

**The Dark House.**  
Midnight, and down the silent street  
Only the faithful watchman's feet  
Shuffling along his lonely beat.

House after house he passes, all  
Alike—black window and black wall—  
Wrest in the shadow woven pall.

At last—one window and a light,  
And persons moving left and right  
The weary watchman sees tonight.

But of the many houses none  
Is dark as this wherein lies one.  
For whom the Day of Life is done.  
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in the  
New York Sun.

### MY DEAR OLD FRIEND.

I had just come out of the postoffice when I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar to me.

It was that of a man of about my own age, with bronzed features and a somewhat attenuated figure.

As I was trying to recall when and where I had seen him before our eyes met, I immediately perceived that our recognition had been mutual, for he came toward me with frank expression of pleasure and held out his hand saying:

"Halloa, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?" I don't know why he said this, and, of course, I don't attempt to defend it; but it is a style of address affected by some men who are as profoundly astonished if they meet you in a restaurant as if they had run across you in the mines of Siberia. I felt a little bit annoyed at his want of originality, however, I smiled pleasantly, and said, as I shook hands:

"Well, if you come to that, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

We stood opposite each other for a few seconds, I slumping somewhat emptily at the nature of our greeting, and struggling to recall his name; and he, with his head slightly on one side, and an expression of courteous suppressed amusement on his face, as if my presence on the steps of the postoffice was one of those inexplicable freaks of chance for which it is hopeless to seek to assign any reasonable law.

I gave him a few seconds to digest his astonishment, and then, feeling that the silence was becoming a little embarrassing, I said inconsequently:

"Well, what have you been doing all this time?"

"Well," he replied, "I've been in Australia."

"Oh, ah!" I ejaculated, as if it had for a moment slipped my memory; "why, you went there"—and I hesitated, as though calculating within myself the exact day of his unknown departure—

"Three years ago," he put in shortly, "and quite long enough it is, too."

I ran over in my mind my acquaintances of three years ago, but could recall no trace of a recollection of my companion; so, to gain time and to gather fresh information, I asked:

"And what sort of a time have you had?"

"Oh, much about the same as before," he answered, with a slightly puzzled air.

He had slipped his arm through mine, as we walked up town with an easy sense of good fellowship, and said: "Of course you'll dine with me this evening. Now don't say you are engaged," he added as I hesitated for an instant between my desire to have more of my companion and my disinclination to dine under false pretences; "you know they'll be awfully disappointed if they hear I have met you and let you off without a long talk, and I join them tomorrow."

I felt constrained to consent against my better judgment, and added, in a playfully solicitous manner:

"And how are they all?"

"Oh, they are all tip-top—all except the Colonel," after a pause and with a slightly subdued air—"I don't think he has ever quite got over that affair."

"Ah," I rejoined, shaking my head sympathetically, "one doesn't get over that sort of thing in a day, you know, but the others?"

"What others," he said, bluntly.

I hesitated and rejoined vaguely, "Were there not some others?"

He pondered heavily for a few seconds before replying: "Yes, I believe there were some others, but they made no difference."

I was just murmuring, "Very likely not," when he turned to me abruptly and said: "I hope you don't think he came badly out of that business?"

His hand seemed to relax its pressure on my arm as if he was preparing himself for some censure or act of coldness on my part.

I felt touched by this little proof of his sensitiveness to my good opinion, and pressed his fingers as I rejoined, warmly: "I never, never heard any one speak otherwise than highly of his conduct in the matter."

He stopped and said, shortly:

"Why, who knows anything about it? I thought you and I had it all to ourselves."

"Yes, yes," I faltered, and added, "you know you have been away for some time, old fellow."

It did not seem to fit in very well; but he accepted it as an argument, and said:

"There is something in that; but don't let people talk about it. I know he relies upon you and me."

There was something so touching in the reliance of this unknown, that a glow of sympathetic affection

warmed my heart, and I resolved on the spot that his confidence should not be misplaced. Come what might, the secret of that old man's life should never be betrayed by me. Others might make it a subject of club gossip or tea-table tittle-tattle, but no word of mine should add one drop to the cup of bitterness that had been placed at his lips. There are passages in the lives of all of us which we would wish to have buried in oblivion—the thoughtless follies of youth and the unworthy ambitions of manhood, and the selfish jealousies of old age; who is there that can stand up and say, there is no episode in his life he would not have expunged, forgotten or condoned?

We had turned into a restaurant for a bit of dinner, and those thoughts passed through my mind as we ate our fish. My companion pondered sadly for a few seconds, and then, shaking himself together as though to throw off an unpleasant train of thought, said:

"Now, tell me about yourself, your wife, and family."

Before I had time to reflect upon what might be the result of my disclosure, I blurted out the simple truth:

"I have no wife."

He looked intensely surprised, as he said: "My dear fellow, I am very sorry. I never heard"—He paused, inquiringly and again I blurted out:

"I never had one."

A look of extreme pain spread over his face as he heard this. He leaned across the table, and laying his hand on mine, said, with infinite sympathy:

"I see it all; I ought not to have asked you. Forgive me, old fellow, and forget that I have said those words."

I gave him a clammy hand and turned away, lest he should detect the conscious guiltiness of my face. I had become confirmed in a suspicion that had been gradually dawning upon my mind, that I had never set eyes upon my host before that day, and that I had been carried away by some inexplicable chance resemblance to some remote acquaintance, and by his own apparent cordial recognition of myself. There was no blinking the facts, however. Everybody that he mentioned was a total stranger to me, while every incident that I mentioned with a view to drawing him out seemed to find his mind a blank. My sole object now was to extricate myself from my false position without detection. I got absolutely and hopelessly involved in fable and falsehood, and after having thus lightly taken away the good name of the supposititious mother of my children, a sort of despair took possession of me, and a wild desire to avoid exposure or explanation at any cost.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my host geniality itself. We sat late and drank freely, and over our cups I blushed to think of the people I married, the old friends I buried and the characters I took away. But he would have news, and what was I to do? Much of my information seemed to afford him matter for astonishment, and often he ejaculated:

"You don't tell me so," as I conveyed some specially startling piece of personal news.

However, the time for departure came at last, and my mind was torn with conflicting desires to escape detection and to ascertain his identity.

"You'll come and see us," he said cordially, as we shook hands preliminarily to leaving.

"Yes, certainly," I replied; "but where are you putting up now?"

"Oh, the same old quarters," he returned.

"What is the best way to get there?" I asked, as a last and altogether desperate hope.

"You can't do better than take a cab," he said; and we parted never to meet again.—St. James Gazette.

**Albert Sidney Johnston.**  
Of all truly great Americans, least is personally known of the chieftain who fell at Shiloh, and whose fall began the series of fatalities which attended the Confederacy to the end, seeming to show that Providence was on the side of the Union.

Though Kentucky born, Albert Sidney Johnston came of the oldest and best New England stock. Not less than Robert E. Lee he was the ideal Christian soldier, not less than Lee a master of the art of war. Had he lived his fame would not have been eclipsed by that of Lee; even more than that of Lee, it belongs as a heritage both to the North and to the South.

Johnston was the rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy, as he had been of the young Republic of Texas, whose army he commanded. He looked the Cavalier. He seemed born to the purple of the patrician. But his forebears were Yankee to their bootheels, mariners, scholars and fighters of the old Connecticut line. Intentionally he was the South's first man when the trial came, and had he been spared, this would have revealed itself conclusively, and equally in the council and in the field. His untimely taking off seemed then and it seems now a destiny.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**An Exchange of Relics.**  
Much excitement has been caused in Anjou by the report that France intends to hand over to Great Britain the tombstones and monuments of the Plantagenet kings who were buried in Fontevault Abbey. It is to be hoped that the Government will seize the opportunity of claiming from England some of the relics of French glory which she still holds unduly.—Echo de Paris.

**LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES**

REVISED VERSION.

There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He ran into a bramble bush  
And put out both his eyes.  
Then, when he found what he had done,  
With all his might and main  
He ran to a bank and got a job as  
director.—New York Tribune.

**NECESSARY LIMITATIONS.**  
Physician—I would suggest a diet.  
Patient—Well, it will have to be something that agrees with the cook.

**HIS IDEA OF TRAINING.**  
Tom—Well, well; is that your new hat?  
His Sister—Oh, it has to be trimmed, you goose.  
Tom—Too large, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

**A GOOD EXCUSE.**  
Lawyer—Why do you wish to be excused from jury service?  
Talesman—Well, you see, I think—  
Lawyer—That's enough. You're excused.—Cleveland Leader.

**HOPEFUL SIGN.**  
Inquisitive Boarder—You think the world is growing better?  
Philosophical Boarder—I do. You rarely see a mother-in-law joke in print nowadays.—Chicago Tribune.

**SUPPOSE SHE HAD BEEN OUT.**  
"What day was I born on, mother?"  
"Thursday, child."  
"Wasn't that fortunate? It's your day at home."—Harper's Weekly.

**BATTERY.**  
"On what grounds do you want this party arrested?" queried the Magistrate.  
"On the baseball grounds," replied the man who had one eye in mourning. "There's where you will find him."—Chicago News.

**THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HURTS.**  
Towne—So Dumley married a college woman. My! it must be fierce for him to be tied to a woman who knows so much that he doesn't know.  
Browne—Oh! that doesn't hurt him so much as the fact that she knows "how" much he doesn't know.—Philadelphia Press.

**NOTHING DOING.**  
"Did you see any of the old masters while you were abroad?"  
"My goodness, no," replied Mrs. Goldrocks. "They're all dead, every one of 'em."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**OVER AND ABOVE.**  
"Mother, does Dr. Smith wear his everyday clothes under that long white gown when he preaches?" asked a little girl who had seen the edge of the minister's trousers under the robe.  
"Yes, dear," was the reply.  
"Well," she continued, "now I know why it is called a surplus."—Harper's Weekly.

**SHAKES HIS FAITH.**  
"Do you believe in signs?"  
"No; I've had my faith in 'em shaken."  
"How?"  
"A certain man has owed me money for a long time. Whenever I go after it I find a sign on his door that reads 'Be back in five minutes.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**RUBBING IT IN.**  
He—Why did you keep harping all through the play on that woman who keeps drumming the same tune over and over in your apartment house? Why didn't you forget it and enjoy the performance?  
She—I didn't want to. The woman I was talking about sat right in front and heard everything I said.—Detroit Free Press.

**A BARGAIN.**  
"Yes, when she turned me down I told her I felt like thirty cents."  
"If you had said twenty-nine cents she would probably have taken you."  
—Houston Post.

**ENJOYMENT.**  
"What do you most enjoy about automobiles?"  
"The sense of relief," answered Mr. Cumrox, "when I get to the end of a trip and find that nobody has been hurt."—Washington Star.

**EXPLAINED.**  
"What do you mean by advertising a great tank scene in your melodrama?"  
"Why, we have one. Didn't you see the villain get tanked in the barroom scene?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**HARD TO UNDERSTAND.**  
Bibbs—Some people get everything they go after.  
Gibbs—Yes, and others don't seem to get what's coming to them.—November Smart Set.

**AFTER THE ICE MAN.**  
The great astrologer pointed to an ominous group of stars.  
"They tell me that you will be robbed by a dark man before another moon" whispered the prophet. "Have you any idea who this dark man can be?"  
The domestic man smiled sadly.  
"The coal man, of course," he sighed.—Chicago News.

**STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.**  
Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

C. A. Stewart, of Wellsboro, while hunting near Antrim, killed the biggest fox seen in that vicinity in many years. It measured six feet from tip to tip. Foxes are nearly exterminated in the locality.

The members of Bradbury Post, No. 149, G. A. R., of Media, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A delegation of Pennsylvania pharmacists called upon Governor Pennypacker in behalf of the candidacy of L. O. Milton, of Condersport, for the vacancy on the State Pharmaceutical Board, created by the removal of Paul W. Houck, of Shenandoah, recently.

The rectorship of St. James' Episcopal Church, Evansburg, which has been vacant for several months, has been accepted by Rev. F. S. Ballentine, of Chester County.

Clinton Gates, a public-spirited citizen, has agreed to macadamize four squares streets of West Conshohocken at his own expense, fully \$4000.

Miss Ella Kriebel, of Centre Point, Montgomery County, was fatally injured in a runaway, and her mother, Mrs. Hiram Kriebel, was badly hurt.

An alarm clock frustrated a burglar in the home of John Woodward, of Ashland, early the other morning. When he went to bed Harry Woodward, a clerk in the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company office, thought he set the alarm for 5 o'clock, but he must have fixed it for 2. It rang at that hour. Three burglars who were ransacking the rooms scurried helter skelter downstairs. Young Woodward got his revolver and fired three times at the fugitives.

The police of Conshohocken have been ordered to rigorously enforce the borough law restricting the running of trains to seven miles an hour. The authorities will not stop after arresting engineers, but will get after the division and general superintendents. Refusal of the railroad people to place night watchmen at four street crossings has caused the determination to prosecute.

While climbing a fence at Helse's Woods, near Columbia, Charles Thompson, a rabbit hunter, tripped and fell. His gun was discharged, the entire load of shot entered his left breast, penetrating the heart and causing instant death.

John H. Rothermel, congressman-elect of the Berks-Lehigh District, certified that his campaign expenses were \$49,139.

Great excitement was caused at Fleetwood by the report that gold had been discovered on the farms of Philip Maderia and Martin Schaeffer. It is said that Adam Kline and Moses Gundry, of Kutztown, both mining experts, applied for a lease recently and shortly after staked claims. A Philadelphia expert was sent for and the latter is credited with having said that the substance they mined was a sure guarantee of the presence of gold in paying quantities. Iron ore has also been found in abundance on the Schaeffer estate, while the gold is hidden under the surface where the two properties meet.

A queer looking outfit arrived in Reading the other day. It consists of Anton Hanlian, his wife, their young child, who was seated in a three-wheeled conveyance, modeled, in part, after the regulation baby coach, and a little dog. Hanlian and his family are from Vienna, Austria, and are walking around the world on a wager to complete the journey in seven years. They set out on their strange trip on September 12, 1909, and thus far have covered 27,974 miles. New York City is their objective point, whence they sail for South America and then to Australia. If they complete the journey in the specified time a purse of \$10,000 awaits them in Vienna.

The town council of Gettysburg has decided to have the Centre Square and one block running out in each direction from the Square, together with one other principal block, paved with vitrified brick, the work to be done at the rate of one square per year. All the other streets and squares in the town are to be constructed in a manner similar to the macadam avenues on the battlefield.

Peter S. Metzgar, a farmer of Kunkletown, met with a fatal accident while out gunning for rabbits with his nephew, aged 13 years. Metzgar started out and while climbing a fence rested his weapon against a rail. The gun fell, exploding as it did so, and the charge lodged in Metzgar's neck, killing him almost instantly.

Hunting has become a fad with the women in Hazleton and almost daily the woods are invaded by a number of them, some of whom are excellent marksmen. Miss Cora Faust, a saleswoman, returned from a day's hunt, having succeeded in bagging a half dozen quail, two pheasants and half a dozen rabbits.

While hunting near Willow Grove, Columbia County, William Hartman, of that place, shot a catamount which had been chased up a tree by his dog. The cat is a large one, and is the first killed in that section in several years.

Bleeding from the nostrils and ears, John Ryan, for forty years an inmate of the Lehigh County Poorhouse, was picked up unconscious at the East Allentown end of the bridge across the Lehigh River. It is thought he was held up and robbed.

Alex Stabinski and Joseph Kulbatoski, aged 18 and 20 years, are dying from burns received at the Alaska Colliery, near Mt. Carmel. While they were eating their dinner a spark fell from one of the lamps, landing in a powder keg, setting off the explosive and burning the clothing from their bodies.

Two Reading Railroad locomotives collided near Locust Summit. W. E. Paul, bagman, and John Rischo, fireman, were seriously injured. The others of the crew of each locomotive escaped by jumping.

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**PIONEER DANGERS.**

The first settlements in what is now the town of Salem, Maine, were begun in 1815. The dangers were many, says a son of one of the first settlers, in "Salem's Old Home Day," and owing to the number of wolves, it was absolutely unsafe for children, or even grown people, to go far from their homes.

When Elbridge Blake was a small boy he had a narrow escape from a tragic death. He and his brother Daniel were sent for the cows one night, and were told to bring home some "brown stuff"—dried branches—with them.

Elbridge looked after the brush, while his brother drove the cows home. It was perhaps half a mile from their home, down toward the Kingfield road, all woods, except small clearings where the cows pastured. Elbridge, emerging from the thicket with his "brown stuff," found himself confronted by a pack of wolves. He was near a small, slender tree, and as rapidly as possible he climbed it, until he felt that it was bending. He knew that wolves cannot climb; but if the branch which he was grasping with both hands should bend low or break, he would be at their mercy.

His screams and shouts were finally heard by Mr. Briggs, who lived about a quarter of a mile distant.

Mr. Briggs, recognizing it as the voice of a child, and suspecting the cause, ran speedily up to Mr. Blake's, and breathlessly inquired if all their children, nine in number, were at home. The answer was that they were all there but Elbridge.

"Faith, then," said Mr. Briggs, "the wolves have got him."

The older members of the family and a number of workmen who were employed on the brick walls of a new house rushed to the rescue.

Elbridge heard the noise in the distance of the rescuing party, and took courage. "The wolves," he says, "appeared to look at each other, and I wonder what turn they had better take."

The yells of the rescuers had the desired effect, and at first sight of the men, the wolves scattered and fled in all directions toward the woods.—Youth's Companion.

**Exchange of Trade.**

One of Brookline's smart young matrons, the wife of a prominent surgeon, was giving a bridge party, and consulting her husband, was advised by him to apply to one of the local undertakers for chairs. She telephoned, and was horrified at the reply:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. F.—let you have all you want at half price, because the doctor gives us so much business!"

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