The Symphony of Nature. In all the grand procession of the

years. The seasons with their changes, subtle, sweet,

The too brief summer and the winter's sleet,

My heart has found the chord of bliss and tears.

The brightest hours of all my life were set In starry eyes, or moonlit summer nights,

Or in a golden glory dies the day, delights. Whose passage left me memory and

regret.

So when the east is flushed with morning's rose, Or in a golden dies the day, The folded leaves of memory un-

close And bear me with their magic far away.

With sighing wind and wave I wander free-The beauty of the earth gives wings

to me. Ninette M. Lowater, in the New York Sun.

M35525555555555555555555 The Golden Wedding Gift

Franceska, trying mentally to put herself in the bride's place, eyed her grandparents with unusual interest. To this girl of sixteen fifty years seemed a long time to be married.

"Do you know," Mrs. Wilson had said that morning to her husband, in Franceska's hearing, "that neither your father nor your mother seems to remember that three weeks from today will be their golden-wedding day?"

"Father never did remember anniversaries," Mr. Wilson had replied. "Time and again I've seen mother fairly speechless with indignation because father had forgotten all about her birthday. He's always been as good as gold to her, but I must say that he's neglected a fearful number of opportunities to celebrate."

"But," pursued Mrs. Wilson, earnestly, "when people have been married fifty years it seems as if something ought to be done about it. I'd like to give them a golden wedding. The Farrels did for their parents and the Bishops-

"Give them two if you like. But it's my opinion that if you mention it beforehand, father'll take to the woods."

Franceska, her elbows flanking her book on the big living-room table, looked up later, to gaze reflectively at a prim little old lady, sitting stiffly upright in her favorite straightbacked chair. Her feet did not touch the floor, but rested with careful precision on the footstool that her one grandchild was always careful to into the hall. "Don't tell anybody keep in place. Four of the neatest of short white curls hung at each side of the old lady's thin refined countenance, while a high shell comb held a small knob securely in place at the back of her head.

Grandma Wilson, who, without spectacles, was doing the finest of drawn-work, did not look seventy-two years old.

Franceska turned investigating eyes upon her grandfather, who reclined comfortably in the big rocking chair. He, too, was young for his age, but if his hair was neatly brushed it was only because Grandma Wilson had insisted that it should be. Even as Franceska gazed the door bell rang, and the fastidious old lady reached out suddenly to tweak the soft necktie from under his left ear to its proper place under his

For the next three weeks there were mysteries under the Wilson roof. It seemed certain that the alert old lady must suspect, because so little that happened ever escaped her; but it was different with Franceska's grandfather. It was unlikely that he would be aware of the extra loaves of bread in the pantry and the extra dusting of the parlor.

"I have begged everybody," confided Mrs. Wilson, "not to send expensive presents; we're not giving this party for the sake of presents. And I've asked them all to refrain from sending anything until the evening of the twenty-fifth."

The golden-wedding day dawned. Although the family watched intently for signs, neither the golden bride nor the golden bridegroom gave any token that the day differed from other days.

"It is very probable," pondered Franceska, at breakfast time, "that my absend-minded grandfather has every one of her sister's amazing forgotten her own golden-wedding day! The idea is absurd. But why, if she remembers it, doesn't she men- left-hand corner." tion it? It seems so strange, Perhaps she suspects the party, and is

going to pretend to be surprised." At noon, except for several large cakes concealed in the dining room closet, the day was still as other ference. Grandfather Wilson's tie it for fifty years against this day." had skewed about until it threatened to dangle down his back; and entirely contrary to her usual custom, his

dangle. At three o'clock, Mrs. Bain, a wellmeaning but bungling neighbor, who locket with my picture in it." never missed an oportunity to blunder, entered the Wilsons' house in

golden-wedding attire. Within the door, "Go," said the old lady, in a circle of her plump arm she carried hushed whisper, "and hide that a glass globe of goldfish.

'Now this," she said, presenting the globe to Grandma Wilson, who hurt your grandfather's feelings if he was threading a fine cambric needle for near-sighted Franceska, "is what I call a bright and shining idea."

"Yes," said Grandma Wilson, in her precise way. "It is, indeed, a most appropriate golden wedding gift. I shall never see these little fish without thinking of you."

Franceska chuckled silently. Mrs. Bain was not unlike a plump, stupid, blundering fish, but it was clear that the bride was not thinking of this resemblance.

"She does know," whispered Mrs. Wilson, "But why hasn't she mentioned it?"

But Mrs. Wilson guessed why a few minutes later, when Mrs. Bain had been disposed of

"Elizabeth," said Grandma Wilson, in whose cheeks blazed unwonted spots of scarlet, "I suspect that you have been making plans to celebrate our-my golden wedding. If you have, it is, unfortunately, too late to undo them. I'll have to ask you

to do one more thing. Bring me my

check book." "There!" said she, signing her name with firm, determined strokes. "I want Franceska to cash this. Then I want her to take the money to some jeweler's and buy me a breast-pina gold one. Such a pin as a man would buy. Now give me a plain white card. There! Put this beside the pin when it comes and place them both on the table with those silly goldfish. This is for Maria Quinby's benefit.

The card read, in a very fr'; imitation of Grandfather Wilson, rather peculiar hand:

SAMANTHA ELLEN WILSON,

From her loving husband, NATHAN WILSON, 1856-1906. 'She's angry all the way through,' sald Mrs. Wilson, despatching Franceska on the unusual errand, "because your grandfather has forgotten he day. She says if I do anything to remind him of it that she'll never forgive me-she wouldn't either. But she isn't going to let that gossiping Maria Quinby know that your grandfather forgot the only golden-wedding day she'll ever have.'

Nothing happened during the dinner hour to remind Nathan Wilson, who had spent the day pruning his sister-in-law's rose bushes, that he was eating his golden-wedding dinner. But his necktie now dangled in two forlorn strings between his shoulderblades, and the resentful bride let it dangle.

At eight o'clock the Harmsworths arrived. They, too, had hit upon the idea of presenting goldfish.

"Why," exclaimed Grandpa Wilson, excitedly, rumpling his hair, 'this is a complete surprise! I declare

"But his daughter-in-law whisked him suddenly through the doorway you forgot," she whispered. "Here,

let me fix your necktie." A moment later Maria Quinby bustled in. She, too, brottght goldfish. Afterward came other guests with other gifts, but for the first hour goldfish predominated. By nine o'clock the Wilsons were the surprised possessors of eight globes of

goldfish "It looks," chuckled Grandpa Wilson, "as if we'd have to have fish for breakfast. And bless my soul! Here comes Mrs. Doty with another globe!"

"And there really isn't anything," whispered Mrs. Wilson to Franceska, "that one can do with goldfish. Almost anything else can be made over, or altered, or turned to account, but goldfish-"

"You see," explained Maria Quinby, amid gales of laughter, "we all read the same list of "Gifts Suitable for Golden Weddings' in the last number of the Ladies' Friend."

The merriment over the goldfish kept the guests from noticing that Grandma Wilson kept as far away as possible from her husband, whose necktie presently worked loose and dropped unheeded to the floor, for he, at least, seemed to be enjoying the occasion thoroughly. But Franceska realized that her grandmother was not getting out of her only goldenwedding day the pleasure to which she was entitled.

Presently the girl edged closer to

her smiling grandfather. "Granddaddy," she whispered, "did you ever see grandma looking any

prettier?" "Franceska," exclaimed the old gentleman, eagerly seizing the girl's round wrists, "I've been trying to get hold of you for the last half-hour! She does look pretty, my dear, but she looks pretty mad, too. I haven't forgotten the date; but surely grand- lived with her for fifty years withma, who remembers the birthdays of out knowing how she looks when I've been stepping on her grass, Now you number of grandchildren, has never go look in the drawer where I keep my shaving things, and bring me the little box that you'll find back in the

Five minutes later Grandfather Wilson was stealthily presenting his gift. It was an old-fashioned brooch

containing a curl of golden hair. "Samantha Ellen," he whispered. "I cut that little curl off your head days. Yet there was one other dif- the day we were married. I've saved

"I've been an old goose for a whole month," beamed the bride, beginning to suddenly fumble among the laces bride of fifty years permitted it to of her bodice. "I've stayed awake nights, worrying for fear you'd forget. Here's what I have for you-a

Shortly afterward Grandma Wilson

wretched card. I'm ashamed of myself for doing such a thing. It would saw that card. Be sure-

"I understand," whispered Frances-"I'll put it in the kitchen stove." The guests declared afterward that never had they seen a more radiant pair than the golden bridal couple, seated side by side at the supper table, holding hands under the cloth.

But Franceska in the pantry was whispering to her mother, "If it hadn't been for those blessed, ridiculous goldfish everybody would have known that grandmother was wishing hard that she's never married grandfather."-Youth's Companion.

DOG KNEW A SPORTSMAN.

Setter That Gave Up in Disgust and Went Home.

"I was visiting some relatives in North Carolina last fall during the quail season," said a Washington "Game was plentiful on the man. plantation, but as I am a poor hunter and a worse marksman I didn't participate in the daily shooting. One fine day, however, my uncle insisted that I should take his gun and his crack setter Belle and go over the game preserves, a mile or so back of the house, and try my hand at the quail, which, he said, were so plentiful there that if I shut my eyes and let the charge go haphazard with Belle's assistance I would be bound to come home with the game bag filled.

"He handed me his gun, with a lot of cartridges, called Belle from the shade of a convenient tree, and, pointing to me, talked to her as if the dog understood every word he said, winding up his instructions to her by saying that he relied upon her to pilot me right and to bring me home again with lots of birds. From the way the setter looked from her master's face into mine, yawned, blinked her intelligent eyes and barked a couple of affirmative yelps, I am free to say that I believe she understood every word of the talk as well as either of us.

"At any rate the dog started for the field with every manifestation of joy, piloted me through the pines and the brush, and evinced the liveliest interest in me all the way over to the quail field. Here Belle was the lady on the spot for sure, for the birds flew up in all directions. I followed two or three flocks over the fields and banged away at the birds right and left, but not one could I bring down. During this fusillade I noticed that Belle would stop her work frequently and look at me in an inquiring way. Once or twice she even came up to me, looked up into my face, gave a little bark or two, and then started back and worked at

flushing the birds with renewed vig-"Finally, just as I had about expended all my ammunition without hitting a single bird I saw Belle suddenly stop, take a long look in my direction, as though some dog idea of hers had been confirmed. Then she bounded toward me, gave a few barks when she got near, which were undoubtedly expressive of the deepest dog disgust for me as a sportsman, and away she scampered as tight as she could go, over the fields

and through the woods to the house. "I followed a little later very much crest-fallen. From that hour Belle never paid the slightest attention to me during the remainder of my visit. and no cajoling on my part nor commands of her master could make this intelligent and discriminating setter even so much as look at me. She just reasoned it out that I was a fraud so far as a sportsman was concerned, and was in consequence beneath her notice. Ever since then I have believed in the discriminating intelligence of dogs.-Washington

Utilization of the Entire Cotton

Plant. According to the chemical investigations of Dr. Robert R. Roberts, of Washington, D. C., the entire cotton plant is a fiber that can be utilized. Dr. Roberts has been quietly employed on cotton fiber work for the past five years, and has just reached the stage of his investigations which would justify him in announcing the results of his discovery. He can delint cottonseed in five minutes, handing out a handful of seed that will rattle like shelled corn. This is done without injuring the germinating qualities of the seed, nor does it affect the value of the manufacture of oil In this delinting process Dr. Roberts claims a saving of 75 per cent of seed waste in planting, eliminating defective seed, which will enable the Southern cotton planter to use the drill machine in planting, obviating, in a manner, the enormous expense of chopping out the surplus cotton stalks. He claims furthermore that his delinting process will effectively destroy the boll weevil, whether the eggs or larvae are laid in the germinating point of the seed or hibernat ing in the form of a beetle in the loose cottonseed. The seed can be delinted, he ways, for about \$6 per ton. Cotton stalks, after the ordinary process of reduction to a pulp, become by the new process in thirtyfour hours a fine fiber, not as long as cotton itself, but similar in texture. This fiber, he claims, will make the finest paper in the world. -Scientific

Weaving cotton in Africa is slow and difficult work. A skilled workman not to be a fly in the whole building. drew Franceska behind the parlor can weave about three yards a day.

American.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES



THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOR

To wed, or not to wed; That is the question, Whether 'tis better To remain single. And disappoint a few women-For a time;

Or marry, And disappoint one woman-For life?--Lippincott's

POLITICS. "Does your husband admit his

faults?" "Mercy, no! I never let him know he has any."-Detroit Free Press.

CLASSIC SCRAPS. "The ancient Greek and Roman deities were said to wage terrific battles among themselves." "Yes I've often read of the mills

of the gods."-Washington Herald. ABOUT EVEN. "The scrappums have separated."

"What's the matter?" "Why, she called him a dog and he says she's a cat."-Detroit Free

IN RETHEN CHAMPS. "I spent twenty years writing that long poem," he said. "And it didn't take?" "Oh, yes-took all I had."-Atlanta

COUNTERFEITS. "They bill and coo a good deal," "That's all a bluff." "Then you think they are only

Constitution.

mock-turtle doves?"-Louisville Cour-

HIS ADJECTIVE. "Here!" shouted the irate groceryman. "This here boy of yours is stealing my fruit."

"Is he?" murmured Senator Gra-"Dear little Jimmie is so practical."-Louisville Courier-Journa.

THE WAY TIS DONE. "Have you ' /er though how the earth is kept going?"

"By natural laws, I suppose." "All wrong. Every crank must have his turn and so the word goes round."-Baltimore American.

EMBARRASSING. "Remember, the eyes of the public are upon you.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "that's what worries me. A man is so closely watched in these times that he can't get away with anything."-Washington Star.

RAINY DAY MONEY. "Is your husband putting by anything for a rainy day?" asked the

prudent relative. "I think so," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "I heard him mention several horses yesterday that he said always run best on a muddy track." -Washington Star.

THE WISE MAN. "This popular fiction is all rot. In real life the girl's father seldom ob-

jects to the man of her choice." "You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything."-Louisville Courier

AGREED. "There is no use denying," said the man with the high brow, "that this race problem is a serious af-

fair. Now, down South-" "Dat's straight talk, fur fair," put in the man with the loud clothes, "no matter wa't system o' bettin' you foller, yer bound ter git t'rowed down some time."-Philadelphia Press.

UP TO THE BOSS. "That beard of yours," said the merchant, "is getting very long and ugly."

"Yes, sir," replied Adam Upp, his bookkeeper: "I'd like to shave it off." "Well, why don't you?"

"Well, you see I made a vow some years ago that I wouldn't shave until I got a raise in salary."-Catholic Standard and Times.

ASSURING.

"Pardon me," said the housekeep er on a marketing expedition, "but are these eggs strictly fresh laid?" "Absolutely, ma'am," replied the

grocer promptly. "The farmer I purchase those eggs from won't allow his hens to lay them any other way.' -Milwaukee Sentinel.

WHEN HE WANTED HER. Mother (to convalescing boy)-Now, Bobbie, in case you should want me, just ring this bell. Bobbie-But, mamma, I'm not strong enough to ring it all the time.

PREPARED FOR THE FUTURE. "Have you given any thought to preparations for the future. Mrs. | galloping down here to thrample hus.

-The Reader.

"Yes, indeed, doctor; next Sunday when I come to church you'll see the swellest winter costume that ever came to this town."-Houston Post.

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A SISTER'S COURAGE.

In looking over some family papers and bundles of old letters, I discovered one written more than half a century ago by Mrs. Jeffereys, of Blarney Castle, County Cork, which contains an account of a circumstance interesting of itself as an instance of heroism on the part of the narrator toward her brother the Earl of Clare. and so valuable, as bringing to light a remarkable event connected with the history of those troubled times, that I feel I am only discharging a duty in submitting It to the notice of the society.

The letter is dated No. 9 Molesworth street, July, 1807, and, among other matters, Mrs. Joffreys writes as follows:

'On the day Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, when my brother (as Chancellor) was returning from the castle, after having assisted at the swearing in of the newly arrived lord lieutenant, a ferocious mob of no less than five thousand men and several hundred women assembled together in College Green, and all along the avenue leading to my brother's house. The male part of the insurgents were armed with pistols, cutlasses, sledges, saws, crowbars, and every other weapon necessary to break open my brother's house; and the women were all of them armed with their aprons full of paving stones. The ferocious and furious mob began to throw showers of stones into my brother's coach, at his coachman's head and his horses; they wounded my brother in the temple, in College Green, and if he had not sheltered himself by holding his great square official purse before him he would have been stoned to death before he arrived (through the back yard) at his own house, where, with several smithy sledges, they were working hard to break into his hall door, while some others of them had ropes ready to fix up his lamp iron to hang him the moment they could find him-when I arrived disguised in my kitchen maid's dress, my blue apron full of stones. I mingled with this numerous mob and addressed a pale sickly man, saying: 'My dear jew'l, what'll become of hus! I am after running from the castle to tell yeas all that a regiment of hos is etc. Oh! yea, yea, where will we go?" Then they cried, 'Hurry, hurry-the hos is coming to charge and

"I then procured a surgeon for my brother, and a guard to prevent another attack, and thus I saved Lord Clare's life, at the risk of being torn limb from limb, if I had been recognized by any of the mob."-Notes and Queries.

thrample hus! Hurry for the Cus-

tom House.' And in less than a

minute the crowd dispersed.

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