

The Night Watch.

O Watcher of the gates of Sleep, Let not a word, a sigh, breathe through, A sigh—a sound remotely blown, Lest all my walls of Life fall down

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THE DECEIT OF DAVID SORWOOD

Laurestina Villas represented the last word of the building syndicate which had of late devoted so much of its attention to the development of that thriving suburb, Clayden.

The row stood in the midst of a flat expanse of doomed field land. It was for this reason, perhaps, that the garden back and front exceeded in length those of similar villas in Clayden itself.

Seeing that those of the latter in which the sap still struggled to linger had not succeeded in overtopping the loftier among the thistles, one of the more recently arrived families, possessed of a discontented spirit, had with the utmost hardihood applied to the syndicate for the protection of a fence.

The arrival of the secretary of the syndicate himself formed the sequel to the petition. When he had dilated upon the abnormal length of the strip and had gazed reproachfully from the dying twigs of privet to the countenances of the newcomers it was generally conceded by the remaining inhabitants of Laurestina Villas that an uncalculated attempt at "bluff" on the part of the Pagleys had met with well-deserved failure.

Besides, the secretary enjoyed the unstinted support of Mrs. Hodden. "Fences and walls may suit folks that have things to hide and such as are ashamed of themselves and their consciences," she had pronounced.

The question—oft repeated, never answered—became the acknowledged elegy of the Pagley's reputation.

It was shortly after the committal of this dubious act of theirs that the last board in the terrace fell. The sole remaining unlet villa became tenanted by a bachelor of middle age.

As David Sorwood remained at home when others hurried stationwards, and his rare saunterings to the place occurred at an hour at which no other male of the vicinity had ever set eyes upon the building, except perhaps on a Sabbath it was evident that he came under the category of "retired." But from what had he retired?

The lady's disposition did not long permit her to postpone an attempt at discovery. She was hanging some linen upon a line stretched between two posts when she caught sight of the doubtful personality of her neighbor. He was smoking a pipe hard by his back door.

"You must find this life a bit different from what you've been accustomed to?" suggested Mrs. Hodden as she attached a garment by means of a peg to the line.

"That is so," admitted David Sorwood. Mrs. Hodden, in the act of sorting the bundle she held, drew a little nearer.

"man," Mrs. Hodden paused. "He died first," she continued impressively; "you was more lucky!"

David Sorwood was gazing at the clothes prop nearest him. "He passed away, too," said the other, "just as he was rising from a greengrocer's to a fruiterer's. There's trades and trades, of course, but a fruiterer's comes about as near the top as any I know. You never had any dealings in fruit, I suppose?"

Her neighbor shook his head. After a moment's pause he pointed to the pole on which his eye had rested. "Perhaps you haven't noticed as that prop's on my side of the ground," he remarked.

Mrs. Hodden gazed in evident annoyance from the speaker to the pole. "Bless the man," she exclaimed, "well—so it is."

"Will you have it moved now or later?" asked David Sorwood. "I'll let you know in good time," said Mrs. Hodden as she retreated in a huff.

Her feelings were not the less ruffled by an unpleasant discovery. Her neighbor was becoming on friendly terms with the Pagleys. To crown all, as she sat by her window on the following Sunday afternoon she saw Mr. and Mrs. Pagley enter David Sorwood's back door. Then came the rattle of teacups. It became evident there had been an invitation. Mrs. Hodden pondered.

Presently she rose. Moving to the dresser she sliced a small portion from a pat of butter and set it upon a plate. Then having passed the symbolical privet twigs she rapped upon her neighbor's door. It was with a little cry of amazement that she entered.

"To think of my finding a party here!" she exclaimed as her eyes lit upon the trio. "And what a nice tea—with blotters and radishes and all! I don't know as this little present of butter that I brought along with me will be any use now."

David Sorwood eyed her speculatively for a while as he wrestled with some blotter bones that obstinately resisted ejection from his mouth. "Take a chair," he said at length.

"Them Pagleys isn't thought a remarkable deal of," the widow confided to him as, having outstayed the others, she was taking her own leave. "I thought, being a neighbor, I'd better tell you in case they took upon themselves to be too familiar and pushing. Some folk know their place—others don't. You catch my meaning?"

David Sorwood gazed thoughtfully upon the strips of garden. Mrs. Hodden, following his eye, divined the meaning of his glance.

"I don't hold with fences in the ordinary sense," she said confidentially, "but there's nothing for a powerful stomachache but a strong cure."

"I'll think about it," said Sorwood. It was after this that the widow kept an eagle eye upon the doings of the Pagleys.

"I saw that Mrs. Pagley looking in at your window this morning," she told her neighbor a week later. "Of course, she might just have been keeping a look-out to see what was going on, same as I might. I'd look up that drawer where them two cruet's is if I were you though," she advised darkly.

"Ah," said David Sorwood, "I'm looking into the matter of the fence. It's going to be a high one," he added after a pause.

Then she rose. She took some wax flowers from a vase, and, entering the kitchen, arranged them within the whitest-hued cabbage leaf she could find.

"I'll make the day seem sacred like to him," she murmured, as she stepped from the back door into the darkness of the night.

As she came to the spot where she knew the privet twigs to be she raised her skirts. It was at that very moment she collided severely with an unseen barrier. As her eyes grew more accustomed to the light she could see that it was a lofty fence that rose before her. In amazement she placed her hand upon its top, then withdrew it with a cry of pain. She had pricked her hand upon a nail.

"Mr. Sorwood," she called. "Mr. Sorwood." From the other side came no response. "Mr. Sorwood!" She screamed this time.

She heard first the opening of a door, then foot steps that approached. "Mr. Sorwood!" she cried in despair. "Do you see what they have done? They've put it in the wrong place."

"Ah," came David Sorwood's voice, "the carelessness of some of these work-people is downright funny."

As she heard the equable tones she wondered if Dellah had in truth been a woman.—London Tatler.

PRESIDENTS' SONS.

Good Records of the Twenty-one Who Have Grown to Manhood.

Strictly speaking, only twenty-one Presidents' sons, concerning whom there are available records, have grown to manhood, says the Ohio Magazine.

Six Presidents—Washington, Madison, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan (a bachelor) and McKinley—left no children. Two—Jefferson and Monroe—left daughters only. President Johnson had two sons, but both died before he was President, and so do not count.

The sons of thirteen Presidents—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Fillmore, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Benjamin Harris—have lived to man's estate. The sons of Cleveland and Roosevelt are still boys.

Of the twenty-one Presidents' sons who have reached manhood nine have bulked large in the public eye on their own account, and all but one or two have been solid, substantial citizens.

The prominent nine are: John Quincy Adams, President, diplomat and representative; Charles Francis Adams, publicist and statesman; Robert Tyler, register of the Confederate Treasury; Richard Taylor, who served with distinguished gallantry on the Confederate side of the civil war; John Van Buren, prominent in State politics and just entering national politics when he died; Robert Todd Lincoln, Cabinet Minister, diplomatist and president of a world famous corporation; Frederick Dent Grant, diplomatist and General in the army; Henry A. Garfield, lawyer, banker and professor of politics in a great university, and James R. Garfield, State Senator and United States Civil Service Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, now in the Cabinet.

Besides the nine who have climbed so high, there is John Scott Harrison, who had the unique distinction of being the son of one President and the father of another. He was a man of force and of great influence in his own State, though he was not a prominent figure in a national sense. Counting him in, and he surely "made good," as the saying is, ten or only one less than half the Presidents' sons who have reached manhood are entitled to be named on the roll of honor.

Practically all of the Presidents' sons who have grown to man's estate have been good citizens; their lives have been clean, wholesome and a credit alike to their parentage and their country, while ten of the twenty have won unusual distinction. It would be hard to find any other class of prominent Americans whose sons have done as well as those of the Presidents.

Western Pufferers. A hotel man, now dead, once said to a party of friends: "We have two banquets a week, and never charge less than \$5 a plate. There would be a neat profit if we could keep track of the silverware and napery. I really do not know what to do. I have seen well-to-do gentlemen put napkins in their pockets and go off with them. It is charitable to say they were absent-minded. Sometimes I think it might be wise to keep the name of the hotel off everything about the house except the sign at the door. No one is likely to steal that. I traveled through the West not long ago, and in many houses, private as well as public, found specimens of all sorts of junk that had been stolen from our big hotels. The transients are the ones who do most of the stealing." New York Press.

Tunnel and Trade. Directly the supporters of the Chan- nel Tunnel scheme begin to persuade the public that great commercial benefit will arise from the construction, it is time to suggest the reasonable people that they should ask themselves whether it is likely that rates could possibly be made cheap enough to compete with sea carriage.—Commercial Intelligence.

The lower peninsula of Michigan is said to be entirely underlaid with rock salt.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Awakening out of a sound sleep, Cuffea Dornenico, an Italian, en route to Williamsport, walked off an express train at Coatesville and was ground to pieces.

John L. Evans was appointed assistant postmaster at Slatington. The Merchants' Association of Lewistown, has decided to close all stores at 6 P. M. during all months in the year except November and December. They will open on Saturday nights and pay nights, also the evening preceding all legal holidays.

Fire of incendiary origin destroyed the dwellings of Frank Gasner and O. R. Moist, at Ryde Station, Mifflin County. Loss \$3,000, partly covered by insurance.

Rev. H. E. Barton, pastor of the Baptist Church at Girardville, who recently tendered his resignation, to take effect the second Sunday in March, has been asked by the church to withdraw his resignation. On condition that his salary be reduced, he has consented to postpone the time when his resignation will take effect.

Mrs. E. P. Booth frustrated an attempt to rob the dental offices of Dr. J. H. Crist, in the Dunlap Building, Chester. The burglar entered the building and tried to force an entrance by smashing a large plate glass in the door. The woman, hearing the noise secured a revolver and started to make an investigation.

Whirled around the shaft at the Erie shops in Dunmore, William Chambers, of Dunmore, was saved from death by the promptness of a fellow-employee. Chambers was passing a big wheel when his coat caught in the belt. He was dragged by the belt around the shafting twice. An employee who saw him shut off the power and saved him from being beaten to death. Chambers' neck was wrenched seriously, and he suffered severe bruises about the head and body.

Upon hearing that a suit had been instituted against him for \$10,000, Allen W. Knecht, of Nazareth, died suddenly. Knecht was 36 years old. He and his brother owned a mill-pond in which boys were allowed to swim upon paying a fee, and one day while bathing in it Floyd Diechman, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Diechman, was drowned. This week suit for damages was brought by the parents.

Two fatalities occurred at Hick's Run, the lumber operation of John E. Dubois, within twenty-four hours of each other. Moses Hayes, 13 years old, was the first victim, being instantly killed when a log jumped the skidway and crushed him. Warren Dixon, a young man, received injuries that resulted in his death two hours afterwards. Dixon was standing on a trestle in the yards when some lumber dropped off a passing truck and knocked him to the ground. His head struck on a steel rail and his skull was crushed.

Miss Lillie Fehr, aged 22 years, Emaus, sustained frightful and probably fatal burns while boiling soap. A waft of wind blew the flames and ignited her dress. Frightened, she ran to the house, fanning the flames, and before assistance came to her the clothing was all burned from her body. She is in a critical condition.

The mystery concerning the disappearance about Christmas time of James McCauley was cleared up by the finding of his dead body floating in Red Clay Creek, a few miles below Kennett Square. He had been working in the snuff mills below there for the past year or so, and when he disappeared he had been on a trip to Wilmington. It is generally believed that he fell in the creek accidentally while coming home at night and was drowned.

Two men held up Mrs. Michael Valsin in a lonely part of Springfield as she was returning home from Shamokin. They knocked her down and kicked her until she was almost senseless after which they stole a few dollars she had in a purse and fled. Mrs. Valsin is in a serious condition.

A desk and a few chairs were burned and the walls slightly damaged from smoke by a fire which occurred in the Department of Health in the new Capitol early the other morning. The fire was caused by mice gnawing matches in a desk and was quickly extinguished.

An express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad struck and almost instantly killed Harry J. Hammond, 21 years old, of Longfellow. He was employed by the Vincent Lumber Company, at Denholm.

The ticket agents, baggage masters and the freight and yard office clerks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad have been notified of a substantial increase in their wages.

Mrs. Sarah E. Hamilton, for 45 years a scrub woman employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Altoona, has been placed on the retired list, she having reached the age of 70. Mrs. Hamilton is one of the first women to be retired.

At the Chester Hospital Drs. J. L. Forwood and George C. Thomas extracted a darned needle from the abdomen of Louis Steinberg, aged two years. The needle was run into the child's body unknown to the mother while she was nursing him a year ago.

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CHINESE CRUSOES. The Nam Sang, arrived here from Hongkong, picked up three emaciated Chinese coolies on a bamboo raft. The men, who are very thin, state that about a month ago they sailed from Singapore in a junk, the persons on the craft numbering eight all told.

Everything went well till their voyage had been a week in progress and then one morning a terrible storm arose and their vessel was whirled before it like a cork. After driving before the gale for some hours the junk suddenly went to pieces on a small island, and with good luck they all managed to get ashore, though they were severely bruised and battered in the surf.

For six days the buoyant bamboo raft drifted steadily away from the island without a single sail appearing on the horizon, and as their stock of food and water was gone the men prepared to die. On the evening of the sixth day, however, smoke was seen on the horizon and then the hull of a large steamer rapidly came into view, making right for the castaways. This vessel, as already said, proved to be the Nam Sang, and the castaways were picked up and very kindly treated by their rescuers.

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