

The Canon Harp.  
God strung His harp of pines against  
the wind,  
And once He bent above the slope  
and spoke;  
That word which men have crossed  
the world to find,  
That answer deep with peace for  
hearts which ache  
Thrilled on the clouds that thrilled  
against the wind.  
They have had long to learn it, and  
they know,  
Through silent years unsoiled by  
grief of man,  
Through midnights sanctified by moon  
and snow,  
Through dawns hushed with  
rain when spring began,  
The changing chords have held it,  
and they know.  
And who hears their answer  
learned of God,  
The world shall be to him no more  
the same,  
Nor the old paths his toiling feet  
have trod,  
Nor the old speech of men in praise  
or blame,  
Once that his listening ears have  
learned of God.  
For on his eyes the old shall be as  
new,  
And on his heart the new shall be  
as old;  
Heaven's kingdom, shining in a hare-  
bell's blue;  
Heaven's comfort, hidden in a lily's  
fold;  
Heaven's wealth, in barren sands of  
earth made new.  
God strung His harp of pines against  
the wind,  
And through their centuries they  
sing His word:  
Hearts which have sorrowed, spirits  
which have sinned,  
These shall be glad with Him when  
they have heard  
The secret of the pines against the  
wind.  
Mable Earle in Youth's Companion.

### A FURLOUGH FROM HOME

By Perry Duncan.  
It was a farm. One need not  
search the court records to know that  
it was a mortgaged farm. The cattle  
knew, skipping in and out through  
the fences. The rain knew, leaking  
down and spoiling the soup on the  
kitchen stove. The rusty, loose-jointed  
plough whispered it to the old  
broken-toothed harrow, and smiled to  
think they had run their last furrow.  
The tale was told in the sagging  
gates, that no longer pretended to  
shut—in the barn, bulging with empti-  
ness—in the hungry eyes of the slas-  
sided stock, but most of all in the  
look of despair on Howard Cogburn's  
face—in the shabby attire of his  
young wife, and in the apathy of the  
old mother sitting idly locking and  
unlocking her knotted fingers.  
The only thing that did not have  
"mortgaged" written all over it was  
the baby, and that might have been  
better dressed. But this baby did not  
care! It was happy in its blue calico  
slip and red flannel petticoat hanging  
down below it as it was with its blue  
eyes and red lips parted beneath.  
But the sight of this laughing, por-  
erty-immune baby made all the rest  
harder to bear. It was so bitter not  
to have things all right for darling lit-  
tle Rosalie!  
"Hello!"  
The voice was that of a well known  
neighbor—urgent.  
Howard Cogburn limbered himself  
and hurried out.  
"Got a letter for you, Hod! Looks  
like biz!" said John Saler, crossing  
his leg on the saddle for a good rest  
and chat.  
Howard broke the seal and, at last,  
in deference to Saler's unspoken de-  
mand, said:  
"You know brother Jilson is  
dead?"  
"Yes, I heard it. Left you some kids  
to bring up?"  
"No kids in it! He never married.  
He has left a will. The farm must be  
cleared of all liens and kept as a  
home for mother. There will be five  
thousand for me besides."  
"Well, I swear! Hod! You're in it!  
This'll be news to spread!" and put-  
ting his horse to a gallop, he was  
gone.  
Howard, sensitive to the "rack and  
ruin" all around him, and knowing he  
held in his hand that which had the  
power to change it all, could not go  
in. He leaned on the porch railing  
and sobbed aloud.  
Tears for the brother gone! Tears for  
the old days when they had played  
and fought together; but above  
all for his own life, wrecked when  
he had crushed down ambition and  
decided to stay with the old folks on  
the farm.  
He ought never to have been a  
farmer, and now the old desire to  
see and know came strong upon him.  
The man was weeping for the man  
that might have been—the actual for  
the possible.  
His wife's watchful eye was upon  
him. Her heart, long grown callous,  
meted with mother-enclosing tenderness.  
She came out and put her head  
beside his.  
"What is the matter, Howard? Is  
it more bad news in the letter?"  
"Take it. For me it is too late!"  
She quickly grasped the contents  
and cried, "Why, Howard, it's good,  
good, good! Think of the mortgage  
gone! Think what we can do!—fix  
up the old place, the house and barn

and get stock and—Howard what is  
the matter? Too late for what?"  
"Oh, if it had come to me when I  
was a young man! I would have gone  
to college—had a profession! It is  
too late!"  
A chill struck her heart. It was the  
first time she had ever suspected  
that she did not fill all her husband's  
vision. She stood away from him as  
she said, "You have spoken words  
that part us Howard."  
"But, Lizzie—!"  
"It is not too late," urged his wife.  
"Go. Be! A man can do anything in  
five years. Take five years—ton!  
You are a young man yet. Consider  
you have no wife or baby! I will  
take care of your mother. Unless  
you are in distress, don't let me hear  
from you in five years."  
It was a struggle for Howard. It  
came so swiftly, this sundering of  
ties, this parting the yoke! To find  
himself pushed out of home by an  
imperious woman, whom he had  
known up to this time only as his  
second will! But when the step was  
taken, every emancipated nerve in  
his body was tingling with the joy  
of fulfillment.  
In a feverish rush, he traveled over  
the country, then with his main  
purpose ever in view, entered a technical  
school, where he studied with despera-  
tion. Step by step he was master of  
the knowledge he sought, and became  
in good time a successful inventor.  
This, then, was the meaning, the  
fruitful, of all those wheels and  
springs and joints and cogs on in the  
barn, where he had seemed to be  
wasting his time as he let the farm  
go to ruin. He had been trying to  
invent ways to make farm work easy.  
During this furlough, while he had  
been accomplishing great things, he  
had seen many a fair face and grown  
accustomed to the society of the cul-  
tured and refined. There were times  
when he thought with rebuked pang  
of his early marriage, that bound him  
to the crude country girl of his first  
choice.  
At last the furlough was over. He  
was speeding home.  
When he stepped off the car no one  
recognized him. He passed through  
the crowd without a nod. There  
stood Judge Wheeler's old rockaway.  
There was the old broken sugar ket-  
tle in the same old spot. Sameness  
was stamped all along the way. It  
did not look as if a boy had kicked  
a stone out of the road in five years.  
Mrs. Mullin's fence had three pickets  
of—the same three pickets!  
Dan Jones' gate stood half open. Had  
it ever been shut? The same green  
shutter was off at the Payne place,  
the farm next to his. But where was  
his old broken down-fence? Where  
the sagging gate? Where the weeds?  
What meant that house painted fresh-  
ly white with new green shutters all  
on?—that stone walk leading through  
the rows of pecan trees he had plant-  
ed and never tended?  
What had become of his family?  
What might not have happened in  
five years?  
Throbbing with fear, he hastened  
up the unfamiliar path.  
In a hammock on the side porch  
was a beautiful child in white. At  
her side, dressing a doll, was a fine  
old lady in grey with her hair ar-  
ranged loftily. They were strangers.  
There was a bell now. A tidy maid  
showed him into the parlor, where  
stood an open piano. Potted plants,  
books and etchings and well chosen  
engravings were to be seen—every-  
where signs of taste and refinement.  
He sat down sick at heart—over-  
whelmed with grief.  
At the sound of footsteps he raised  
his head. There stood in the door-  
way a woman almost too finely groomed  
in dress and manner for him in  
his wildest imagination to dare to  
claim.  
"Howard!" she said, holding her-  
self in restraint.  
"Elizabeth!—Elizabeth, what does  
this mean? Have you—married  
again?"  
"Why, Howard!" she cried, hurt to  
the quick. "Is marriage so sugary  
that it can't stand the rain and dews  
of five years?"  
"I did not know!—Everything is so  
changed—but you might have called  
in some one of more account than  
your trifling husband!"  
"I'm not the sort that count hus-  
bands on their fingers. Perhaps—you  
have!"  
"I've seen nobody half so charming  
as my own wife!—half so dearly be-  
loved! Lizzie, you are beautiful!  
You—are—are—"  
"So are you—everything! Did you  
think I was going to let you out-grow  
me and be ashamed of me? I am a  
born farmer! I have made a success  
of it. See the new tools, the improv-  
ed breed of cattle—poultry, garden  
fruit! But I have worked with books  
beside me. I have filled every min-  
ute with study."  
While she was speaking, Howard  
advanced holding out his arms for  
her.  
"Oh, Howard, it is good to have  
you at home again!—Mother! Rosa-  
lie! Come!"—The Bee Hive.

#### SPANKING MACHINES.

Their Effect on Criminals Discussed  
by Mrs. Babcock.

A discussion on the treatment of  
crime at the regular meeting of the  
Legislative League, held at the Wal-  
dorf-Astoria, brought out what seems  
to be an entirely novel idea in pen-  
ology. Mrs. Hannah Babcock is the  
opinion that physical pain is the  
only means in some cases of arous-  
ing the moral sense, and, as she does  
not consider that any innocent in-  
dividual ought to be subjected to the  
degradation of inflicting this pain, she  
suggested that it should be done by  
machinery.

"Some nice little electrical device  
for administering a spanking could  
easily be invented," she said, "and  
would be much more effective than  
some of our present methods of pun-  
ishment."  
A murmur of disapproval ran  
through the audience, and Mrs. R. C.  
Benedict sprang to her feet in great  
indignation.  
"We want noble men in charge of  
our prisons," she said, "and no de-  
cent man would want to have any-  
thing to do with them if such meth-  
ods were adopted. Why, just con-  
sider that your own child, in a fit  
of temper, might stab another in the  
back. Would you want him treated  
with such brutality?"  
Mrs. Benedict added that even as  
it is our prisoners are treated worse  
than those of heathen countries.  
"I'm not advocating the treatment  
for minors," returned Mrs. Babcock,  
serenely. "Let me tell you of two  
criminals with whom I had some per-  
sonal experience as they broke into  
my house. They were lively, lithe  
and active rascals, and I had no sym-  
pathy for them at all. That, I think,  
is maudlin. They had just spent  
three years in State prison at the ex-  
pense of the public, and were sent  
up for another three. Now, suppose,  
instead of supporting them in prison,  
the State had put them to work, com-  
pelling them to report to the court  
at regular intervals, and using the  
electrical device if they failed to re-  
port. I think they would not have  
been so ready to go into sneak thiev-  
ing again."  
The speaker of the day was Mrs.  
Frank Church, who maintained that  
the present criminal system afforded  
almost no protection to the public,  
except when the criminal is in actual  
detention. It inflicts cruel hardship  
on the families of prisoners and does  
little or nothing for the victims of  
crimes.  
"If a man is the victim of a rob-  
bery," she said, "the law makes no  
effort to restore his property to him  
unless it is taken with the thief, and  
then the police expect a reward. If  
he is needed as a witness, the law  
furnish security deprives him of his  
liberty. If his property is essential  
to the trial, he cannot get it till that  
is over, no matter how great the in-  
convenience he may suffer, and if he  
attempts to compromise with the thief  
it indicts him for compounding a  
felony and sends him to prison with  
the thief."  
In the discussion that followed the  
reading of the paper Mrs. Lillie Dev-  
ereux Blake referred to the condi-  
tion of Sing Sing, where "a man goes  
in well and comes out a consumptive,  
if he does not die first," as a dis-  
grace to the country.—New York Trib-  
une.

#### "CEREAL" RUBBER.

Alleged Discovery of Another Substi-  
tute for Para Gum.

A few years ago hopes were enter-  
tained that a certain jelly-like prod-  
uct of Indian corn could be success-  
fully utilized as a substitute for In-  
dia rubber. Well, the scheme did  
not turn out very successfully. Per-  
haps the same fate will attend a more  
modern discovery, which proposes to  
equal the gum of Para with a sub-  
stance derived from wheat. In "The  
Technical World Magazine" (a Chi-  
cago periodical) William Thomas  
Walsh says that no less than 315 in-  
ventors in England alone have sup-  
posed that they had found something  
as good as genuine rubber and far  
cheaper, but these products have all  
failed to serve the purpose.  
Then he goes on to tell  
about another man's work. Wil-  
liam T. Carr, another Englishman, he  
says, was impressed with the resem-  
blance to rubber of a handful of wheat  
after it had been chewed a while.  
Mr. Carr's investigation indicated  
that his product was a corn, and of  
certain parts of the grain with some-  
thing which is found in saliva and  
which the chemists call ptyalin. He  
went to work to find out in what pro-  
portions the ingredients should be  
combined, and the reader is led to  
suppose that that particular question  
has been settled. A more difficult  
problem was to find enough ptyalin,  
since no other substance would ap-  
parently take its place. Ptyalin is  
not as plentiful as could be wished,  
but according to the contributor to  
"The Technical World Magazine" Mr.  
Carr found that the much sought  
agent is secreted abundantly by the  
hog. Now it is asserted that half a  
dozen grades of "cereal" rubber are  
being made experimentally, ranging  
from a fluid thin enough for water-  
proofing to the tough material need-  
ed for a golf ball. The difference is  
said to depend on checking the action  
of the ptyalin (which behaves as a  
ferment) on the wheat at the proper  
stage.  
There have been so many disap-  
pointments over these discoveries for  
a dozen years past that this one must  
be regarded with the utmost caution.  
The chances are several thousand to  
one that Mr. Carr, though perfectly  
honest, has fooled himself and has  
fooled others. It will not do prema-  
turely to pronounce his work a suc-  
cess, but it is altogether too soon  
to pronounce it a success. Mr. Walsh  
declares that "cereal" rubber can be  
manufactured cheaply enough to com-  
pete with natural rubber. Well, per-  
haps, and perhaps not. It can do  
no harm to wait a while before be-  
lieving that the problem has been  
solved.  
The "Who's Who" for 1907 is such  
a bulky volume that the London  
World says the question now does not  
seem so much who's who as who isn't.

### LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

PARENTHEICAL REMARKS.

A well-known Indiana man  
One dark night last week,  
Went to the cellar with a match  
In search of a gas leak.  
(He found it.)  
John Welch by curiosity  
(Dispatches state) was goaded;  
He squinted in his old shotgun  
To see if it was loaded.  
(It was.)  
A man in Macon stopped to watch  
A patent cigar clipper;  
He wondered if his finger was  
Not quicker than the nipper.  
(It wasn't.)  
A Maine man read that human eyes  
Of hypnotism were full;  
He went to see if it would work  
Upon an angry bull.  
(It wouldn't.)  
—San Francisco Bulletin.

HIS WAY.

Reporter—He emphatically declined  
to—  
City Editor—Confound it! Never  
ask the Hon. Chester Chinaway a  
direct question. Just tap him and  
let him leak.—Puck.

TWICE TWO.

"Do you really believe two heads  
are better than one?"  
"Give it up; but I know we wouldn't  
amount to much without foreheads."  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

NO PLEASING HIM.

Mother—Tommy, what's your little  
brother crying about?  
Tommy—'Cause I'm eatin' my cake  
an' won't give him any.  
Mother—Is his own cake finished?  
Tommy—Yes'm an' he cried while  
I was eatin' that, too.—Catholic Stan-  
dard and Times.

HOPES DASHED.

First Bell Boy—Did you get rich  
off that lady that gave you fifty cents  
for taking up her grip when she  
landed?  
Second Bell Boy—Now! I had to  
work all the rest of the week for her  
for nuthin'.—Detroit Free Press.

LIGHT COMEDY.

Vaudeville Female—Hasn't that lit-  
erary duck got that sketch done for  
you yet?  
Vaudeville Male—Yep, but it won't  
do. He had the nerve to call it a  
refined comedy act, an' there was only  
three chances in the wholeplep for  
you t' knock me down. What d'yer  
think of that?—Puck.

THE KNOWING AND THE UN-  
KNOWING.

"When it was reported to the direc-  
tors that the cashier was looting the  
bank, they all resigned, in a body."  
"Why do you suppose they did  
that?"  
"I can't say, unless it was they had  
a curiosity to know something about  
the matter."—Puck.

CHARM OF UNCERTAINTY.

"There is a lot of excitement in  
running an automobile," said the  
cheerful citizen.  
"Yes," answered the man who  
smells of gasoline, "it gives life the  
charm of uncertainty. You never  
know whether you are going to be  
late for dinner or early at the em-  
ergency hospital."—Washington Star.

ANNOYING.

He—Do you believe in a uniform  
divorce law?  
She—Yes. I'm getting awfully tired  
of the way things are mixed up at  
present. Whenever I go from New  
York to Connecticut I have to get all  
my linen re-marked. It's awfully an-  
noying to be Mrs. Brown in one State  
and Mrs. Smith in another. Of course  
it wouldn't be so bad if men's names  
all began with the same letter.—Chi-  
cago Record-Herald.

POOR KITTY!

Mrs. Watkins—Why, Willie, what  
are you doing? Put that cat down im-  
mediately. What do you mean by  
torturing the poor creature?  
Willie—I ain't hurt your old cat  
That man that was here last night  
said there wasn't room anywhere if  
this flat to swing a cat, and there is  
in every room, for I've just done it.—  
Somerville Journal.

NOT MATURED.

"What are you looking so gloomy  
about?"  
"Oh, I'm just home from the race  
track."  
"Why, you told me before you went  
down there that you had picked a sure  
winner."  
"Yes; but I—er—guess I picked  
him before he was ripe."—Philadel-  
phia Ledger.

BAD BREAK.

She—What was father speaking to  
you about?  
He—Oh, he was asking me my in-  
tentions.  
"He was? Well, I declare I think  
father's rather previous!"  
"Oh, no! You see, I borrowed five  
dollars from him about six months  
ago and he wanted to know when he  
might expect it."—Yonkers Statesman.

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#### THE COUNTERSIGN OF PEACE.

Allied with its prototype, the  
British fighting army, a little con-  
tingent of twelve Salvation Army  
workers, under the guidance of Miss  
Mary Murray, who was the staff cap-  
tain and who is the daughter of Gen-  
eral Sir John Murray, K. C. B., land-  
ed at Cape Town harbor to work at  
the front in the late Boer War.  
No time of year could have been  
chosen which would have been more  
disagreeable for the workers. It was  
November. The rain and dew on the  
veldt are appalling at that season,  
and the conditions in which the  
twelve worked are disclosed in an  
incident, found in The Prophet of  
the Poor, which is best repeated in  
Miss Murray's own words.  
"It was raining in torrents that  
night and pitch-dark. The steady  
downpour increased the doubts in  
our minds as to whether we should  
take some food to the weary pickets  
or not. But having prepared some  
cocoa in a monster jug, Ensign Alice  
Hurley and I lighted our lantern and  
sallied forth for our walk across  
country.  
"We had splashed over the veldt,  
and were on the banks of a horrid  
swollen stream, when, with a sickly  
flutter, our lantern went out. Our  
situation then was anything but pleas-  
ant. It had been bad before, it was  
worse now. A picket somewhere in  
the dark before us with a loaded  
rifle, a swollen stream at our feet,  
and a huge jar of cocoa to guard—  
that was the situation. Forgetting  
all martial law, I shouted, 'Picket!  
Picket!'  
"Of course he won't answer,"  
shouted my practical companion,  
through the storm, and seizing the  
cocoa, she forced me through sheer  
shame to follow her noble example  
in crossing the stream. On the other  
side I nearly lost my footing, when  
there came a shout from the dark-  
ness:  
"Halt! Who goes there?"  
"It's all right," returned Ensign  
Hurley, gaily. "Hot cocoa!"  
"In a few minutes we were filling  
the canteens of the grateful soldiers  
as quickly as we could, an officer as-  
sisting us, and subsequently insist-  
ing on seeing us home."—Youth's  
Companion.

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