

**Never Give Up.**  
When weary one night from the toll of the day,  
My heart with its burden cast down:  
Alone and unaided on life's barren way,  
And all the world wearing a frown;  
I heard the quaint tones, beating measured and slow,  
Of the clock, from its shelf on the wall;  
And, as the staid pendulum swung to and fro,  
In rhythm these words seemed to fall:  
"Never give up. Never give up.  
Time will be given you.  
Never give up."

And then, through the deepening silence, it seemed  
A presence pervaded the gloom;  
Although far away she lay sleeping, I dreamed  
My mother stood there in the room.  
About her sweet face, as it turned to my own,  
Seemed resting a halo of light.  
Like far-away music, I fancied her tone  
Fell soft on the ear of the night:  
"Never give up. Never give up.  
Loved ones are waiting you.  
Never give up."

Out into the night, to the quiet and calm,  
I went to the starlight and dew;  
For night, to the heart that is sore,  
Has a balm,  
A beauty that always is new.  
I saw the great earth, as it swung to the dawn,  
Stretching out to the east, to the west;  
And out of the deep heart of nature  
Seemed drawn  
A voice with an accent of rest:  
"Never give up. Never give up.  
The world is wide for you.  
Never give up."

My eyes turned above, where the bright eyes of space,  
Through immensity's blue-curtained deeps,  
In clusters of glimmering groups, seem to gaze  
Far away, where the quiet earth sleeps,  
And down through the broad, jeweled fields of the sky,  
That radiant stretch over all,  
There dropped a still voice, as it were from on high,  
Which seemed to my spirit to call:  
"Never give up. Never give up.  
Heaven is over you.  
Never give up."

"The past is gone, with its sorrows and faults,  
Then leave it and build you anew.  
The past is dead, locked in memory's vaults;  
And living hopes beckon to you.  
For the brave is the pathway of life.  
Can you climb?  
Then turn from the years that are dead,  
With your eyes on the promise that's shining sublime  
In the years that are lying ahead.  
"Never give up. Never give up."  
The great misty future says,  
"Never give up."  
—Youth's Companion.

## The Awakening

When Charley sauntered into the yard and dropped down beside Jane on the old bench under the elm, he had in his mind just what he was going to say—he had been rehearsing it all day—but when he was beside the little girl he had loved since childhood, looking into her big, innocent blue eyes, he suddenly became speechless so far as proposing went.  
Jane was in her usual mood; quiet and confiding, telling him the happenings of the day. But Charley had something else on his mind, something that he wanted to say, and most of her news fell on deaf ears. Jane noticed his abstraction and, thinking that he was not interested, became silent.  
For a long time neither spoke, then:  
"Did you know that Ned Burley's cousin Violet, from Chicago, was coming to spend the summer with them?" she asked.  
"No."  
"Ned says she is a dream."  
"Stuck up, I'll bet."  
"He says that she will have all the fellows in town in love with her before she has been here two days."  
"I know one she'll not have," Charley declared.  
Somehow the words pleased Jane, and she smiled happily as she looked away to avoid his gaze, for it suddenly dawned upon her what was troubling him—and she knew what the answer would be when the time came.  
It did not come that night, however, nor the next, nor for many weeks.  
That night, after he had gone, she stood before her mirror, critically studying the reflection therein. Jane was not what one would term pretty. Her features were regular, but her face was covered with a mass of tiny freckles. There are some types of beauty to which a few of these little brown moons are an added charm, but Jane had an overwhelming number. Her hair, also, was a blaze of glory. But her eyes were the redeeming features. When looking into them, and it was impossible to talk to her without so doing, one forgot all else.  
But women's eyes make dreamers of all men.  
Violet Lang was well aware of the fact, too, using her own to advantage, for long practice had made her an

adept at the art. Violet was a born coquette, and the arts which nature had failed to bestow upon her two years in a seminary had furnished her. Ned's boast that all the boys would be at her heels had not been in vain, and much to Jane's discomfiture, Charley was one of the foremost. To her Violet was a revelation, her red lips, bewitching dimples and dancing eyes playing havoc with his heart. He wondered what on earth he could ever have seen in that freckle-faced, red-haired Jane.  
In some way Violet learned of the attachment that had previously existed between the two, and as her own heart was incapable of harboring tender sentiments it was also proof against the pangs of jealousy, so nothing delighted her more than to amuse herself at the cost of another's happiness. So it came about that she favored Charley; not because she cared at all for him, but for the fact that it caused another annoyance. The two were together a part of every day, driving into the country, rowing on the river or strolling along the country road in the moonlight.  
Charley continued to call on Jane as ever, but there was a difference in his attitude toward her. He looked upon her now as simply a friend of childhood and she accepted the changed condition of affairs with a fortitude that was pathetic had not Charley's eyes been blinded by the flashing charms of the frivolous Violet.

So passed the summer, and when fall came Violet began talking of returning to the city, and Charley awoke to the fact that for him life would become an empty void after she had gone. Then he asked her to marry him.  
She threw him a saucy look, lowered her eyes demurely and said she would consider it. Charley had never made a study of human nature, especially people of Violet's stamp, and so foolishly went about in a dream of ecstasy.  
When the day for her departure arrived he had not received her answer, and she promised to write to him as soon as she had spoken to her mother on the subject.  
During the following week Jane saw nothing of him, as his time was all taken up in dreaming of the future, and in going to and from his house to the post office.  
Finally he was remembered by receiving a dainty missive postmarked Chicago. He did not open it till he was safe from observation, then he tore it open with a wildly beating heart. A moment later he was staring at the sheet in amazement—it was not his letter at all, but was written to a girl in New York.

Violet had written two letters and had put them in the wrong envelopes. He glanced over the pages until he came to the last paragraph, then his face paled and an angry frown settled on his brow. He read it over twice:  
"And Minnie," it read, "you ought to have seen what I proposed to me. I used to amuse myself in picking hayseed out of his hair, and he had such lovely hair, too. And just think, it was the only 'pop' I got all summer; not much like the experience we had at the seashore a year ago. Well, I've written him a nice letter of regret in which I told him that 'my ma won't let me.' It may wake him up—"

It did wake him up. It showed him a type with which he was wholly unfamiliar, and taught him a lesson that he would remember the rest of his life. And while he was thinking of what he had just read there came intruding into his mind a pair of big, innocent blue eyes, and he imagined that he saw a look of sadness in their depths. Then he tore the letter into fragments and ground it into the earth with his heel.  
When he sauntered into the yard Jane was sitting on the old bench under the elm. When he dropped down beside her he had no idea what he was going to say, or how he was going to explain his conduct of the past few weeks; in fact, he half expected that she might ignore him, as he deserved.  
But she didn't.  
And just how it happened he hardly knew, but he suddenly realized that she was in his arms, and he was calling her his little wife and smothering her with kisses.—Boston Post.

**Book Store Shoplifters.**  
"Ours is one business in which there are no women shoplifters," said a bookseller yesterday. "We are troubled with shoplifters, but they are all men. Women don't seem to have any time for book-stealing. Its remarkable how many thefts we detect in the course of a week."  
"Visitors who look prosperous enough to buy whole libraries are often caught abstracting a 25-cent book. I figure that this is due to the great temptation. You see, in book stores callers are given the run of the place, and are at liberty to examine the stock at their leisure. A man picks up some little volume he may want, and seeing no one at hand the temptation to get something for nothing is too much for him. He slips the coveted article into his pocket, but we have wary salesmen, and most such offenders are tripped up. Then they have to pay for the pilfered volumes and are warned that more serious consequences will follow any repetition of the shoplifting."—Philadelphia Record.

Baltimore trade unionists are working with the local police department to get one day off in seven for patrolmen.

## FOLLY OF THE WILD GOOSE.

**BORN FOOLISH, IT GETS WORSE YEARLY, SAYS A HUNTER.**

**Old Jed Darling, of Maine, Has Experience to Back Up His Assertion—Wild Beasts Take Advantage of Its Ways and So Do the Boys of Coldstream Lake.**  
The New York Sun's correspondent writes as follows from Enfield, Me.: "Mebbe," said old Jed Darling, "mebbe, a wise Creator may have made some kind of bird or animal that is a bigger fool than a wild goose, but if so He never made enough to cause people to worry any."  
"Not only is a wild goose a blamed fool from birth, but it grows fooler and fooler as it gets older. It is the only critter that refuses to learn sense from age and experience."  
"It is scared half to death by a bleating calf tied out to a crowbar in an open field, but a whole flock of geese will sit out in the middle of Coldstream Lake and let an otter swim up under water and drag the members down one after another, and not a goose in the bunch will have sense enough to get scared and fly away."

"I have seen a flock of geese get scared and fly clear out of the State because a playful fox terrier ran along the edge of the lake, but when a flock of geese is feeding on the roots of new clover a fox or a raccoon can roll over and over and pitch somersaults right into the middle of the group and pick out the fattest one and not a goose will show signs of fright until the one which has been captured lets out of squawk when it is bitten to death."  
"The way the boys have been killing wild geese along the shores of Coldstream Lake this fall is something scandalous. The old hunters and fishermen hereabouts have a saying that when the bullfrogs go into the mud for the winter they never dig deeper than the length of a goose from the tip of its bill to its breast bone, which is just 21 1/2 inches of every goose that lives."

"No matter what kind of soil it is, and no matter how hard or how easy the digging is, every frog in New England makes it a rule to burrow 21 1/2 inches and then turn around head to the outside and settle down for its winter nap. No matter how hungry a goose may be or how soft the mud is, no goose was ever known to dig an inch with its shovel bill for the sake of getting a frog to eat, though all geese will peck their way into half frozen ground when they want a mess of raw turnips for breakfast."  
"Because they know to the fraction of an inch how deep the frogs burrow in winter, and because they know the length of a goose's neck, the boys have made a contrivance for catching wild geese that works every time."

"First of the boys spear a number of fat bullfrogs from their winter apartments, taking pains to drag the bodies of the frogs across the surface of the meadows where the geese feed. Later they make round holes in the mud that are about two feet in depth, after which they bait a strong hook with a live frog and attach it to a stake, the top of which must be driven until it is 21 1/2 inches below the surface of the ground."  
"The rest is easy. The geese smell the frog odor about the field and follow it up until they come to one of the holes, when they reach down the regulation distance, find the frog with a hook in it, swallow the whole outfit and are anchored until the boys come along and kill them and set the trap again."

"The strangest thing about it is that no goose will ever negotiate frog bait that is set less than the regulation depth under ground. If a baited hook were left on top of the ground, or ten inches below the surface or even 20 inches down, it might stay there all winter and not a goose would look at it."  
"In fact, the length of a goose's neck when stretched out straight has become a standard of measurement in several of the up river towns. When a fisherman goes to a blacksmith to order a new cel spear or frog spear he specifies that the total length of the iron from tip of spear to the beginning of the wooden handle shall be 21 1/2 inches, no more and no less. Again, when the length of a boy's leg reaches gooseneck altitude, measuring 21 1/2 inches from hip to heel, he has passed from the period of boyhood and puts on trousers."

**WHERE ENGLAND LOST.**  
British Review Summarizes List of American Diplomatic Triumphs.  
For, so far as anyone can see, the only danger to the political connection lies in British diplomacy. Long ago, it was predicted that England would pay more for Canada than she had spent in the Seven Years' War she "would have to shed rivers of blood," one distinguished Englishman said, over the disputes that would inevitably arise with the United States. Thus far, the prophecy has not come true, because England has chosen the wiser part of conciliating the United States, frequently, it must be allowed, at our expense. The danger is that this policy may be carried too far. It is the popular belief in Canada that in all the negotiations and adjustments with the United States since 1783 we have suffered from the incapacity of British diplomats, from their want of local knowledge, and from disposition to placate the Americans "in the interests of the empire." Nine Canadians out of ten

believe that, owing to these causes, we were deprived of vast areas now forming part of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Dakota, Washington, and Oregon; of a portion of the State of Maine containing an invaluable winter seaboard, of San Juan Island and of the Lynn Canal in Alaska, another seaboard; while our claims against the United States on account of the Fenian raids were abandoned by England in her haste to settle the Alabama case; in fact, the only international court which has not mulcted us was the Fishery Arbitration, at Halifax, in 1877, and for that we had to thank the Canadian member, Charles Sumner said of Mr. Seward's purchase of Alaska that it had "dismissed another monarch from this continent," and when British diplomats gather at Washington to debate Canadian questions, the Canadian Imperialist trembles for British connection.—Contemporary Review, London.

## AUTOMATIC FIRE DETECTOR.

**An English Invention Which Gives an Alarm.**  
Two general classes of apparatus designed to protect property from fire are coming into use. One is a perforated water pipe which will act as a sprinkler when the temperature of the surrounding air is raised to a given point. The other is a device which will give an alarm both on the premises and at a distant point, say the nearest fire engine house. An outfit of this latter variety was recently described in an English periodical, "Engineering," which says that it has been introduced into a number of buildings in England. The principle on which this invention acts is very simple. Mercury is arranged in a tube, somewhat like that of a thermometer. Ordinarily it does not reach far enough to exert any special influence. A slight expansion from heat, however, enables it to establish a connection between two electric wires, and thus to facilitate the flow of a current. Well, when you do that you can ring a bell and do a lot of other things.

In any building to be protected, detectors are fixed to the ceiling in each room or place to be protected, and wires connect each instrument with an indicator board, as well as to the necessary bells and batteries. In case of a fire breaking out, a sudden wave of heat rises to the ceiling. This affects the mercury in the tube of the detector and expands it rapidly.  
An editor of "Engineering" had the opportunity some little time ago of witnessing the effects of lighting a newspaper in one corner of a room where one of these detectors was installed, and he was struck by the rapid way in which the alarm was given, the time being only a few seconds. He also reports a demonstration given in a room about 45 feet square by 45 feet high. In this case the lighting of a newspaper in the room was signalled in fifteen seconds. In a hall 150 feet long and 70 feet wide by 80 feet high, at the Glasgow University, three detectors were installed, and a newspaper lighted at one end of the room. A call was in this case given in twenty seconds, all three detectors coming into action.

**Watches and Handkerchiefs.**  
A good many men in New York have entirely discarded that trinket of barbarism, the watch chain, and wear their timepieces in a side pocket of their trousers. A watch to be thus carried is stemless and as smooth as a well-worn coin. It is strong of case, and an excellent missile to throw at cats. I notice also a change in the handkerchief pocket. Since these faddists have placed vest-pockets and fob-pockets in a condition of innocuous destitution, so far as watch receptacles are concerned, our dandies who used to droop and festoon their pretty handkerchiefs from the gaping mouths of upper left-hand outside coat pockets have relegated the mouchoir to one of the forward trousers pockets.—New York Press.

**A Sultan's Hint.**  
The Sultan has a novel way of getting rid of unwelcome visitors to his capital. When he learns that there is someone in Constantinople who is actively opposed to his methods, yet cannot be put under lock and key without an outburst of indignation being raised, an official is directed to call upon the stranger and inform him that Abdul Hamid is so fearful concerning his safety that it will be best for him to leave Turkey on a certain date. The stranger may protest, but in vain. On the day appointed for his departure two members of the Sultan's suite appear at his hotel and, after having presented him with an immense bouquet, take him to the railway station and accompany him in a train to the frontier.—Tit-Bits.

**A Future Possibility.**  
"Excuse me, kind lady, but could you please give a poor tramp a bite to eat today?"  
"You poor man. Haven't you had a bite to eat today?"  
"No, mum. Not for three days."  
"And have you always been a tramp?"  
"Oh, no, mum. Jest recently, I used to be a stockholder in the Standard Oil Company."

Five hundred and seventy-five licenses were issued by the new Hampshire State Fish and Game Commission to sportsmen outside the State, in 1906, netting a revenue to the State of nearly \$6,000.

**Jno. F. Gray & Son**  
(Successors to GRANT HOOPER)  
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 will 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 Munz & 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.  
**MUNZ & Co., 313 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office 225 W. 14th St., N. Y. C.

**NEWSY CLEANINGS.**  
There is a big surplus over the public expenditure in Russia.  
Elections to the new Russian Duma show continued Socialist gains.  
Relentless war on gambling is being waged in France by the Premier, M. Clemenceau.  
Consul-General Foster gave a luncheon in honor of Secretary Root at Ottawa, Canada.  
Jamaica supports a population of 750,000 people, only two per cent. of whom are white.  
The one hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth was celebrated throughout the South.  
The St. Louis Electric Bridge Company has been licensed to span the Mississippi at Venice, Ill.  
Senator Bravo, Moderate leader, declared that the hope of Cuba lies in an American protectorate.  
Josiah Flynt Willard, widely known as the author tramp under the name of Josiah Flynt, died in Chicago.  
There were \$60,000,000 worth of motor cars manufactured and sold in the United States the past season.  
The Supreme Court ordered that the defendants in the Chattanooga lynching case appear and give bail.  
Grand Duke Vladimir returned to Tsarkoe-Selo, as the St. Petersburg police would not guarantee his safety.  
Premier Clemenceau effectively broke up what was meant to be a gigantic Socialist demonstration in Paris.  
Archibald R. Eldridge, assistant chief engineer of the Burlington Railroad, killed himself at Chicago while cleaning a revolver.  
The police authorities of Paris acknowledged that their force is not large enough to deal with the criminals that are just now infesting the poorer districts of the city.

**NOT THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.**  
The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.  
"Them chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."  
"An' be the smell av it," snuffed Pat. "It must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."  
Success Magazine.

**Decrease of Rainfall.**  
Since 1878 to the present time nearly every year has seen a continued and steady decline in the amount of rainfall in Ecuador. No exact statistics are observed, but there is said to be little reason to doubt that the decline within the period cited is upward of thirty per cent.  
An American Consul at Singapore vouches that the heat there is in no way more oppressive than it is in New York or Chicago in the early summer.

**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  
**B. D. GENTIG** Jno. J. BOWEN W. D. ZENNY  
**GENTIG, BOWEN & ZENNY** ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
EAGLE BLOCK  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
SUCCESSORS TO GENTIG, BOWEN & ZENNY  
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. HUNKLE** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly  
Special attention given to collections. Office, 26  
Soor Crider's Exchange. 1790  
**N. B. SPANGLER** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in  
English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange  
Building. 1790

**Old Fort Hotel**  
EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor.  
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.  
Accommodations First-class. Good bar. Parties  
wishing to enjoy an evening's amusement  
attention. Meals for such occasions prepared  
on short notice. Always prepared  
for the transient trade.  
RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.  
**The National Hotel**  
MILLHEIM, PA.  
I. A. SHAWVER, Prop.  
First class accommodations for the traveler  
Good table board and sleeping accommodations  
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. MINGLE, Cashier  
Receives Deposits . . .  
Discounts Notes . . .

**MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.**  
  
**H. G. STROHMEIER,**  
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 FRANGO'S COMPOUND**  
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator  
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices.  
Cures guaranteed. Successfully used by over  
200,000 Women. Price, 25 Cents, druggists  
or by mail. Testimonials & booklet free.  
Dr. La Frango, 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, on receipt of mail, if your dealer will not supply you. Address,  
John D. Langham, Holley, N. Y.