

The Unfoolable You.
When you've settled down at night,
Locked your door, put out the light,
When you've shut the world from out your little room;
When you've stopped your daily work
At the coming of the morn,
Then you're face to face with truth,
Amid the gloom.
For there's no one there to fool,
And your judgment dares be cool,
While the thoughts you face are merciless and true;
You may hoax the world, my boy,
With the tactics you employ,
But you've not succeeded yet in fooling you.

In the daily grist of toil,
In the treadmill and the mill,
In vicissitudes of traffic, you are wont
To be tempted to cajole,
Coaxed to jeopardize your soul—
Life is battle; we must smile and bear the brunt.

But at night when all is still,
When the tension of your will,
Comes the truth that must be recognized as true,
You can fool some people, boy,
With the methods men employ,
But you'll never find it easy fooling you.—Chicago News.

The Hour and The Woman

BY THOMAS J. PARTRIDGE.

There was little doubt but that Donald McPhee was sick unto death. He was as strong as an ox and as healthy as a trout, and, despite his youth, had come unscathed through many a biting winter gale on Georges, but when he stepped from an overheated parlor into a snow-bank, and shoveled snow for two or three hours in light clothing, it brought on a chill. Two days afterward Donald went down with pneumonia as if struck with a blow.

A fishing port! Of all the places in the world for a woman to practise medicine! Yet there her sign swung:

VINNEY M. STETCHELL, M. D.

It was up-hill work with the doctor, but she bulldozed well when she snatched "Big Mary" McKinnon's child from the black jaws of diphtheria, binding the mother to her with hoops of steel. Besides, Big Mary was a power in the Scotch colony of Prince Edward Island people. It was pure faith, then, wedded to gratitude, that prompted Big Mary, in the face of the strenuous protests of all the other relatives, with their favorite doctors and their individual leaning toward this and that mode of treatment, to call Doctor Stetchell in the present instance. The sick boy was six hundred miles from his parents, and if anything should happen! It was clear that Big Mary had taken upon herself a tremendous responsibility.

Nightly the relatives foregathered in the big kitchen to discuss the case in all its lights and shades; the virtues of this application, the dangers of that. Some were for one thing, some for another. Thomas John's Maggie insisted on Doctor McKenzie being called. McKenzie was "from home," and there was some clannishness in the advice; besides, Maggie felt a desire to do something, indirectly, at least, toward the old bill, on which her husband had locked with indifference for two years.

Mrs. Gillis, an aunt, maintained that poultices were weakening; Mrs. Rory McEachern swore that it would be murder to remove them. Sarah McDougall held that there was no hope before the boy was stricken down. There were no details, but she had had a dream!

But the "woman doctor" was the bone of contention. And as the case went on from bad to worse, it was give and take, the relatives crying down the rights of women, and Big Mary standing bravely by the faith that was in her.

"They've not the sympathy of a man," whispered Mrs. Pius McDonald. "They're too chicken-hearted to be doctors!" declared old Mrs. McPhail. "She can't have much practice to come six times a day!" sneered Mrs. Archie Cameron, winding up a tit with Big Mary.

It was a cruel way to account for the faithful attendance, and the dart, tipped with truth, went over the lowered transom and dropped into the breast of Doctor Vinney, bending over the invalid.

"Call Doctor McKenzie!" cried Thomas John's Maggie, for the hundredth time, with an eye single to the bill.

"You and your McKenzie!" retorted Big Mary, out of patience at last. "A pretty mess he made of it with the minister's baby, sponging a child over with cold water to bring out the measles!" She appealed to the whole kitchen. "Who ever heard of the likes!"

"Peace, women!" cried old Ronald McPhail. "The lad is in her hands, and she's in the hands of God!"

The doctor entered the kitchen. She was a trim little figure of a woman, without a trace of manliness about her to relieve the oppressive femininity. Old Ronald removed his pipe from his mouth, pulled his spectacles down on his nose, and stared over them as if viewing a new breed of cattle brought into the district. Ten-year-old Flora, wide-eyed, stood rooted to the floor, looking as if she had

seen a ghost. Big Mary bustled about the little woman, handed her a towel, dusted with her apron the chair that was offered.

The keen gray eyes of the doctor went round the circle. The atmosphere was saturated with prejudice. There was a respectful bearing, but not a sympathetic face. It was Big Mary McKinnon against all the others!

In five days the doctor had told them, the change would come. "Let's give her till the fifth day!" cried Big Mary, as the relatives clamored.

The fifth day came and went; the sixth day waxed and waned, and the night of the seventh was come, and it did not require a professional eye to see that Donald was in desperate straits. One after another the air-cells in the sufferer's left lung had become solidified, as you would pour melted wax into a beehive. Donald was pulling the air into his lungs in jerky, grunting inspirations. His face was as purple as a plum. If he turned his head to the right, there was a cry of anguish; if he turned it to the left, all previous pain, in Donald's experience, was balm compared to the agonizing darts that pierced his breast. But if Donald's strength could hold out until resolution occurred, Donald would be safe.

The sick-chamber presented a tragic spectacle. When all eyes were not resting wistfully on the sufferer, they were bent sternly on the doctor. On a chair stood the tank of oxygen, its red cross staring like a blazing eye at the sick-bed. Near at hand, the sister rocked herself and her woe, refusing to be comforted. Over Donald's head the girl who loved him with one hand waving a fan to and fro, which, like the flame in the Peruvian shrine, had never ceased from the beginning. With the other she at times removed the red splashes from the sufferer's lips, giving no heed to the doctor's warning to be careful of contagion. As well have asked her brother of the Prince Edward Island contingent to be careful when he carried a wounded comrade from under Cronje's guns. Astride the bed was Donald's dory mate, with the invalid's head against his broad chest—an easily adjustable and appropriate pillow in the present exigency.

"Pull, Donald, pull!" he cried, encouragingly, as if a gale of wind was going and they were "rousing" the dory up to windward against a big sea.

"You can't pull with your head under water!" gasped Donald.

By the bedside sat the doctor, yearning for the moment of the crisis. To tell the truth, it was her first pitched battle. There had been old women and young babies, mere out-post skirmishes, but here was a Trojan warrior adult; here was a Trojan warrior of diseases. Her professional fate, the right of woman to act beyond a certain circumscribed sphere, seemed trembling in the balance.

In her prophecy concerning the fifth day she had taken expediency by the hand, and now expediency was pinching her fingers. She hated to call a consultant to rob her of the glory she felt was impending, and for which she had waited so long. Any one but McKenzie! She had been weak enough at one time to defer to that gentleman's judgment, and the condescending manner in which he had treated her continued to hurt.

She had called up Prof. Caroline Trefythen, thirty miles away, and that strong-minded woman had soothed a conscience that was pricking in spots with the assurance that her conduct and treatment throughout the whole case was beyond criticism.

Morning and evening, responding to the importunities of the patient's sister, she had dictated for his parents at home a rose-colored and hopeful bulletin, which was straightway translated into cold, depressing truth, and despatched. And now, despite all her zeal and attention, it began to look like defeat.

The young fisherman's splendid constitution, giving such hopeful promise of an early crisis, appeared staggered; the heart, that overworked organ, seemed to be but winking; the clamor in the kitchen was being renewed, and she felt that Big Mary, in the last ditch, had her back against the door. Most portentous omen of all, that worthy woman had twice within the last fifteen minutes addressed her as "Ma'am!"

Some one mentioned the hospital. The doctor looked up quickly. For one moment the citadel that had been for seven days so fiercely pressed trembled to its foundations. The hospital! Here was a middle course. It would keep the case out of McKenzie's hands, and she would march out with side-arms. The sister staggered to her feet.

"Don't—send him to the hospital—doctor! Don't!" A soul, worn down with nights and days of agonizing suspense, in an utter abandon of grief was clinging to the doctor's shoulder. No human heart could withstand the appeal.

"They make an idol of him at home!" went on the sobbing girl. "Father wouldn't begrudge the farm if you could save him."

The sister's outburst had for a moment drawn all attention from Donald. It was the calm that suddenly called out to them from the sickbed, like the oppressive peace that settles over all when, the voyage passed, the throbbing engines stilled, the splendid steamer is gliding to her anchorage. The doctor stepped to the bedside and placed her hand tenderly on the invalid's forehead. It was bathed in a cold perspiration. The crisis had come!

The little doctor's hand fairly trem-

bled as she placed the thermometer under Donald's tongue. One minute—two minutes—three minutes!

The doctor removed the glass and read aloud, "One hundred and two and three-fifths!"

Some moments passed. Again the thermometer was resorted to, again removed, and the doctor read aloud, "One hundred and one and two-fifths!"

She waved the glass exultingly. "She's heavin' the lead, Donald!" cried his dory mate. "You're over the shoals. It's deepenin the water you are. Come on! Come on!"

It was plain to all. Any one could see the red tide going out of the patient's face and the peace replacing it, as the sun follows over the sands the receding sea.

"Run, Rory, run!" cried the sister to Big Mary's oldest, as she dashed off a telegram without counting the words. "Donald is safe! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The December sun came up and crept sparkling over the crisp snow, and at last laughed into the sick-room, shedding its radiance over Donald and the jubilant group that surrounded the doctor. The little woman's form fairly trembled under the caressing blows that Big Mary struck her between the shoulders; her hand was wet with the hysterical tears of the sister; the patient threw the bed-clothes from his still brawny arm, and reaching out, touched with the tips of his fingers a fold of her dress.

"There wasn't much water between your forefoot and the rocks," said the dory mate, "but she brought you over the bar all right. It was live reckoning she made, not dead."

Meanwhile, the strait that runs between the island home and the mainland had been sealed up with ice, and because of a great storm the ice-boat did not cross for a week. And all the letters, embodying the cold truth, that would have kept the old people's souls on the rack for days, came in with the telegram.—Youth's Companion.

THE DYING HAWAIIAN RACE.

Intermarriage Is the Only Hope for the Brown Men of the Pacific.

A very dark shadow has been felt to hang over the future of the native Hawaiians. It comes from the early and obstinate depopulation which began with Cook's discovery in 1778. The most reliable estimates place the then population at not less than 250,000. At the arrival of the missionaries in 1820 not more than 100,000 remained, and the multitude of abandoned village sites gave the old missionaries an impression that fully two-thirds of the people had disappeared.

The causes of that enormous mortality were not obscure. They were the introduction among the long-isolated "nature-race," wholly lacking the immunity enjoyed of Continental peoples, of new and virulent diseases, which swept them off. Chief among these diseases was one which Cook's ship brought, and which speedily infected the entire population. Tuberculosis contributed.

Added to these hostile influences were the depopulating wars of Kamehameha, and the destructive collection of sandalwood, while whalers converted every seaport into a public brothel.

Mitigating and remedial influences have since then operated favorably under increasing moral culture and intelligence, but the depopulation is not yet wholly checked. Estimating from the later census figures there are now remaining less than 30,000 pure Hawaiians, and not more than 10,000 part Hawaiians. The total racial diminution has been about one-half in the last half century, although part Hawaiians have rapidly increased during that time. The excess of deaths over births still remains, with a great mortality among the pure Hawaiian children.

What are their prospects for the future? We should answer measurably hopeful. There is manifest improvement. Especially is this the case among the mixed breed, who are rapidly gaining in numbers due to their superior energy and intelligence, and to their wiser care of offspring. Under present outlook, the mixed Hawaiians are likely in a very few generations greatly to exceed the pure native breed in numbers. The prevailing language of both classes will have become entirely English, due to the vigorous teaching of English in the common schools, where Portuguese and Asiatic youth, alike with Hawaiian, are learning good "United States," which will displace the outlandish tongues, as it does on our continent.

The future commingling of Hawaiian blood with the other races will not be an unwholesome one. The Hawaiian nature is courageous and generous, and peculiarly receptive to new light. The Japanese race anciently received a very large infusion of cognate Oceanic blood, which loosened up their ancient Mongolian stiffness and made them versatile and receptive. We may thus look forward to the future descendants of the Hawaiians with hopefulness and pride. The future composite result will make the coming Hawaiian civilization a bright one under the presiding power of American institutions.—St. Louis Republic.

Walter Graham Blackie, of Blackie and Sons, the Scottish publishers, died the other day at the age of ninety-one. Besides Latin and Greek, he read German, French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Norse and Dutch.

An elephant will carry a load of 5,000 pounds with ease.



JOHNNY'S EXPLANATION.
In winter-time the sun won't rise Till half-past six or more;
In summer-time it's up and dressed By half-past three or four.
In winter-time the sun is called I reckon, by its Ma,
And don't get up; in summer-time It's wakened by its Pa.
—McLanburgh Wilson in Puck.

PESSIMISTIC.
"I never knew such a pessimist as that fellow Jenkins."
"Yes, I actually believe his idea of heaven is a place that is paved with gold bricks."—Puck.

THE USUAL VARIETY.
Jaggles—Is his flying-machine a success?
Waggles—Half-way so. It always comes down flying.—Puck.

INEXCUSABLE.
"Ah, me!" sighed the timid man. "Just think, I have loved you for years in silence."
"My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Elderly. "Why in the world didn't you open your face and say something?"
—Chicago Daily News.

THE WOMAN'S FAULT.
"My wife," growled Chumpley, "is the most forgetful woman."
"Indeed?" politely queried his friend.
"Yes. She can never remember in the morning where I left my pipe the night before."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.
"But," protested the pert young housewife, "you ought to take off something for the holes in these doughnuts."
"Very well, madam," replied the wise baker; "I'll allow you one cent each for the holes when you return them."—Chicago Daily News.

"FLEW DE COOP."
"I've lost my best friend," sobbed the actress.
"Did he run away?" asked her companion.
"No; he flew away. He was my 'angel'!"—Yonker Statesman.

NATURAL ENOUGH.
"Yes, he said if he had his choice he'd rather be an ex-convict than anything else."
"What an eccentric idea. Who did you say he was?"
"That kidnapper who was just sent to jail for twenty years."—Philadelphia Press.

AN ASPIRATION.
"Of course," said the new rector, "you hope eventually to reside in a heavenly mansion where—"
"Oh, yes," interrupted Miss Uppisch, "and I do hope it won't be too close to the heavenly huts of the poor."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE WAY OF IT.
"You see, he was whirled around a shaft at the mill and pretty seriously hurt. Now he's suing the boss for \$5,000 damages."
"Well, that's the way of the whirled."—Philadelphia Press.

HOW HE HEADED HER OFF.
Mrs. Closewon (who weighs in at 250)—I'm going to take riding lessons.
Closewon—If you do I'll notify the S. P. C. A.—Translated for Tales from Heggendorfer Blatter.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.
"Mr. Phunny, will you always treat my daughter well?"
"My dear sir, not being a doctor, I simply would not know how to treat her ill!"—Baltimore American.

OBLIGING.
"Are you the applicant for the position of butler?"
"I am, sir."
"What are your qualifications as butler?"
"I was bartender for two years, sir."
"But I don't drink. I'm on the water wagon."
"Well, sir; before that I drove a watering-cart all one summer."—Yonkers Statesman.

ALL HERS.
"I certainly was shocked," said the stern-visaged woman, "to hear that you were married. I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."
"He never gave you a chance!" retorted Mrs. Bridley, "because he assures me I was the only girl he ever proposed to."—Catholic Standard and Times.

ALL HIS TIME OCCUPIED.
Father—So you think his intentions are serious. Do you know anything about his habits?
Mother—Yes, that's what makes me think his intentions are serious.
Father—How do you mean?
Mother—His principal habits seem to be calling on Mabel and writing to her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Quakers are very healthy; their average longevity being 61 years.

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MRS. MADISON AT HOME.
A Guest's Experience on a Visit to Monticello.

The long dining table (at Monticello) was spread, and besides tea and coffee, we had a variety of warm cakes, bread and cold meats and pastry. At table I was introduced to Mr. William Madison, brother to the President, and his wife, and three or four other ladies and gentlemen, all near relatives, all plain country people, but frank, kind, warm hearted Virginians. At this house I realized being in Virginia. Mr. Madison, plain, friendly, communicative, and unceremonious as any Virginia planter could be—Mrs. Madison, uniting to all the elegance and polish of fashion, the unadulterated simplicity, frankness, warmth, and friendliness of her native character and native State. Their mode of living, too, if it had more elegance than is found among the planters, was characterized by that abundance, that hospitality, and that freedom we are taught to look for on a Virginia plantation. We did not sit long at this meal—the evening was warm and we were glad to leave the table. The gentlemen went to the piazza, the ladies, who all had children, to their chambers, and I sat with Mrs. M. till bed time, talking of Washington. When the servant appeared with candles to show me to my room, she insisted on going upstairs with me, assisted me to undress, and chatted until I got into bed. How unassuming, how kind is this woman. How can any human being be her enemy? Truly, in her there is to be found no gall, but the pure milk of human kindness. If I say so, the maid was like the mistress! She was very attentive all the time I was there, seeming as if she could not do enough, and very talkative. As her mistress left the room, "You have a good mistress, Nanny?" said I. "Yes," answered the affectionate creature, with warmth, "the best, I believe, in the world. I am sure I would not change her for any mistress in the whole country." The next morning Nanny called me to a late breakfast, brought me ice and water (this is universal here, even in taverns), and assisted me to dress. We sat down between fifteen and twenty persons to breakfast—and to a most excellent Virginia breakfast—tea, coffee, hot wheat bread, light cakes, a pone of corn loaf, cold ham, nice hashes, chickens, etc.—Margaret Bayard Smith, in Scribner's Magazine.

DEPENDS ON THE BACKING.
"Of course you remember the adage, 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.'"
"That was written by some old fossil. Everybody knows that if faint heart is backed by bold bank account it wins everywhere."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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