

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Among the things I've never seen
Is a Jostie Daskam type of kid—
The kind (see any magazine)
That talks as live one never did;
But then I'd flee, I'm frank in saying,
Such a one toward me came straying.

I never heard a person talk
The way H. James can make them spiel;
Think how Dame Nature 'em must balk
When Henry's dope's palmed off as real;
But if this type lived in the nation
Who'd stop to grasp its conversation?

I've never seen Jack London's kind,
Who fights three battles every day,
And ne'er is in a peaceful mind
Unless mixed up in a melee;
In fact, I'd think it strictly proper
To hand such to the nearest copper.

There is no Raffles in life's fold,
And likewise there's no Sherlock Holmes;
No one so clever, or so bold,
This stupid foolstool ever roamed;
In fact, if you want life, not fiction,
Don't hunt for it in modern copper.

—Denver Republican.

The DUVAL DIAMONDS.

Basil Deane, artist, seeking inspiration, found it in a remote French Canadian hill village. As he paused outside a cheerful red mill a week after he had first seen the place a low-toned melodious voice close at his elbow said:

"Monsieur smiles! Monsieur has happy things to think about!"

Basil looked down and saw a little old-fashioned figure, and a pair of soft eyes.

"I am glad to see monsieur smile." And this time Basil noticed a peculiar tenderness in the voice. "I have watched him every day for a week, and he has always seemed grave and absorbed."

Quite unconsciously, Basil was walking along by her side, and now said:

"It is a pretty place for a home. One might easily enough dream away a summer's day here."

"But we do not dream here, we work," said the girl, smiling.

"What do you do?"

"We make ribbons—ribbons as fine as those of Lyons. Does monsieur know that he literally stumbled over me but yesterday?"

"I did not know it, but I ask your pardon."

"Oh, you need not humiliate yourself before me. I am only Marguerite, the ribbon weaver. If it were Pauline now, she would make a stately courtesy and say that monsieur was forgiven."

"And who is Pauline?" said Basil, amused.

"The girl's face assumed a puzzled look."

"That is not easy to say," she replied, in a mysterious, low tone. "I sometimes think she is a princess in disguise, and at other times, when I am angry because she scolds me, I say she is only a cross old woman whom some day I shall run away from. And now I must bid monsieur good day."

"Wait," said Basil, hastily. "You who know the village so well should be able to tell me of some hospitable person who takes lodgers."

"Does monsieur wish to stay? Why, then, Pauline is the very woman who will be pleased to oblige him. Yonder she lives." And she nodded a gay good-bye and tripped away. It seemed as if the sunshine had been suddenly withdrawn. Basil gazed after her a moment, then crossed the street to the house. In it was an old woman reeling silk—a woefully wrinkled old woman, but bright and keen as if she were but twenty. Basil caught the gleam of a glittering jewel upon her bosom.

"Monsieur can come. You want quiet? You shall have it. There is no one to disturb except my grandchild, Marguerite, a madcap girl whose acquaintance it will be well to discourage is you would be quiet."

Louis Duval, Deane's nearest friend, received two letters one day in his rich apartments in the great city. The first was from his lawyer:

"Dear Duval: I have been looking after your affairs, but don't come to any positive conclusion. Evidence tends to show the existence of the person to whom the codicil to the will refers, but she seems to have disappeared mysteriously, and as yet I have found no clue to her whereabouts. You are so well off now, and so generous, that I suppose you wouldn't break your heart if this new claimant should appear."

"Don't think I should! I'd gladly divide the property with any one who shared my name. And now, Basil Deane, for you!"

"My Dear Louis—You never did a kinder thing than when you took my picture off my hands and sent me into the country. I think I never lived before. If nothing happens I mean to do something else than dream henceforth."

"I am housed with an old woman and a young girl. I have not quite made out the relation between them yet, but it is apparently one of interest rather than affection. The old woman's face is as yellow as the gold that she loves so well, but her eyes are as bright as diamonds. And speaking of diamonds reminds me of a remarkable ornament that she wears. It is a Greek cross, the arms studded with glittering stones, pure and brilliant as stars. I ventured to make a remark concerning it when I had been there a week."

"Those are very fine diamonds of yours, Mlle. Pauline," I said. The old woman started and I fancied grew pale.

"Diamonds! monsieur; you must be joking. How should an old woman like me wear diamonds?" she said, sharply.

"Your brooch is an heirloom, I suppose?"

"No, monsieur! I have no ancestors; I am only one of the bourgeoisie."

"For all that," I said, positively, "those are fine diamonds."

"Peste, monsieur, peste! They

do these things with wonderful art in France!" said the old woman.

"Now I could have sworn to the genuineness of the diamonds, but I let the subject drop. I am, however, quite curious in regard to this old woman. Nobody in the village knows anything of her antecedents."

"My feeling for Marguerite—that is the girl's name—is not curiosity. I am afraid I fell in love with her before I painted her portrait. That process is, however, begun."

"She scarcely glanced at the picture the first two or three days, but one day she peeped over my shoulder. Her surprise was charming."

"Am I like that?" she said, her soft, large eyes full of wondering delight.

"Like it, but more beautiful." "Monsieur is very good," she replied, with downcast eyes. "But the picture is like one that Pauline has looked up in her drawer. I do not know who it is, but sometimes I think it is my mother."

"Presently I said: 'Don't you remember your mother?'"

"Ah, no! when I look back it is only Pauline, nothing but Pauline."

"Only Pauline! and what is the matter with Pauline, and why is the way, sinuous voice, and looking, we both saw the wrinkled, yellow visage of the old woman."

"A look of vivid dislike crossed the girl's face, and she hastened away."

"Who is Marguerite?" I said, abruptly.

"Do you not guess? What should she be but a poor foundling whor: for sweet charity's sake I adopted?"

"Something in the subtle evil look in old Pauline's face as she said this made me certain that it was a lie. Then Marguerite returned."

"Letters, monsieur!" she said.

"The superscription of yours caught my eye in an instant. In my surprise and pleasure I pronounced your name aloud. There was an instantaneous crash at the other end of the room. I turned astonished and beheld that hideous old Pauline—her face a deathly, yellowish white, and her eyes wide open and glaring fixedly upon me."

"Monsieur!" she said, in a strange, harsh voice. Marguerite ran forward.

"Pauline, Pauline!" she said, in terror.

"Are you ill?" I asked, going up to her.

"Thanks, monsieur! I am not ill. 'Twas an accused wasp stung me. Mon Dieu! 'twas like a stab," she replied, angrily.

"The sting was a pretense. Could the mention of your name have affected her so powerfully? Am I right in my impression that your family is from Southern France?"

For answer to this volunuous epistle, Basil received a half sheet from his friend:

"I am coming; expect me on Thursday."

Basil came in at dinner time, his eyes shining with pleasure at this prospect.

"Monsieur has good news," said Pauline, with a scrutinizing look at his face.

Basil glanced at her and perceived that the glittering brooch was missing.

"You are right, Mlle. Pauline. My friend, Louis Duval, is coming to make me a visit. Would it be convenient for you to accommodate my friend also?"

"Monsieur and his friend are most welcome to the whole house," returned Pauline, in a peculiar tone.

It seemed to Basil Deane that night as if his life had but just begun. Hitherto he had failed, and his life had had too many burdens, and too few hopes, for him to think of asking another to share it; but now all was changed; nothing seemed impossible. He loved Marguerite.

While he thought of her, he saw the flutter of her light dress in one of the shaded alleys.

"Marguerite!" he said, coming upon her suddenly.

"Ah, it is you, monsieur?" and her face was illumined.

"I want you, Marguerite, to have and to keep forever."

Her hands trembled—she faltered out:

"I thought Pauline sent you for me!"

When he awoke—the sun was far up the sky. The remembrance of the past night came to him like a dream of ineffable happiness.

When he came downstairs he opened the door of the little kitchen. It was still and empty; no fire on the hearth; no signs of life anywhere. He crossed the room, and after tapping at the door of the bedroom where Pauline slept, opened it and looked in. The bed had been undisturbed since the day before. The women had disappeared. A thorough examination of the house showed that, while no bulky articles had been taken, nothing of value was left.

The next day Basil Deane presented himself in the city and told Louis of the mysterious flitting.

Louis's mobile face had grown sober. He half-opened his lips to speak, but the distress in Basil's countenance checked the words. He was thinking.

"You do not speak. You think I am deceived!"

"I am afraid you are," gently.

"Upon my life I am not," said Basil, eagerly. "I am a fool in worldly matters if you say so, but I know a pure, true woman when I see her. And I'll find Marguerite!"

He began his search at once, Louis Duval sometimes aiding him, and oftener, as time went by, trying to dissuade him.

It was two years after Marguerite's disappearance, and during that time Basil Deane had become a popular artist. His pictures were no longer hung in obscure corners at the exhibitions, but were the centre of admiring crowds. One evening, while waiting with Louis, he stepped into a goldsmith's shop upon some trifling errand. A shabby, foreign-looking man stood by the counter. "But if monsieur would be good enough to look at this," said the man, with French accent, and directly a lucid point shone out.

Basil's hand tightened over his friend's arm.

"That is the jewel I told you of. I know its setting," he said, in an excited whisper.

"Where did you get this?" demanded the goldsmith, looking at him with suspicion.

"It is a family jewel," returned the man, hurriedly, but, as if alarmed, the man began to put the trinket up. "If monsieur does not want it I will offer it elsewhere," he said, and went out. Our two friends silently followed, and at last came to a narrow alley. Before a tall, shabby house the man stopped. A hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"You are to explain how that jewel came into your possession," said Basil, with resolution. "Monsieur, the brooch is my wife's," said the man.

"Indeed! We will go in then and inquire of her." And Basil put his hand upon the bell-pull.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't do that," said the man, in fear. "Pauline will be angry."

Basil's heart leaped. For a moment he was incapable of speech. The shabby man opened the door and ran up a long flight. In a moment Basil Deane and Louis Duval followed. A shriek burst from Pauline's lips, and then she sank down in a corner. Somebody came forward.

"Monsieur!"

"Marguerite!"

The name was a glad cry, and his arms were open to receive her.

Marguerite's cheeks flushed. She looked in wonder from one to the other, her color visibly rising under Louis's eager gaze. And he seemed unable to remove his eyes from her.

"Who are you? What do you want?" said Pauline, her eyes gleaming maliciously.

"Gently, madame! you know that but for one or two things you would be in the galleys at Toulon," said Duval.

"'Tis a lie! You don't know anything about it!" she cried.

"Then I must recall a few passages in your life to your remembrance, and I do it as much for the sake of that girl as for yours," said Louis. "You know that when you were my mother's bonne, in the confusion of her illness you stole her diamonds and had paste substituted for them. It was the brooch which was my father's wedding present to her that betrayed you at last."

Pauline dropped her face in her hands.

"And then, when my father married again, he retained you because of your supposed kindness to my mother. And when my grandfather, angry at this second match, and despising Marguerite's mother—peasant-born, but noble-hearted—let you see his hate, you fanned it with lies, and when at last the poor young creature died in my father's absence, you were ready, for money, to steal Marguerite. Now go and get my diamonds!"

She obeyed humbly, bringing them from a dingy closet, where they lay in a rough box beneath a pile of rubbish. Louis took the lucid gems out of their rough casket. Their splendor illumined the room.

"Here, Marguerite, little sister!"

He hung them upon her soft, brown curls, dropped them in shining links around her white throat and fastened them to the dainty wrists. She stood there between her brother and her lover, adorned like a queen, and happier in her simple womanhood than any queen of them all.—Amanda M. Hale.

The Bard—"Such a stupid, absent-minded janitor! I gave him one of my poems to mail and instead of dropping it in the mail box on the corner he dropped it in the waste paper box." Miss Tabasco—"But why do you call him stupid?"—Chicago Daily News.

WORTH QUOTING

English scientists say the world is 800,000,000 years old, and this would make it a contemporary of the jokes which are still being published by London Punch.

Burglaries by automobile have recently been reported from Lenox and Wellesley, Mass., and from Utica, N. Y. Perhaps the fraternity may yet engage in an "endurance tour" of safe-wrecking and house-breaking.

There is no reason why the average farm residence should not be surrounded by a more attractive setting than the best of city lawns, but how many are, compared with the number that are not? The farmer has all or nearly all of his own material and a good deal besides that is not available in cities even for a price.

A striking instance of the practical usefulness of a knowledge of entomology was recently cited by an official of the Department of Agriculture. Red clover was sent to a certain western state, where it previously did not exist, but, to the great disappointment of the farmers, it did not thrive. The entomologists told the farmers what the matter was; they had neglected to import bumble bees with the clover. The bumble bee with its long proboscis, was the only insect that could reach the honey in the red clover heads and therefore, the only one that would fertilize the flowers.

Real estate is a very unavailable asset for a commercial bank, and even city property goes down sometimes, though it is phenomenal advances in the prices that attract our attention, notes the Philadelphia Record. At the trial of Hering, of the Milwaukee Avenue Bank in Chicago, Stensland, the former president, said that in the last eight years he had lost \$400,000 of the bank's money in real estate, besides \$218,000 in a co-operative store. Both Stensland and Hering got indeterminate sentences, which may be anything from one year to ten.

The famous seedless apple orchard at Grand Junction, Colorado, which it is expected will revolutionize the apple industry, is now well established and in full bearing, so that unless some catastrophe overtakes it the Spencer seedless apple promises to become a distinctive national fruit of great merit. The orchard is said to contain about fifty trees, ranging from six to fourteen years. While the variety is not absolutely free from seeds, it is practically so and there is only a semblance of a core. It is of very good quality and flavor, of a large size and an excellent keeper.

Cancer is far from incurable, according to Dr. Nicholas Senn, in a lecture on "The Problem of Cancer," at the University of Chicago. Dr. Senn declared that 50 per cent. of the cases brought to the attention of physicians in the earliest stages may be cured. The lecturer advocated the establishment of some sort of bureau to keep the public informed as to the nature of cancer and possible cures, as is done in some cities of Europe. Many of the victims of cancer prevent cures by becoming despondent and keeping away from good physicians. "If the disease is detected in its early stages a cure may be effected," said Dr. Senn; "but if it is allowed to go to an advanced stage nothing can be done."

The Boston Transcript says:—It is reported that Japan will see the Dreadnought and go Great Britain 3,000 tons better, laying down a battleship of 23,000 tons service displacement. Of course the mistress of the seas will not ignore the challenge and we must prepare to hear of a British battleship of 26,000 tons. The Japanese, being a proud and progressive people, will not sit still and may be counted on to push the building mark on their side up to 29,000 tons. By that time our own big ship enthusiasts will wake up, and the taxpayers will be invited to contribute the cash for a floating fortress of 32,000 tons. So does the race for naval supremacy go, the mind of the competing world being at present fixed upon displacement as if there was no other factor to be taken into account.

The Topic makes this fantastic suggestion:—Germany is laughing at militarism, because a rascal disguised himself as an army officer, assumed command of a corporal's guard arrested the mayor of a town, sent him off in the custody of the soldiers and levanted with the town treasury. It was a clever trick, but the Germans are most concerned about the possibilities it suggests. In the next war with France, some French actor may costume himself as the Kaiser, turn up his mustache, speak German with a slight English accent and order the army of the Faderland to stack arms and surrender. According to the rigid rules of the German army, this impostor would be literally obeyed, and no less a price than the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France would be the price for the release of the captured brigades.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to GRANT HOOVER.)
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.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office 425 F St. Wash., D. C.

WISE WORDS.

Lots more men would be good husbands if it weren't so mighty dull.

A girl learns to love swimming very early when she has a good figure.

When you see a red-headed widow it's a sign her husband isn't sorry he is dead.

When a woman isn't afraid of being rained on it's a sign it's her own complexion.

A man doesn't have to mention lawyers in his will for them to get a big share of it.

The bigger hurry a man is in to get married the longer he will have to figure out why.

Any man can get a reputation for knowing more than he does if he will keep his mouth shut.

One of the queerest things about being in love is the way the idiots think they fool the people.

When a girl is too refined to help make up the beds it's a sign she doesn't think her mother is.

A man could afford to have a lot more bad habits if some of his good ones weren't just as expensive.

Girls have such finicky notions most of them would like to marry a man to match their complexions.

It may be wicked to lie to a woman about how beautiful she is, but it's mighty easy to be popular that way.

You could never make a woman believe a preacher who thought her child was a girl when it was a boy.

A married man gets lots more fun on a fishing party than other kinds because the family never wants to go along.

It isn't what you spend on a boy's college education that costs so much as what it costs you afterward to support him up to it.

Either you tell people the truth about themselves and are hated by them for a boor, or you don't, and everybody else denounces you for a hypocrite.

A nice thing about having your family away for the summer is no matter how late you come home in the morning you don't have to take your shoes off to go upstairs.

One of the inconsistencies of this world is that if you have no money you have to spend to keep up appearances; but if you have plenty you can let appearances go hang.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

REVIVING THE LEGITIMATE.
Knicker—"Shakespeare is no longer popular."
Bocker—"Why doesn't his press agent get somebody to mob Othello?"—New York Sun.

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. ZERBY W. D. ZERBY
GETTIG, BOWER & ZERBY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAGLE BLOCK
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Successors to ORVIG, BOWER & ORVIG
Consultation in English and German.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. 1790

W. G. RUNKLE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Special attention given to collections. Office, 2d door Crider's Exchange. 1798

H. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building. 1796

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 profitable for the transient trade.
RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

The National Hotel

MILLERIM, 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. MINOLE, Cashier
Receives Deposits . . .
Discounts Notes . . .

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. G. STROHMIEIER,
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. LA FRANCO'S COMPOUND
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Cure guaranteed. Successfully used by over 2,000,000 women. Price, 25 Cents. Drug stores or by mail. Testimonials & 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 drug stores and dealers, or sent by mail, if your dealer will not supply you. Address, John D. Langham, Holley, N. Y.