There is no sentiment about a dollar. It rests as peacefully in the filthy pockets of a beggar

As it does in the silken purse of the millionaire. It's a blanket that covers a multitude

of sins It brings joy today-It's the cause of

sorrow tomorrow. It never speaks-yet it talks. It circulates freely-yet it keeps in hiding.

It's the ruination of millions; It lifts millions out of the depths of despair.

It comes with promise of gladness. It leaves many disappointments. We tremble at its strength Yet we can crush it with one hand. It's always the same—yet it's ever

changing. The lack of it promotes industry. The excess of it causes idleness. It creates trouble-it brings peace.

restless It lubricates the axle the world re volves upon.

Withal it's a silent friend. Without it we perish, For the world lets him Severely alone Who has not a dollar He can call his own.

A PEDESTRIAN'S PREDICAMENT.

-Business Man's Magazine.

Told by William Charles Beil and set down by Charles Lavell.

from Cape Town on the 4th of July, from an ostrich's foot, 1905, and he must neither beg, borrow near Lourenco Marques, and he had me with his beak, therefore to retrace his steps to the here set forth in his own words.

I was a trespasser. I did not know it at the time, for one easily oversteps the invisible border-line between public and private property on the Karoo sank deep into the short feathers cov--a broad, undulating stretch of scorched, brick-tinted soil, dotted with grip, as if made of india rubber rings. innumerable kopjes and scrub as far as the eye can see. I had been on almost cost me my senses, but I hung my long tramp nearly three weeks, on with a rage almost as furious as and was, as near as I dare confess, some two hundred miles north of De

Ever since the morning I had been walking steadily through the broiling sunshine, and, anxious to avoid another night like the last, which I had spent in the open, I determined to from its formidable wing brought make the nearest town before even- tears to my eyes, but still I hung on, ing, still some hours distant. Presently the track-which I could see far | Then, seeing an opportunity, I brought ahead, shimmering in the bright sunlight-made a wide detour, and, with the idea of saving my blistered heels at least a little anguish, I struck off at an acute angle into the scrub, intending to rejoin the road where it yielding flesh, and simultaneously the disappeared over the horizon.

Far away on the left I caught sight of some large birds feeding, and, in a hazy manner, I discerned that I was on an ostrich farm. But thirst, extreme fatigue, and lameness do not tend to sharpen one's powers of observation, and I ploughed as steadily as might be over the burnt grass in failed. The broad breast was dyed the direction where my track dived

away into the veldt again. The great heat seemed to render my senses torpid. How long I had been walking I do not know, but I suddenly became aware that something or somebody was running swiftly towards me. I paused and gazed under my hand in the direction of the sound. With bounding, erratic strides a huge bird was coming for me at racing pace, and in the same glance I saw that the feeding ostriches had raised their heads inquiringly, apparently wondering what was the matter. While I watched, the ostrich which had first arrested my attention *came nearer and nearer, heading straight for me, and with no apparent diminution of speed. He apparently meant mischief, and as I realized this a sudden panic overtook me, and, forgetting utterly the blistered heels I had been deploring, I turned and ran.

As I leaped into my stride I recollected that ostriches in the breeding season are invariably dangerous to meddle with, and a chance remark to that effect, heard at a roadside shanty some hundred miles back, recurred to me with maddening iteration.

Anyhow, I ran, and at a tangent, hoping against hope that the bird had World Magazine.

for its objective something that lay in my original path. Never have I heard such a noise, either before or since, as that cock ostrich made as he sped over the ground, each flying footstep marked by a far-flung scatter of dust. I can only describe it as a sort of crooning, blended with a peculiarly malignant note-a cry which lent terror to my emotions and additional

speed to my feet. Presently, as I peeped over my shoulder, I saw that the bird had altered its line of flight-it was after me, and nobody else! The monstrous bird came onwards like a feathered rocket, with neck outstretched and wings braced tightly back against its plumed sides, and my knees trembled at the sight.

The next instant, as I turned my head fearfully, I saw a great purpletinted leg and foot flash through the air. I ducked, more by instinct than design, and received a buffet on the hip which sent me rolling over and It makes one restful-it makes one over on the ground dazed and sick.

What prompted me to lie prostrate I don't know. Still uttering its queer crooning the huge bird darted at me again. Had I attempted to rise at that moment my brains would probably have been dashed out by the powerful legs which fell like hammerstrokes upon my defenceless carcass. Crouching upon the scrub I lay halfstunned, while the brute deliberately proceeded to trample the life out of me, fluttering its wings in a frenzy of rage, covering me with dust, and all the while uttering its horrible whinny.

I gave myself up for lost. I knew there was no possibility of help from human agency, and unconsciously tried to postpone the end by squeezing my body as far as possible into the sun-baked soil. As in a dream, almost as if I were a spectator in William Charles Beil is a youthful some uninteresting street quarrel, I American, twenty-two years of age, saw the terrible legs striking vainly who is walking round the globe on above me in an attempt to rip me foot for a twenty-five thousand dol- open. For this, as I subsequently lars wager. He started penniless learned, is the effect of a fair blow

The end was not far off, but fate nor steal during his pilgrimage. At had ordained that it was not to be the time the following exciting ad- my end. Into my brain leaped a deventure took place he had been en- sire for life and action. I rolled over gaged on his monotonous task exact- on my face, getting as-I did to a ly nineteen days, and was within severe glancing blow on the ribs about two hundred miles of De Aar, which tore clothing to the bare flesh, with the intention of walking straight and sent buttons flying in every directhrough Africa from Cape Town to tion. Crash! came the bird's terrible Port Said. This plan, however, was feet on my thighs as I did so, and my frustrated by the impassable nature movement seemed to still further enof the swollen rivers and bad roads rage him, for he pecked savagely at

Then rage such as I have never bestarting point. Reaching England on fore experienced-and, I trust, shall October 15th he entered a week later | never know again-thrilled every fibre unon the British section of his tour, in me. My trembling fingers closed which embraced the United Kingdom, on the little leather sheath in which His route next lay through Europe, lay the patent knife I wear on my hip. Asia Minor, the Soudan, and across With a wrench I drew it forth and Asia to Shanghai. Before he reaches | touched the spring. Click! The blade New York, where his journey ends, shot out. Protecting my face as well he will have travelled about twenty- as possible against the blows from seven thousand miles. He has six above, I watched an opportunity. Presyears in which to complete his colos- ently the ostrich attacked me again sal pilgrimage. For obvious reasons with its beak, and I swung my bruised he abstains from mentioning the ex body upward with a superhuman efact locality of the startling experience | fort and grabbed blindly at the brute's . head.

Thanks to my good angel, who must surely have been watching over me in this extremity, my clutching fingers did not miss their mark. They ering a neck which writhed under my A blow from the wildly-waving wing that of my assailant. The brute's savage exertions dragged me off the ground and jerked me to and fro for a minute like a marionette, my helpless feet trailing and swinging with the violence of the hird's efforts to loosen my hold. Another blow though strength was beginning to fail. my right hand round, and stabbed blindly and viciously at the lithe, palpitating neck above me. The next moment a gush of hot blood spurted all over me. Again I stabbed at the great bird feli away from my grasp, uttering a horrible screaming cry. For an instant I half knelt on the scrub panting for breath, but prepared, if necessary, to continue the fight.

Again the ostrich came at me, flapping its wings and wagging its head; then, half way, the bird's strength with a sudden rush of crimson, and I knew that the danger was over.

For a few moments my foe reeled and swayed like a drunken man, lurching round in a circle, and then fell with a soft plop to the ground. Its feathery sides heaved convulsively, the beak opened to give vent to a final squawk of defiance, pain, and rage, and so it expired. Shaking in every limb, and bruised beyond belief, I rose from the earth and cautiously approached my late enemy from behind.

I found my hat, wiped my knife, and with a last glance at the evil bird whose strength and ferocity had so nearly ended my globe-trotting, resumed my journey. The ostriches I had first espied were still feeding as if nothing had happened.

Sore and bleeding I made by way from the spot and coming shortly after to a spruit, I cleansed my clothes and body from the marks of the conflict, and effected some very necessary repairs to my tattered garments. Needless to say, I did not advertise this adventure so long as I was in the neighborhood. Ostrich farmers are generally hasty when they suspect wayfarers of meddling with their birds, and it is difficult to explain un-

der such circumstances.-The Wide

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES



NIAGARA.

Where Niagara's feaming torrew Rushes down its rocky bed, There is power enough to warrant Many factories, it is said. When the stream to drip has dwind-

And the towering walls are bare. Enterprise by zeal enkindled, Will paint pill and soap ads there. -Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A BOON DESIRED. Knicker-I see the Chicago Sub-Treasury has been robbed. Bocker-Ah, if some one would only come along and awipe the tablet off

ours .- New York Sun.

ONE VISIT ENOUGH. "Did you say you were going to the dentist's at three o'clock?" "Yes, but I've changed my mind. I'm not going."

"Why not?" "I got my fill of him the last time was there."-Cleveland Press.

OBJECTION NOT SUSTAINED Sophie-No, mother, I don't like that young doctor at all. He has red hair.

Mother (consolingly)-Oh, but Ifis hair will be gray long before he will be able to marry you, my dear .--Meggendorfer Blatter.

INEQUALITY. Knicker-What are you sighing for? Bocker-Thinking how the snow stays on the street while five plates of ice cream melt before Stella .- New

A COINCIDENCE "My husband is very fond of cab-

Yes, I know. My husband made the same remark when he smoked one of your husband's cigars."-Philadelphia Press.

BACKWARD. Friend-Is the bride you're working for getting to be a good house keeper?

Cook-No; she hasn't learned to keep out of the kitchen yet .- Detroit Free Press.

A REMARKABLE EXCEPTION. "Yes, he has one claim to fame." "What's that?" "He was a member of a grand jury

that didn't indict the Standard Oil -Cleveland Plain Dealer, A GOOD BEGINNING.

Stella-Now that we are engaged you must economize. Jack-I do already; I'm not calling on any of the other girls .- New York

SPEAKING OF FIGURES. "I'm sure I don't know what he saw in her. Her face is decidedly plain." "Yes, but the figure she has makes

"Figure? She's positively scrawny; she hasn't any figure." "You're wrong there. She has six figures, and the first one's a five."-

up for all that.'

Philadelphia Press.

NOT WASTING TIME. "Don't you think you're wasting your time talking the value of economy to Blank? He hasn't any money." "I know it, but I have."-Detroit Free Press.

NOT SENTIMENT. He: "Oh, please, Mile, Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand." She (coyly): "Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that?" He: "Well, chiefly because my

name is Dupont."-Nos Loisirs. IN FAVOR OF IT. Professor-Do you believe in tax-

ing breweries? Student-I do; to their utmost capacity.-Harvard Lampoon.

AN OPENING FOR MR. CARNEGIL. "What is the reform most needed in Russia?" asked the student,

"I don't know for sure," answered the man with the lexicon, "but I should say it was spelling reform."-Washington Star.

THEIR FINISH. "What becomes of all the New Year's resolutions?" asked the moral-"I suppose they suffer the fate of a

lot of other resolutions," answered the statesman. "They get pigeonholed."-Washington Star. AT THE CONCERT.

"What did you think of that selec-"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "1 must say, it sounded very much bet-

ter than the name of it looked on the

program."-Washington Star. A FRONT FENCER. "When are you going to fix that front fence, Hiram?" said the farmer's wife.

"Oh, next week, when Silas comes home from college." But what will the boy know about

fixing a fence, Hiram?" "He ought to know a heap. He wrote me that he'd been taking fencing lessons for a month!"-Yonkers

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

In an attempt to save a fellowworkman, John McGuire, from being crushed underneath a car, John O'Hara, a car inspector, was caught underneath the car at Cresson and was so seriously injured that he will die. McGuire was underneath a car making repairs, when O'Hara seeing that the train was about to move, attempted to save his comrade. He succeeded in dragging McGuire from

had his right foot caught under the Choked to death by the band of his shirt was the fate of George Smith, at Cressona. He was taken with a spasm during the night and was found with his head hanging out of the bed. His shirt was contracted to such an extent that he strangled, his face and neck being

underneath the car, but in the effort

black and swollen. When the cases against Edward M. Earle, of Easton, and James J. Gillespie, of Allentown, charged with uttering forgeries, came up at Easton, Earle pleaded guilty to having signed the name of his aunt, Mrs. M. Brinkerhoff to various notes which he had given to Gillespie, the notes starting from small sums and being doubled on renewal. Earle then went on the stand and told all the circumstances,

The Tri-County Medical Society, from Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties, met in the Imperial Hotel, Chester, and celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann. Many physicians were present and Dr. Thomas S. Dunning, of Philadelphia, read a memoir on the life of Hahnemann. Following the meeting a planked shad dinner was served. The meeting was presided over by Dr. Edward S. Haines, of Rutledge, the president of the association.

Dr. Jonathan L. Forwood, who last week observed his fiftieth anniversary as a practicing physician, was presented with a solid silver gold-lined loving cup, by the Delaware County Medical Society at Chester, of which Dr. Forwood is president, at its annual meeting. Dr. D. W. Jefferis, the next oldest doctor in point of service in the county. made the speech. Preceding the presentation the society was addressed by Prof. George E. Deschweinitz, Philadelphia, Jefferson College, whose subject was "Drug Diseases."

A heavy blouse she wore becoming tangled in a loom at the Crozer Mills, Upland, resulted in a broken nose and lacerations of the face and body for Mrs. -Elizabeth McGill, a weaver. The fact that the blouse was of thick material, and stopped the machinery, saved the woman from fatal injury. The loom had to be taken apart, requiring a hour before the woman could be released.

William Seymour, an assistant mine foreman in the employ of Cove Brothers and Company, Hazleton, for the past thirty years, was so badly squeezed between an air motor and a prop, that he died from the effects. He was 52 years of age and the father of twenty-one children, all are

The body of Miss Rebecca Sox, the 17-year-old daughter of Mrs. Mary Sox, who disappeared from her home in Easton on March 19, was found floating in the Lehigh River. Miss Sox left a note to her mother, saying she intended to jump into the water from the Suspension Bridge. She also selected her pall-

bearers, minister and undertaker. Mrs. Elizabeth Yarnall, 94 years of age, fell and broke her hip at her home in Edgmont Township, Delaware County.

Compressed air engine service is to be installed in the Baltimore and Red Ash veins of the mines at Maxwell colliery, No. 20 breaker, at Ashley, thus disposing of mule service in those veins.

The amount of freight business on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Wilkes-Barre and Sunbury necessitates a double track. Many curves and grades will be eliminated between Bloomsburg and Catawissa, and the work will be done this sum-

Falling several hundred feet into the depths of the shaft at the Phoenix Park Colliery, north of Potts-ville, Andrew Bein, a miner, was instantly killed.

Frantic from pain, her garments all aflame, a veritable human torch, Mrs. John Schmidt, aged 70 years, of Pottsville, jumped from her bedroom window upon a porch roof, and burned to death in the presence of hundreds who had gathered and witnessed the pitiable spectacle, but were powerless to aid her. She had gone upstairs with a lamp, which fell from her hands as she reached the top stair because she tripped. The lamp exploded and the blazing kerosene ignited her clothing. She attempted to put out the fire by wrapping a blanket about her, but in her fright she failed to smother the flames. In her vain efforts to secure help she jumped upon the roof. There she screamed in her agony. Some one reached her eventually and tore off her blazing garments, but it was too late, for by the time the rescuer was through with his work she was a charred and blackened corpse.

After an illness of five days with organic heart trouble, Henry J. Ritter, a member of Allentown city council, sank dead at his bedside as he was preparing to retire.

The York County rural free delivery men have passed a series of resolutions to be referred to the county commissioners, the State highway commissioners and the State convention of the Rural Free Delivery Association, in which they demand that the common dirt roads be eliminated and macadamized or stone roads be substituted.

A large key weighing several hundred pounds, used by mechanics in making pipe connection, fell on Anton Holoda, aged 25 years, at the Bethlehem Steel Works, instantly killing him.

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THE WEASEL.

The weasel is one small horror. Astonishingly strong, apparently fearless and as persevering as an ant. when once he has settled to the track of a rabbit that particular bunny is indeed in grave peril. The rabbit seems to know it, too, and the knowledge to half paralyze him, for he seldom attempts the one saving chance -a straightaway, long sustained run at top speed. And the end of the patient, if-we-do-but-wait-the-hour sort of pursuit! 'Tis indeed bloody murder. The fiend in angel garb finally toils within deadly distance. There is a snake-like stroke, most likely aimed at the big vein near the butt of the rabbit's ear. Once there, the brute sticks leech-like to the bloodsucking, while the trembling, wailing rabbit totters aimlessly about till its drained body falls limply to pay its tax to mother earth .- Outing.

BESET BY WOLVES.

The heavy fall of snow in the north of Spain has driven troops of wolves into the plains and they have been attacking the farmers' flocks. The peasants have been obliged to organize battues for the destruction of the animals. A villager, traveling on foot in the Pyrenees, was attacked by a band of wolves and fled into a church for safety, but the brutes followed him in and devoured him.

A beggar woman, finding herself obliged to cross a stream, carried her four-year-old child across and then returned to get a sack that contained bread. While she was on the other side a famished wolf appeared and calmly devoured the child before the eyes of the mother, who stood rooted to the ground with horror.

A Stammering Proposal.

A Holton man who is noted for his perfect self-possession and polished manners tells this story on himself. He bought a ring for his best girl. When he gave it to her he intended to say: "Dearest, here is a ring I have bought to adorn your fair hand. May the circle be a symbol of my undying affection for you." What he did say was: "H-here's a ring I bought for myself and it was t-too small. Y-you might as well h-have it."-Kansas City Journal

CRAZY.

"Yes," said the multi-millionaire, "I have one ambition."

"And what is that?" asked the re-

"I want to stand at the head of the list of taxpayers," responded the cap-Italist.

Then they knew the long struggle for weath had turned his mind awry. -Philadelphia Ledger.

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