a woman's magazine to ask how many mice a middle-sized cat should be permitted to eat in one day, and if rats would injure the digestion of a pussy of tender age. But, above all, it was the problem of giving Henry a much-needed bath that brought the deepest wrinkles to all the Roswell brows.  
Henry, in a dry state, was a peaceable, thoroughly good-tempered cat. Henry, wet, might prove a veritable demon. He certainly cried aloud for at least one bath, yet who of all the Roswells would undertake to bath a soiled, maple frappe, half-grown cat?  
"Not I," said Grandma Keith.  
"Nor I," shuddered Elizabeth.  
"Nor I," echoed Dorothea. "It's a pity we can't send him to the steam laundry to be mangled with the sheets."  
"Or," said Mr. Roswell, "to the Chinaman to be starched with my shirts. Perhaps Bridget—"  
"Sure, and I'll not!" declared Bridget, when approached. "You never can tell what mischief a wet cat will do."  
"But," argued Mrs. Roswell, "somebody will have to wash him. Suppose we draw lots—"  
"Will you do it," queried Mr. Roswell, "if the lot falls to you?"  
"No," admitted Mrs. Roswell.  
"They're a nice lot, aren't they, Henry," said Mr. Roswell, "to be so afraid to wash one small harmless yellow cat?"  
"O John! Will you—"  
"No, ma'am! I washed a cat once—once was enough for me. Why don't you send to the hospital for a trained nurse?"  
This suggestion was made in fun; but later in the day Mrs. Roswell was reminded of it. She had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and in the goodness of her heart, had offered to sit with the patient long enough for Miss Ball, the nurse, to take a little run in the fresh air.  
"Thank you very much!" said the girl, returning half an hour later with glowing cheeks. "I feel lots better for my walk. I'll do as much for you some day."  
"Did you ever happen to wash a cat?" asked Mrs. Roswell, suddenly remembering Henry.  
"Lots of times. We used to own a white one that had to be scrubbed twice a week because she would sleep in the coal-scuttle."  
"Would you—wouldn't you—would you—" began Mrs. Roswell, her anxious pucker deepening suddenly.  
"Would you—"  
"Would I wash a cat for you? Why, of course I would—if it isn't a very fierce cat!"  
"Oh, Henry isn't fierce when he's dry," returned Mrs. Roswell. "He's remarkably sweet-tempered. But we're so afraid water will alter his disposition that we've worried for three weeks over the problem of washing him."  
"I'll come over at ten tomorrow," promised Miss Ball, "to take a look at him. Have a foot-bath and some good common soap and plenty of hot water ready in a warm room. If he looks at all promising, I'll tub him."  
The assembled Roswells, fairly shivering with excitement, stood in a circle in the kitchen the next morning while Miss Ball tested the water in the foot-bath with her thermometer. Then she gently disengaged Henry from Elizabeth's ankles, and lifted him into the tub.  
Grandma Keith backed into the pantry, Aunt Georgiana fled hastily up the back stairs, and the others shrank against the wainscoting, to make ample room for the flying leap of a frantic, dripping, rovengeful cat.  
But there was no leap. Instead, Henry deeply grateful for such an unusual amount of attention, sat up and purred while Miss Ball rubbed every scrap of him with soap except his contented eyes. Then she rinsed him with gentle showers of clean warm water, and Henry, sitting knee-deep in the pleasant food, purred louder than ever.  
"And to think," said Dorothea, who

held Henry, still purring, wrapped in a shawl before the grate to dry, "that this whole foolish family worried for three weeks over washing a cat that would rather be washed than not! Just see how proud he is of his nice white paws."  
"Yes," returned Mrs. Roswell, whose brow was smoother than it had been for many days, "all my worries turn out just that way; but I don't believe I shall ever be able to worry again 'without thinking of Henry sitting up in that tub and purring with all his might and main. Nothing ever made me feel so foolish."  
"Then this," said Dorothea, twinkling, "may prove to be the cat that killed care."—Youth's Companion.

**MONTREAL'S FAMOUS MELONS.**  
Crop Limited and Each One Numbered—Bring as Much as \$3 Apiece.  
The average New Yorker accustomed to the small melon that grows in Jersey and Connecticut knows little about the possibilities of the cantaloupe unless fortune leads him to some restaurant during the weeks in which the famous Montreal melons may be had, writes the Montreal (Canada) correspondent of the New York Sun.  
The Montreal melon might be called a thing of beauty and a joy forever if it would only continue to grow all summer. In the first place it is from three to six times the size of the ordinary melon and it excels its smaller brother in taste and flavor as much as it does in size.  
In all about 3,000 of these luscious fruits find their way into the dining rooms of a few New York hotels every summer. Every one of them is marked and numbered and every one is contracted for early in the spring.  
The man who is accustomed to buying a Rocky Ford melon for 15 cents would shy at the prices paid for these products of Canada. They command from 50 to 70 cents here and double that amount in New York. Sometimes they may be found in small numbers at the best fruit stores, retailing at as much as \$3 each.  
The limited supply accounts for the price, and as the years go on they bid fair to become more and more expensive until they pass out of existence like the dodo. The growth of the city will be responsible for the calamity. Already it is fast encroaching on Outremont, a suburb back of Mount Royal, where the soil and the heat form an ideal combination for the growth of the melon. The demand for building lots has already caused the destruction of scores of orchards from which not so many years ago the world got its La Famouse apples.  
There are La Famouse apples now, but any one of the old timers will tell you that they are nothing at all like the fruit that grew on the trees on the other side of the mountain. The number of Montreal melons is likewise growing smaller and smaller each year, and it is likely that ten years from now the Montreal melon will be a morsel not to eat, but to reminisce about.

**Game of California.**  
There are few, if any, of the states of the Union that have such a diversity of game as California. There is, however, one of the game birds dear to all sportsmen found in the East and Middle West that California has not—the elegant and gamey prairie chicken (Tyranopus americanus). Why this bird does not thrive here I do not know. Many attempts have been made to introduce it, but without success. The same may be said of the Eastern quail, the plump and saucy Bob White. The California quail valley quail, as it is called here, is an attractive little creature, not so large and "chesty" as the Bob White, built on somewhat more slender lines and of a faintly bluish tint. Its head is ornamented with a plume-like top-knot of about an inch in length. There is no daintier, prettier bird. All the pictures I have ever seen represent this top-knot as standing upright. As a matter of fact, when the bird is quiet it falls forward over the bill, floating backward during flight. It is capable, however, of erection when excited or alarmed. Its call has not the clear cut, decided tones of the Bob White and sounds somewhat like the words "Look out, there; look out, there," as pure contralto voice as perhaps a bird ever has.  
Anyone who has ever hunted this little fellow will bear witness to his gamey qualities. He is, in my opinion, a much more difficult bird to kill than his Eastern cousin. His flight is fully as rapid, and his skill in putting shelter between himself and the hunter can not be excelled. These quails often pass the night in trees, which, I think, the Eastern quail does not.—Charles W. Hardman in Recreation.

**More or Less Walking.**  
When his careful examination of his new patient was at last completed, the specialist looked for a moment in silence at the tall, stooping figure opposite his own.  
"You need more exercise," he said with his most impressive manner. "You must walk, walk, man. Throw back your shoulders, fill out your chest, expand the lungs, and walk!"  
"Um-m!" said the tall man, dryly.  
"Do you know, I am the father of six-week-old twins, and I have the care of them at night, as their mother is very delicate. I get some exercise in that way, but I can't expand my lungs as much as you'd like, possibly."  
"Tea carriers of China carry tea in bars, each weighing twenty pounds.

**WORTH QUOTING**

The meat trust is finding out that veal chickens come home to roost.—Atlanta Journal.

The Russian revolution has as many collapses as an amateur balloon.—Atlanta Journal.

Now that the eagle is declared to be practically extinct in the United States, why not have the great American hen supplant that bird as a national emblem, suggests the Atlanta Constitution.

The Louisville Herald says: Don't is a very good word used at the right time and in the right place, but the right time and right place for its use are not to be found every moment. Education by negation is never as happy or as successful as education by affirmation.

Political and commercial relations with the countries of Latin America will be whatever our people see fit to make them, maintains the New York Sun. The United States can win and hold their friendship and their esteem; and can also win and hold their trade, now worth \$700,000,000 a year, and destined soon to pass the billion dollar mark.

Observes the New York World: Apparently the 'fan' follows the flag. The baseball interest in Hawaii can hardly be second to that in Wappinger's Falls, near the Hudson. In that greatly favored village on a recent Sunday the demand for carriages in which to follow the home team to Fishkill caused a vehicular famine and led to the postponement of a funeral.

Remarks the Milwaukee Journal: The tip is primarily an expression of a feeling of patronizing superiority of the man who gives it over to the man he gives it to. Nobody ever thinks of giving a tip to an equal. It is only to those one considers beneath him that one dares to offer tips, and he gives them less in gratitude for services rendered than in order to indulge his own feeling of superiority.

The Pan-American Conference has agreed on the "Drago doctrine" and will send it to The Hague, where the International Court of Arbitration will not adopt it. The doctrine is, in effect, that a nation may not collect the debts of a citizen from another nation by force. Considering the character of most international claims, such a law would work little injustice. But it will not soon have the chance to work either justice or injustice, says the New York World.

The Albany Journal declares an archism is not yet a menace to our institutions, but it is time to take the necessary steps effectually to prevent the possibility of its ever becoming a menace. If more men of prominence will take up the subject for public discussion, it should not be long before the Congress would feel itself impelled to enact a law which would be in all respects reasonable and consistent with American principles.

Admiral Fournier was reported by the Petit Parisien to have "pronounced the death sentence of battleships" as a result of what was learned at the recent manoeuvres off the French coast. To him was attributed the remark that a fleet worth \$60,000,000 francs and as big as the British Mediterranean fleet could have been sunk by ten submarines worth a trifle like 15,000,000 francs. And hence, as you could buy twenty-five of these weapons of the poor, and the brave, for the price of one battleship, why not begin laying down whole swarms of submarines?

According to the Buffalo Courier hardware manufacturers recently traced forty freight shipments from Richmond to various points in the Southern States. The average number of miles traveled per day by these shipments was 61.61, and the average mileage per hour was 2.57. The quickest time was made by a shipment from Richmond to Olmstead, Ky., a distance of 797 miles in six days. The slowest time was from Richmond to Easton, Md., 170 miles in seven days. Manufacturers are gathering evidence with the view of bringing the subject to the attention of Congress.

Three scientific gentlemen have just announced discoveries which bear upon three of the most important subjects that could engross the mind of man—the production of food without cooks, the stimulation of ideas and the prevention of gray hair. Though widely separated, these savants are really working in common as is easily perceived by noting the subtle connection between their discoveries, observes the Washington Post. The abolition of cooks would instantly exhilarate mankind to such an extent that genius would flash in all directions and the sense of renewed youth would tend to keep the hair unfaded. It was not on this theory, perhaps, that these explorers of the unknown worked, but one theory is as good as another until it is disproved.

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**LOST ON ARCTIC ICE.**  
The life of a missionary in the Arctic Circle is one long adventure. The greatest danger that has to be guarded against is the cracking of the ice. I once had a perilous journey across the ice.  
As the evening advanced we began to think about our sleeping quarters. No snow, however, suitable for our purpose could be found. A kind of small gully, with a sloping, grassy-looking side of ice, some fifteen feet high, presented, however, a possible ascent to the land, on which we knew plenty of suitable snow could be found. So we made for the gully. The dogs managed to climb some distance up the ascent, but could get no further. Muneapik (our dog driver) then made holes in the ice with a harpoon, which gave us a kind of footing. We then hauled away at the dogs' traces and finally succeeded in getting both dogs and sledge up the incline. Beyond the gully we built our house—a perfect "Jack-in-the-box" affair—not more than five feet high and some fifteen feet in circumference. Here the three of us—myself, my man and a boy—were closely packed together. I made coffee with a methylated spirit lamp, the steam from the water finaly turning into a kind of hoar frost.  
In this way we traveled about ninety miles in three days. At one time a pack of hungry wolves attacked a sledge, and the usefulness of guns and a good supply of ammunition was proved.  
After supper we had prayer and I then managed, I hardly know how, to get into my sleeping bag, where I slept pretty well through the night.  
During the last stage of the journey on the ice nothing could be seen for a long time on account of a dense kind of hoar frost which rose in clouds from the open sea. A gale of wind in such a position probably would have carried ice, sledge and all of us away. Our driver and guide kept the dogs well in hand. I felt half frozen and longed to get a glimpse of the land, so as to find our true position. Some three hours afterwards I joyfully saw, through a break in the mist, a point of land.  
Then we met some Eskimiaux, who, with a few dogs, were wending their way over the gloomy waste looking for seal holes. They took me to their dwelling, right out on the frozen sea, some five miles from land, where I was welcomed to the comforts of a snow house.—Missionary E. J. Peck, of the "Farthest North" Station and Ruffin's Bay, in the Chicago Tribune.

The strange rigidity of the great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, lies between eight teen times and three times that of nickel steel. The great rigidity of the bodies is due to the pressure acting throughout such large masses.


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