You're here, Lad-You cannot trade Lafe sad For one joy made: So gracefully step up When your fortune's from you gone. Grasp the sweetly bitter draught, and smilingly then sup For the sad old, gay old world rolls

on.

on.

on.

Be sure Lad The world is right-Lives glad Are won by fight. Far weaker men than we By ill fortune were made strong: Error lies, not in the world, but deep in you and me-And the sad old, gay old world rolls

-The Bohemian.

"It's good to see you again, Phy! lis," exclaimed Laay Elmsworth, as she held her sister at arm's length, and examined her critically, "but how you have changed!"

"My dear Clare," laughed Miss Graham, "after five years' absence you surely did not expect to find me still all arms and legs and indecently big

"Of course, it's ridiculous; but, somehow, I did not realize that you would be quite grown up."

"Oh, my dear, I grew up almost directly you left. Mother soon became alive to the fact of my possibilities, and I managed to get in the thin end of the wedge first by dining down when there were thirteen, and that sort of thing. In fact, looking back, I'm inclined to think that the 'half-out' stage-neither 'fish, flesh, nor good red herring,' you knowis quite the jolliest time girls ever have, if they could only appreciate it. The only other state to be compared to it for freedom and general irresponsibility is --- Oh, Clare, I'm so sorry; I beg your pardon." The girl's face flushed crimson as her eyes rested on her sister's black gown.

"You were going to say widowhood, I suppose?" replied Lady Elmsworth, Phyl! Oh, you don't know how glad quietly.

"Forgive me, Clare, I-I-Lady Elmsworth shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"There's nothing to forgive, Phyl. I never was a humbug, was I?" ed. But before she could speak her

sister went on: "You seem to have had a very the line. I think. You seem to do everything and go everywhere."

"Don't!" exclaimed the girl. "You talk like mother. Three seasons is evidently the end of one's tether. After that time one is expected to 'range oneself,' and relieve one's own people one, and especially one's bills."

Lady Elmsdorf. "I thought it was a case of mutual adoration."

"Oh! 'Il en a toujours un qui aime et un qui se laisse aimer,' isn't there?" "Phyllis!"

'tPlease don't be sentimental, Clare. to you? You were just twenty, weren't you, when you got engaged to poor old Elmsworth. I was too young to be taken into your confidence theh, but-well, you pretty weil confessed the same just now. Peter was not precisely the sort of individual to turn a girl's head. I expect mother had you into her boudoir, and talked to you about the whole duty of woman, and, in your case, of the pleasures and position of the am- life." bassador's wife, even at the dullest court in Europe. We were both brought up in the way we should go, and so six months later you were Lady Elmsworth, tasting of the aforesaid pleasures in Madrid. In less time than that I shall be Mrs. Mark know what to do with and a charming husband into the bargain."

"Come, that's better. I am very eager to see my brother-in-law-elect. You have not--"

Phyllis laughed outright. "No, my dear. I have not; one does not wear one's flance's 'counterfeit presentment' near one's heart member. Downey had always been nowadays. But possess your soul in patience. I told Mark he might come of interfering with me at all. in presently, and you would give him some tea. I wonder if you'll like I first went, but I did not do anything

round her sister's room.

"He'll like your room, at any rate. It's wonderfully pretty and restful, you exactly. Yes, I think Mark will like you, too; he'll appreciate your day I met a man I had never seen sense of the fitness of things. Mark before. He was not a patient, but tion of its food, just as the eucalyptus is exceedingly artistic."

tints, and that sort of thing. Art is all very well when it's got out of the West Hempstead stage, and come west really; but it is a little tryins when one is expected to enthuse over impossible Madonnas with woodenlooking babies in their arms, and that sort of thing.'

Miss Graham looked at her sister wistfully; but Lady Elmsworth only laughed.

"Poor Pkyl! Is he trying to educate you? It sounds rather awful."

"No, that's the worst of it! He imagines the education, artistic feeling, and all the rest of it, is there. That's the fault of what mother calls the 'Graham manner.' We've got a knack of appearing intelligently sympathetic; and because we are pretty people take us for granted. Haven't you found that?"

Lady Elmsworth nodded, and slight color rose in her cheeks.

"We can't help it," went on Phyllis; "but they have a nasty knack of turning round on us when they find us out, and being generally horrid."

"And you think Mark-" "Oh, he won't find out for ever so long. He's very much in love; and I toe of admiration about things one my life.' really does not care a button for. I'm afraid it's the beauties of nature that will bowl me over. A sunset at his majesty's, where it's well done, is pretty enough, once in a way. But you know, honestly, I'd rather look at a bonnet shop in Bond street any day than on the finest scenery anywhere. I'm afraid it will be a shock

'What is he exactly?" "He's rather ugly, and ridiculously rich; a colonial, you know, proprietor of mines, and all the rest of it. His manners are not quite like every one else's. Oh, you need not raise your eyebrows; it is not in that way I have cared the least bit if I'd been a just the same. I'm afraid I'm rather apart." proud of the fact."

to Mark when he grasps the fact."

"You do care for him, then?" Lady Elmsworth stooped a little toward her sister, and looked into her face.

-" Phyllis blushed. "Well, yes, I think I do, because, if I did not, I don't suppose I should care whether he discovered what a shallow little soul I am or not after we are safely married."

Clare bent and kissed her sister. "He won't find out if you love him.

I am!" Phyllis Graham's gray eyes widen- that they were respectively twenty- ter of moonlit snow was upon everyyears' separation to hold them apart. jolly time, as you put it, all along Phyllis remembered distinctly the time when Clare had been "out" when she herself was in the school room. She remembered, too, all the talk she had overheard as to her sister's successes. Looking back, she realized that Clare must have refused many opportunities of brilliant matches, alof their responsibility concerning though she had finally done exceedingly well for herself in marrying "But I thought you were delighted Lord Elmsworth. True, he was nearabout your engagement, Phyl," said ly twenty years older than Clare; and surely among those she had re-

fused before-Suddenly Phyllis started. What had there been at the bottom of Clare's being ordered off to winter at Davos the year before she married? It had never occurred to the girl. Did not much the same thing happen But had there really been anything

the matter with her sister's lungs? "Clare," she said, impulsively, "tell me something. Were you really ill when you went to Davos that time,

Lady Elmsworth laughed outright "Or was I sent off to be out of somebody's way, you mean? No, my dear, I believe I was really ill, and before I went to Davos, I had never cared two straws for any one in my

"And-after?" "I don't know why I should tell you," said Lady Elmsworth. "I've

never told any one. I don't believe

any one ever guessed except-"Except him. Go on, Clare." "Oh, there's not much to tell. It's Franklin, with more money than I like every one else's story, I expect; and you'll only think me a fool for remembering all these years. You know how I went out. Mother could not, or would not, come with me. She would have hated to give up her visits, and the Riviera, and all that. So she just packed me off with dear

old Downey, the governess, you re-

my abject slave, and never dreamed "I had a good time at Davog when the doctors expected. I don't believe Phyllis sat back a little and glanced there was much the matter with me when I went, but I know I felt rather bad after I'd been there a month; but the air had got into my head and I this room of yours, Clare; and it suits did not care. I flirted and behaved generally badly all round, until one

had just come up for the scenery. "I don't know how it was, but we "It's rather a wearmess to the spirit | began to talk; and I liked him. Someoccasionally," continued Phyllis, with how wherever I went I met him, and It shows blue, red and purple of the a sigh. "You know-or, rather, you if I missed him the day seemed blank most vivid tints.

don't, because, although we are sis and miserable. He lectured me as to ters, we have not met for five years, my carelessness about my health, and and so we really don't know each all that; and to please him I obeyed other much-well, I have not much orders and took care. Oh, there was soul for picture galleries and autumn | nothing particular; it all went on smoothly, and I suppose stupidly, enough. We never even knew each other's names. I used to call him "Le Passant," and he called me his Incognita. But I was idiotically, unreasonably happy, until one day the doctor said I was well enough to go home, and that he would write the good news to my mother.

"I had been crying when I met him. I had realized at once what it all meant, and what it would be like to go back home and never see him again. I told him the news-we were quite alone out on a terrace, and everything glittered white in the moonlight round us. When I had finished I turned and saw his face. I tried to stop him, but it was too late; his arms were round me, and I loved to hear what he was saying. But I would not answer then; I would tell him tomorrow.

"I shall never forget that night, I loved him, but I was afraid. He was not a rich man, I felt sure of that Would my love last? Could I face the life before me if I married him? I was a coward, and I did not dare. I woke Downey, and told her we must start by the first train. I knew if I saw him again I should yield. It was -well, I like him well enough to try only when Davos was behind us that and live up to him, for a time, at I would have given anything in this any rate. But it's a good stretch on world to be back there again; to keep one's nerves to be always on the tip- my word, meet him, and give him all

"And then?" "Nothing. We never met again; how should we? But I did not forget; how could I? I was miserable; nothing mattered any more; and I married Lord Elmsworth."

"And---"Oh, I was as happy as I deserved to be. Peter was good to me, and always in his way; but I cannot say that his death was a great blow to me. It's awful to say, Phyllis; but I could not help thinking, 'If fate would be kind! If I should meet him now!""

"But if you marry-"I lose nearly all Peter left me. Yes, I know; but I am wiser now. mean at all. Only, I don't think hed One grows wiser in five years, Phyl, when one has only to remember and butcher's or a baker's daughter, if regret. If-oh, but it is so unlikely! he'd cared for me, he'd have married If we met now nothing could keep us

> "But suppose he--"He had forgotten, you mean? No. dear; he was not a man who forgets. Oh, if we could meet!"

"Mr. Franklin," announced the servant, and a tall figure advanced into the room.

Lady Elmsworth went to meet him. "I am glad," she began; and Phyllis wondered why her sister stopped short and turned so white "Not more glad than I." put in

Mark, as he held out his hand. Then he, too, stopped, and the two stood Phyllis was startled at her sister's in the middle of the dainty drawing sudden earnestness. What she had room looking into each other's eyes said was quite true. The four years' for what seemed to each an age, and difference in their ages had always the air around them seemed suddenly kept them rather apart. And now to grow cold and sharp and a glitone and twenty-five, and that the gulf thing. Clare recovered herself first, was bridged, there were the five and turning to her sister, who was glancing from one to the other in astonishment.

"Mr. Franklin and I have met before! Long ago; before I went to Madrid. You will excuse me a moshe continued, turning to ment." Mark, "I have some order to give." And she glided out of the room before he could even bow his acquaescence.-London Modern Society.

JOURNEY OF A TREE ROOT.

Eucalyptus Sends Shoots Up Over a Wall to a Sewer.

From Santa Barbara, Cal., there comes a story of a most interesting freak of vegetable life which is strict ly vouched for.

Through a certain garden there ran. some years ago, a sewer made of red. wood timber. This sewer was again cased by an outside sewer. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall many feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer, which it inclosed tightly, while the outer sewer ended abruptly against the wall,

The outside sewer casing had in course of time decayed and a eucalyp tus tree, standing some 60 feet away, had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct line as possible.

Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far as it could. At last it came to the wall, which shut off its course, and it could go no farther, the inside sewer being perfectly tight.

But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this eucalyptus tree evideptly knew how to get there.

Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a little hole an inch or two in diameter, and this the eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big root began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again and followed it along as

formerly. How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? How could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direc-

tree did. The mandrill baboon has the most brilliant colorings of any quadruped.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

There was another victim added to its list by the alleged hoodoo motor in the Pyne Mine, near Taylor, when Michael Gorman was crushed between it and a rib of coal and instantly killed. Almost from the very hour that this particular motor was placed in the Pyne Mine it began to figure in accidents, and it became termed "the hoodoo." figured in a number of minor accidents during its early days in the mine, and a little more than two years ago, John Tannier suffered the loss of a leg and part of his left hand, being knocked down and run About a year ago, Michael Gorman, victim, was run over by the same motor and was in the hospital for some time. While he was laid up Edwin Watkins, of Hyde Park, was placed in charge of the motor. He was run over by it and killed. Along with these there was any number of smaller accidents in which this motor figured in the past three years, and according to the employees of the mine, has rightfully earned the title of being a hoodoo motor.

Three tons of coal fell from the roof of the Thropp coal mine, near Minersville, Huntington County, upon Frank Hanawalt, aged 61, a wellknown coal miner, crushing him to death.

Although a sheriff for Delaware County is not elected until next year, William D. Jons, of Upper Darby, has filed his papers at Media giving notice that he will be a candidate.

A seven-ton traction engine caused a complete collapse of the bridge known as the Wilcox bridge over the west branch of Chester Creek, In Conord Township. The engine is lying in about ten feet of water. The bridge was a frame structure fifty feet long.

Anderson Funt, an Adams County farmer, died at his home Henallen Township from an attack of measles. The police in Coatesville, believe that they have caught the ringleader of all the petty robberies that have been taking place in that town for a number of months. Nelson Keith, a negro, who claims he is from Philadelphia, has been committed to the county jail in default of \$600 bail.

N. M. Wood and R. S. Tucker, Coatesville, have been appointed special fish wardens for the countles of Chester, Lancaster and Berks by W. E. Meehan, Comissioner of Fisheries.

Bernard Flynn, in making a flying leap from a Reading passenger train near Shamokin, was hurled headforemost down a steep enbankment, sustaining serious cuts and bruises about the head and body.

At Palmerton, a national bank with \$25,000 capital, is being organized.

The village of Goodville in East Earl Township, is combating an outbreak of typhoid fever, of which recently there have been fourteen Both Cyrus Witmer and his wife were stricken and the former died on Tuesday His wife being in a critical condition, was not appraised of her husband's death. His body was removed to the Goodville Church without his wife's knowledge and buried from there.

Mayor J. Benjamin Dimmick expects to send a communication to Councils urging that the ordinance imposing a license tax on the gross receipts of corporations, adopted in 1901, be repealed. This is for the purpose of placing a reduction in water rates squarely before W. W. Scranton.

After an existence of over twenty years the court has been asked to dissolve the Jenkintown Mutual Storm Insurance Company, incorporated by resident of Jenkintown and farmers in the immediate vicinity for the protection of their real estate and crops from damage by everything but fire. The president is Isaac Michener.

Hannah C. Robinson, of Richlandtown, in a suit at Doylestown against William H. Raudenbush, of the same place, to recover damages for the death of her husband, James R. Robinson, was awarded a verdict of \$1250. Raudenbush, it was alleged, on the night of December 3 last, ran down Mr. Robinson, near Richlandtown, with a double team while driving at rapid speed, and he died three days later.

John Sweigard, 80 years old, and who resides at Goldsboro, York County, was struck by a south bound train while walking too close to the tracks of the Northern Central Railroad and was badly injured.

The 30 horse power boiler at the fertilizer plant of H. K. Rhoads, near Pottstown, exploded. The boiler was thrown a distance of 300 feet and landed in a field. The accident happened about fifteen 'minutes after the engineer, Elmer Shadler, left the plant to go to his home.

Norton Wagner, of Elmhurst, has been arrested on the charge of maintaining a nuisance in the shape of a stable in close proximity to a tributary of the Elmhurst reservoir. The efforts of the State Board of Health to clean up the water shed of the Scranton supply will lead to a number of other arrests, it is said.

While enjoying a ride on a log wagon belonging to the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co., Kate Lewis, aged 13 years, of Coaldale, lost her balance and fell under wheels. Death was instantaneous.

Mrs. Estelle Bucher, of Mount Joy, has presented to the Columbia Hospital the medical library and surgical instruments of her husband, the late Frederick C. Bucher.

Burglars made a raid on the bourough of Mountville and six residences and a cigar factory were entered, but the booty secured was triffing

Waldron Coe, of Emlenton, aged 40 years, died at the hospital in Oil City from injuries caused by being struck by a train while crossing the tracks near his home.

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ABOUT ANIMALS.

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Can a dog climb a tree? A correspondent writes: "While on a walk on snowshoes in New Hampshire we tracked a porcupine to a balsam fir, in which it had taken refuge. My Scottish terrier climbed the tree, pulling herself up from branch to branch to a height of about seven feet, where a space of bare trunk separated her from the porcupine, which had watched her progress with evident alarm. The terrier made several ineffectual attempts to scale the smooth bark and finally jumped down into the snow." And of another curious trait the same writer continues: "This little dog and her mate, now dead, though enthusiastic fire worshipers at home, never sat near the bonfires built at luncheon or tea time on winter walks, but dug holes in the snow at a little distance, in which they curled themselves up after the manner of their primitive ancestors."

Can an earthquake be "felt" approaching, as a shower of rain can be felt, and a fall of snow? On the Riviera in 1887 the horses laid their ears back and gave every sign of uneasiness. In Chile the birds have been observed to fly inland just before a convulsion. In Talcahuano in 1835 all the dogs fled from the city. These actions, of course, as a scientist who has collected a valuable list suggests, may be mere coincidences. for birds will fly inland and kittens become nervous when no earthquake is nigh. On the other hand, as the lower animals are singularly sensitive to any changes of weather and to pressure of the air, they "may even be conscious of subterranean movements which do not come within human ken, or are even not detectable by the most delicate instruments."

One of the latest additions to the London zoological gardens is the frigate bird, which can float in midair and go to sleep, without the risk of falling. Its character is not very high. It follows fish-eating birds that have picked up a meal from the water and compels them to part with it.

An attempt is about to be made to acclimatize the Austrian chamois in the New Zealand mountains. Eight animals are to be sent there this month. They have been habituated to the diet which will be necessary for them during their long voyage .--New York Globe.

Fate of the Eagle.

"War" eagles in unusual numbers have appeared in the neighborhood of Kaw City. The plumes and feathers of these eagles are highly prized by the Osage and other reservation Indians. "Shorty" Boyd, of Kaw City, killed two eagles last week and sold them to an Osage for \$16 .--Vansas City Times.

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