

Whistling.
In boyhood when you journeyed home
And darkness wrapped the world,
Weird beasts and ogres lurked about,
Each bush an imp would hold.
The rocks took unfamiliar shapes,
The trees were stiff and stark,
And then to keep your courage up
You whistled in the dark.
You travel through this vale of tears
In darkness wrapped around;
You do not know from where you came
Nor whither you are bound.
Strange shapes arise on every side
More dread than goblins are,
Devourers worse than ogres grim
Your shadowed pathway bar.
And then you strike Old Hundred up
Your spunk to keep a spark,
For, after all, what is a hymn
But whistling in the dark.
—McLanburgh Wilson, in the New York Times.

Peter the Wicked

As we drew near the corner of our own street, blissfully treading our pleasant homeward way, and already enjoying in anticipation the old-fashioned sago pudding—with raisins in it that Alicia had promised to have for desert that very night, a certain dog solemnly emerged from the gloom, seized the evening paper with a gusty sort of sigh, and then trotted ahead, the very picture of mournful resignation, ears flapping in a dismal manner and tail trailing along behind at the most melancholy angle imaginable.
"Why, Fido!" we cried, in a rich, manly bass voice. "Why, Fido!"
But Fido never faltered. He seemed rather in some mysterious way to give his fat old back an ominous aspect, as if he were a dog who seldom complained, but when he was put upon, it was far too serious a business to be smoothed over by a few fine words.
And vainly was it also that we bent over—as we walked—and gave him a pat. And vainly was it that we sounded an alarm against a mythical cat. And vainly, too, did we walk faster, emitting encouraging noises and trying to warm Fido into the exuberance of a gallop; for although he had to twinkle his desperate old legs at an incredible speed to preserve his trot, his ears only flapped in a still more dismal manner and his tail trailed along behind more abjectly.
Thereupon, strangely disturbed, and fearing we knew not what, we ran up our front steps, and were much relieved to find Alicia waiting just inside the hall to give us our customary good one. But even as we went through this pleasing little ceremony, Peter dodged from behind Alicia's skirts, up-ended, tapped Fido on his nose, and then trotted into the dining-room with an impudent wave of his tail, while Fido dropped the paper, the better to look lugubrious, as he mutely invited us to bear witness to this outrage.
"Whatever's the matter with Peter?" we demanded, as soon as we could catch our breath. "Poor old!"
"Sh!" cautioned Alicia, in a whisper, while a loud purring noise sounded from the dining room, as if there was a cat who was not afraid of any dog that ever lived. "Don't encourage them, George. I'm trying to get them to make friends again."
"Make friends?" we cried, as Fido looked at us in sad-eyed wonder at our neglect to tell the shameful Peter what we thought of him. "Make friends?"
"Yes," said Alicia, raising her dear little eyebrows and shaking her head. "I've had the awfullest day with them. But never mind. Dinner's ready, and I've got such a pudding."
So down we sat—as soon as we could manage it—and tried to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of thinking about the pudding and listening to Alicia's evening budget of news; but whenever our eye wandered over to Fido, that faithful old prince sighed, and the more he sighed the more Peter strutted round him, purring loudly, irritating Fido with his tail, walking on the tips of his toes to look large and imposing, and swaggering in his gait whenever Fido relieved himself of a particularly eloquent sound of sorrow.
"Is he looking at you?" asked Alicia. "Throw him a bit of meat, George, to cheer him up. I've had the awfullest time with them today. You've no idea."
Accordingly, we threw Fido a bit of meat to cheer him up; but Peter intercepted it nonchalantly, meanwhile making a feint at Fido's nose, and then eating the meat with such a noise that Fido almost wept. Then Peter resumed his bullying walk round the long-suffering Fido, pushing against him at times as if he would just as soon shove Fido out of the room as look at him.
"Don't say anything," whispered Alicia, "but throw him another bit of meat, George. Throw it when Peter isn't looking."
But this was a difficult task, for while we were cutting a bit of meat to the proper size, the pets perceived it, and every time we started to throw it to Fido, Peter up-ended with a jovial air, making a pass at Fido's nose as he did so, until finally, when we solved the problem by handing the bit of meat to Fido in person, Peter snatched it from the dear old dog's very mouth, and ate it himself so noisily, so ostentatiously,

ly, so insultingly, that Alicia was moved to open championship of Fido the Wronged.
"Poor old Fido!" she cried. "It's a shame! I'll fix that wicked Peter, though. I'll fix him!"
And with determination written large all over her dear little person, Alicia cut a whole slice of meat into appropriate little bits, poured gravy on them, and showed the neat result to Fido, who sighed, while Peter, purring in a very ecstasy, shoved Fido back, and indicated to Alicia that the place for her to put the plate down was right in front of him.
"Now, George," said Alicia, "you hold Peter."
"Hold him?" we asked. We had held Peter before under similar circumstances. "Can't we show him into the pantry and close the door?"
"No," said Alicia. "I want to punish Peter by letting him see Fido eating."
"Here, Peter, Peter!" we began, without making too much noise about it. "He won't come," we concluded.
"George!" cried Alicia, as no one but Alicia can.
On that moment we seized Peter, and Alicia put the plate down.
"Hold him!" she cried. "Hold him, George!"
Fido advanced upon the plate with such a proprietary look of anticipation that Peter simply couldn't stand it, and struggling free with one frenzied contortion, he bounced upon the plate, so tempestuously that his whiskers and the end of his nose became beaded with gravy.
This gave him a very fierce and unusual look, so that, together with the noise he made and the way he cut off all approach to the plate, Fido got nothing but one wretched, bony bit, that gave him more trouble than it was worth, anyway.
"But what's it all about?" we cried, after Fido had settled away under the sofa with a long, husky, despairing growl. "How did it start?"
"George, I'll tell you," said Alicia, moving the fern so that she could see us. "First thing this morning that spotted dog that lives down in the Hollow—you know—came up the hill, and what did he do but come right in our back yard! I was looking through the pantry window, and I saw it all. And Fido—a mournful tap of a tail sounded underneath the sofa. 'Good old Fido!' cried Alicia. 'And Fido,' she continued, 'was asleep in the kitchen, as good as gold.' The mournful tapping still continued. 'But Peter was out in the yard!' cried Alicia—whereat the tapping noise stopped in sulky silence. 'And what did that spotted dog do but begin to scratch up Fido's bones you know, the bones that he had buried.'"
And we nodded as Alicia paused for breath, all rosy with earnestness and sparkling with the climax still to come.
"Well," she went on, "I was just going to wake Fido up, so that he could go out and mind his bones, when what did I see but Peter, creeping up behind him like this," and Alicia rose and tiptoed gently to the pantry door.
"How?" we asked according to our invariable rule whenever Alicia illustrates by pantomime. "How?"
"Like this!" she cried, and intently tiptoed back to her chair again.
"Ah," we murmured.
"Yes," cried Alicia, with spirit, "I was looking through the pantry window, and saw it all! And when Peter got close behind him, he crouched down, lashed his tail, and sprang upon him."
And Alicia, breathless, showed us just how with her hands.
"Sprang on him!" we repeated.
"Sprang on him!" cried Alicia, still breathless, and showing us how again.
"And, George—of all things! If you'd only seen that spotted dog run out of our garden! And Peter after him! Something fierce!" she cried. "It is Alicia's only bit of slang. 'George, it was something fierce!'"
"But why does—"
"Well, when Peter came in the house he seemed to think that all dogs were afraid of him, and he started on poor old Fido. Oh, I've had such a time with them all day! If I put Peter out, he swaggers round, looking for more dogs,—he's been down in the Hollow twice—and if I keep him in he tries to make Fido fight; but Fido's a gentleman—the mournful tapping was resumed beneath the sofa. 'Good old Fido!' cried Alicia. 'It's a shame!'"
"Well," we remarked, "it looks as if Peter had got over it at last."
"Why?" asked Alicia, who couldn't see because of the fern. "Why, do you think so, George?"
"He's down here, playing with Fido," we smiled, "lying on his back and rolling over and—"
"George, stop him!" cried Alicia, springing up. "That's just what he did this noon, and—"
But the warning came too late. Faithful Fido's howls rent the air, and as he resolutely refused to stay in the house any longer with such a wicked cat, we had to hold him in—under orders—while Alicia opened the kitchen door and proceeded to shoo Peter out.
As for Peter, he dodged in and out of the kitchen, and the dining-room with an air of defiant jocularly, and when at last Alicia got the broom to him, he turned deliberately round in the kitchen doorway and gave us a truculent leer.
We were still comforting Fido when a terrible noise sounded from up the garden.
"He's after Mrs. Potter now!" cried Alicia, in despair, and out we flew to the rescue.
From a distant corner of the yard strange sounds were heard, and strange sights were seen as Mrs.

Potter danced round on alternate feet, and through all this flapping of wings and shrill cries of warfare the dim form of Peter, the wicked cat, could presently be discerned, crouching in a corner, and wincing and blinking his eyes apprehensively every time Mrs. Potter made a peck at him.
After Peter had been rescued, and Alicia had made him make friends with Mrs. Potter—a task requiring great diplomacy—we carried the shamefaced Peter back to the house, Fido trotting along behind with a singular air of satisfaction.
And here we are. Peter has finally been persuaded to hold up his ears with some approach to his usual jauntiness. Fido is "sitting up" looking pleasant and catching an unheard-of number of bits of meat in rapid succession, while Peter has humbly tucked his two front paws beneath him, and is lying by Fido's side.
"Kiss him, Fido!" cried Alicia. "Kiss him nice!"
And as Fido makes a hasty and general lap at Peter's head, both the pets sigh with a great content.
"Cock-a-doodle-do-oo!" cries Mrs. Potter, from the garden in sleepy tones. "Cock-a-doodle-do-oo."
And as at last we turn to that famous old-fashioned sago pudding—with raisins in it—peace, sweet, balmy peace, has settled on our household once again.—Youth's Companion.

"WISE MONEY."
Influences Brought to Bear on the Man in the Betting Ring.
The betting ring is a whirl of excitement, augmented by the appearance of the "wise money," this coming from the punters, who are supposed to know a little more than any one else.
These men bet large sums, varying from \$2,000 to \$10,000, and are supposed to make princely incomes by so doing, says a writer in *Outing*.
Look through the list of plungers of even five years ago, and with the exception of the deceased Pittsburgh Phil what is the individual bank account?
This whirl upsets the individual judgment, causing a man to switch from a preconceived horse with a chance to win, according to his individual ideas, to another horse of which he knows nothing but rumor. This departure from the one beaten track of each individual is just as fatal in racing as in any other business.
Take the bookmaker as an instance, sitting day by day, letting the public make selections and steadfastly waging him the said selections will not win, certain that he has 60 per cent. in his favor at the start.
Realizing this the bookmaker spares no effort to augment the swirl. Hence the clever delay in the announcement of the prices, the constant rush of the messengers, and the intermittent and startling variations of prices in the individual book.
No matter whether the individual bookmaker has done any business on that particular horse or not, he varies the prices in obedience to the index of the figurehead, thus keeping up the guessing hurrah.
Ninety per cent. of the wild rumors as to the trials, the condition, the chances, of certain horses in each race have their genesis with the bookmaker, who knows that nearly every man, even those of long years of experience, is looking for information.
So, from time to time, wild rushes are precipitated, where from, no one knows. There comes an apparent plunge on two or three horses no one thought seriously of.
The prices are cut from 50 to 1 to 10 to 1, some one starts a whisper "from the stable," and the weaker of the visitors are hooked. Take up any tabulated chart of any day's racing and note the long shot horses played down which finished nowhere.
One can never find a central figure for such a vortex. "Stables" do not put their money down that way. It is to the interest of the stable, equally with the interest of the bookmaker, to keep any such legitimate transaction as much from the notice of the public as possible.

A Pensioner of Charles X.
Although France has witnessed thirty-six years of republic, preceded by twenty-two years of empire and by some eighteen years more of limited monarchy, there has lingered on until the past week the last item on the civil list of the last King of France, Charles X. In 1830 Charles granted a pension of 1,300 francs a year to one of his men servants. And year in and year out ever since, whatever system might be up or down, the good fellow has religiously presented himself on pension day to draw his 1,300 francs, and just as religiously every succeeding finance minister has had it ready for him. The old worthy has just died, a centenarian.—London Globe.

The Lobster an Idiot.
The best naturalists remain timorous enough and hesitate to dogmatize. Take the case of the lobster. Poke him here, he does this; poke him there, he does that; poke a thousand of him in the same way, and they do the same things. Shall we, therefore, conclude that the lobster lacks mentality, that he's a mere machine; that he doesn't even know he's a lobster? By no means. All we can affirm with scientific justice is that apparently—and only apparently—he's an idiot. The way to know for sure—is to be a lobster!—Boston Transcript.

There are two thousand Mohammedans resident in London. A mosque is about to be erected in the vicinity of Hyde Park.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

A bowl of soup donated by a kindly disposed neighbor was responsible for the fatal injury to Mrs. Mary Perry and the wounding of her 10-year-old daughter, Rosie, by a disease-crazed husband at Phoenixville. Mr. and Mrs. James Ferry, with their seven children, live on the outskirts of town and are in extremely poor circumstances. Mrs. Ferry has been an invalid for seven years. Her husband, too, is afflicted. Not satisfied with the meat and potatoes which accompanied the soup, Ferry demanded the broth also, and because he was refused took a revolver from his pocket and shot his wife four times. Little Rosie, while trying to shield her helpless mother, received one of the bullets in her neck. The mother's death is looked for at any time. The daughter is probably a survivor. The condition of the other children was pitiable and they are being cared for by sympathetic neighbors. Ferry was locked up to await the result of his horrible crime. He comments on his terrible act with apparent indifference. "They starved me to death," he mutters, "and I would not stand for it. I don't care if I kill her, but I didn't mean to hit Rosie."
A tramp with a pillow was determined to ride on the cowcatcher of the passenger train leaving Nescopeck early the other morning for Hazleton. The man climbed on the engine and arranged a comfortable berth, but was found by trainmen. He eluded them, however, and was on the engine when it pulled from the station. Men in the yard saw him had the train stopped and handled him in such a manner that he gave up his project.
When Warren Ebert, a brakeman on the 12.38 train through Lancaster, turned over to the railroad officials a suit case which had been left on his train, and saw thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry when the officials opened the case, he gasped. The suit case was the property of a Philadelphia jeweler, who had left the train, forgetting to take the suit case, and the jeweler sent Ebert a diamond shirt stud worth about \$100 as a reward.
The Gideons School, in East Penn Township, has just closed its first month without a pupil in attendance. Elmer E. Seligman is the teacher and he has opened school on time each morning and closed just as formally. The school was attended last year by thirty-two pupils, but parents refused to have them vaccinated and all have been refused admittance this term in consequence. The Courts will probably be called upon to settle the various phases of the case. The district School Board will refuse to pay Seligman his month's wages, it is said.
Typhoid fever, attributed to the eating of oysters which were contaminated by sewage, prevails in Lower Macungie Township to an extent that causes considerable alarm. Dr. M. F. Cawley, health officer of Lehigh County, made an investigation and found seven cases. In no instance could the origin of the disease be traced to the milk, water or food supply that was in regular use, but Dr. Cawley learned that each of the afflicted persons had eaten raw oysters last month, and all had bought the oysters from the same dealer.
The twelve miners employed in the lower shaft of the old Dull workings of the Pennsylvania Glass Sand Company, at McVeytown, fell ninety feet, huddled up in a narrow cage, and all escaped serious injury. After the noon meal the men stepped into the cage; at that instant the brake on the drum became jammed and the engineer lost control of the machinery.
Mrs. Sarah Wilson Farquhar, widow of the late Rev. John Farquhar, who for twenty years was a pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Lower Chanceford, York County, died in her 84th year, of pneumonia. Mrs. Farquhar was notable for her high Christian character and her devotion to her church and family.
Uria L. Glessner, aged 47, a wealthy Milford Township farmer, attempted suicide in his barn near Rockwood, by hanging himself with binder twine. His wife found him in an unconscious condition suspended by the neck. She quickly cut the rope with a knife that her husband had been using, and then fainted. Her screams had attracted neighbors to the scene. They found Glessner clasping his wife's arm. The couple were restored to consciousness and both will probably recover. Glessner was despondent over financial loss.
Ed Thompson and Clint Coesfield, two fourteen-year-old boys, discovered a broken rail on the Franklin Branch of the Erie Railroad near Franklin. As the passenger train from Oil City, which connects with the New York and Chicago trains at Meadville, approached, Thompson threw off his red necktie and waved it frantically. The engineer saw the signal and stopped his train. He said the train would doubtless have been wrecked had it struck the curve at full speed.
Reading hunters of pheasants and wild turkeys have returned home with empty game bags since the opening of the season on Monday. Several managed to drop a pheasant or two in the Blue Mountains near Hamburg, and a few squirrels, but they report that game is generally scarce.
Jacob Beitzel, president of the Drovers' and Mechanics' National Bank, York, was injured in a runaway accident. He was about to step into his buggy in front of the bank, when the horse became frightened and while trying to get the animal under control, Mr. Beitzel was thrown on the pavement. He sustained numerous cuts and bruises.
Allentown's fifteenth silk industry will be established in East Allentown where Katterback & Stephens, of Brooklyn, are building a ribbon plant, employing 500 hands.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to GRANT HODGKIN)
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST
No Mutuals No Assessments
Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.
Money to Loan on First Mortgage
Office in Crider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

LARGEST INSURANCE Agency
IN CENTRE COUNTY
H. E. FENLON
Agent
Bellefonte, Penn'a.
The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies
Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.
A hand-drawn sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office 256 F St. Washington, D. C.

WISE WORDS.
A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.
If we are contented to unfold the life within, according to the pattern given us, we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.
By proper training the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant.
Tens of thousands of people fall because they love their ease too much. They are not willing to put themselves out to sacrifice comfort.
Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services.
No life amounts to much until it has a program—something definite, something particular. Nothing else can take the place of it. Education cannot, talent cannot, genius cannot, hard work cannot. Until there is a definite aim, the energies will run to waste, the ability be squandered. The faculties deteriorate when working without a definite aim.
Business is not only a great civilizer of nations and of peoples, but also the greatest educator and developer of character in the world, for it is a perpetual school, a great life university where we do not go to recite and hear lectures for three or four hours a day for a few years, but where we are constantly studying and practicing, almost from the cradle to the grave.—Success.

RELY ON YOURSELF.
Nothing better could happen to the young man, who has the right kind of grit, than to be thrown on the world and his own resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son \$1000, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone, and with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:
"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"
"I have no money, father."
"But I gave you \$1000 to graduate on."
"It is all gone, father."
"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."
A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.—Self-Help.

ATTORNEYS.
D. F. FORTNEY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office North of Court House.
W. HARRISON WALKER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 19 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to.
S. D. GETTIG JNO. J. BOWER W. D. ZEBBY
GETTIG, BOWER & ZEBBY ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAGLE BLOCK
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Successors to ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS
Consultation in English and German.

CLEMENT DALE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.
W. G. RUNKLE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Special attention given to collections. Office, 2d floor Crider's Exchange. 1796
N. B. SPANGLER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building. 1796
Old Fort Hotel
EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor.
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Good bar. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.
RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

The National Hotel
MILLHEIM, PA.
I. A. SHAWYER, Prop.
First class accommodations for the traveler. Good table board and sleeping apartments. The choicest liquors at the bar. Stable accommodations for horses is the best to be had. Bus to and from all trains on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, at Coburn.

LIVERY
Special Effort made to Accommodate Commercial Travelers....
D. A. BOOZER
Centre Hall, Pa. Penn'a R. R.
Penn's Valley Banking Company
CENTRE HALL, PA.
W. B. MINGLE, Cashier
Receives Deposits . . .
Discounts Notes . . .

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. G. STROHMEIER,
CENTRE HALL, PENN.
Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE . . . MONUMENTAL WORK in all kinds of Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

LADIES

DR. LAFRAGO'S COMPOUND
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Cures guaranteed. Successfully used by over 200,000 women. Price, 25 Cents. Drug stores or by mail. Testimonials & booklet free.
Dr. LaFrago, Philadelphia, Pa.
...LEE'S... NEW LIFE TEA
ALWAYS CURES
CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE.
And imparts new life to the whole system. At all druggists and dealers, or sent by mail, if your dealer will not supply you. Address, John D. Langham, Holley, N. Y.