

The Hall of Fame.
 Wait not for Luck to draw the bolt,
 Nor Chance give up her key—
 The door that opened for the great
 Is open yet for thee.

Loose is a sleepy sentinel,
 And Chance a fickle light;
 Many a man hath passed them both,
 And entered in the night.

Have little care if neither heed
 Thy clamor, call or din—
 Take up the magic torch and key,
 And let thine own self in!

—Youth's Companion.

A Dream and The Waking

And, there in the midst of a chattering, fashionably clad throng stood Mary, pink cheeked, smiling and talking animatedly about art; Mary in strange aesthetic array, with the train of her clinging gown coiled serpentwise about her feet and a rose tucked behind her dainty ear.

Could she be that demure, shrinking country girl Robert had escorted to rural dances four years ago?

Evidently the painting under consideration was the work of Mary's hands. It was the portrait of an amazingly tall red like woman whose scanty draperies seemed in imminent danger of slipping off altogether. Robert looked from Mary to the picture and back several times before his bewildered conscience grasped the significant fact of her artistic achievement. Then, quite suddenly, Mary turned and saw him.

"Why, Robert Nearing!" she cried with unfeigned delight, going forward with outstretched hands. "Robert, indeed, I'm very glad to see you, really! These festive friends come in to look at my pictures and drink to my health now and then," she explained jauntily. To the listening group she said: "This is an old friend from home, Robert Nearing, of Mapleton. How are you, Robert?" she went on, cordially. "Have you come to stay in town?"

As a matter of fact Robert had come to town solely to see Mary, but he did not tell her so just then.

"Of course, you'll stay for a little chat about home folks," she insisted, "I live here with Miss Gilbert, my rival in art, and being good Bohemians we got on swimmingly together."

Robert stayed after the silken throng had fluttered out. Mary lit the pink draped lamp on the little stand with its half emptied wine glasses, drew up an easy chair, and seated herself where the light fell rosy on her pretty, smiling face. She asked all manner of questions about the old friends and her brother, who had fostered her orphaned childhood with a parental tenderness.

Robert was a man of fine character, sternly upright, and sweet natured, but slow of speech and singularly reserved. He had loved Mary in patient silence for six years, during which his secret hopes had helped him through much toil and disappointment. Now that the realization of his ambition had given him the right to speak, there was another man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of a chance.

"Are you engaged to marry him?" he asked presently, in a hard, constrained voice that quite startled Mary.

"Oh, no, dear," she laughed. "We're chums—good fellows. He is a writer and, like most of the tribe, poor and charming. He writes stories about me and poses for my sketches. Neither of us thinks of marriage. We have talked the question all over and come to a sensible conclusion."

"And you've given up the idea of marrying?" Robert asked.

Mary nodded and bit off the tip of the bud she toyed with.

"I don't like the idea of you living this way, Mary," said the young fellow, involuntarily glancing at the wine glasses.

"That is because of your absurdly one-sided view of things," she laughed, good naturedly. "It is great fun, really. It spoils one for the humdrum life of the old-fashioned woman."

"That is just why I object to it. I'd rather see you happily married and settled down in what you call 'humdrum life' than living as you do here. Couldn't you paint as well, even if you were married?"

"Dear, no," said Mary, very positively, with a laugh at the absurdity of such a thought. "Marriage spoils art. But what of yourself, Robert? Why don't you take your own advice and settle down?"

"Because," said Robert gravely. "There is only one girl in the world to me, and she don't want me."

The smile died out of Mary's eyes momentarily.

"I'm so sorry, Robert," she said simply. Her eyes strayed inadvertently to the picture in his hand, and she wondered vaguely if she was the only woman in the world to Ted Hartley.

"If she should even change her mind she will find me unchanged. I think she knows that, although I have never told her so. I have loved her a good many years, and always with love her, but—well, it was not to be. That's all."

Then Mary understood in a flash of regretful comprehension.

That night Hartley called with the proofs of a story which he wanted

Mary to read. It was a brilliantly written sketch of the decadent type, in which a man of the world had wooed and won a less worldly woman.

"I don't like it," Mary told him, frankly; "It leaves a bitter taste in the mouth."

"Pays well," said Ted, complacently. "And by the way, the story is a true one."

"Are you the hero, Ted?"

"I am," he admitted, unblushingly. "And the girl—surely she is a myth."

"Your quondam model, Eleanor Frost?"

"Ted, you deliberately made her believe that you cared."

"I succeeded perfectly, as you will see in the story."

Mary's eyes hardened and a curious pallor supplanted the rose of her cheek.

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked in a low tone.

"This time—yes."

"Now I begin to understand the change in Eleanor. I used to love to have her here, her happy presence was so infectious, so delightfully genuine. Then suddenly she grew moody. Grace tells me she had lost favor with artists because she no longer takes an interest in her work. So that is you doing, Ted Hartley? To be able to write well—to analyze life's master emotion—you blighted an innocent life. Are you not proud of your achievement?"

"Oh, come now, Meg, you're not growing squeamish at this late day," Ted exclaimed, uneasily.

"Squeamish?" she repeated with measureless scorn. "No, I am not squeamish. I am ashamed to have touched hands with a man capable of such despicable treachery."

Ted threw down his story and rose, but she waved him back authoritatively and clasped her hands behind her.

"Don't try to explain your conduct. Nothing that you can say will lessen your guilt. Will you please go now before I despise you too much?"

When the door closed behind him Mary sank into his vacated place on the divan and abandoned herself to the luxury of tears.

It was close upon dusk the next day when the train arrived in Mapleton. She gave her orders to the driver and climbed wearily into the back, which set off at once towards her brother's place on the outskirts of the village.

Suddenly she called to the driver who slowed up cumbrously. She alighted and made her way over the long damp grass of the lawn to the great front door, turned the yielding knob of the partly open door of the living room and entered.

Robert sat before the glowing hearth, his dark head resting on the chair back, his hands clasped in an attitude of deep reflection, and he drew a sharp breath of startled amazement, but he said never a word.

"Robert," said Mary, in a clear, unshaken voice. "I have come back in my right mind—finished with Bohemia forever. Do you still want me?"

He rose and held out his arms, but she hesitated, her face blushing and paling by turns in wavelike succession.

"Mary, I never wanted anything or anyone so much in my life!" he cried.

Mary smiled radiantly.

"I'm so glad, Robert," she whispered.—New Haven Register.

Whalebone £3,000 a Ton.

Several of the Dundee whalers have reached Scotland, and report that the Davis Strait fishing is a complete failure. Most of the ships are clean, only two whales having been captured in the strait. Another vessel has arrived from Hudson Bay with one small whale, and the Scotia, which went to East Greenland, secured four, the produce of which has already been disposed of. The American fishings are also a failure, and as the Dundee stock only amounts to 39 hundredweight whale bone will probably reach the unprecedented figure of £3,000 per ton. The cause of the failure was southeasterly hurricanes, which packed the strait with ice and prevented the ships reaching the fishing-grounds.—Westminster Gazette.

Rules for Success.

"Start right."
 "Aim right."
 "Keep pegging away."

Any one who observes these three rules is assured of success, according to President Edward A. Poter, of Farman University, who addressed the men of the junior college at the University of Chicago today.

"If you start wrong you are sure to go wrong," he declared. "If you aim at nothing you will hit nothing. Do not aim at riches; aim at complete manhood."

"Above all, strive for patience. As between the patient man and the brilliant man, give me the patient man every time."—Chicago Special to the New York World.

Turkey Talk.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Grouch, "this turkey is unusually tough. May I ask where you got it?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Grouch sweetly. "I purchased it at a stationery store. Do you suppose I got it from a butcher shop?"

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Grouch, jabbing the carving-knife into the hard flesh of the bird, "I have been under the impression for the past ten minutes that you procured it from a hardware store."—Woman's Home Companion.

PURE WATER BY OZONE.

The Vosmaer System Tested in Philadelphia.

The Vosmaer method of purifying water by filtration and the ozone system has just undergone inspection by the city authorities, the United Water Improvement Company having submitted a proposal to construct a water ozonization plant at Queen Lane, agreed to install a plant costing \$1,000,000, at its own expense, to rent the same to the city for a royalty of \$35 per 1,000,000 gallons, the city to have the privilege of purchasing the plant at cost price at any time.

The plant converts 1,000,000 gallons of Schuylkill water into pure drinking fluid daily. The difference between the mud-colored river water that enters the filters and the clear liquid issuing from the "mixer" impressed the visitors. The water is first passed through a rapid filter of sand and coke. At the conclusion of this process it is clarified, but still contains many bacteria. The germs are destroyed by coming in contact with the ozone, which is extracted from the air by the aid of electricity. The air is dried in a cold storage apparatus and passed through long, narrow cylinders, known as ozonizers. Here it comes in contact with an electric current passing through a metal comb. The electricity flies from the tiny teeth of this comb in what is called a "brush discharge," and creates ozone by its contact with the dry air.

The ozonized air is next pumped into a mixer, where it acts upon the filtered water. An exhibition mixer, constructed of glass, thirty-five feet high and eighteen inches in diameter, has been erected at the plant. The water enters at the top and the ozone ascends from the bottom, converting the water into a swirling mass through the entire length of the tank. Dr. Leffmann said that practically every particle of water came in contact with ozonized air, destroying every germ in the liquid. A clear, sparkling fluid issued from the bottom of the mixer.

Director Coplin refused to give an opinion concerning the experiment. He admitted that ozone purified water of its bacteria but questioned whether the Vosmaer system could be operated on a large scale, as would be necessary at Queen Lane.

The ozonization of water is regarded by many bacteriologists as the most successful method of ridding water of germs. The high cost attending the production of ozone has prevented the adoption of the method except in a few cities in Europe. Mr. Gibbs says that the Vosmaer system produces ozone at a smaller cost than can be obtained by any other process.—Philadelphia correspondence of the Boston Transcript.

GERM DESTROYED BY TEA.

British Army Surgeon, Who Says It Will Prevent Typhoid.

Tea is a preventive of typhoid, it has just been announced in England. The discovery is made by Major J. G. McNaught, a surgeon in the British army, who acquires the medical profession in America with the particulars of his experiments.

He finds that the typhoid germ, in pure culture, becomes greatly diminished in numbers by an exposure of four hours to the beverage. After twenty hours it was impossible to recover it all from the cold tea. He recommends the use of cold tea as a substitute for water in soldiers' canteens during active service. Even when water is sufficiently sterilized it is likely to become infected after sterilization and bottles which have once been filled with contaminated water are capable of transmitting the infection for a long time.

Major McNaught suggests that everybody drink tea. If prepared in a proper manner tea according to physicians constitutes a refreshing and not harmful beverage for it is the tannin and other extractives, which are drawn out only after continued steeping, which are productive of harmful consequences. "Boiled" tea gives a coppery hue to the stomach and a saffron hue to the face.

If employed in the manner indicated, in localities where typhoid is known to be present, tea may thus serve as one of the essential precautionary measures to guard against infection by this dread disease.

Labor Men in American Public Life.

"A former union president once told me that he had examined the roll of a Congress several terms back, and had found that more than half of the members had worked at one time at some trade," writes M. G. Cunniff in the World's Work. "Mr. Littlefield, for example, worked for some years at the carpenter's bench. Majors, Governors, Congressmen, Senators and even Presidents have at times in their careers worked with their hands. There are three Congressmen in the present Congress who show with pride their union cards. Men of this stripe have had no difficulty in appealing to the 'labor vote.' Legislators without number stand on their labor record in the State legislatures."

The Strand Theatre, London, has been bought by the Great Northern, Piccadilly & Brompton Railroad Company, which intends to use the site as a "tube" station. In London the underground railroads have to buy their station and entrance and exit sites.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Commissioner Neil announced that the rate of wages paid to the miners for the month of January will be 6 per cent. above the basis. This is the same as the December rate.

Alvin G. Garber, son of Dr. M. B. Garber, of Ephrata, Lancaster County, died from convulsions, with which he had been afflicted for fourteen years. The boy, who was 16 years of age, suffered as many as a hundred convulsions daily, and his case was a puzzle to many specialists.

Directors of the Collegeville National Bank met and organized for the first year of business. A. D. Fetterolf was elected president; M. B. Linderman, vice president, and H. T. Hunsicker, secretary. W. D. Renninger is the cashier and A. T. Allebach, clerk. The other directors are B. F. Steiner, F. J. Clamer, W. P. Fenton, Dr. E. A. Krusen, E. S. Moser, Horace Place, A. C. Landes, John U. Francis, Jr., Charles Q. Hillegass, John D. Frantz, I. T. Halldeman, I. S. Bucher.

C. B. Rizott, an Italian silk worker, of Allentown, was arrested on a charge of using the United States mails to further a lottery scheme. He is now under \$5,000-bail.

G. H. B. English, supervisor of the division of the Pennsylvania Railroad between Sunbury and Mt. Carmel, was awarded a prize of \$5.00 for having the division roadbed in the best condition in that part of the State.

The last will and testament of George B. Wooster, lawyer, bank director and erstwhile politician, who died last week, was probated in the courthouse at Lebanon. The estate valued at many thousands of dollars, is bequeathed to the testator's wife and his mother. In case either or both fail to dispose of their share by will it shall at their death be divided between Harvard University and Zion Lutheran Church, that city.

Thomas U. Black, a wealthy farmer, of Hanover Township, died in terrible agony from hydrophobia. He was bitten by a small dog last October and took ill on last Sunday. He raved and barked like a dog and attendants were forced to tie him to his bed.

The Board of Prison Inspectors at its monthly meeting at Reading agreed to buy a wig for David Grim, a prisoner, whose term is expiring. He has a good record and has worked ever since his admission. Grim lost a fine head of hair during a term of over two years for burglary. In making the request for the wig, Grim told the inspectors that he would not like to return to his friends a bald man. He thought he would attract too much attention.

Rev. J. Van Horn, aged 54, Presbyterian minister at Sugar Hill, killed himself by shooting at the Evergreen Hotel, Falls Creek. Mr. Van Horn wandered away from home two days ago, apparently demented. At night went to the Evergreen Hotel. After he retired the proprietor, knowing his family was bending every effort to find him, telephoned to his wife. Next morning Van Horn was not called, and it was supposed he slept late. Mrs. Van Horn arrived on a train at 10 o'clock and then the room was entered and the suicide discovered. Van Horn was popular with his people. Some time ago he met with an accident in which his head was injured, and his mental trouble is attributed to that.

The honeymoon of Abraham Francis, 81 years of age, and Mrs. Anna Snowden, aged 87 years, who were married in York last Saturday, was somewhat disturbed and shaken by Constable George Ostendorf. He served a warrant issued by Alderman Eisesser, charging the octogenarian with being a bigamist. The prosecutrix in the case is—of was—Agnes Berry, who alleges that she married Francis twelve years ago at Columbia.

Just as the huge iron girder in falling crushed the life out of Anthony Barasch, an employee of the Phoenix Iron Company, Phoenixville, his wife and two children were sailing out of the harbor of Bremen, Germany, on their way to this country to join him, after five years' separation. The day before his death, Barasch received a letter from his wife telling of the joy experienced at the expected fulfillment of their long cherished hopes. News of her husband's death will be broken to her when she lands in New York.

The annual meeting of the Odd Fellows' Orphans' Home of Central Pennsylvania was held at the home at Arter's Station, when it was decided to commence work immediately on a new home to be erected near to the present structure. The new building, which will be a three-story brick, will cost \$17,000. When it is completed the present building will be turned into a home for old and disabled Odd Fellows.

The Schuylkill County Medical Society at a meeting held in Ashland started a boom for the establishment of a State institution for the treatment of inebriates. A resolution was adopted asking the Schuylkill Legislators to support a bill with this aim. Dr. G. H. Moore, of Schuylkill Haven, was elected president; Dr. G. O. Santee, secretary, and Dr. David Taggart treasurer of the society for one year.

At the annual meeting of the Retail Merchants' Protective Association of Monroe County, the following officers were elected: President, O. E. Phillips; secretary, John C. Benschinger; treasurer, T. D. Dreher; directors, E. W. Chamberlain and W. L. Boening, of Mount Pocono; J. H. Zacharias and T. B. Drake, of East Stroudsburg, and E. G. Dorschner, of Saylorsburg.

Albert Ulmer, a farmer, went to Easton, transacted some business and then disappeared. His family is much worried in consequence.

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SEA GULLS OF SHETLAND.

How People Look After the Big Birds—Only Tree on the Island.

Up a little lane of Lerwick's one street there is a garden. At least it is an enclosed space. In the middle of this space is a tree. It is not a very tall tree; you could, in fact, toss a biscuit over its branches, but still it is a tree—the only tree in Shetland. And Shetland is proud of it. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of one-streeted Lerwick are shown this tree. This is not fiction. It is the only tree in Shetland.

As there are no trees in Shetland, there are no birds, except, of course, the sea gulls, which you can number by the thousand. The sea gulls are the sparrows of Lerwick, and as such they have a greater share in the town's life than have the sparrows of London. In the morning time you will note that a sea gull sits on every chimney pot. Sea gulls hover over every roof in the town.

The air is full of their strange, high, plaintive, haunting cries. Their sad, shrill, long drawn cries are to Lerwick as the chattering of sparrows or the cawing of rooks are to us in England. Every house has its own familiar sea gulls, and every street its own band of sea gulls. They never mix. The children in each house have pet names for their own particular sea gulls, and, having called them by those names, they feed them every day. And each sea gull knows what is meant for him.

No sea gull attached to one house ever seeks to eat the food scattered from the house next door. He does not dare; the other sea gulls would kill him. So all day long the sea gulls hover and call over the roofs of Lerwick. The people of the town, if they come across a little pile of rice laid upon the roadway, step over it with care. They know that it is placed there for some sea gull. And at night the sea gulls leave their own appointed chimney pots and fly gracefully away to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Ness—London Express.

Making a Million Dots.

The English noblemen of a century ago used to spend a great part of their time in making wagers of the most centric character.

For instance, in 1770, before the days of rapid transit, an earl wagered that he could find a man to travel from London to Edinburgh and back in less time than it took another peer to make a million dots.

Sir George Liddell laid a wager, and won it, that he could make a journey to Lapland and return, bringing back with him two native women and two reindeer, within a specified time.—Sunday Magazine.

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