

Her face
I stood in sombre dreaming
Before her image dear,
And saw, in secret wonder,
Living my darling appear.

About her mouth a smile came,
So wonderful and wise,
And tears of some still sorrow
Seemed shining in her eyes.

My tears, they too were flowing,
Her face I could not see,
And oh! I can not believe it,
That my love is lost to me.

—By Edward Rowland Sill.

THE CHANCE THAT CAME

The man collapsed into a chair before his desk. In a corner of the room the ticker was clicking out its message, but he paid no heed to it. From the streets outside came men's voices uplifted in mingled despair and rage.

Throgmorton street was like pandemonium. Men seemed to have lost their reason. Many were shouting invectives against this man who sat alone in his empty offices. People did not know that he was here. Some declared he had bolted from the country; others were equally positive he would stay and face the music. These last had judged his character accurately.

The schemes which that wonderful financial genius had built up, and in which the public had placed confidence and their money, had fallen to the ground in one fatal hour. Perhaps there was hardly a soul in London who would have believed it, yet the fact remained that Reuben Stern was himself beggared.

He left his office, passed from the place which had seen his triumphs and finally reached the West End. Entering one of the fashionable streets to Mayfair, he paused before a house. Then, setting his mouth a little more grimly, he walked up the steps, and, ringing the bell, asked to see Lady Gertrude Kingsley.

She detected at once the anxiety in his eyes, and came hurriedly forward.

"Reuben!" she exclaimed. "What is wrong?"

"What is it?" she questioned again. "Tell me at once, please!"

"I am ruined!"

He spoke the words in a dull, lifeless tone, and watched her face. The color died away from it. The sweet mouth suddenly hardened. The eyes lost their softness. Every feature stiffened. She glanced at him in amazement.

"Ruined!" she murmured. "What do you mean?"

"My plans have all miscarried. All that yesterday was mine I have lost, except the most precious thing of all, and that is your love!"

She laughed hardly.

"Did you think me a sentimental schoolgirl? Was it likely that I should love a man who sprang from obscurity, from nothing? Let me be frank with you in this hour. My sisters have, most of them, married well. I meant to marry a rich man. I would have preferred a man of good family; but when you proposed you were too good a match for me to refuse. As for love, am I the woman do you suppose, who would let love influence her? I would have made you an excellent wife, I have no doubt. I should have liked to be the mistress of a great London house. I wanted to entertain, to be a woman of real importance in my world. And you led me to imagine that every ambitious social dream of mine should be realized."

She paused for a moment, and then went on in a low, choking voice, "And now you have the audacity to ask me to share your poverty!"

Her gaze was pitiless in its coldness. A quiver of rage shook her. Her restless hands were tearing at the flowers in her bosom. She was suffering an agony of disappointment. She had felt so secure; had gloried in the anticipated social triumph which this man's money was to purchase for her; had even boasted of the future among her own set, and of the rich gifts it would hold for her. And now to see every promise it had contained melted away.

"Will you please go now?" she said.

The Atlantic liner was plowing its swift passage through the sea on its homeward way to England. The day was brilliantly fine, and the smoke that rose in a floating column from the steamer's funnels was the only dark patch against the cloudless summer sky. Two people were slowly pacing the upper deck—a man and a woman. The former was Reuben Stern. He had altered a great deal since that time, four years ago, when his failure had caused a sensation in the financial world.

During the official investigation of his bankruptcy he had remained in England; but this concluded, he sailed at once for the United States. And in these four years, commencing at the bottom again, he had regained a certain standing among the minor financiers of that country.

But the longing to return to England had come over him, and, badly in need of a rest, he had decided to go there on a brief holiday. His companion was a woman whose acquaintance he had formed some weeks back at a mutual friend's house. It was with a certain degree of pleasure that he had learned she was also going to England by the same boat.

"Tomorrow, I suppose, we shall say

good-by, Mrs. Poole," he remarked to her now. "I trust, if you are staying in London, you will let me call on you, or do you any service that is possible?"

"You can do me a service," she responded, quietly, "if you will. And that is, help me find some one—some one who I am convinced is hidden in that great wilderness of a city, and whom I have come here to seek!"

"If it is possible," he said, "you may rely upon my doing my best. But you had better give me your confidence."

"There is little to tell," she answered. "I am that despised thing—a deserted wife! My husband left me. We had shared three bitter years together, and then, without a word, he went away!"

"And you want to find him; you care for him still?"

"Oh, no—but, yes, I do want to find him. He treated me as badly as a man can treat a woman. And yet I must find him!"

"And what is your idea as to the cause of his disappearance?"

She paused some moments.

"It seems a strange fancy," she said at last. "But what I believe is this: He left England under a cloud. In America he continued the same life of reckless folly. He married me for love, as I thought; but it was merely that I might act as decoy to a gambling den which he secretly ran. Our final quarrel arose from my objections to this infamy."

"But what shall you do, even though you find him? You would surely never live with him again, if he treated you so shamefully?"

"Not for the world!" she said, with a faint shudder. "And yet I must find him. It has become the fixed purpose of my life. Some money was left me a few months ago, and this enables me to start upon my humiliating quest. Until then I was poor. I had to work hard for a scanty living."

He looked at her keenly.

"I believe," he said, "that you must care for him still."

"It would cost me hardly a pang to hear that he was dead," she replied. "And yet, I must find him. Perhaps people's pity had galled my pride, and made me determine that my husband should acknowledge me as his wife under his right name, although we should never be more to each other than mutual bearers of that name."

"You are a woman whom most men would be proud to call their wife," he answered, seriously.

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When they reached London Mrs. Poole gave him all the knowledge she possessed of her missing husband. The details were meager enough, and she hadn't even a photograph to aid them. Stern found that he possessed aptitude for detective work, but profitless weeks passed by.

One afternoon, however, he received a telegram from Mrs. Poole: "My search is at an end." He went at once to her rooms.

"We met face to face in London yesterday!" she said. "For a moment he tried to deny me; but seeing it was useless, he hurriedly promised, upon my giving him my address, to let me hear from him today! He would not let me detain him, but broke away from me in a few moments. I was helpless."

"What shall you do if he does not write?"

But she did not answer him. Her eyes were staring strangely at an evening paper which he held in his hands.

Some words at the top of a page had caught her gaze. She snatched the paper from his hands with a cry, and read the few lines beneath the heading.

"Is—is that his answer?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

Stern read where she indicated. "We regret to announce that Sir Stephen Jesson met with a fatal accident in the hunting field this morning. It will be remembered that the unfortunate baronet came into the title, quite unexpectedly, a couple of years ago, three strong lives having dropped out. Every one will sympathize with Lady Gertrude Jesson, who, as Lady Gertrude Kingsley, was the loveliest debutante of her year."

"He was a villain all through, you see," said Edith Poole. "He married this woman while I still lived. He has ruined her life as well as mine. What shall I do? Shall I put forth my right to this man's name, and take it away from her? Or shall I forever keep back the truth that would strip her of—everything?"

He did not answer. His features were fixed. He saw clearly, like a picture before him, a certain scene in a Mayfair drawing-room—he heard a woman's hard merciless voice, her insulting words. He remembered the utter desolation which this woman had created in his darkest hour. Time's whirligig had turned indeed, and brought with it this miraculous chance of crying quits with the one whose cruelty it had taken him four years to forget. The temptation gripped him. Why should she not be dragged down into the dust—her pride humbled, as nothing else except this one unlooked for thing could have power to humble it? The he crushed down the ignoble desire.

As suddenly as it had come upon him the black past vanished in a cloud of sunshine, out from which Edith's pale, serious face, with that strange, altered look that he had noted in it of late shone forth.

"What shall I do?" she asked again. "Guide me."

He took her hand in a gentle grasp. "Let this woman keep her empty honors. And for yourself—forget that

you are this man's widow. Become my wife."

His tone was unmistakable. She looked at him with glowing, wondering eyes. He was struck by her sudden bewildering beauty.

"Do you mean it?" she whispered.

There was no need for any spoken answer, and she crept into the shelter of a strong man's arms held out to receive her.—Modern Society.

PENALTIES OF GENIUS.

Sometimes the World Loses More by Them Than the Genius Does.

No greater genius, certainly no great inventor, ever lived who was not supposed to be a little queer by some of his fellow men.

Three hundred years before Stephenson perfected his locomotive, says the Rosary Magazine, a Frenchman, Saloman de Caus, was immured in the living tomb of the Bicetre for having allowed his mind to outstrip the age in which he lived. Marion de Lorme, in a letter dated Paris, 1641, tells of a visit to this institution.

"We were crossing the court," she writes, "and I, more dead than alive with the fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed: 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.'"

"What has he discovered?" asked our guide.

"Oh!" answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, "something trifling enough; you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water."

"I began to laugh.

"This man," continued the keeper, "came from Normandy four years ago to present to the king a statement of the wonderful effects to be produced from his invention. To listen to him you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages; in fact, there is no end to the miracles which, he insists upon it, could be performed. The king sent the madman away without listening to him. Finally, finding the poor wretch forever in his path, and annoyed by his folly, the Cardinal had his shut up in the Bicetre."

THE RED MAN'S COMMENT.

What Impressed Him as He Viewed Pictures in the Capitol.

"A good many years ago when I was here in Washington I heard a story about the visit of some Indians at the Capitol building," said George H. Marsh, of St. Louis, Mo., a business man of that city. "It was in the days when fighting Indians was still a pastime of our soldiers in the West. A number of them were brought here to be impressed with the 'Great Father,' and were escorted through the buildings on the hill by one or two of the guides. They were taken to the east door, where is to be seen the picture representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock and one of the Indians giving Miles Standish an ear of corn. 'Huh,' said one of the red men, 'the Indian gives the white man corn.'"

"Then they were taken to the north door, leading to the Senate, where was represented the treaty of William Penn with the Indians in 1647, where by he received large grants of what is now Pennsylvania. 'Huh,' said the same Indian, with a grunt, 'the Indian gives the white man land.' After that the band were taken to the west door and were shown the representation of Pocahontas pleading for Capt. John Smith. 'Huh,' again grunted the Indian, 'the Indian saves the white man's life.' Finally they all went to the south door, where they saw depicted the early struggles of the white men with the Indians where in one of them—probably Daniel Boone—was thrusting his knife through one of the savages. 'Huh,' ejaculated the red brother, 'and then they kill the poor Indian.'—Washington Post.

Some People.

The favorite musical instrument of graft is the lute.

Some people settle their bills like clock-work—that is, on tick.

The man who keeps his own counsel doesn't have to hire a lawyer.

The sins that worry us the most are those most likely to be found out.

Some people's idea of charity is to give a starving man a pepsin tablet.

Some people are so emotional as to almost solve the problem of perpetual motion.

Some men apparently have so much to do that they never have time to do any of it.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Cheer at the Table.

There is sound philosophy in the custom of civilization to make a meal of ceremony. For if the ceremonial aspect be observed properly—if it be forbidden to make the home meal the occasion for the home-grumbling—then amid talk and laughter will eating be slow, as it should be, and mastication thorough. So when at the family dinner table appear only pleasant faces; when conversation is merry, and when from one to the other of the diners is a bearing as courteously as if each were "company," then does indeed "good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."—Dr. Edward Curtis, in "Nature and Health."

More than one-third of the inhabitants of Zurich are resident foreigners, who enjoy no political rights there.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Indignation runs high at Hills Grove, where Ellis Snell was murdered, because the authorities of Sullivan County were so lax as to allow the assailant to escape when it was known that his victim could not live. Vigorous search for the fugitive has been instituted. For six days after the affair John Van Buskirk, who is charged with the crime, was at his home in Tivoli, and he remained there until news reached him of the death of the man he had attacked. Since that time no trace can be found of the slayer, but evidence seems to point to the fact that he is lurking in the forests surrounding the town.

District Attorney Hill, of Dushore, has taken up the matter and sent men out on a hunt for the murderer. Other detectives have been placed on the case and every effort will now be made to capture Van Buskirk, the residents are wrought up because only two years ago one of the most brutal murder mysteries in the criminal history of this part of the State went unsolved, and they fear now that another criminal will escape punishment.

Coroner King, of Montgomery County, investigated the death of Frank D. Shaner, of Pottstown, who died from injuries received at the Ringing Hill Hotel in Upper Pottsgrove Township, on Christmas. There was doubt as to whether Shaner was the heaviest man in the upper end, died by accident or was slain. The verdict of the jury Thursday was that Shaner came to his death from a fractured skull by accidentally falling down the steps leading to the porch of the Ringing Hill Hotel.

An explosion set fire to the Lackawanna Steel Company's mine at Cokeburg. The loss is \$20,000. Several men narrowly escaped death.

Corporation Clerk Whitworth gave a hearing at the State Department in Harrisburg to objectors to the proposed incorporation of the Juniata Valley Street Railway to run between Huntingdon and Lewistown. The objectors were the Huntingdon Street Railway Company. Conflict of routes was the basis of objections.

Sydney McPherson, the 18-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McPherson, of Muddy Creek Forks, York County, has been missing from his home for several days and despite the fact that almost everything possible has been done to find him, their efforts have proven futile.

Irvin Dressler saved Stephen Wright from being run down by a Reading Railroad passenger train at Shamokin, shoving him away from the track as the train passed. Wright was so excited that he rushed at his rescuer and began pummeling him. Dressler returned the blows and badly punished him whereupon, Wright, recovering his sense, thanked Dressler for saving his life.

Thomas P. Kennedy, proprietor of the West Grove Inn, a well known hotel in the southern end of Chester County, was held in \$1,000 bail for court by Justice S. M. Paxson, on the charge of selling liquor without a license. The charge was brought by County Detective R. O. Jafferis.

Miner Inspectors John Curran, of Pottsville, of the Eighteenth District, and M. J. Brennan, of Pottsville, of the Nineteenth District, embracing over fifty collieries, finished their reports for last year. They show 105 accidents in the eighteenth and 66 in the nineteenth. Of these there were twenty-six fatal accidents in the eighteenth and twenty-two in the nineteenth. The coal production, when the colliery reports are all in, will show an increase of many thousands of tons in these districts.

Inspector Benjamin Evans, of the Fourteenth District, made his report for the year. It shows eighteen fatal and twenty non-fatal accidents.

Charles R. Spangler, of York, a lad 14 years old, was badly bitten by a ferocious dog, which sprang upon him while going home from school.

The annual report of the York Hospital and Dispensary shows that for the maintenance of the institution \$18,712.25 was received. Nine thousand dollars of this was appropriated by the State and \$300 for the city of York; \$11,794.25, of which the city contributed \$606.77, was used for building purposes.

The Teachers' Association of Easton has chosen Prof. Earl Barnes to give the annual series of lectures on education in 1907.

Like ordinary prisoners, two valuable dogs, which were found roaming around Darby, have been committed to the lockup, confined in an iron-barred cell, awaiting ownership.

George W. Wildin, of Meadville, has tendered his resignation as assistant mechanical superintendent of the Erie Railway, taking effect immediately. A letter sent over his head to a subordinate is said to be the cause of the resignation.

Upper Darby Castle, Knights of Golden Eagles, has elected the following officers: Past chief, John Fielding; noble chief, William Monroe; vice chief, Richard Reed; sir herald, Frank Neimeyer; high priest, Joel B. Jones.

Herbert Steward, Shamokin, has been appointed mercantile appraiser of Northumberland County by the commissioners. There were ten applicants. Edward Nisely, Dewart was sworn in as register and recorder and appointed all the clerks who served his predecessor.

Frank Thompson, of Morton, a well-known baseball pitcher, and Mrs. Clara Snyder were married Wednesday night, at the home of the groom's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. P. Ellingworth, pastor of Kedron Methodist Episcopal Church.

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ODD CASE OF COMBUSTION.

Rose Bushes Shipped in Wet Moss Almost Burned Up.

A peculiar case of spontaneous combustion, or something like it, is described by a writer in Cassier's Magazine.

On February 17, 1906, two large refrigerator cars of young rose-bushes were received at Hannibal, Mo., from a nursery in California. They were shipped in wooden cases containing numerous auger holes for ventilation and were carefully packed with wet sphagnum, or California swamp moss, to prevent chafing and to support their vitality.

No ice was put in the cooling tanks, and the covers of these, as well as all other openings in the cars, were closed as tightly as possible. The cars were ten days in transit. The outside temperature was sixty degrees Fahrenheit at the start and fifteen degrees at the end of the trip.

Upon arrival steam was issuing from every crevice of the cars. Upon removing the tank covers it rushed out in large volume. The doors were opened and ice was put in the tanks; the free circulation of cold air soon cooled the contents of the cars.

In unloading it was discovered that some of the upper layers of boxes were badly damaged by heat, which naturally was most intense near the top of the cars. No signs of actual combustion were found, but this would probably have occurred in a short time had not the cars been quickly cooled.

The temperature must have been nearly up to the burning point, as many of the green stems of these plants were black and brittle.

Wet sawdust in large quantities frequently becomes very warm in the interior even when exposed to winter weather, in fact the lower the temperature of the atmosphere the hotter usually the sawdust.

First Electric Dredge.

The hull of what is declared to be the first electric dredge ever constructed in the world was launched by the International Contract Company, at the Sloan shipyards, near the Hammond mill, yesterday. The dredge is to be fitted with its machinery as soon as possible and will be placed in operation on some big contracts which the company has secured. It is to be operated by electricity and will be what is termed a 20-inch suction dredge. It will be capable of pumping material to the extent of several thousands of yards daily to a distance of one mile. The new hull is to be equipped with an auxiliary revolving dipper and an orange peel bucket so as to be capable of doing various kinds of dredging work.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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