

A Home Gen.
I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
Yes, that is true, and something more:
You'll find, wherever you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.
But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet
home.
For there the heart can rest.
—Dr. Henry van Dyke, in Country
Life in America.

A Badly Shocked Bear

The word electricity brings a prophetic gleam to the eye of the economist. And before he finishes his discourse he is almost sure to speak of the day when improved transmission will make it possible to convey the incalculable power of California's mountain torrents to cities that will spring up as if by magic along the broad, fertile valleys below.

One partial fulfillment of the economist's dream may now be seen in the seventeen-mile transmission line that connects the cascades of Hatcher Canon with a bustling little town in the San Joaquin Valley. From the powerhouse at the cascades the electric current flashes through three shimmering wires which follow the canon for a distance of five miles, and then cross a rugged mountain spur to the plain below.

But the mind of Dan Maloy, the company's lineman, was not burdened with considerations of the great economic era which his calling might herald, or, indeed, with considerations of any kind, unless we may except a glad consciousness that his six feet of brawn and muscle were sufficient to meet any of the emergencies that the day could have in store for him. His joyous good health was such that the prospect of a long, hard trip from the cascades over the ridge in a raw, drizzling rain did not retard his blithe step or repress his buoyant whistle.

At noon, some distance up on the mountain, the merry toiler found a pole that seemed to need inspection. Sitting down in the lee of a huge oak, he fastened on his climbers. Before ascending, however, it occurred to him that there was no use of working on an empty stomach, and opening his lunch-basket, he began eating dinner.

Not twenty-five yards from him there was a family party also lunching, of which he was unaware until he started after a drink from the spring that trickled merrily in a nearby brushy gully. Then he disturbed an old bear and her two cubs, all of whom were eagerly feasting on the carcass of a sheep.

Now an intrusion at meal-time, especially if the meal is of raw, bleeding meat, and the bear old and cross and burdened with the care of two precious little ones, is a most offensive breach of ursine etiquette, and was in this case the cause of an immediate and furious rush.

The lineman scrambled up the trail from the spring, but a glance over his shoulder assured him that he was no match in a race with this tawny creature. He had a hazy, story-book idea that people pursued generally found safety in climbing a tree.

"Right in my line," he thought, making a dash for the big oak under which he had eaten his dinner.

What was his surprise, on gaining what he considered a safe perch, to see the bear "shinning" up after him with the alacrity of a squirrel. The young lineman scrambled out to the end of his limb.

As he slid recklessly down over the bending outer boughs, it occurred to him before dropping to hang till the bear's approach bent his branch near: the ground, thereby lessening his fall a few feet and giving her that much more distance to descend. His artifice nearly cost him his life. He dropped to the ground at what he considered the strategic moment, but the branch, following the release of his two hundred pounds, destroyed the delicate poise of his pursuer. She struggled wildly a moment for her balance, overtopped with a sudden lurch, hung for a moment at the end of a long, hairy arm, and floundered with a wrathful roar to the ground. Nothing saved Dan but the final clutch at the limb and his advantage in striking squarely on his feet.

In the moment thus accorded him he sprang for the nearest pole, fortunately only a few feet off, and climbed it in a panic. Just why he made for the pole he never knew, unless, indeed, because it was the nearest thing at hand and "right in his line."
Anyway, he found himself hanging on the under side of the cross-arm, entirely out of breath and wildly wondering what next to do. The bear was ascending the pole, clumsily because it was rather slim for her ample hugging capacity, but surely, nevertheless.

Dan drew himself up, and finally sat astride of the cross-arm among the deadly live wires. By this time the bear had reached the telephone line strung on each side of the pole, about eight feet below the lineman.

But here the bear received her first real repulse. She was afraid of the wires; they looked too much like a trap. However, after a long, angry

stare at the figure astride the cross-arms, she waived this point, and making a few cautious dashes with her paw, began to ascend again.

But mechanical difficulties now interfered. The wires stoutly resisted her progress; besides, the tapering pole afforded a very poor hold for the upward struggle.

While she was wrestling with this dilemma, the two baby bears came rolling up, squatted on their haunches while gazing with expectant relish at the fresh meat perched on the cross-arm, then clambered eagerly after the mother. It looked to Dan Maloy as if he were treed by a whole bear family.

But at the moment of the gloomy reverie, and just as the old mother bear succeeded in wrenching off an insulator thereby enabling her to wriggle under one wire and over the other, Dan's face lit up with a swift relief. It had occurred to him that a damp bear on a wet pole would be a most excellent conductor for electricity.

He began fumbling in his pockets, and in a few moments produced a small roll of wire. Straightening it, he ripped the insulation from one end and bent the wire into a hook. Then he paused, scared by the lineman's instinctive dread of handling electricity in rainy weather.

But there was no pause on the part of the bear. With eyes fastened angrily on his dangling legs, she was slowly and surely working her way upward. This would have nerves anyone to action. Pulling out a silk handkerchief from an inner pocket, Dan wrapped it about the wire, and gripped it with his insulated pincers, thus doubly protecting himself from the fluid so prone to follow moisture. He then hooked his improvised conductor over the nearest wire of the transmission line.

All this happened in a great deal less time than is taken in the telling of it. Nor was it done a whit too soon; for at the moment when he was making the connection the bear fell only a trifle short in a vicious swing at his legs.

As she buckled to the pole for another upward wriggle, Dan swung the end of his conductor against her arched back. There was a slight hiss as it touched her wet hair, and with a wrathful roar and arms wildly flying, the bear tumbled backward, smashing down through the telephone wires, and scraping her babies off the pole on her way to the ground. The downfall of the bear family was complete. Up above on the cross-arm, the lineman laughed uproariously.

"Well! well! well!" he shouted. "Divided they stand, united they fall!"

For a moment the old bear lay feebly pawing the air. Then she struggled to a sitting position, facing the world and her offspring with an invalid's "Good morning, children!" air that set the lineman off in another roar of laughter.

The little bears, on rushing forward for nourishment and comfort, were brushed aside so roughly that they propped themselves up on their haunches at a safe distance, and cocking their heads to one side, regarded their mother quizzically, as if in wonder at her unwonted severity. Then the bear began overhauling herself, and Dan laughed again at her seeming surprise in not finding her skin torn to bloody ribbons.

"Now, old lady," he called down, "the laugh is on you, and you'd better take those babies of yours and hit the trail!"

The bear seemed to be much of this mind herself for a while; but the sight of Dan Maloy astride the cross-arm seemed to recall the indignity he had heaped upon her. Followed at a respectful distance by her "babies," she began to shuffle uneasily about, soon assuming, however, a warlike stride that finally terminated in another charge upon the lineman.

But the charge of a big bear up a small pole is necessarily a laborious affair, and long before she neared the top Dan was ready to receive her. This time, as she approached the coveted legs, she struck at the proffered live wire with her wet paw, and fell limply to the ground, a loose, quivering heap.

Dan did not laugh now, for the baby bears rushed forward, and with soft, low sounds sought to rouse the fallen mother. Silently Dan descended the pole.

"Perhaps she'll come out of it," he soliloquized, gazing at the prostrate animal and remembering hopefully how he himself had been struck down once at noon, and had "come out of it" when the moon was shining.

"In case she does," he continued, "we'll arrange to avoid any more of these shocking occurrences."

Proccuring a coil of wire from his sack, he gently removed the angry little bears and bound the mother's legs firmly together. Then for an hour or more he worked abstractedly at the wrecked telephone line. When this was repaired to his satisfaction he sat down on a rock, gazed helplessly at the now querulous baby bears and their limp mother, until with a sudden desperate burst, he exclaimed:

"What'll I do with these blooming bears?"

The utilitarian mind would have been estimating with great satisfaction their market price as circus exhibits; but Dan, who was no financier at all, dismissed this thought with a curt:

"Let 'em live; they seldom fight if they're let alone, and never do any

harm beyond pulling down a stray sheep occasionally, one that has got to die, anyway."

"The trouble is, though," he added, after a long pause "if I turn her loose she might think she owns the line, and claw me to ribbons some dark night when I'm out here looking up a 'short.'"

But presently, as he pondered, his merry smile came back. He rose hastily, and closely examined the old bear. She was still warm, and with more signs of life than she had shown before.

Bursting into a laugh that threw the little bears into a defensive bristle, he hurried to his lunch-basket, took out the screw-topped can that had held his coffee, put into it five or six pebbles, and fastened a stout twine to the ring which served as a handle.

Then turning to the prostrate bear and searching for her stub of a tail, he remarked, with comic gravity:

"Old lady, I've got all kinds of respect for a bear who has the nerve to raise a family in these days of electricity and repeating firearms; and I'm going to give you a start back into high ranges, where the air will be better for you and your babies."

He knotted the free end of the string tightly round her tail, cut the wires that bound her legs, and hastily departed.

Dan has lived to need the money he might have obtained for the sale of the bear family's freedom; but up to this date he has only one regret, and that is that the pressure of business did not allow him to remain and view from a safe distance the start "for the high ranges." For merely through viewing the extraordinary tracks that marked her flight, he has had many a dollar's worth of laughter over the family of bears and their exodus.—Youth's Companion.

HOUSEKEEPING IN MEXICO.

An American Woman's Experiences in the Land of Manana.
If the American women who complain of the trials and tribulations of housekeeping in the United States could live in Mexico a while they would complain no more.

This is a very old Spanish town, tucked up against the side of a huge mountain. The wonderfully beautiful, ever changing colors of the sky, the resplendent verdure of the towering mountains, the red tile roofed, pink, white and blue houses are equally fascinating with the quaint picturesque old churches, with their ever clanging bells.

And these Mexicans certainly do revel in the ear splitting din of bells. In this town of 5,000 persons there are some thirty bells and when they are all going, with echoes sounding from the mountains, one wants to run and hide.

In the early days of my sojourn here I was hailed by a man with a basket strapped to his back:
"Do you wish some nice butter?"
"Is it fresh?" I asked, and he replied in all earnestness:
"Si, Senora, it is of this year."
And that was in November!

My washerwoman uses very strong soap and rubs the cloths on large, flat stones at the public fountain. The combined soft water and strong sun renders all the clothes most beautifully white, colored garments as well as white ones. One may arrive with colors quite bright, but one remains all clothed in white.

We boil, then filter, our drinking water. Pending the arrival of a regular filter, we procured a sugar mould, such as the large cones of sugar are moulded in, at the haciendas. It is a large hollow, cone shaped, clay affair through which water will percolate, and we placed it on a frame in the hallway, where the draught would keep it cool.

After having boiled and cooled some water, I filled the cone, and, after due time, I asked our maid to bring some filtered water. She vanished soon to appear with a pitcher of dark oozy water. I exclaimed:
"Why, what all the water, is it from the filter?"
"Si, si, I dipped it right out of the cone, and that one leaks water all day long, Senora, causing me much bother to be emptying the pitcher and sipping the cone."

But then they do most things backward here. When they wish to beckon one to come, they motion one away.
The natives bring to our doors freshly laid eggs, still warm, one at a time, at three cents apiece. Of course, these are values in Mexican currency, which is worth half as much as ours. All of the fruits and vegetables are cheap and plentiful the year round in this locality; figs, dates and peanuts also.

But our greatest problem is in the meat. As we get no ice, we must eat freshly slaughtered meat. This is tough, but cheap. Any part of a beef costs 20 cents a pound, and we don't get steaks and roasts, but any part the butcher is down to when we arrive.

Our milk is brought in an earthen jar, right from the cow, and, in spite of the presence of a stray spider or straw or two, is good milk.—Taxco (Mexico) correspondence of the New York Sun.

In Greece, after a prisoner has been sentenced to death, he has to wait two years before the execution can take place.

Japan gets 188,000 recruits yearly for her regular army.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

THE AVERAGE MAN.
Yet who's seen a trace of him.
Seen the real face of him,
Since his career on this planet began?
Though all talk about the chap,
Who can point out the chap?
Nobody knows him, so nobody can.
Our friends rank much higher than he does, you know,
Our enemies rank, on the whole, far below,
And as for ourselves—let us say what is true,
What man doesn't hope—I will leave it to you—
That he is not in the mysterious clan
Of "Homo Ignotus" the Average Man?
—New York Times.

THERE WERE OTHERS.
"That cornet-player on the third floor has remarkable endurance," remarked the casual visitor.
"He has," agreed the regular boarder. "But it's nothing compared to the other boarders."—Toledo Blade.

ONLY ONE FOR HIM.
"What, wed my daughter, sir?" he cried; "why, she's my only child."
The youngster would not be denied, however—he just smiled.
"Oh, that's all right," he said, undaunted; "you see, sir, one was all I wanted!"

ALSO TOUCHED.
Hicks—My wife dropped in to see me at the office today and—
Wicks—Sorry, old man, but I've been touched too; can't lend you a cent.—Catholic Standard and Times

A FASHIONABLE FLOWER.
"This flower is strictly up to date," said the florist.
"What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer.
"Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting."—Detroit Free Press.

EASILY DETECTED.
Stranger—Say, is it always as smoky in this town as it is this morning?
Citizen (stiffly)—Sir, there is no smoke at all here. What you see is fog.

Stranger—Excuse me, I didn't know when I addressed you that you were the smoke inspector.—Cleveland Leader.

THE PRICE.
"But," said the weary millionaire, "the plain people do not know what the rich have to put up with."
"Huh!" snorted the plain man, "we know you've got the money to put up with, while we haven't any to put up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

FAR SOUNDS.
"The walls seem to be rather thin," remarked Goodley, calling upon Marryat in his new house.
"They are rather thin," Marryat admitted.
"Yes, because I'm sure I just heard some fellow in the next house snoring."
"Oh! that's a fellow four doors below here."—Philadelphia Press.

AMENDED.
"Mr. Hunter's married now," said the bride-to-be, preparing to send out her cards, "so we'll have to address his invitation to 'Mr. and Mrs. Hunter.'"
"Better not," her brother advised. "She's the boss, you'd better send the invitation to 'Mrs. and Mr. Hunter.'"—Philadelphia Press.

KEEPING UP.
"These burial associations have cut the prices of funerals of late, have they not?"
"Yes," replied the undertaker; "our profits are not so large on a single funeral, but since the auto came to be the rage we have twice as many funerals."—Houston Post.

A DESPERATE REMEDY.
Agent—I came to deliver your book on "How to Play the Piano."
Lady—But I didn't order any such book.
Agent (consulting his note-book)—Have you a next-door neighbor named Jones?
Lady—Yes; is it for her?
Agent—No, she ordered it for you.—Cleveland Leader.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.
Mrs. Black—Your husband is so straight out from the shoulder. He always calls a spade a spade, doesn't he?
Mrs. White—I thought he did, but yesterday I was listening while he was spading up a garden patch, and I'm sure I heard him call it something else.—Detroit Free Press.

SET AT EASE.
"They say my money is tainted," moaned the expiring trust magnate.
"Who say so?"
"The people."
"But your business partner and your lawyer say that it is not."
"Then I die happy."

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PRINCE'S KNOCKOUT BOUQUETS

Mystery Solved When Montenegro Was Caught Stealing a Bracelet.
Under the high sounding name of Prince Tschillindro of Montenegro, an impressive and elegant person has made a distinct impression in the outskirts of Parisian society. Well dressed, handsome and agreeable, he was successful with the women, and especially with wealthy English and American women, whose acquaintance he had specially cultivated.
One of the Prince's delicate attentions was the frequent presentation of beautiful bouquets to women upon whom he called or whom he met in social gatherings, and after a while it came to be noticed that usually after the presentation of one of these bouquets the recipient was seized with a fainting fit or sinking spell. Naturally the Prince was the first to offer his services and assist the stricken lady to a private room.
It also happened that after such seizures the victim was apt to find herself short on jewelry. One lost a bracelet, another a necklace, another a brooch. Search of the locality of the fainting spell never resulted in the recovery of the lost article, but no suspicion seems ever to have attached to the Montenegrin noble.
At last one evening about two weeks ago Prince Tschillindro was a guest at a musicale given in the assembly room of a Parisian apartment hotel. A lady to whom he had been paying marked attention was one of the performers.
At the conclusion of her piano solo the Prince stepped forward to offer congratulations on her skill and as he did so presented a beautiful bouquet of Alpine violets. The usual result followed. The lady smelled the flowers and immediately showed signs of collapse.
She stood up tottering to get out of the crowded room, whereupon the Prince sprang to her side and supported her as she withdrew. Unfortunately the hostess followed and caught the Prince outside the door in the very act of disengaging the lady's diamond bracelet from her arm. He was arrested on the spot and the effects of his bouquets were explained by the discovery that they were all impregnated with a powerful narcotic.
Police investigations, the Gaulois reports, revealed the fact that the Prince was a gypsy of international notoriety named Bunsnikis.

TO TELL MAMMA.

Little Sophia has just been informed that she has a little sister.
"Oh, how lovely! Please, please let me be the one to tell mamma!"
Translated for Transatlantic Tales from El Diario de la Marina.

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