

As Yellow as Gold

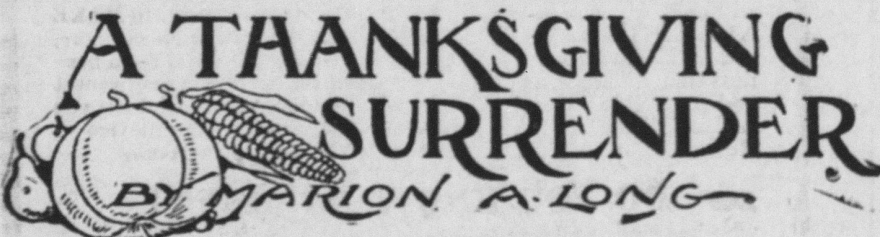
By Mary E. Knowlton

Here's a pumpkin, fluted, golden,
Written o'er with customs olden
Out of bygone days.
Cinderella's ancient glory,
Sung in song and told in story,
Suits its yellow blaze.

Christmas rooms are gay with holly,
Christmas sees the merry jolly
Of the mistletoe,
Easter lilies, pure and stately,
In the springtime bloom sedately,
When soft breezes blow.

Tables at the first Thanksgiving,
When colonial dames were living,
Shewed its golden cheer.
Still it smiles a friendly greeting
At the happy family meeting
On the feast-day dear.

Autumn dressed the woods in splendor,
But their colors, rich and tender,
All have passed away.
Now the pumpkin, ripe and mellow
Keeps a tint of Autumn's yellow
For Thanksgiving Day.



"Oh, Bob, just look at these two pumpkins! Aren't they just monsters? They are just alike, too. I'll bet they're twins. I never saw such big ones; did you?"

"My eyes, Roy, but they are whoppers! I wonder if we can have them for lanterns. We'll ask mother."

"Mother!" called Bob and Roy from the back yard, "can we have these two pumpkins for lanterns?"

"Oh, what large ones. Yes, boys, you may have them. They are too big for pies," answered Mrs. Phillips from the doorway.

The boys continued their work of gathering pumpkins, and only one was found to match "the twins" in size.

"We'll have a lantern tonight out of this one, Bob, and save the twins till Thanksgiving eve. Then we'll have some fun," said Roy.

"I say, Roy, let's go and scare those people down in the hollow. Hold it up to the window and then run. The boy who lives there hit me with a snowball and nearly knocked out my front tooth, and I've never had a chance to pay him back."

"All right, Bob, we'll do it."

Early in the evening the boys worked industriously at their lantern, cutting eyes, nose and mouth. Then little pieces of candle were placed inside, and it was truly a hideous-looking thing. Mrs. Phillips, who was busy for that glad day, did not notice the boys stealthily leave the house. She despised a mean action, and Bob and Roy knew she would not approve of their unkind sport. They quickly crossed the fields and walked down a hill into a lonely, damp hollow. Right before them stood a small, tumble-down house with a feeble light shining from one of its windows. The boys crept to this side and crouched beneath it. Just as Bob was about to raise the lantern after he had lighted the candles, a child's voice asked anxiously:

"Mother, aren't we going to have any pumpkin pies or turkeys or anything nice on Thanksgiving? We had such a lovely dinner last time. Is it because we aren't thankful that we can't have any Thanksgiving dinner?"

There was a pane of glass broken out of the window, and the boys could hear every word. Bob softly lowered the lantern and put out the candles, and both waited to hear the answer.

"No, darling; the reason is that we haven't any money to buy such things. Since father died, dear, it has been very hard for mother to even buy bread for us."

Then a boyish voice with a brave note in its spoke:

"Never mind, mother, we'll get along. I don't like pumpkin pies very well, myself, because they're so spicy. But I'm going to buy Bess a bag of suzard cookies with that ten cents I

earned. Won't that be nice, Bess?"

Roy pinched Bob and they both crept up the hill and into the pumpkin field. Seeing the twin pumpkins gleaming in the moonlight both sat down on them.

"I say, Roy," said Bob, "that's pretty hard not to have any Thanksgiving dinner, and that boy's a brack. Did you hear him comforting his mother? I like him even if he did nearly knock out my front teeth. Let's tell mother all about it. It makes me squirm, though to think what she'll say about us scaring people. I'm glad we didn't do it, anyway."

But Roy did not answer. He was thinking. Suddenly he jumped two feet in the air and said:

"Hurrah, Bob, hurrah! I have it now!"

"What have you, Roy? Tell me quick."

The boy resumed his seat on the pumpkin and unfolded his plan.



"We'll tell mother all about it," he began, "and ask her to sell us a lot of pies, cakes, jelly, tarts and a turkey, and we can pay for them with our chicken money. Then we'll scowp out all the insides of these twin pumpkins and fill 'em with the nice things, and the night before Thanksgiving we'll carry them down to that old house and kick the door and run. Won't that be fun! A hundred times better than making a lantern."

Bob heartily agreed to the plan, and both boys hurried home.

"Mother! mother! we've got some thing to tell you," called Bob, breathlessly.

Mrs. Phillips sat down and listened while the boys shamefacedly told about their intention of scaring the people in the hollow, at which she looked very grave. Then they excitedly told her their plans.

"Take all our chicken money, mother, and give us pies and good things," said Roy.

"And if there isn't enough money, you can have some of our chicken to pay for the stuff," added Bob.

Mrs. Phillips entered gladly into the scheme and promised to have every thing ready by Thanksgiving eve. She allowed the boys to pay for part of the feast, as she thought it would be a good lesson for them.

The boys were much excited and early on the appointed night brought in the twin pumpkins, nicely cleaned inside, and each with a small cap cut off of the top. It was a very important part of the plan that the pumpkins should look as if just carried from the field. Mrs. Phillips carefully filled them with tarts, jellies, cakes, celery and delicious mince pies, a great pat of fresh butter shaped like a pumpkin, two loaves of currant bread and a pair of chickens. The boys added a big bag of oranges and a box of candy especially for Bessie. Then the pumpkins could be crammed into them. Mr. Phillips now appeared to assist with hearty good will and brought a great basket of potatoes, turnips, apples and last, but not least, a huge turkey all ready for roasting. These things together with the pumpkins, were carried with much smothered laughter to the door of the little old tumble-down house. The golden balls filled with goodies held the place of honor and were stationed directly before the door. The boys had the pleasure of kicking on the door and then dove into the darkness.

The door flew open and a young voice called, "Mother, oh come and see these immense pumpkins! And oh, there's a turkey and a big basket of things."

The surprised little woman hurried to the door and, after gazing at the gifts in astonishment, said: "Let's carry them in. I wonder who has been so kind to us."

They dragged the basket and pumpkins into the house, and suddenly the boy cried out, "Oh! Oh! these big pumpkins are full of lovely things. I know who left these things. It was those Phillips boys, Bob and Roy. I'm sure it was, because I heard them ask their mother if they could have those big pumpkins. Twins, they called them. Tomorrow I'll go and ask Bob Phillips forgiveness for hitting him and tell him I didn't mean to."

Bob and Roy walked slowly home, kissed their parents good night and went to bed. The last thing Bob said was: "That boy's a brack. He need not beg my forgiveness. And we'll be friends after this."

Then he sank into a sound and happy sleep.—Detroit Free Press.

FLIRTIATIOUS TO THE LAST.



"It's bad enough to have him executed," sobbed Mrs. Gobbler. "But oh, did you see what he did a whole minute after his head was cut off?"

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Anthony McAndrew, aged 28 years, was caught under a fall of coal at the Midvalley Colliery, near Mt. Carmel and was instantly killed. Mr. McAndrew was a member of the Conyngham Township School Board and was one of the most popular men that ever participated in politics in that township.

A trolley car of the Chester Traction Company's Media Park Thursday morning. Six passengers were in the car and they were all thrown with considerable force against the sides of the car. One of the passengers Mrs. Jimmie Gallagher, of Todmorden, was seriously injured. She was removed to the Crozer Hospital. Spreaded rails caused the car to leave the tracks.

The will of Mary K. Wood, widow of the late William Wood, of Conshohocken, was probated in Norristown Thursday. The estate is estimated at \$100,000 and over. She gives the mansion in Conshohocken to her daughter, Mrs. Annie W. Perot. Of the residuary she gives one-half absolutely to her daughter, and the other half in trust for her grandchildren of a deceased daughter, Hannah J. Jones.

Lansford is threatened with a typhoid fever epidemic. Eight cases have been reported. The Lansford town Council empowered the Board of Health to employ nurses and do every thing possible to stop the disease from spreading.

It is reported in Harrisburg that the various State hospitals are seriously hampered by lack of funds for maintenance, caused by high prices of food and materials. It is claimed that the per diem allowance for each indigent patient is entirely too small under present conditions and that there is a scarcity of people to act as attendants, the wages paid in other fields of labor being more attractive at present. Under the present system the insane asylums maintained by the Commonwealth receive a maximum of \$2 a week from the State and \$1.75 from the county for the care and treatment of each indigent patient. Out of this fund the patients are fed, clothed and furnished treatment and the salaries of the superintendent and attendants and the ordinary expenses of the institution are paid. At the present rate of living it is no longer possible to do this on \$3.75 a week, and the next Legislature will be asked to increase the appropriation for the care and treatment of the indigent insane so as to bring the allowance up to at least \$4.25 a week.

H. C. Sheedy, of Scranton, attempted suicide after being arrested for drunkenness by swallowing a quarter, following it by a fifty-cent piece as a chaser. He still lives to regret his extravagance.

Poor Director Jacob Hollenbach made a formal demand on the County Commissioners and Controller Livingston for \$1875 salary, at the rate of \$1500 a year, for the last five months of 1905 and the first ten months of 1906. This is thought to be a preliminary to a test suit to be instituted in behalf of the three directors, whose salaries have been held up for over a year by the County Controller on the ground that they are not \$1500 a year, but \$120.

Charles Renner, aged 63 years, a scion of German nobility, died at the Blair County poorhouse in poverty. He had lived in Altoona twenty-five years and never to his closest friends did he reveal his past. He was cultured, refined, scholarly and polished and earned a living teaching music until excesses reduced him to straitened circumstances. His closest friends believed that it was a love affair which drove him from his native country. However, they were never able to penetrate the mask which he kept continually over his past life. Poverty could not obscure the gentle breeding. After he was moved to the county home three years ago he was made a clerk to the steward. Friends saved the body from burial in Potter's Field and it was interred in Fairview Cemetery, Altoona.

Crazed by financial troubles, Daniel Becker, a Bern Township farmer, who had been missing for several days, came home and drove out his wife at pistol point. Then he amused himself by shooting up the house, blowing out all the window panes. The shots set one of the room afire. When found by officers, Becker was taking a walk in a mill-dam. He was committed to jail.

Work on the construction of the trolley line between Altoona and Bedford has been started by the Altoona, Hollidaysburg & Bedford Springs Electric Railway Company. President Frank G. Patterson stated that the contractor for furnishing poles is distributing them along the line, and that the erection of the poles has commenced. The Federal Construction Company, of Pittsburgh, has the contract for grading and track laying.

A strange disease has broken out among a stable of twenty-five head of horses belonging to a Darby liveryman, and in the two weeks' time since the disease made its appearance, seven of the afflicted animals have died. The remaining eighteen head of horses are suffering from the disease. The disease centers itself in the horse's throats, and so rapid is its malignancy that they choke and die within a few days after being stricken.

Finishing his night's work at the Wharton Switch Works, at Jenkintown, early Wednesday morning, Francis E. Harbison, of Wyncoke, stopped to talk with a fellow-employee for a few minutes on the going home. Suddenly he sank slowly to the floor and within five minutes was dead, from an attack of heart disease.

Several cases of diphtheria have broken out in various parts of Darby. The matter has been reported to the Board of Health, who have taken stringent measures to stamp it out.

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RANCHER'S NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

After a hard day's work with a black bear, during which he received fifty bites and scratches, August Laitenin has sufficiently recovered from the ensuing fever to be able to tell as exciting a bear story as ever was published.

Laitenin, who is ranching five miles from Salmon Arm, heard something in his orchard at night and went down to investigate. He saw a big black bear munching his fruit and fired four rifle shots at the brute. The bear made off and the farmer lost sight of him. Laitenin went in the direction he thought the animal had taken. In the dark the man fell across a log right on top of the bear, which immediately seized him.

The bear had been wounded, however, and his grasp was not as strong as it would have been otherwise. As it was, the rancher had his clothes torn to ribbons, was bitten in a dozen places and scratched all over the body. Laitenin managed to fire three more shots while the bear was on top of him. These made the bear roll over, and the man managed to crawl out of the animal's reach and so got home. The bear weighed 360 pounds.—Vancouver Correspondence Toronto Globe.

Yellow Glasses For Sensitive Eyes.

Motais has been prescribing for fifteen years in cases of ultra-sensitiveness to light glasses of a yellowish tint, slightly orange, with a brownish tint on reflection. While increasing the perception of light, they soothe the eyes. The yellow tint evidently prevents the passage of the chemical rays to some extent. These yellow glasses, he states, will be found far superior to smoked or blue glasses, while they do not impair the vision. When they are taken off even the most brilliant sunlight seems dead and lifeless in comparison.—American Journal of Homeopathy.

HE THOUGHT HE KNEW.

"If anybody calls, Jane, tell 'em I'm in th' library."
"That ain't no library."
"Why not?"
"Ain't enough of it."
"How much does it take to make a library?"
"Well, it takes more'n six books, two calendars an' a' atlas."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHERE THE PROFIT CAME IN.

Customer—"So you sell these watches at \$5 each. It must cost that to make them."
Jeweler—"It does."
Customer—"Then how do you make any money?"
Jeweler—"Repairing them."—Stray Stories.

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