

The Drip of the Rain.
The stars have curtained their light
In clouds
And the moon has slipped from sight;
And only the sound of the rain is heard
Through the fragrant summer night.
Over the sloping and moss-grown
eaves,
Drenching the lilies and sweet green
leaves,
Filling the night with its low refrain
Is heard the drip of the summer rain.

The darkness, soft as a velvet robe,
Shuts the cares of the world away;
And the south wind blows the slant-
ing rain
Into sheets of silver spray,
And up through the darkness, warm
and wet,
Comes the scent of pansies and
mignonette,
Bearing the message of hope again.
In this peaceful hour of rest and rain.

'Tis a gracious gift that the night be-
stows,
For the summer shower brings
The dreams of peace, and a breath
of balm
On the sweep of its dusky wings,
And the hearts that sorrow forget to
weep,
On the shadowy border-lands of sleep;
And the voice of care and the sting
of pain
Are lost in the drip of the summer
rain.
Emma G. Weston in the Youth's Com-
panion.

Laughter and Tears.

The car was almost due at the sum-
mit of the Gornegrat. The chill air
from the glacier fields pressed a stim-
ulating finger on the pulses. The ice
of the surrounding glaciers was dull
green and deep.

The Little Traveler, wound to the
neck in a thick plaid shawl, stood
waiting with her aunt. They were
going down on the last car which made
the trip that day. They had wished
to spend the night on the top, for
Elizabeth, the captain of this brief
summer outing, had but to give the
orders and Die Tante obeyed like a
soldier.

But, alas, the money was lacking.
They had added once and again the
columns in their account book, and
the result came ever the same with
the tiresome inflexibility of mathe-
matics. The two hungry sight-seers
were at last enjoying Switzerland after
months of longing. But their rule
must be kept—so many marks a day,
and prices at the tip-top houses have
all the rarity of the altitude where
they flourish. So this pleasure must
be given up.

"For once I am almost satisfied,"
sighed Elizabeth. "It would be too glori-
ous to see a sunrise here, too. We must
be content with our half-loaf."

The electric car came slowly creep-
ing up the steel way bringing noise,
a disturbing element, a taste of mod-
ern improvement into these silent
heights.

Elizabeth's green touring hat bore
a puff of feathers on a quivering wire.
Each time they trembled, if you cared
for Elizabeth you must look to see if
she, too, trembled. "One look, dear
Aunt, one long look to fix this picture
in my mind. How dull the four walls
and the sewing will be after this feast
of ice and snow. Just see how clear
the air is and how near the other
peaks look. I am going to that rock
to look at the Matterhorn. There is
time to spare. The car is not up yet,
and it waits before going down again.
Come."

The rose color of the afterglow on
snowy summit defies the common
sense. Even the solid fields of white,
sloping down the channels between
scaring peaks, these have a chilled
sorcery of their own. Imprint the
scene on our mind, Elizabeth. It
will always stay. It is, as you say,
so hauntingly beautiful and remote.

The dependence, the finiteness of
daily life is the chain by which the
spiritual delights must be confined.
And no joy is sufficient to itself, even
observation of the Gornegrat panora-
ma. The little Swiss watch, a deli-
cate toy, the price of which had
shortened the pleasure trip two
weeks, the watch pinned on Eliza-
beth's breast, continued ticking and
ticking, leading time captive and lead-
ing Elizabeth and her aunt from the
rock with its mighty outlook back to
the little station. The car stood
ready for the descent, with perhaps
a thirty seconds to spare.

The morning of the same day
George Werner, a young student,
had arrived at Zermatt. His face
was long by nature and now it was
long from fatigue—and what else?
Perhaps it was fatigue alone. He was
always jolly in conversation, therefore
he must be always happy. A smile
came quickly to his face when he met
a friend. When left alone it died
quickly away. But always his interest
in others was there.

Young blood must flow a little fast-
er at seeing the noble view which is
the heart's desire. George had dream-
ed of this hour, and now as he sat
on the ascending car, here was reality.
His reddish hair blew back from
his temples, white from the confine-
ment of study.

The summer was almost past, but
near the summit there were no plants
to mark the change of season by their
brighter coloring. The stony bed of
the new steel way was hardly ad-
justed, and barrenness ruled under
foot.

But raise your eyes, George. There
stand the monarchs of Switzerland.
The eyes must be kept always open.

He knows this, for when the lids shut
quietly he sees many far-away things.
Though the scenes shift in each one
is a figure buoyant with life and some-
times wearing a plaid shawl and an
Alpine hat which shades the blue eyes
beneath. In fact, the familiar eyes
are so shaded that when George looks
into them the vision always fades; he
opens his own eyes and sighs him-
self back into the present moment.

Life would be quite another thing
if he might allow himself these vis-
ions. But they come without leave,
and must be put aside. The question
which had often risen to his lips was
not the one he might ask.

Having an invalid mother and no
money, a student may say, "Will you
pass me the bread?" while his glances
speak many gentle courtesies. But
he may not say, "Will you share my
bread?" when there is hardly enough
for the mother.

Therefore sunshine is brightest
when the eyelids curtain the eyes,
Yet is a vision of fair possibilities
not half as real as the rain against
the window.

The car had arrived at the top.
George stood on the station platform,
contemplative. Before the pleasure of
walking to the very summit he would
watch the car go down again. When
it should descend under the great red
sun, the Polyphemus eye of the moun-
tain world, the last link with Zermatt
would be severed for the night.

He stood with his back to a large
rock. When he arrived he had not-
iced two figures seated on it, and
had idly thought of them as chance
companions on the summit over night.

The Lilliputian bustle of departure
as the car was prepared for descend-
ing amused him. How different this
adjustable and particular start from
the hurried stoppages and confused
crowd of a city car.

A belated passenger was loudly
summoned by the conductor. "One
moment," came the answer as two
ladies passed George, hurrying to-
ward the car. It was Die Tante, with
Elizabeth. At the sound of the voice
he knew who it was, and yet his eyes
needed proof. As Elizabeth passed
him he laid a hand on her arm. She
turned and recognized him.

Surely the snow fields lend a
strange and radiant light to the eyes
which behold them. Perhaps Eliza-
beth had sat too long on the great
rock.

"But the car is going—now," came
from her in gasps as if she were an-
swering some question.

Two other passengers were to go
down. Happily they were quarreling
over the disposition of their satchels.
Die Tante had hurriedly attained a seat
in the car and stood transfixed, a
spirit of wonder at the unforeseen.

George found speech after several
precious seconds had elapsed. He still
kept his hand on Elizabeth's shawl
where the blue stripe crossed the red
one. The evening air from the glaciers
was like wine.

"Elizabeth, the sunrise here will be
so wonderful, so without compare,"
he eagerly said. Her advent had be-
wildered him. The reality was still
part of his vision and, like the sun-
rise, wonderful beyond compare.

The car started with Elizabeth poised
like a bird on the step. George
grasped her hand to detain her.

"The beautiful mountain-tops. We
must see them together," he cried, as
the wheels moved. Even while he
spoke the car gained speed, and he
walked quickly beside it.

Instinctively he pushed her firmly
on to the platform of the car, for
safety, but did not relinquish her
hand. Die Tante stood ready to jump
off in case of need. Voices called to
them in warning as the car gathered
such headway that George was obliged
to run.

All their past meetings and partings
were in the clasp of his hand, and he
would not let go. His hat far behind,
he followed, like Merlin, unreckoning,
on the gleam, on the light from her
eyes.

"Ah love, I cannot," came from him
without his wish.

Elizabeth bent towards him from
the car. She had thought, thus far,
only of the miracle of his pres-
ence. Now she realized that there
was danger to face. For her to lose
his hand was impossible, so firm was
his hold.

For her to jump off—no. Yet if
he were hurt! Never had his safety
been so imperative.

There was no time to lose. "Get
on, quick," she called, loud enough
to conquer the noise of wheels and
pulled him forward and up with all her
strength.

George came, suddenly to his
senses. With a brave laugh and a
firm foot he challenged the gods and
gained the platform.

The bunch of feathers on Eliza-
beth's green hat quivered like aspens
as he drew himself up, still holding
her hand. If you cared for her you
must look to see if she, too, trembled.

After all, three can live on very
little if the austere spirit of self-
sacrifice walk among them, and the
tender hand of a new daughter to
smooth the pillows in the sick room,
is worth more than gold.—Margaret
Jeannette Gates in Massachusetts
Ploughman.

Pays Debt That Worried Him.
Edward Goyette, who lived in Mon-
treal sixteen years ago, returned re-
cently and paid the water department
\$13.25 which he owned when he left.
He said that the debt had worried
him ever since he left and, having
made \$200,000 in New York, he de-
cided to come back and pay his score.
—Chicago News.

The parrot appreciates music more
than any other of the lower crea-
tures.

THE REAL FRENCH HUSBAND
RETAINS DURING MARRIAGE THE
ATTITUDE OF A LOVER.

Graceful, Gallant and Gay—Not by
Any Means Perfect, But He Gen-
erally Manages to Make Himself
Agreeable, Contrasted With the An-
glo-Saxon.

As a lover the Frenchman is jeal-
ous, exacting, unreasonable to the
last degree, but he is correspond-
ingly passionate and devoted, writes Al-
van F. Sanborn in The Independent.
He displays that dash of recklessness
in love which is so flattering and so
precious to its object. Hawthorne
has said somewhere that the great-
est obstacle to a man's being sublime
is his fear of appearing ridiculous.
In love, at any rate, the Frenchman
does not know this fear, and the re-
sult is that in love he is often sub-
lime—at least in the eyes of his inam-
orata, and this is all that really
matters. His instinct for form is so
unerring that he is inimitable in the
expression of sentiment.

As a husband the Frenchman is
disposed to be overbearing, but he
responds to tactful conciliatory treat-
ment as readily as the bad responds
to the appeal of the sun. When his
affections are deeply engaged he re-
tains, after marriage, the attitude of
the lover, and in his good moments
(his "bons moments"), which are by no
means rare—no matter how much he
may be harassed by the petty cares
and annoyances incident to married
life—he employs the gestures and the
phrases of the lover as zestfully as if
he were at the very beginning of his
romance.

He praises his wife eloquently to
her face, saying boldly in her pres-
ence the complimentary things which
the more reticent Anglo-Saxon hus-
band utters only to his friends, if he
permits himself the indiscretion of ut-
tering them at all.

In the lower and middle classes, as
well as in the upper classes, the
French husband has a faculty that
amounts almost to genius for bestow-
ing the delicate attentions which cost
little except the exercise of a modicum
of tact and thoughtfulness, but
which carry joy to every true woman's
heart. He not only thinks to
take home to her often (in the ab-
sence of the means to make
a larger offering) a ten cent bunch
of violets, pinks or roses
from the flower market or
the itinerant vendor's barrow
on his route, but he presents them
gallantly with the compliment and
the caress the occasion calls for; and
this makes them confer a pleasure
out of all proportion to their intrinsic
worth. He remembers her birthday
or fête day with a potted plant, a
bit of game, a box of bonbons, or
a cake from the pastry cook's, or
a bottle of good wine. He is mar-
velously fertile in expedients for mak-
ing the time pass quickly and agreeably
for her. He has a thousand amus-
ing and successful devices for help-
ing her to renew her youth. He pro-
jects unique and joyous Sunday and
holiday excursions. He improvises
dainty little banquets. He is a past
master especially in the art of con-
juring up amiable mysteries and pre-
paring charming little surprises. And
in all these trivial enterprises he
vindicates the old French theory that
true courtesy consists in taking a
certain amount of pains to so order
our words and our manners that oth-
ers "be content with us and with
themselves."

The American husband is particu-
larly solicitous to do the proper
thing; the French husband to do the
agreeable thing.

There is no better "provider" than
the American husband, no man more
ready to give his wife everything
she asks for, whether he can afford
it or not; but his memory is lament-
ably poor where her habits and prefer-
ences are concerned, and he lacks
intuition. The American husband is
second to none in doing his duty con-
scientiously by his companion but he
is less expert than the French hus-
band in showing appreciation of her
beauty, vivacity and wit, and in dis-
playing that ideal deference which
makes her feel that she esteems it a
great honor as well as a great privilege
to be permitted to share her existence,
and that his life would be but a dis-
mal, barren waste without her.

The difference is fundamental, since
it is the difference between the Puritan
and the Cavalier, between repression
and expression, between the concep-
tion of life as a dreary round of
duties and the conception of life as
an inspiring succession of oppor-
tunities.

The French husband possesses an-
other faculty that goes far toward
making the rough places smooth in
matrimonial existence, namely a mar-
velous fund of gaiety that is made up
in about equal parts of esprit and of
animal spirits. In default of passion-
ate affection he offers his compan-
ion the most sprightly and engaging
sort of camaraderie, which is the next
best thing. Even when indifferent,
sentimentally speaking, he is still
vastly entertaining; still capable of
being the best of daily company,
thanks of his cheerful philosophy,
which bids him make the most of
life as he finds it, and to a winning
playfulness of manner which comes
as naturally as breathing to him.

In sum, the Frenchman is not a
model husband, but he is an adorable
one—imperfect and adorable—a splen-
did illustration of the "glory of the
imperfect."

Like husband, like father. The
French father displays his quick tem-
per before his children and makes

them the victims thereof. He treats
them impulsively as they treat each
other. But, by reason of this very
impulsiveness, which is, after all, but
a form of childlikeness, he penetrates
deeper into the child-consciousness
than he otherwise could. He does not
unbend toward his children, for he
is so completely a child himself that
he does not need to unbend to find him-
self on their level. He enters heart-
ily into their whims, caprices, happy
pretenses and fantastic imaginings be-
cause they are so very like his own.
The French boy as he grows into
manhood enjoys a genuine comradeship
with his father, that would be im-
possible if the latter were systemat-
ically concealing the fact that he is
a frail and faulty human being like
himself.

As the Frenchman lavishes tender-
ness on women, so he demands it
from them.

It is because of this craving for
tenderness that he insists on an emi-
nently feminine helpmeet. He cares
little what opinions his wife may hold
on literature, art and philosophy, or
whether she holds any opinions at
all on these subjects, so that she pos-
sesses the secret of the soothing
caress has a talent for tender minis-
trations and a genius for loving. He
clings to his house like a cat. His
home life is far and away the most
important part of his existence. Ev-
erything must give way before it. He
cannot admit long absences from
home on the part of his spouse. The
American fashion of sending a wife
away for the summer and of ship-
ping her off for a period of foreign
travel ranging all the way from two
months to two years, he would con-
sider monstrous.

TRAINING DOG POLICE.
Breaking in of the Seine Patrol One
of the Sights of Paris.

The training of the young New-
foundlands that M. Lepine periodically
adds to his staff is one of the
sights of Paris. It takes place in the
headquarters of the agents plongeurs,
a small building on the quay-side not
far from the Cathedral of Notre
Dame. Dogs and men enter into the
exercise with zest, and there is usual-
ly a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy
figures are used, but the "rescue" is,
nevertheless, a very realistic affair.
The big dogs know perfectly well
what the exercise means, and they
wait with comic enthusiasm until the
dummy is thrown into the water and
an agent plongeur rushes out on hear-
ing the splash and the outcry of spec-
tators. While the men are busy with
lines and life-buoys, the dog plunges
into the water, swims to the dummy,
watches with rare intelligence for an
opportunity to get an advantageous
hold, and then it either swims ashore
or waits for its master who brings to
the rescue long poles, cork belts and
the like. The more experienced dogs,
however, will easily effect a rescue
from first to last without human as-
sistance; and it is an inspiring sight
to watch them looking for a foot-
hold on the slippery sides of the riv-
erbank, and pulling the heavy dummy
into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train
the dogs efficiently. They are also
charged with the protection of their
masters when attacked by the desper-
ate ruffians who sleep under the
arches of the bridge in summer. Thus
in Paris also the police dogs are a
proved success.—From William G.
Fitz-Gerald's "The New Police of Eu-
ropean Cities," in The Century.

FIREARMS DON'T HURT ENOUGH.
Too Many Recoveries From Rifle
Wounds in War.

Modern firearms are too humane
and unless battles are vigorously fol-
lowed up, the retreating enemy is
merely stunned—not disabled. If these
wounds had been more severe the
Russians would not have been able
to restore their ranks. The Japanese
themselves were always too exhaust-
ed after a battle to follow up their
advantage and were never able to
give a fatal blow.

In other words, we are at the ridicu-
lous paradox of possessing weapons
so harmless that we cannot disable
the enemy. Battles, in spite of their
frightful loss of life—no greater
though than previously—are becoming
gigantic French duels. The "code"
evaporates when it always results
fatally. Wars or national duels will
also end when they are too deadly
and too expensive.

Warfare demands a more deadly
weapon, for the present tendency is
as absurd as arming soldiers with
a boxing glove. Already there is a
demand to return to the old 45-calibre
pistol because the 38 does not wound
sufficiently. We may soon expect to
hear a demand for a rifle so severe
that when an enemy is hit, he is per-
manently disabled from fighting, at
least during that war.—Americ
Medicine.

Living Underground.
In the village of Heston there is a
man named Ives, known as "The Her-
mit," who lives in a large hole, the
result of his excavations on an allot-
ment ground which he has rented. He
descends to his curious abode by
means of a ladder, and at night he
protects himself with a glass roof,
says Home Chat.

The place contains a small bed-
stead, an oil stove and a few pots
and kettles. The authorities are in
doubt as to whether he can be re-
moved, in view of the fact that he
pays rent for the ground.

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THE SIZE OF OCEAN WAVES.
Their Extreme Height Seldom More
Than Fifty Feet.

A well known French naval expert,
M. Bertin, believes that both the
height and height of waves at sea
are often overestimated. He goes on
to argue that the length of waves can
be computed from the time which
elapses between the passage of two of
them. From a summary of his opin-
ions which Engineering prints it ap-
pears that the greatest distance
which he has estimated between crest
and crest is 2590 feet, or about half a
mile, and the period on which his
reckoning was based was twenty-
three seconds.

Such long waves, he states, are
never very high. In deep water the
height of a wave half a mile long will
not, at most, be more than fifty-two
feet, or one-fiftieth its length. Much
greater heights than this have, he
says, been recorded, particularly from
small craft, but the observations were
quite unreliable. The error arises
mainly from the fact that the ob-
server has failed to take into account
the fact that the vessel he is in floats
with its deck parallel to the surface
of the wave, and not to a true hori-
zontal plane. With the water sur-
face thus tilted, grossly exaggerated
estimates of the true height of the
waves become possible.

Where care has been taken to
avoid this source of error, the highest
wave recorded in open water has
measured forty-two and one-half feet
from hollow to crest; but M. Bertin
believes that a height of fifty-two feet
may perhaps be met with in the
southern seas. On entering shoal
water waves become higher and
shorter, so that a wave that has a
height of thirteen metres in open
water may attain sixteen metres on
striking a shoal; while if it meets a
more or less vertical obstacle it may
shoot up to double this height, and at
the Eddystone Light, he states, solid
green seas have been known to reach
a height of 105 feet.

Waves half a mile long are, he
continues, very rare, "since a period of
ten seconds is not often exceeded,
which corresponds to a length of 160
metres (about 520 feet). More com-
monly the period is six to eight sec-
onds, and the length 160 to 320 feet.
Heights of over ten metres (thirty-
three feet) are rare, but short waves
are relatively higher than long ones,
a wave 160 feet long being commonly
eight to sixteen feet high. M. Bertin
further points out that there appears
to be a minimum to the size of ocean
waves, as well as a maximum, since
there is a connection between the
size and the velocity of the wind pro-
ducing them. Thus waves measuring
three-fourths inch from crest to crest
would correspond to a wind moving
about two feet a second; and he ques-
tions whether a wind moving more
slowly than this would have power
to raise waves at all.

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