

Into the Light.

We are Thy children; canst Thou understand
How far from parenthood Thy child may stray?
How he may fill his hours with childish play,
With little games whose uttermost demand
Is but for scraps of colored candle, fanned,
By his delight and all the winds of May?
"These are the stars," he cries, "the light of day:
These all the powers of darkness shall withstand."

We are Thy children; now the games are done,
Oh, how immense looms Thy eternity!
Now that the candles flicker one by one
And fade into the gloom, I cannot see
Beyond the dark—how gladly would I run
Into the light, dear Father, home to Thee!
—Ethel Hobart in The Outlook.

A BOY WHO SAVED FIVE LIVES

A record of five lives saved during his first season's swimming shows how useful the art of swimming may be to a boy. Frank Duffy lives near the foot of South 6th street, Brooklyn. There is an old wharf at the end of the street—a rotting old wharf no longer used. On this sunny, deserted pier the boys of the neighborhood congregate and skylark in the water. At certain hours they go in swimming. The term "high tide" and "low tide" are not in use on this pier. Instead, the boys say "clean water" and "dirty water." A big sewer pours its muddy stream into the river at this point. At low tide the boys will not go in. They wait for high tide, and they keep track of its rise and fall with all the precision of old fishermen. Sometimes at 9 or 10 o'clock at night the cry "Clean water!" in long drawn cadence, will run along the foot of South 6th street, and from all round about the boys come flocking, like the children after the "Pied Piper of Hamelin Town." Mothers protest in vain. Boys have even been known to slip out of bed on a hot summer night, jerk trousers over nightshirt and skin away to that magic cry of "Clean water!" Some boys stay in the whole six hours of "clean water."

Nevertheless, Frank Duffy had lived at No. 57 South 6th street for four years without learning to swim. He can't tell why. He just didn't. There are many other boys in the neighborhood who have never learned. A year ago, in September, he went to Sheephead Bay for several successive Sundays with a number of other boys. They hired a boat and amused themselves by diving from it in water wings. This apparatus is something like a life-saving belt, with big pads on either side. The whole is blown up like a bicycle tire, and will support a man's body in the water. Frank paddled about in the water twice with the wings. The third day he dove as usual but the wings had become improperly fastened, and he found himself in the water without them. It was "up to" him to swim, and he swam as naturally as if he had been swimming all his life. He swam a little more before cold weather came, and last spring started swimming regularly at the foot of South 6th street.

On September 11, while standing on the pier, he noticed a boy's head go down. The head did not come up, and there was strong presumption that it was under a log that bumped lazily on the tide. Flinging off his coat, but fully accoutred otherwise, Frank sprang in and swam to the log. He saw the boy under the log, grabbed his foot and dragged him to the surface. The boy, Herman Hurdis, had swallowed so much water that he was nearly unconscious and almost drowned. Frank took him to shore with one hand; then he proceeded to stand him on his head to let the salt water run out. At this the Hurdis boy came to life and objected lustily. Then Frank tried to roll him to get the water out. But the Hurdis boy would not permit that, and ungratefully tried to kick his rescuer in the stomach. So Frank abandoned the effort in disgust.

It was his busy day, however. He had no sooner ceased his course of first aid to the injured than he saw another boy trying to drown himself. This was Charles Schmidt, who lived just across the street from Frank. The Schmidt boy felt himself being carried out by the tide and began to scream. Young Duffy plunged in again and brought his second trophy to the shore. As he set him down on the pier, he said in disgust:

"Say! I can't keep this ting up all day. Can't you kids keep in your depth? You'd better tie a string round you and hitch it to the dock when you go in swimmin'."

The crowd gathered around Frank and began to congratulate him on his double achievement. But that young hero responded grimly:

"Dat's all right, but look at me pants! Me-mother 'll know I've been in de water for fair. I'll need a life savin' committee meself when I get home."

He started dejectedly for home, but at this point Mrs. Hurdis appeared, added her thanks to the congratula-

tions, and invited Frank to come around and have his picture taken free at her husband's studio. She also bestowed upon him a 50-cent piece. This created a diversion. Frank headed for a place where 50 cents might suitably be spent, followed by his friends. Then he went home, slipped into his own bedroom very quietly and changed his clothes. Whether it was the proverbial modesty of the hero or a prudent desire not to call attention to his "pants," Frank did not say but anyway Mrs. Duffy knew nothing about the matter till she saw it in the paper. Then the neighborhood said to her: "Say, Mrs. Duffy, did Schmidt blow Frankie to a new pair of pants?"

"Blow nothing," replied Mrs. Duffy. "We've bought our groceries of Schmidt for five years, and he never so much as spoke to Frank about saving Charlie's life."

"Never mind," said Frank, philosophically; "he'll give me something next Christmas. He'll give me a calendar."

Frank was called in from roller skating on the asphalt under the Williamsburg Bridge to discuss his feats. He came rather grumpily as he prefers roller skating to fame.

"Dey said I saved dem both at de same time—brought one of dem in in me teeth," said he, scornfully. "Wot do dey take me for—a dog. Dey was ten minutes apart, the two savins'."

"But how about that affair on Labor Day, Frank?"

"Dat? Oh, dat was harder. Dat was Walter Conran. He's sixteen years old, and bigger dan me. I was in de water when I saw some one push him off de dock. I knew he couldn't swim. He was always afraid of de water. It took me ten or fifteen minutes to get him in, 'cause it was against de tide. I was played out; and de tide took us right into de sewer water, too."

"Well, what was it about two other boys you saved this summer?"

Frank reflected.

"I'd almost forgotten dem," said he. "We don't bother about dem t'ings. Some one is always gettin' picked up down dere, dey was two Polacks. It was early in de summer. Dey was in de baby hole."

"The baby hole?"

"Yes. We walled up a place wid stones and brick, so at low tide de water was about three feet deep in it, and de little chaps could go in dere and play. Dese little chaps was only eight years old. De tide kept a creepin' up, and at last it swept dem out of de baby hole. I took dem in. Dat's all dere was to dat."

Frank glanced suggestively at his roller skates.

"But what was it about a horse you stopped one time?"

"Oh, dat? Well, his trace came unbuckled, and he started to run away, and I stopped him. Dat's all dere was to dat."

Frank evidently thought it rather a bore to be called in from roller skating to discuss such small matters as saving the lives of five boys and stopping a runaway horse.

Frank is sixteen years old, but very small, scarcely larger than a well grown boy of twelve. His growth has gone all to muscle and strength, instead of height, and he is "as hard as nails." He is also a very cool headed boy, thinking quickly and never losing his wits in an emergency. His swimming prowess came to him by heredity. His father was a great swimmer in his youth, and an uncle of his was awarded a gold medal for saving a life in the water.

Questioned as to why some boys swim and some do not, he pondered.

"It's just accordin' to de boy, I guess," said he finally. "Some fellers dat live two miles away 'll come down for a swim. Some dat live right near de water will never go in it. If a boy likes to swim he can't never get enough. He wants to be in de water all de time. If he don't, you have to trow him in. Most of de boys I know dat know how to swim learned at de bath."

Fifty cents and a dozen photographs lives. But he is satisfied.—New York Tribune.

RISK LIFE FOR BIRDS' EGGS

NATURALIST ATTACKED BY VULTURES AS HE ROBS NESTS.

Swung From 400 Foot Cliff in the Sierra Nevada—Men of Wealth Spend Thousands of Dollars in Expeditions to Find Rare Specimens.

Swinging one hundred feet from the rim of a precipice more than four hundred feet high, a few days ago an enthusiastic naturalist descended the sheer face of a cliff in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and obtained the single egg of a California vulture, the rarest bird alive in the world, writes the Portland (Oregon) correspondent of the New York Herald.

Twice on that perilous journey of 100 feet between earth and sky he took his life in his hands—once when he slipped down over the edge of the cliff and for the first time put his weight on the slender hempen thread, and a second time, falling like twin thunderbolts out of a clear sky the two giant birds, each spreading wings at least eight feet, charged him in midair. Had the rope broken, new and untried as it was, he would have been hurled to an awful death on the jagged rocks below. Had he for once loosened his grip on the rope while the great black wings beat about his head he would have been food for the vultures ere he could have drawn one more breath. He could not loosen his hold long enough to draw his pistol and fire a shot to frighten away the birds as they struck at him with huge talons and buffeted him with their wings.

When he returned to solid earth once more he held in his hand a small black box containing the treasure he had risked his life to get—a gray green egg, larger than that of a goose or even a swan, pitted and marked over its entire surface with tiny holes like those scattered over the shell of an ostrich egg. For it he received, when he had shipped it back to an Eastern museum \$100. On the same trip he climbed dozens of towering pine trees in search of the rare eggs of many of the smaller birds that inhabit these regions of great altitude and the eggs of some of these he sold, but none for such a price as this.

In the same week a collector, clinging to a twisted vine in the heart of the Mexican jungle, put his hand upon a poisonous tree snake, shrank back in sudden fright and fell to the bed of a rocky ravine near by, dying instantly. The prize he had climbed so high to obtain was the nest of a tiny hummingbird, yet with its two pearly white eggs it would have paid him \$25 or more.

Every year with the beginning of the breeding season of the birds, men are sent out from all public museums and many from the private collections of wealthy men, to add to the store of the world's knowledge of the collection and the study of rare birds in unexplored quarters of the earth. Baron Rothschild sent a party to the head waters in the Yang-tse-Kiang River, in China, a few months ago. The expedition was gone several months, cost several thousand dollars and brought back three eggs of the snake, absolutely indistinguishable from the eggs of other species of similar birds which are well known, but which were undoubtedly the first eggs for this particular bird ever seen by white men. Very possibly they will be the last, for these particular waders are becoming more scarce with every summer, and the time is, no doubt near when, if scientists visit their homes at all, it will require a trip to the arctic circle to do so.

The rarest egg in the world is the egg of the Labrador duck, supposedly an extinct species, the last known bird of that species being one killed by Daniel Webster many years ago. What became of these large, powerful birds, the strongest flyers of all the duck tribe is something of a mystery. Certain it is that none of their eggs has ever been seen by white men, unless it be those mysterious Norsemen who are said to have been the real discoverers of the continent. Presumably the egg of the Labrador duck is like the eggs of others of its kind, a pale, plain, buffy shell, unmarked and not beautiful from the viewpoint of the disinterested onlooker. No price has ever been put on this egg; none ever will be, and no collector will ever offer any for sale unless some new country is found up around the North Pole, whither all the Labrador ducks have migrated.

The egg of Steller's duck, a near relative of the Labrador duck, is worth \$5, and few of them are ever offered to museums or to private collectors. Eggs of several of the reese and the brants, birds that make their huge nests on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, are worth from \$1 to \$6 each, and many are brought back by expeditions which go to these regions for other purposes. All of the swans' eggs are worth good prices to the collector so fortunate as to come upon them in his travels in the far North, while the little tree ducks, strange, web footed birds which perch on branches and make their nests in hollow trees, are producers of valuable eggs.

DRAWBRIDGE RISES FOR ASTOR.

Hever Castle's Calendar Put Back 400 Years by Elaborate Scheme.

Hever Castle in Kent is not nearly finished yet, with its renovation, as Mr. William Waldorf Astor means it to be, but is in such a state of readiness that Mr. Astor is beginning to move in, announces the London correspondent of the New York Herald. He has recently been superin-

tending the putting in of furniture. Vanloads of furniture are to be seen unloading beside the ancient drawbridge, the latest resources of civilization straight from Regent street and Bond street being borne through the ancient portcullis into the halls of the old castle.

But all the work is carried on with the most persistent secrecy. He will not allow any one to enter the historic estate. Even his own most intimate friends are not to be allowed to enter the park gates till everything is in perfect order. Newspaper men and "snapshots" have been there, but Mr. Astor has policemen posted to prevent any inquisitive correspondents from learning anything. "No admission" or "Trespassers will be prosecuted" is to be seen on placards all over the estate, while at the Hever railway station the picture of the castle once open to the public is hidden under a printed paper, which informs the public that this castle is no longer open.

The full scheme for the restoration of the castle village is not yet complete by any means. So vast are the landscape improvements suggested, including the divergence of the river, laying out of forests and a deer park, and the planting of old world gardens, that considerable time must yet elapse before the Hever calendar is finally put back 400 years. But Mr. Hever means to spend a good deal of his time at Hever, now that the castle has been made in a measure habitable.

He always drives behind horses, at any rate, while at Hever. He wants to feel as if he were living some centuries back. He will have no noisy automobiles to frighten away the ghosts from his retired old estate.

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MAY BE THE MASTER SUN.

Celestial Place of Honor Possibly Held By Sirius.

It was once believed by a certain school of astronomers that the entire starry universe revolved around a centre of attraction, and it was the star named Aleyone, in the beautiful group of the Pleiades, that was selected by the great German astronomer, Maedler, as marking that great centre.

It has long been known, however, that Maedler's conclusion, which was based on the apparent motions of the stars, was incorrect, and if any universal centre exists it has not yet been discovered. In fact, many stars seem to be moving in straight lines, according to the recent observations of American astronomers, some of the stars moving in one direction and some in another; and among these is our own sun. But it is possible that further observations will show that all the stars are really moving in curved lines.

In the meantime it has been found that there are certain groups, or sets, of stars that appear to travel together. To what set, if any, the sun belongs we do not yet know, but of late years French astronomers have presented to the Academy of Sciences good reasons for thinking that those stars whose distances have been measured—that is to say, those that are nearest to us—group themselves around Sirius, the dog-star, in a manner similar to that in which the inner planets are grouped around the sun.

If this is correct Sirius may possibly be the master sun to which our orb of today is a distant satellite.

Pleasant For the Patient.

Dentistry, as practised in London with all the latest appliances for preventing pain and drawing the teeth before the patient knows what has happened, is in sharp contrast to the methods still followed in remote country towns among the poor. A writer in the London Standard relates that he went into an apothecary's little shop to make some purchase. "He did not appear at once, and I heard two or three strange muffled sounds coming from a room at the back, half-curtained off. I tapped smartly again and this time the apothecary appeared. He was slightly flushed and smiling, and he said, as he got down and wrapped up my goods, 'I'm drawing a tooth and it won't come; I think it must be hooked up somehow.' Then, giving me my change, he went back to his patient."

Novel Law Suit.

A novel suit has been docketed in Supreme Court. It is entitled: Mrs. R. M. Thomasson and husband, R. M. Thomasson, against the Hackney & Moale Company, book dealers and stationers of this city. Gilmer Welch, of Asheville, represents the plaintiffs and while the complaint has not yet been filed, it is stated that \$800 damages will be demanded. The suit is over a kodak film. It will be alleged by the plaintiffs that a film was left with the Hackney & Moale Company for development; that the films contained photographs taken during the last illness of their child or after its death; that the defendant company accepted the film and thereafter lost it and that the plaintiffs now have no idea of its whereabouts. The film cannot be replaced and the plaintiffs allege that they have been damaged \$800.—Charlotte (S. C.) Observer.

When the British Parliament re-assembles a motion will be made, at the instance of the Irish party, for the removal of the statue of Oliver Cromwell from the precincts of the House of Parliament, where it now stands.

Kissing a woman's lips is a gross insult in Finland.

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WISE WORDS.

Find your right place in the world and get into it right away.

Half-hearted people are slow workers. Believe in your task.

Work and think. Don't steal your own talents by laziness and vice.

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this that it shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.—Hare.

Truth is the salvation of the world. It is the friend of all, even of whom it strikes. Wounds made by truth heal and cleanse; caresses of falsehood poison and kill.—Charles Wagner.

To do your work because you must, to do your work as a slavery, and then, having got it done as speedily and easily as possible, to look somewhere else for enjoyment, that makes a very dreary life.—Phillips Brooks.

Trample under your feet the immoral side of the maxim that nothing succeeds like success. Let your success be goodness, and the goodness will be your success. Leave luck to fools, and act as though it had no existence.—Dr. Ambrose Shepherd.

I find that there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world. Some do it with their society, some with their wit, some with their benevolence, some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humor on all they meet.—John Keats.

By giving to the repetition of an act of duty a fixed regularity, I can multiply my moral power in that direction as much as a man multiplies his material power when he gets hold of a lever. By faithful habit I can make that which was at first laborious come to be after a while less difficult, then easy, and perhaps at last spontaneous and delightful.—G. S. Merriam.

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