

THE BACHELOR'S CHILD.

He tosses her above his head,
He romps until his face is red,
He holds her arm's length just to see
The wonder of her witchery;
He talks in language soft and slow
That only babies know,
He pauses now and then to gaze
Far off, as if 'twere in a maze,
And then with sudden sigh and start
He presses her unto his heart.

He sits her high upon his knees
And hums her nursery melodies,
He shakes her rattle, jingles bells,
And, oh, such wondrous stories tells;
He lifts her little face to lay
His softness on his own, and play
Her dimples were the deep wherein
A thousand drops of dew had been
And with his lips upon the brink
He'd lean to them to kiss and drink.

He lets her sink upon his breast,
He sings her little lullaby of rest,
And when her little eyes are closed
And all her baby grace reposed,
He sits beside her little cot
Thinking of things so long forgot,
So far adown the long ago
Wherefrom the tender echoes flow
Of songs he heard, of gay love-rhyme,
On lips whose roses fade betime.

Be still—the shadows fill his room!
A wrinkled, lonely bachelor's doom
To yearn for things that passed him by,
To hold the memory of a sigh,
To glimpse the shadow of a face
Once sunbright with its girlish grace,
To toss in play and sing to sleep,
When all the lonely shadows creep
And o'er his heart a figure gleams—
The little baby of his dreams!

—Baltimore Sun.

AT THE WRECK.

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

"Isn't there going to be a storm, captain?"

"Humph! I guess there is, but I'd be much obliged if it would wait until next week."

Captain Japhet Trail stood in the doorway of the little life-saving station and surveyed the weather indications with disapproving eye. A rising wind was blowing in from the sea, whistling a low note among the dead grasses and patches of scrub pines. Out at sea it whipped the sullen green expanse into ominous little whitecaps; on shore the boom of each wave striking the sand was heavier than it had been two hours before, and the undertow which sucked back the swirling waters was perceptibly swifter. On the captain's right was a huge beam, once part of a vessel, half-buried in the sand, and on it a young girl perched comfortably, watching the head of the life-saving crew with interested eyes.

She had just come down here, a good two miles from home along the wind-swept beach, but Jean Redfield was a good walker, and only her red cheeks and tossed hair showed what a fine struggle that strong east wind had given her.

"Why next week?"

"Don't want any wrecks now," he said, briefly, "I'm short-handed. Won't you come in and get warm?"

Jean hopped briskly down from the beam and followed Captain Trail into the hospitable warmth of the life-saving station. It was always a fascinating place to her. Her host was silent for a few moments, and then started his remarks where he had left off. The station was isolated and lonely, and he enjoyed the girl's daily visits.

"Peters is away," he volunteered. "Billy's got the lumbago, and there's nobody but me and the Prices and your folks that can get together in any kind of a hurry."

"But we don't often have wrecks?"

"M'm, no, they don't often come close enough to shore along here, unless they lose their bearings. 'Tain't safe. But there was the bark Polly Saunders, that was beat to pieces right before folks' eyes four years ago, and every soul on her drowned. It was the next summer that the government built this station, and 'long in November comes another tearing big storm, and a wreck with it. We saved every life on that one, down to a cat that came ashore clawing tight to a keg, and was fished in by Eb Peters. You were away to school then, I recollect. That was the last, sissy, but we ain't anxious for any more. These February gales is mean things to deal with."

Jean's eyes were big with attentive interest. She had heard the same thing many times, but it was ever fresh to her. She had never seen a wreck in her life. Her father had moved here from an inland village a few years before, but each succeeding winter she had been away at school, and only the letters from home told her what terrible things the sea did in the winter months. She walked round slowly, examining for the fiftieth time the simple appliances of the life-savers.

"It must be wonderful to rescue people like that," she said, impetuously. "Being a girl is dreadfully humdrum, Captain Trail. I think I should be happy all the rest of my life if I could do some of the things you do."

"You'd get most awful wet lots of times," remarked the captain, practically, "and pounded black and blue with the waves, and froze stiff's a board. Don't you fret about being a girl, sissy. We can't get too many of the right kind. Must you go?"

"Oh, yes, mother is still away, you know, and I must get home in time to have supper ready for father and the boys. You have no idea how hungry they are when they come home these cold days. Come up to supper some night, and I'll show you how boarding-school girls can cook."

She was gone with a bright nod of farewell, bending her head before the blast of wind which struck her as she opened the door. It seemed to have increased in violence in the last ten minutes. A fine spray was flying in with it, the clouds were gray and hung low, and the bare fields stretching inland looked bleak and chilly.

She walked more rapidly going back, for, as she had said, there was a generous hot supper to be prepared for her father and brothers. This was her first winter at home after all the fun and business of boarding-school days, and had it not been for the manifold duties of the house she would have been sadly lonely at times, for the dear little mother had

broken in health, and was away for a long rest.

In spite of her warm wraps, Jean began to feel chilled before the first mile was covered. As she reached home, a few scurrying snowflakes began to fall, and she looked anxiously out at the heaving sea, remembering what Captain Trail had said.

Jean found it almost impossible to sleep that night. The noise of the sea had deepened into a heavy roar, and the wind buffeted the house until every timber seemed to be squeaking a protest. Half a dozen times she awoke, and the last time, about 4 o'clock in the morning, it was with a new sound in her ears, a muffled boom, which was neither sea nor wind. As she flew out of bed she heard it again, and a moment later her brother Dick pounded on her door.

"Hey, Jean! Did you hear the signal-guns? There's a wreck! We're going!"

"Oh, wait for me! I'll be there in two minutes! Do wait!"

"Well, you must hurry! We have work to do."

Dick bounded down the hall to complete his own hasty toilet, and Jean's fingers flew. Every hook and button seemed to escape her excited grasp, but nevertheless she was downstairs in an incredibly short time, bundled in her warmest wraps. She clutched at her father's arm as they started out, half-frightened by the blackness and violence of the storm. Dick and Will were running ahead, and they gave a shout as a rocket suddenly shot up offshore.

"She's right off here!" Dick called back. "Captain Trail has two miles to come! Let's go meet him and help drag up the stuff."

They turned abruptly down toward the life-saving station, but they had not gone far before they met Captain Trail and the two Prices, dragging the little mortar as they ran, panting with haste and looming up like huge bears in their oil suits. Captain Trail shook his head as Mr. Redfield shouted a question to him over the tumult of wind and waves.

"It's pretty bad!" he roared back, hoarsely. "There ain't a boat made that could be launched or landed in that surf. We've got the breeches-buoy, but I don't know how we're going to get a line to 'em in this wind! Come on, she may go to pieces any minute."

Jean shuddered, but in spite of herself her heart gave a leap of excitement. The breeches-buoy! How many times she had hovered around it in the life-saving station, getting Captain Trail to tell her how it was that people came ashore in that little thing, with only a rope above them and a black and boiling surf beneath! She would see it! If human hands could do it this night, she would see that shipwrecked crew come ashore in it, one by one, over that howling tumult of waves. She was almost crying with excitement as she looked over toward the dim figures of her father and the boys, and thought that they were lending a generous hand to this fine work.

Another rocket went up from the distressed vessel, and Captain Trail sent up an answering signal from the shore, volunteering the shouted opinion that she was a three-masted schooner, and by her location must be grounded and in momentary danger of being pounded to kindling-wood, but to Jean there was nothing but a shapeless blot against the darkness. Ugh! How cold it was!

With terrible earnestness the men on shore bent to their work. In the gloom their faces were strained and anxious, and Captain Trail's quick orders showed him an entirely different man from the bluff, good-natured sailor of the afternoon before. One—two—three—four—five life-rockets soared out one by one toward the vessel, but each time the wind sent the rescuing line wide of its mark. Captain Trail shook his head impatiently, and tossed the sixth life-rocket aside, turning his attention to the hooked mortar which the life-saving crew were using. Perhaps that would do better.

Jean shivered and drew her wraps closer. The darkness was slowly beginning to lift, although she could not yet distinguish the outlines of the unfortunate vessel.

The snow of the afternoon before had turned to a fine sleet rain, which froze as it fell; the waves were mountains of angry foam, and a flying spume cut the face like needles. Little icicles dripped everywhere. How terrible it must be for the poor souls out there!

Suddenly the slender line was shot

out over the waves, and Jean strained her eyes to follow it, but it was lost in the gloom. It fell short, and at the second trial the wind beat it back like a feather; but Captain Trail set his teeth and waited for a momentary lull. Then there were a few seconds of aching suspense, followed by a lusty cheer from the shore as the tightening of the line showed that eager hands were fastening it to the mast. A little more of the good work and the first sailor would be making that wonderful journey toward land.

Jean's heart was pounding with excitement, but as she moved nearer she heard the words, "Perishing cold, poor souls!" jerked out grimly by her father as he worked, and a sudden idea came which nearly took her breath away. Less than an eighth of a mile away the light in their kitchen window shone like a friendly beacon. The sailors would be dragged to shore drenched, numbed, exhausted. The limited hospitality of the life-saving station was two miles away on one side, and the village a mile and a half on the other. Her own home was the nearest, and she—she was hostess while her mother was away.

Holding her lips tight for fear the good determination would somehow escape, Jean turned and ran for home, not daring to look back again at the buoy, now bobbing out bravely over the crashing waves. It was still fairly dark, and bushes and shadows took on terrifying shapes, but there was no time to be frightened. Into the kitchen she darted like an impetuous young cyclone, threw her wet coat on a chair and commenced to work energetically at the fire.

It seemed hours before the fire would burn properly, and whole ages before the kettle finally began to sing, but all the time she was rushing busily round, starting up the fire in the chilled sitting room, opening the spare room, bringing out extra blankets, and doing everything which could minister to the comfort of half-frozen guests. Once she paused, between a sob and a laugh, and wiped her eyes.

"I know I am too greedy and selfish to live, but I did so want to see them bring the crew ashore. I'll never get another chance, never!"

When she hurried out again, the gray of a wintry dawn showed the dismantled hulk of a vessel offshore, pounded by huge racing waves which seemed about to engulf her. The little group on the shore was now much larger, re-enforced by people who had hurried down from the village, and they all were gathered about a drenched, storm-exhausted group of seamen. One of them lay flat on the sand, with several people working over him.

A few moments later her father and Captain Trail, standing side by side, looked down in amazement at a slender, breathless girl, swaying under the weight of a kettle which gave out the most enticing odor of hot coffee. Over her left arm she carried several cups, strung by their handles over a bit of string.

"You can bring them—all up—to our house!" she panted. "It's warm—and beds ready—and here's some hot coffee for them—for all of you. O Captain Trail, have they all come in?"

She laughed next day as she recalled the desperate emphasis she laid on the word "all," but Captain Trail had had girls of his own, and he understood in a minute. Her father patted her shoulder comfortingly, and smiled over her head at the captain as he took the kettle away from her.

"Why, no, sissy, not quite," said Captain Trail, cheerfully. "You're in time to see the last and best man of all. We've just sent out for the captain. Stand right here. Your pa'll look after the coffee."

A few moments later it was all over, and she had seen it. The waves were bounding high over the schooner Beresford, but her captain, dragged out of the very teeth of the surf, stood in the midst of his crew, and offered a grateful hand to Captain Trail.

"You are brave men, sir. You have saved every soul of us, and I did not think there was a man alive could do it."

Before them all Captain Trail reached out his big, rough hand and drew Jean toward him.

"We only did our part, sir, only our part. Cap'n, let me introduce my first mate. She's here to keep you alive, now that you've landed. Try some of her coffee. It's first-rate."

Half a year later, when Jean, a rather young but very ambitious teacher, had taken her first school in a near-by town, she received a package with a foreign postmark. On a little slip inside was written, "Compliments of the Beresford," and underneath it was a gold chain of quaint and delicate workmanship, with a pendant attached. On one side of the pendant was engraved a tiny schooner, and on the other these words:

Jean Parsons Redfield,
For distinguished services at the Wreck of the Beresford, February 20, 19—
—Youth's Companion.

The Dread of Riches.
The man of \$10 a week income had just been rejected. Vainly he pleaded to have the case reopened. "No, George," said the girl firmly, "I have read that all millionaires begin on \$10 a week or less, and I deem myself unworthy to be the wife of a millionaire. Some poor fellow with about \$20,000 a year might catch me, though." she added thoughtfully.—Portland Advertiser.

The world uses at least 170,000,000,000 matches yearly.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

A breach of promise suit was started in the Prothonotary's office at Allentown by Miss Katie Hartman of Macungie, against Dr. O. K. Hoppes, of Tamaqua. Miss Hartman is 29 years old and asks for \$5,000 damages. She alleges that Dr. Hoppes began courting her eight years ago, and in last February, for no reason, ceased his attentions. On March 4 he was married to Miss Sue Brode, and is now practicing dentistry in the coal region.

Alleging great mental distress and physical suffering, Mrs. Harriet Lowry has entered suit for \$10,000 damages against four women who hazed her at her East Sandy home several days ago. The defendants are Mrs. Verda Lowry, a sister-in-law; Mrs. Nellie Glaze, Mrs. Bertha Grigman and Mrs. Hulda Pherson. The plaintiff alleges that the women came to her home, daubed her face with stove polish and then gave her a coat of molasses and feathers. When Sheriff McElhinney went to East Sandy to serve the summons he found that the four women, having learned of his coming, had left for the hills. They remained in hiding for several hours and until the Sheriff had taken the last train back to the county seat. The women say that the good name of the town demanded that Mrs. Lowry be driven from it, and that they adopted the hazing method.

A number of freak election bets were paid in Reading Wednesday. On Oley Street a young woman dressed in the lightest and flimsiest of Summer clothing was hauled a dozen times up and down the street in a wheelbarrow by a young man. On Walnut Street, a young woman settled a wager by publicly kissing a man a dozen times.

That the Uniontown & Wheeling short line, the road projected from Wheeling to Uniontown by J. V. Thompson, the millionaire coal man of Fayette County, is to be built soon was indicated when the Briar Hill Coal & Coke Company let the contract for sinking four mine shafts and the construction of 1900 coke ovens at Khehive, Greene County, at approximately \$2,000,000. These coke works will be on a spur of the proposed road, which will provide the only outlet for the production. It will be the first attempt to coke the Greene County coal.

Dr. James Oliver Flower, 64 years old, a prominent dentist and widely known in the East and West, died in Pittsburgh of tuberculosis after an illness of four years. He was the father of Dr. W. S. Flower, who several years ago eloped with a daughter of Charles Lockhart, the Standard Oil magnate, who disinherited her.

George W. Haskins, 64 years old, senior member of the law firm of Haskins & McClintock died suddenly at his home in Meadville of apoplexy. He was for several years professor of Latin language and literature in Allegheny College and resumed the practice of law twenty years ago. He was widely known.

Battling with her husband, who was evidently insane as the result of a long illness, Mrs. Walter Yerkes was stabbed nine times and seriously wounded at the Yerkes home, at Palmer Station, Hattboro. When the woman dropped exhausted on the bed the frenzied husband believed he had killed her. Then he placed the muzzle of a 32-caliber revolver in his mouth, fired one shot and dropped to the floor dead.

Mrs. Charles Hagenbuch, her two daughters, Misses Salome and Eva, and her son, Harry, had a narrow escape from asphyxiation from the fumes of coal gas at their home in Shenandoah early the other morning. The damper on the stove pipe was closed, allowing the deadly fumes to penetrate the whole house. The barking of a pet dog down stairs awoke Miss Eva just in the nick of time. She was so badly overcome that she was scarcely able to grope her way to the window and let in fresh air. She soon revived and then hurriedly ran and opened windows in the rooms occupied by her mother, sister and brother, but found them closed. Physicians were summoned and after some hard work every one was revived. The timely barking of the dog saved all their lives.

President John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers of America, who intimated in a speech at Coaldale, on October 29, that he would not remain at the head of the organization much longer, is a candidate for re-election at the annual convention to be held in Indianapolis next January. Close friends of Mitchell in Mahanoy City, say that he has made up his mind to remain leader until the expiration of the present agreement with the operators in April, 1909, in the hope of forcing further recognition for the miners in the hard coal fields.

Charles Mitchell, a young man, of Three Tuns, near Ambler, owes his escape from death after a train crashed into his horse and wagon, at a local crossing, to the fact that the train was slowing up for the Ambler stop. Mitchell drove on the tracks and the slowly moving train smashed into his wagon. The horse was bruised, the wagon practically wrecked, commuters on the train were thoroughly scared, and Mitchell escaped with several bruises and shock.

Forty boys employed at the Diamond Glass Works, Royersford, struck for an increase in wages. They have been receiving \$5 a week and demand \$1 a day. The plant, with the exception of one shop, was compelled to close, throwing about fifty blowers and a number of other hands out of employment. While lighting a kerosene lamp with a taper, Mrs. Rebecca Becker, 69 years old, of York, accidentally ignited her clothing and was so severely burned about the back, chest and arms that her recovery is in doubt.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to GRANT HOOPER)
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 illustration weekly. Largest collection of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office 425 F St. Washington, D. C.

WHEN THE BUCCANEERS RULED.
Here at last was fortune come to a crew of genuine buccaneers, and they would carry it to one port most frequented by their kind—Port Royal, Jamaica. They had lived hard lives in the forest, whether they were hunting wild cattle or cutting logwood, and they had taken great risks in winning the prize; now they would enjoy themselves in ways becoming to souls unfettered by the conventions of polite society—in fact, in ways not unlike those of Yankee cowboys of later times. They would "irrigate"—buy drink—lavishly. They bought wine by the pipe and, placing it on the street, invited all who came that way to drink with them. The invitation was at once cordial and imperious; like that of the king, it was a command. If any one refused, the buccaneer whipped out a pistol and compelled the wayfarer to drink. The buccaneers had no six-shooters, but they were quite as handy with such guns as were then in use as ever the cowboys of the Texas Panhandle were with the modern weapon. The wayfarer might eat when and where he pleased, but he had to "drink and be merry," or seem to be merry, with the buccaneer on the public streets. And there was dancing too—Congo and Gold Coast dances in which the wayfarer joined at the muzzle of a pistol that carried an ounce ball; and if he was a "tenderfoot" and well dressed, so much the more fun. Slaves in ragged onaburgs and grandees in silks and laces joined hands and circled around the open wine cask while the buccaneers shrieked and whooped and beat time with knife and pistol. In fact, as the buccaneers grew hilarious under oft-repeated drinks they dipped up the wine in cups and threw it over the well-dressed people who came within range. The man who soaked his shirt in blood to color it red found immense satisfaction in throwing wine on the silks and satins worn by the dandies of the Jamaica metropolis. And in this sort of play Roche Brazilliano was always most conspicuous. In fact it is recorded that when the liquor got a good hold on his brain he was in the habit of "running up and down the streets, beating or wounding those he met, no person daring to make any resistance."—John R. Spears, in "The Buccaneers," in The Outing Magazine.

The Middle Class in Novels.
It is true that the modern English novel reader insists upon hearing about the rich or the great. I can hardly think so, when I remember the many successful works of fiction dealing with coasters and Scottish ministers, journalists and tylists, actresses and novelists. The Disraeli type of novel seems almost extinct, and the great bulk of works of fiction deals with the middle classes.—London Daily.

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 ORY, BOWER & ORY
Consultation in English and German.
C. LEMENT DALE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. 17th
W. G. RUNKLE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Special attention given to collections. Office, 24 Soor Crider's Exchange. 17th
N. B. SPANGLER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building. 17th
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
MILLIKEN, PA.
I. A. SHAWVER, 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 prices

LADIES

DR. LAFRANCO'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, Druggists or by mail. Testimonials and booklet free. Dr. LaFranco, 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.