

To a Child,
O little child
What mysteries, what pure and lovely things
Wait yet, and rest with calm folded wings
Within thy soul untempted, undefiled?

What noble song
Deep-toned with love by truth made seraph-clear,
What word of faith to wake the doubt-dulled ear
Sleeps in thy heart, unguessed through ages long?

What mighty deed
To conquer war and end a nation's woe,
To loose the chain and bid a bond-man go,
Unknown within thee waits the moment's need?

O unbeguiled,
Time runs apace to speed thy fateful hour.
That sleeping thought one day will rouse to power
And shake the world through thee, thou little child!

Lovely Betty.

It caused a nine days wonder among the people of Twillingham when the news got about that Mr. George Battersley had left his wife and daughters so poorly provided for that they would be obliged to leave their spacious home, and live economically in some small house. For years they had classed among gentry of substance. Mr. Battersley was supposed to be a very wealthy man, with an income derived from apparently inexhaustible mines and flourishing plantations in transatlantic regions.

Scarcely anybody cared for his wife—a dull, anxious faced woman, credited with being very "near" in her own expenditure. Of the daughters, the plain one, Maria, was engaged to a curate, whose income would scarcely justify marriage with a penniless girl for years to come, while Alice, so pretty that her many admirers had all supposed to be thinking less of the father's wealth than the daughter's eyes, was still free when the great inquiry came.

The inquiry into Mr. Battersley's affairs showed that he had nearly spent the last of heavy legacies from relatives, and that, while denying himself nothing he could fancy, and paying lavishly for outside popularity, he had left to his family the few hundreds he did not live long enough to get rid of in his usual style.

As speedily as it could be managed, a great sale took place, the stately home passed to a new owner and the widow, with her daughters, went to live in a roomy cottage at the unfashionable end of Twillingham, taking with them the oldest, plainest part of their furniture.

The two sisters had counted on being able to earn sufficient money to be able to keep their modest household without touching the little capital which was to be reserved for emergencies. They were now finding out that nobody wanted their services; that their accomplishments were a drug in the market; that abler, stronger women, trained to work, would be preferred before them; and that every advantage would be taken of their ignorance of the huckstering world's ways.

The climax of their anxieties was reached eighteen months after the father's death, for Alice was knocked down and so severely injured by a reckless cyclist that she became a helpless invalid for a while.

Maria's curate was still working for a stingy old rector, who begrudged him his very modest stipend, and affected to forget when it became due.

Maria began to look much older and plainer as the work of their small home devolved almost entirely on her; and the pessimistic mother spent most of her time in her bedroom, now shared by the ailing daughter, as it happened to be the largest apartment in the house.

"Mother," exclaimed Alice one day from her little bed, "leave mending that old sheet, and talk! There are ghosts in this room, who must be exorcised by human conversation of a practical turn. I have heard them elp and slide when the place has been very quiet. Talk about something, but not about our poverty. We can do that when I get better, and find some paying work. Look here! You were a baronet's granddaughter, and have never made enough of your ancestry. It ought to help us with rich snobs. Bring dear old Sir James Affington's name more in your discourse with visitors!"

"Never, my dear!" replied Mrs. Battersley, firmly. "His name would only remind people of that scandalous woman who was his third wife. Before now ill-natured persons have said she was my own grandmother—shame on them!—and have made me afraid to talk of relations. She disgraced your great-grandfather's name forever!"

"How interesting!" exclaimed the invalid. "Oh, mother, do cheer me up with the awful tale, and so make me forget my aches!" She was called Lovely Betty, wasn't she, and became the most talked of woman of her day, the idol of princes, poets and painters? Began life as a tramp's child, did she not, and ended it as a baronet's wife, after dukes and all sorts had gone mad over her? How came great-grandfather to marry her, mother?"

"Because he was sillier than

the rest," replied Mrs. Battersley, indignantly. "I never saw the creature but once, though I heard all about her. She was getting very stout, losing her beauty, and taking to drink; and she married a foolish old man to have a home and behave exactly as she liked. Well, she drank more and more, spent and gambled, beat him and knocked him about if he expostulated—and then died in a fit one week before he did. There was an inquest and scandal without end; and very little of the Affington fortune came to my mother, who was the second wife's daughter! So unfair too, that of three wives, the last and worst should make the title of Lady Affington one to be remembered."

The mother quitted the room, and the daughter was left alone. Though free from bodily pain, Alice was still feeble; and she feared that months might pass before she could be about again. She would have to lie there with dingy wall paper to look at as she turned to her right, while on the left stood the large, old wardrobe which had been her mother's so many years.

Coming along the narrow garden path were four persons: Mrs. Jay, wife of the chaplain to the county asylum; the chaplain himself; his brother, the naval officer who had so admired poor Alice some three years ago, and a young Jay, a youth at home for his holidays.

Maria had warmly welcomed them, and insisted they must come in and see her mother. It was worth while, after all, to keep up with nice people who had known them in better days.

Mrs. Jay was one of those women who depart slowly, and her leavetaking had not quite finished—her husband, son and brother-in-law waiting patiently the while—when a loud scream rang through the cottage, followed by calls for "Mother!" in Alice's voice.

Mrs. Battersley, Mrs. Jay and Maria ran up the stairs, and found the ailing girl in a dazed, half-fainting condition, trembling and hardly awake.

"Oh, the horrible woman!" she gasped. "The great, bloated creature who crawled out of the wardrobe and then lay across my chest! Make her go, mother, or I must die!"

"A dream," Mrs. Jay ejaculated; "or perhaps a touch of hysterics! We'll stay with you, my dear, and nothing shall hurt you! Plenty of men downstairs to drive anything away. She will be herself soon, though, Mrs. Battersley!"

"I am myself now," sobbed the invalid somewhat angrily; "but I know that woman is hiding somewhere, and will come back to me if you go. For days and nights I have heard her rustling and feeling about, counting money, too, over and over again. She's lovely Betty, I'm sure, and she hides in that wardrobe!"

"She must be humored, the same as lunatics have to be," whispered Mrs. Jay to the mother. "Let us open the cupboard and pretend to search, and then show her nobody is there!"

Some dresses and handboxes were accordingly removed from the mysterious piece of furniture and piled on Mrs. Battersley's bed till very little seemed left behind. With a great assumption of cheerfulness, Mrs. Jay affected to listen for possible sounds—when, to her astonishment and that of Mrs. Battersley and Maria a grating noise was plainly heard for a moment or two, then a rattle of small metallic objects falling in a shower. "Plaster or mice!" exclaimed the visitor, somewhat startled at the sounds.

"Lovely Betty!" answered Alice, now well awake and recovered from her previous alarm. "You are all here, three of you, and can bear witness to her noises. She began making them as soon as my bed was moved to this corner and the wardrobe dragged nearer the door."

"My dear, let Mr. Jay come up and see you," asked the chaplain's wife, soothingly. "His holy office, you know—and then, he is so against spirit rapping and such things, and could explain away anything queer. And if it is mice, you must have a cat in the room with you!"

The Rev. John Jay willingly came at his wife's request, gave Alice a few cherry words, laughed at the idea of a ghost haunting the premises, tapped the walls, and finally gave the wardrobe a good shake.

"Of course there is a noise!" he cried. "It is Miss Maria's black head necklace, broken and rattling about the cupboard, or the dish running away with the spoons. Any movement in this little old house will help these sounds!"

On being assured that no necklace or spoons were responsible for the stir, Mr. Jay gave a few more raps and thumps, and then asked if his brother and son would be allowed upstairs for a minute.

The chaplain, the captain and the schoolboy, having pulled the old wardrobe closer to the window. Mr. Jay announced that, from the inside, part of the back seemed to be sliding down, revealing a gap behind, which was apparently filled with rags. A roll of these rags being pulled out by the schoolboy's daring hand proved to be an ancient and much discolored pair of corsets, of very large size and extremely heavy; and another pair then followed, much the same in quality, and with gold coins escaping from the patches in which they had been sewn.

The ladies screamed and shuddered at these objects, and the quest now became so exciting that the men soon broke down the remainder of the false back which hid the rest of the treasure.

The famous Lovely Betty's private hoard was laid bare. In three little bags, added to the corsets first discovered, were very many guineas. A small bundle composed of a shabby silken skirt contained necklaces, yet of a certain value; and a cardboard box enclosed two splendid diamond rings. Fitting closely in the narrow space available was an unframed oil painting, which Captain Jay extricated most carefully from its hiding-place. The picture represented such a beautiful young woman, so sweet of aspect and fair of face, that a general cry of admiration greeted it when first shown. Two miniatures—one evidently of the same girl, the other of a man—next came to light; and, as a finish, several packets of letters.

The sale of the notorious Lady Affington's portrait made a great sensation, it being pronounced by experts to be the finest ever painted of her as a girl. A millionaire paid a fancy price for it, and would gladly have secured other relics of Lovely Betty at a proportionately high figure. Alice, however, held to the exquisite miniature of the step-great-grandmother whose boardings had proved of such benefit in the time of need; and Maria took the best of the jewelry which she married her curate.

Mrs. Battersley burned the letters acting on the advice of the Rev. John Jay, to whom they had been entrusted for perusal.

When Alice had recovered her strength and could walk again, more than one match was arranged for her by Twillingham gossips, and the first favorite with them seemed to be Captain Jay; yet Mrs. Battersley would sometimes say that she found it a great trial to meet him, as he must remember what dreadful things he had handed her from her very own wardrobe.—Modern Society.

MAKING THERMOMETERS.

Instruments in Which There is Great Amount of Difference.

The average man swears by his thermometer as he swears by his watch. It seems to make little difference to him what the official weather records may say. "Yet," says a weather bureau official at Washington, "there is as much difference in thermometers as there is in individuals—or razors," he adds, as an after thought.

No two thermometers are exactly alike. Some thermometers are the work of scientific operation in the hands of experts; others are turned out like so many parts of machine-made shoes. With extremely sensitive and minutely accurate instruments needed for reliable work the greatest care is taken. They are kept in stock for years sometimes, and compared with instruments known to be trustworthy beyond question. Naturally so much time cannot be spent over the cheap thermometers, although more care is devoted to them than many purchasers suppose.

Mercury is used for scientific instruments, but alcohol is used for the cheaper grades. The alcohol is tinted with aniline dyes, which do not fade. The manufacturer buys the tubes in strips from glass factories. His blow-off cuts them to proper lengths and makes the bulbs on the ends. When the bulbs are filled with alcohol they are allowed to stand for several hours before being sent back to the blow-off to close the upper end. By this time the liquor is thoroughly expanded.

The first guide mark—32 degrees Fahrenheit—is found by plunging the bulb into melting snow, when it is to be had. This invariably gives the exact freezing point and is an unfailing test when the accuracy of a thermometer is suspected. When melting snow is not to be had, manufacturers use a little machine for shaving ice, which serves the purpose almost as well.

After their cold bath, the thermometers go to another workman, who plunges them into a tub of water kept constantly at 64 degrees. Another takes them at 96 degrees and so on, allowing 32 degrees for each guide mark. Then they are ready to be put into frames and have their other degrees and their fractions marked off accordingly.—Philadelphia Record.

ITALY'S FINANCIAL STROKE.

Her Debt on a 3 3/4 Per Cent. Basis—A Financial Rehabilitation.

An event of first rank in the history of European public debts is registered in the successful conversion of her 4 and 5 per cent. rents to a 3 3/4 basis. Of the total of \$1,620,000,000, only \$740,000 of the securities were presented for redemption, instead of conversion.

In January, 1894, Italian rents were down to 72 on the Paris Bourse and Premier Crispi had admitted that Italian finances were in pretty bad shape. Step by step, in little more than twelve years, the work of recuperation has proceeded.

A 20 per cent. tax on the interest coupon forced a considerable conversion of the 5 per cent. to 4s. The budget was cut ruthlessly. A surplus began to appear and the kingdom stopped borrowing.

Three years ago Italian currency reached par of gold. When a few weeks ago the conversion plan was broached German holders of Italian rents began to sell and the purchases were made for Italian account in proportion.

When the conversion went through the Italian rents were found to be held largely in their own country. This feat of rehabilitation was accomplished at a time when European money markets were under heavy pressure.—Eclectic Magazine.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

While up in a chestnut tree knocking off burrs Clyde Auman, the 12-year-old son of Joseph Auman, of Penn Township, was shot and fatally wounded by some person who escaped without being detected. Whether the boy was mistaken for a wild animal by some hunter and shot or wreathed he was shot for taking the chestnuts is not known. John Rider was driving along the public road and saw the boy lying under the tree. He went to see what was wrong and found his body riddled with shots, and cuts and bruises sustained in falling from the tree. He was unconscious and died at 6 o'clock without regaining consciousness. The tree was along the public road and not far from the boy's home and although there are houses every half mile no one heard the shot or saw any man with a gun in that vicinity. It is the belief that the boy was mistaken for a wild animal and shot by a reckless hunter who, when he saw what he had done, feared the consequences and ran away before he was seen. The authorities are making an investigation.

According to information gathered by County Detective Johnson, James Fisher, the supposed tramp who died in the Easton Hospital on Labor Day, was not stabbed by negroes, as he said in an ante-mortem statement, but by two chums with whom he had been traveling. Fisher's real name was James Carney and his home was originally in either Rhode Island or Massachusetts. He was an old-time safe cracker. In 1893 or 1894 he did time in the New Jersey State penitentiary for burglary in Union County. At the time he was brought to the Easton Hospital he wore a pair of costly sleeve buttons. Tramps do not, as a rule, wear that kind of jewelry and Detective Johnson decided to learn where they came from. He found that they had been stolen from a safe at Rahway. The men with whom Carney is supposed to have been traveling were "Amboy Red" and "Elizabeth Whitney," safe blowers. It is believed that Carney had a fight with them and that one of them "struck" him.

Mrs. Mary B. Shaffer, the oldest woman in Somerset County, and one of the oldest in Pennsylvania, died at her home after a week's illness. Her age was 95 years and 3 months. She lived all her life in Somerset and witnessed the development of the county from the Indian habitation to the present time.

Coal companies all through the anthracite field are complaining about the scarcity of men, especially those qualified to work in breasts having a high pitch or in "robbing" pillars. This kind of work is generally performed by English-speaking miners.

John A. Miller, of Washington Township, a school director doing time in the county prison for embezzlement and graft, was permitted by Court to attend the funeral of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Schneck. The latter died at the age of 78 years. Miller was accompanied by Prison Warden P. J. Mulholland.

The Delaware Water Gap Council granted the right of way through the streets of Water Gap to the Stroudsburg and Water Gap Trolley Company. Work will now be pushed. The road will prove a great convenience to Summer boarders.

The Mount Holly Paper Company, located at Mount Holly Springs, went into the hands of receivers. The Court appointed Charles H. Mullin and James A. Stee receivers under bonds of \$300,000. Inability to realize on the large stock on hand, it is said, caused the suspension. The company operates two immense mills and is one of the largest industries in this State. The company was incorporated in 1867.

After an illness of several weeks Councilman John C. Lockman died in the Chester Hospital following an operation. He was an engineer by trade.

Martin Fahy, 52 years old, for thirty years an engine man in the employ of the Lehigh Valley Railroad and known to everybody along the line, dropped dead at the station in Mauch Chunk. He had just stepped off his engine to oil up when heart failure ended his life.

One big black bear was killed and another badly crippled in Clinton County on the opening day of the season. Andrew Wilson, of Lock Haven, shot and killed a 400-pound bear, on Rattlesnake Run, in the upper end of the county, which will furnish steaks for many of his friends for some time to come. Bruin was caught unaware foraging along the stream and was killed before he had a chance to put up a fight. Charles Allabach, of Farandville, the champion bear hunter of the county, started out Monday loaded for bear. He selected Ferney Run as his battle ground. He espied an old bear and two cubs at a distance and endeavored to sneak up to them. The old bear saw him coming and he was forced to fire at long range. The charge took effect and the bear was badly wounded judging from the loss of blood, but she got away. The cubs also escaped.

While William Hoffa, a boy, was riding on an elevator in a Shamokin livery stable he was caught by a piece of timber and crushed to death.

John Berger, of Shamokin, did not move when his mother called him to go to work Wednesday morning. She went to his bedside to awaken him and found him dead, probably from heart disease.

While about to say grace at his supper table Hillary Epright, a wealthy farmer who resided near Brownback's Church, Chester County, fell dead. He sat at the table with his head in his hands after his usual custom before saying grace and his long silence caused his wife to glance at him.

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Improved Pineapples.

Pineapples, which enter so largely into table use, either as a fresh fruit, a preserve, or in the preparation of a beverage, have also been the subject of experiments by the fruit specialists of the Department. When the experts began this work some years back there was no technical literature on the subject available for their guidance. Experiments at West Palm Beach did not result as well as anticipated when first started, so finally the hybrid seed obtained in the course of crossing experiments was planted in a Government greenhouse in Washington. When the young hybrid plants had reached a height of from six to eight inches they were shipped south and transplanted at the sub-tropical garden at Miami, Fla. Heretofore, it has been asserted by growers that eight years was the time required for a pineapple to bear fruit, but these experiments have demonstrated that it can be done in four years, if the plants are properly handled and nurtured.

To test the progress made from year to year, pineapples grown from these experimental plants have been brought to Washington, and compared with best fruits obtainable in the Washington markets. In every case, the experts found the flavor of the hybrids to be superior and from this they deduced the idea that the commercial line has been grown so many years without seed propagation that the old varieties have deteriorated. To maintain the highest quality, a return to seed propagation is recommended by some of the experts, so that recent experiments may turn out not only to have produced new hybrids, but to have started a rejuvenation of the old species which had received a minimum of scientific care in the rush of commercial development.

Try the Gold Cure.

Some of the boys who had a rattlesnake in a box with a wirenetting top decided that they would kill the snake by drowning; so they weighted the box with rocks and let it down into the river. After letting the snake down an hour and a half they hauled up the box and found the snake not only alive but so mad that he was nothing but a hiss and rattles. The drowning is postponed some other scheme will be tried to end his snakeship's life.—Cocoa and Rockledge News.

In Grotavo, Tenerife, the Corpus Christi procession passes over floral carpets with which the streets on the route are covered during the festival. Beautiful tapestry designs are imitated with fresh blossoms.

Australia contains more unexplored territory in proportion to its size than any other continent.

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