

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Among the things I've never seen is a Jocie 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, as such a one toward me came straying.

I've never seen Jack London's kind, Who fights three battles every day, And never 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.

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."

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."

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' 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' 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.

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.

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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 complexes. 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.

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