

The Lone Heart.
You are taking her down to the Orphans' Home,
This little bit girl, you say;
It is sweet she would look with her hair a-curly,
And a smile in those eyes of gray.
Mind the yard where the hearse drove out
With the box, and her one last friend;
So there's only the Orphans' Home for her?
I've a bit, maybe I might spend.
It is all alone in this house am I,
But you see the flowers on the lawn
And the tabby-cat on the porch, asleep,
And bluebirds that sing at dawn.
I would love to fashion a gown of red
For a little bit girl like this;
Would you put your arms round my neck, wee one,
And give to me, dear, a kiss?
Oh, it's warm in my heart is the feel I have!
You've a look like a child I knew,
To be sure her hair it was black, not light,
And her eyes of the violet's blue.
But there's something that stirs me a thought of her—
Blue violets cover her breast—
You shall hear the songs that I sang to her
When I cuddled her down to rest.
I will kiss a rose to your cheeks of white,
I will find the curl in your hair;
And you'll not go down to the Orphans' Home
While I have a bit to share.
—Youth's Companion.

A PREMATURE REFORMATION
"O—o—o!" cried Sally, shrinking. "Put the hateful thing down, Tom. You'll let it go off!"
But Tom magnanimously returned the old-fashioned pinfire revolver to his great coat pocket and resumed his discourse on his new-found friend, Wrightley, with all the enthusiastic hero-worship of eighteen years.
"And the things he's done—and seen," he said. "Why, that old pistol there has killed men, he thinks. He took it from a dead man after some revolution fight in Guatemala. He was there working on some railroad, and this chap tumbled into the little station with his shoulder all smashed and died on the platform, Wrightley says. He lent me the revolver to show Wylie—and he was in South Africa, too, in the war; and he's been in Florida an' California; almost everywhere. I'm glad he's come to live next door. But he's going back to Africa in the spring. He's only staying in England while some models for his inventions are being made, and he likes this street because it's near the foundry. I wish I was an engineer. See where Wrightley's been—an' he's only six-an'-twenty now."
Sally made a final attempt to regain the respect due to her two years' superiority.
"And what can boys do?" She demanded with fine scorn. "You're only a boy, Tom."
Tom leaned over and gently tapped her on the shoulder with a deriding forefinger.
"They can handle old firearms without screaming and stopping their ears," he said, and with a brief "Good-night" went to bed.
Something click-clicked loudly in the darkness; and Sally, wide awake, sat up in bed and listened, every nerve like a harpstring.
The window in the sitting room below slid up slowly, squeaking as it rose; and the sound of a heavy body climbing into the room was distinctly audible. She was out of bed and and at the window in a trice, her bare feet moving silently on the worn carpet. The roadway outside was empty and dim.
To scream to the vacant night was evidently unwise. The burglar would surely escape. She wrapped herself hastily in her dressing gown and stepped out on to the landing. In another moment she was descending the stairs, and from the pocket of Tom's overcoat, hanging in the hall, she took out the dreaded revolver and pushed open the sitting-room door.
Sure enough, there was a man there! And all the blood in her body seemed to rush back to Sally's little heart for shelter.
"I've got a revolver," she said huskily, "and if you don't do what I tell you, I'll shoot you. Hold up your hands!"
Up they went instantly; and the figure turned toward her, showing a momentary startled profile as it turned.
"W—why, w—what the dev—" it began, with a little stammer.
Sally's courage came back with a rush.
"Don't make matters worse by swearing," she said, reprovingly. "There's a box of matches in the drawer of the writing desk to your left. Take them out and light the gas, and then stand perfectly still, or I'll shoot you. Really I will!"
The shadowy figure turned and stooped; a match scratched and flickered, the gas lit, and the black shadow against the gray window instantly

became flesh and blood reality, unwashed, unshaven and ill-dressed, against a white background of spotless window curtains and clean blinds.
He stared at her, bewildered, and then his startled eyes made a tour of inspection of the little room. The supper things upon the table, the walls, the carpet, the mantelpiece, came in for a share of his attention; and then he turned his gaze to her and took off his cap, displaying a clean, brown forehead and fair, curly hair, so suddenly that Sally certainly would have fired—if she'd known how.
Her dark hair was loose, and lay in a tangled heap over her shoulders. A white frill at her neck overflowed the deep reds and yellows of the dressing gown. In her haste she had neglected to fasten the girdle, and her left hand bunched the folds shapelessly together at her waist, whilst from beneath the skirts one row of pink toes peeped at the intruder.
"I'm very sorry," the burglar said. "There's some mistake—"
"There is," she said. "Because you've managed to ascertain that father is away you imagined that we—Tom and I—were defenseless, and you thought you could rob us safely."
The hand that held the pistol shook and twitched with her vehemence, and the burglar looked anxiously at the moving weapon. Then he smiled again.
"Excuse me," he said. "I—I don't think you—you understand firearms very well, do you? You can't fire that one like that, you know."
So he had found her out! Oh, why hadn't she waked up Tom?
"I understand it quite well enough to shoot you with it," she answered. He put his own revolver noiselessly on the table among the supper things.
"Th—there you are," he said again. "N—now, if you point that at me and pull this trigger"—he indicated it with a dirty, shapely forefinger—"you will kill me d—dead. B—but I—I'd rather you d—didn't."
And he lightly swung a chair into the middle of the room and sat astride it.
"And—and now," he asked, "what do you propose to do with me?"
Sally gasped. "Well," she said at length. "I—I don't know. I suppose I ought to call a policeman. But that seems rather unkind after you've put yourself in my power—you're revolver, you know. You aren't—exactly—a real burglar, are you?"
"I—I wanted my—some supper, he said.
"Oh, how could you?" she cried, horrified. "Just that! Wouldn't you rather go hungry than steal?"
"No—no," he said, with emphasis, "I wouldn't."
And he smiled in her eyes, cheerful and shameless.
She got up, her knees still unreliable, cut a generous slice of bread and cheese and held it out to him.
"C—can't I have it at the t—table?" he asked. "M—my hands are filthy. L—look at them!"
He grinned amiably and commenced eating bread and cheese with a knife and fork, while Sally watched him. He ate very leisurely for a starving man, she thought. And his hair was nice, too—nice and short and curly. And he wasn't really ugly, if only he hadn't been so dirty. When he had done he drank some water and stood up.
"I—I'm very much obliged," he said. "Now shall I c—call a policeman for you?"
Sally, sitting on the sofa huddled in the dressing gown, deliberated at length. "I don't think I shall give you in charge," she decided aloud. "I'm going to give you another chance. If you promise me you'll reform. Will you?"
"I—I'll try," he promised gravely.
"I'm glad. Now take some more bread and cheese in your pocket, and I'll let you out of the front door." She cut some and handed it to him, and he solemnly pocketed it. "Here's your revolver." And she led the way to the hall.
On the step he turned.
"M—Miss Trehane," he said, in a hoarse whisper.
"Yes?" murmured Sally, from behind the half-closed door.
"I—I said I'd reform, didn't I?"
Her little white face nodded in the gloom.
"Then—then I think it's only fair to tell you I mean to steal one thing from—from your house yet, and I will, too, a—dashed if I don't!" And he fed silently.
"Oh, dear!" sighed Sally, as she shut the door and went upstairs. And not till she was in bed did she say, with a start: "Goodness! he knew my name!"
"Mr. Wrightley—my sister Sally," said Tom, and the introduction accomplished, dodged away between the waiting couples to find his own partner.
Sally looked up from her already half-filled programme into the eyes of her burglar.
"Y—you look warm," he said politely. "I've ventured to take this dance, a—among others. Would you c—care to go out into the cool?"
She took his proffered arm, and he found her a chair in the deserted hall, behind some palms.
"I shall be glad if you will kindly explain your extraordinary behavior of the night before last, Mr.—Mr. Wrightley."
"Th—that's all right," he said. "I'd been d—down to the works. The furnaces were g—going all night, and it never does to leave every—every thing to your men, y'know. And—and when I—I came back I found I'd forgotten

my latchkey, so—so I climbed in through the window. Only—only I made a mistake in the house. Those—those houses in our street are awfully alike, aren't they?"
He delicately accentuated the "our."
"Yes," she said, somewhat appeased. "But why didn't you explain?"
And another wave of shame at the thought of the old dressing-gown, loose hair, and bare feet reduced her to silence again.
"Y—you wouldn't let me. Y—you know you wouldn't," he said almost defiantly. "Y—you said you'd shoot me." And he laughed outright.
"Well," she said at last, "I sha'n't tell if you won't. But, one thing, what did you mean by saying you'd steal something from our house—when you went, you know? Was that just to carry out the burglar idea?"
"No," he replied slowly. "I meant it."
"What?" she asked.
"Can't you guess?" And all his stammer was gone.
"No," she said, wide-eyed.
"No?" he asked. "Then I must tell you. While in that room I made up my mind that there was one thing in your house that I must have, even though I had to steal it—you, yourself!"
"Oh!" gasped Sally. "How—how dare you?"
"I dare more than you think, perhaps," he said, his lips twitching at the corners. And Sally, watching the square set of the strong jaws, believed it. Her eyes fell and lifted again as native impudence came to her aid.
"But—but suppose it didn't amount to stealing exactly?" she inquired.
"Well," he said, "as I'm a burglar, I must play the part out, I suppose? and steal something else."
In default of mistletoe it could fairly be described as theft.—Maurice Drake in Answers.
King and Soldier.
Yesterday the King and Queen of Portugal went to meet the Queen's mother, the Comtesse de Paris at the station of Elvas, where their arrival in a motor car attracted little attention. A soldier, seeing King Carlos walking the platform alone approached and, saluting, asked him: "Are you the King, sir?"
"Yes, I am the King," said His Majesty, smiling. "What do you want?"
"Well, I am very anxious to go to my village," answered the soldier. "I want two months' leave. I wonder if you could manage to get it for me?"
"Perhaps," replied the King, and pulling out his notebook he asked the soldier his name and other details.
"Don't forget, will you?" asked the soldier earnestly, touching his cap.
"No; no," answered the King of Portugal, laughing, as he continued his walk.—London Daily Mail.
France's Money.
France assumes the role of banker. She lends to Russia, to Germany, to England. Pitiable merchants, mediocre manufacturers, we seem to be becoming incomparable bankers! Carthage and Venice have been transferred to the Rue Vivienne. It is by means of our money that the factories of Germany and of Russia are carried on. If English money-changers continue to open offices in every quarter of the globe, they owe their ability to do so to the credit with which we consent to favor their silent partners of the London Stock Exchange.—Le
Derelicts.
Even if our merchant marine is languishing, we still seem able to lead the world in derelicts. The great proportion of them are American vessels abandoned in American waters. Few are reported west of the sixtieth degree of longitude or south of the Bahamas, the Caribbean Sea being very free from them. The reports to the hydrographic office last month allowed no fewer than seven of these menaces afloat off the coast. There was one off the New England coast, two off the coast of the Carolinas, one each off the Virginia and Florida coasts, and one still further out at sea.
Lumber laden derelicts are the most troublesome. It takes them a long time to sink. One such reported in the early 80's drifted over seven thousand miles in 850 days. She was sighted thirty-eight times during that period, showing that she was frequently putting herself in the way of charted ocean travel.—Boston Transcript.
A Wing Shot.
There had been many speakers, the hour waxed late, people were tired, and the diners were one by one quietly pushing back their chairs and leaving the hall, when Mr. Elder was called upon to respond to a toast.
He rose, and looking around the large hall, remarked that the present circumstances reminded him of the story told of a Methodist minister. The reverend gentleman was officiating in a strange parish, and when he rose to deliver his sermon the congregation began stealing out one by one. Stopping in his delivery of his text, he remarked quietly:
"Well, I have all my life been a traveling clergyman, but never before have I preached to a traveling congregation!"
Mr. Elder's palpable "hit" brought down the house, and the migration ceased until the close of his brilliant remarks.—Boston Herald.
"In the future," says Mr. Carnegie, "brains will stand above dollars."

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

The recent thaw caused a slide of earth at the Cambridge slate quarry, Slatington, carrying four men to the bottom of the pit. Tobias Wagner, married, of Slatington, was instantly killed. James Daniels, Charles Greenwood and Charles Brobst were so badly crushed that they were sent to St. Luke's Hospital, South Bethlehem.
William F. Hennessey, a woodsman of Lock Haven, met a terrible death near Hyner. Shouldering his Winchester rifle, he informed the men at camp that he was going in search of foxes. When a short distance away he fell on the icy ground, the gun was discharged the contents entering the temple and shattering his skull. He was 44 years old and married.
Stooping to pick up a flag which had dropped from his arm as he climbed from his freight engine, standing on a siding near the main track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Pottsville, Fireman William G. Richards, aged 24 years, stepped right in the path of the "flyer" between Pottsville and Schuylkill Haven. The frantic whistling of the engineer of the fast train bewildered the unfortunate man, who stood powerless to move until he was struck. He was instantly killed.
While Michael Kahlor, a cigar-maker, was beating his way to Denver on the Reading and Columbia freight train he fell under the wheels near Ephrata and had an arm and leg cut off.
William Startzel, a Reading Railroad freight conductor, was killed in Shamokin while attempting to make a coupling. He slipped and fell on the track. The train passed over him.

PLENTY OF PETROLEUM.
English Expert Says Supply Has Increased Faster Than Demand.
The enormous increase in the use of gasoline since the advent of the automobile has led to some speculation as to whether the production of petroleum can keep pace with the additional demand thus created. Dr. P. Dvorkovitz, an English expert, recently appeared before the Fuels Committee there and stated it as his belief that it would.
He said that at the present time the supply of petroleum from Russia is much limited, and consequently the three principal sources of supply are America, Sumatra (including Java and parts of Borneo) and Rumania. The total production of crude oil available, which last year amounted to about 30,000,000 tons, has enormously increased, however. Dr. Dvorkovitz said that, far from any possibility of a falling off in the supply during the next generation or two, new fields, producing at least 10,000,000 tons annually — an increase in nine months of 33 1-3 per cent.—have lately been opened. This increase, he thought, is considerably greater than the increase in demand.
He pointed out that about forty per cent. of the world's supply of crude oil is obtained from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Rumania, North Caucasus and Dutch India, while sixty per cent. comes from Texas, Kansas, California, Indian Territory, Baku and Borneo. In the first mentioned group of fields the distillation of crude oil is simply regulated by the price of illuminating oil, and in the second by the price of coal.
At present the whole supply of petroleum comes from group I, only, the crude oil from those fields containing ten or twelve per cent. of petroleum. The other fields yield an oil with at least five per cent. petroleum, but, owing to the present "unscientific and erroneous" method of estimating the quality of petroleum by its specific gravity, these valuable fields are closed.
"Now," continued Dr. Dvorkovitz, "there is another point of importance, and that is that not only do what we call the 'closed fields' produce sixty per cent. of the world's supply of crude oil, but they are the very fields which are being more and more developed, whereas the other group is falling relatively behind, inasmuch as investors prefer to put their money into fields which supply fuel rather than into fields which chiefly supply illuminating oil, as in group I."
In reply to a question as to whether he considered that the petroleum excluded by the specific-gravity standard which he deplored would be equally good and satisfactory for use with the motor cars now in vogue, the witness replied: "Yes; both from a theoretical point of view and from long and careful tests of a practical nature, I am in a position to state that drivers of motor cars are unable to tell the difference." The idea that the lightest oil must necessarily give the best results dated, he thought, from the days of the early surface carburetor, when there was some ground for the opinion being held.—New York Post.

TRYPsin. The remedy now on trial for the cure of cancer, is one of the secretions of the pancreas, says the London Globe. It is a powerful ferment. If the whole amount secreted for digestion were absorbed into the circulation unchanged, it would digest the body itself and so cause death. Trypsin dissolves otherwise insoluble proteins, converting them into peptones. It is also able to split up these latter bodies. The use of trypsin in cancer was first suggested by Dr. Beard, of Edinburgh. It is stated that several cases of cancer have been cured, or much improved, by injections of trypsin.

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PEOPLE AT THE GAME.
Men Who Cringe or Yell or Swear, as the Case May Be.
"Some people suffer horribly at football games, yet you cannot get them away. One of my classmates," writes Jesse Lynch Williams, in Outlook, "could never endure the dreadfully glorious opening moment. He always turned his face away, and then kept beseeching the rest of us in a low moan to tell him what was going on, which we never did."
"I know another man who always goes alone and will not allow anyone he knows to sit near him if he can help it. He wears a cap and sweater and pays no attention to anything but football, yelling with delight when a thing pleases him and swearing quietly to himself when there seems need of it."
"Once upon a time he was the best football player of his department in the whole country, but that was so many years ago that they no longer call upon his services as a coach, so he sits in the grand stand and has a lonely debauch of football emotion."
"Most of us, however, need some one to talk to, some one to say the inane, obvious things to, such as 'Ha! Third down!' when every one knows it, and 'Going to kick!' when fifty or sixty thousand other eyes can see the punter drop back for that purpose."
"Most especially do we need some one to pound on the back when things go our way, some one to exchange looks with when they go the other way. There is one man in our class, supposed by some to be without emotion, who is really dangerous at football games, he strikes out so hard and wildly."
"There is another man not in our class, who goes to every game, and though we always hope to avoid him, he turns up in our proximity with a regularity which makes us nudge each other and say, 'Of course.'"
"He is of the noisy breed, stirs up dissensions, gives the umpire advice before it is requested and lets it be known to every one within four rows just how much he bet on the game and with whom, while we look the other way and pretend that he has merely assumed our college colors for the occasion. There is one advantage of being near him, however; he never hesitates to bellow 'Down in front!' to men, women or children."
Snowy at St. Petersburg.
If you are not a lover of snow go to Malta, which is the nearest spot where you are certain of complete immunity. If you are fond of it the suburbs of St. Petersburg will furnish all you need to ask, for there you may be sure of it for 170 days in the year.—London Chronicle.

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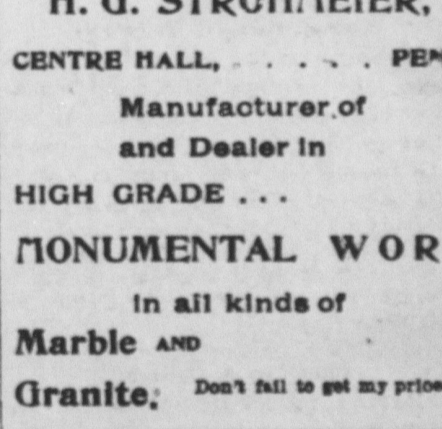
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