

**Love's Magic Thread.**  
Sitting alone, I wove a dream,  
Down where the blue waves play,  
And my shuttle flew busily in and out

Till the web with color was gay.  
I wove the sunshine in golden strands,  
The roses, with necklets of dew,  
While I dyed it over with gorgeous tints  
And flowers of exquisite hue.

I caught up the song that the linnets sang  
And the pearls that the waves were flinging,  
Weaving them into a beautiful hymn  
With the tune that the brook was singing.

The opal tints of the azure sky  
I wove in a ribbon rare,  
Looping it over the radiant blooms  
Like a band on a maiden's hair.

My shuttle flashed in and out of the wood  
Till the pattern grew wonderfully bright,  
Yet the seams were ragged—unfinished—and rough,  
While the shadows crept into the light.

Then I caught a glint of love in the mesh  
And wove it into my dreams,  
When lo! like a butterfly's wings it spread,  
Till it covered the ragged seams.

—Ager Lockhart Hughes, in the Boston Transcript.

### The Feasting of John.

"John," said Mary, speaking with such emphasis that John looked up in alarm. "John—did you have a good dinner?"

"Fine!" said John, relieved, and beaming at his outstretched feet. "Fine!" he repeated, beaming more than before, if that were possible.

Whereupon Mary sighed,—not because John had had a good dinner, but because she was thinking—and then she knit her forehead in a most determined way and remarked:

"John!"

All John's alarm returned; and taking his feet off the opposite chair, he turned toward Mary, saying:

"Well, Mary? Well?"

"Now—er—did you like your macaroni, John?" she said.

"Fine!" said John, patting himself to please his wife.

Mary drew a few more stitches through her embroidery, paused, looked at the back of John's head for a minute or two, bit her thread, and then, for the third time, exclaimed:

"John!"

"Yes?" said John, thinking he was about to be asked to pass judgment upon the potato chips and ready to say "Fine!" again. "Yes, Mary?"

"John, it's no use talking any more about it!" she cried all in a breath. "You've just got to get a top hat!"

If ever a woman looked as if she had sprung a mine, it was Mary; and if ever a man looked as if he could not believe his ears, it was John, as he turned his head round with a sort of under motion until he looked straight into Mary's eyes, and then muttered:

"A top hat, Mary? A top hat?"

"A top hat," said Mary.

new hat, a cane. It seemed to be a fact that had all at once become the style in Fremont, for when Mr. Scott went to work on Tuesday morning he carried a cane, too—but in a most sheepish manner!

Seeing this, Mary ran for the cook-book, and that night John sat down to a dinner that began with pea soup and ended with frozen custard; and afterward Mary remarked:

"John, Mr. Davenport is ill."

"No!" exclaimed John. "What's the matter with him?"

"Pneumonia," said Mary, shaking her head, "or at least a very bad cold. Mrs. Davenport was telling me that he caught it by getting his feet cold. John, how did you like the white sauce tonight? Was it good?"

"Fine!" said John.

Whereupon Mary promptly said: "Went shopping today."

"Yes?" beamed John, clasping his hands over his waistcoat buttons.

"Yes, Mary?"

"Yes," said Mary. "And, John, I bought you the loveliest present. Wait! I'll fetch them!"

She ran out of the room, breathless, and ran back again with a pair of pearl-gray garters in her hand. "Look, John!" she cried. "Now you won't catch pneumonia!"

"Why," cried John, aghast, "these are garters!"

"Yes," said Mary. "Aren't they pretty?"

"Why," cried John, in a panic, "I can't wear garters, Mary! I can't wear garters, you know! Why?"

He brought his head round with that under movement, and looked Mary in the eye. And Mary's eyes were so brimful and her cheeks so bright that John said no more, but wore his garters the next morning, like the dutiful husband he was.

The morning following, when Mr. Scott went to work, he had garters on his feet, too—and looked as if he hated himself!

Seeing this, Mary took down her dotted Swiss curtains from the sitting-room windows.—Mary's sitting-room looked into Mrs. Scott's parlor,—and put her best parlor curtains there instead; took her three steamer rugs and hung them out on the clothes-line; rushed through her housework like a cyclone, and at half past one, dressed in her very best things,—Mary took the air, in a manner most exasperating, and called at the butcher's, the baker's and the grocer's.

It was a banquet that John sat down to that night,—no less,—and after the last morsel of it had disappeared he made a perfect picture of bliss.

"Did you have a good dinner, John?"

"Fine!" said John.

"John," said his wife, "we must have a gardener this year to dig our garden so that we can grow our own eggplant and cauliflowers and squash and things"—three little weaknesses of John's.

"Splendid!" said John. "I'll begin digging it in the morning."

"No, it's too hard work for you. I'll get a man. Shall I, John?"

Mary looked to the left of her, and in front of her, and behind her, until finally her eyes condescended to dwell upon Mrs. Scott.

"Mrs. Parr," said Mrs. Scott, "I want you to understand distinctly, distinctly, please, that when I said last week that there was very little style in Fremont, I never for one moment meant to include you in that statement. And won't you come over and have lunch with me?"

"Mrs. Scott," said Mary, "I will." She did, too, and stayed so late that afternoon that she had not been back in her own house long before John came, saying mournfully:

"I've got the banjo."

"John," said Mary, "I've changed my mind, and we just won't give that musicale."

John gave a great sigh of relief. "And, John," continued Mary, "if you really don't like to wear that hat and —"

John gave another great sigh of relief. "And you might pay off the man, John. He's finished."

Ten minutes later a colored gentleman walked toward the pyleus of Fremont, full of a consuming dignity, attired in silk hat and gaiters and carrying in one hand a cane and in the other a banjo.

And as for John, he strode toward the dining-room with his mind dwelling on his late feasts, and cried:

"Well, Mary, and what have you got for dinner tonight?"

"Hash," said Mary.—Youth's Companion.

### NEW FAD OF KANSAS FARMERS.

Have Many Public Sales to Dispose of Stock and Farming Implements.

Never was there such an epidemic of public sales on the farms as this spring. Seven auctioneers have been kept busy and others are in training at auctioneers' schools. Some of the auctioneers are "Colonels." They claim that title when they have "cried" 100 sales.

But it is only the result of the farmers getting rich—and of the land boom which causes much change of location.

Central Kansas has reached a time when the farmers who have made their home here, writes an Abilene correspondent of the Kansas City Star, have acquired more material than they need to run their farm, or are anxious to change their residence, and so want to have a "sale." They go to the county seat and make arrangements with the auctioneer, and have their bills printed. The latter are put up in the post office or are scattered on the fence posts of the vicinity.

The attendance on the public sales is usually good, nothing but bad weather keeping the farmers of the vicinity away. The women frequently accompany their husbands and form an interested portion of the audience when the household goods and canned fruit are sold.

The crowd that has looked over the possessions of the household curiously and nodded at the various flaws in the implements of the farmyard has also had a rude sort of entertainment. On every sale bill in large letters appears "Free lunch at noon," and some of them have the additional legend, "Bring your tin cups." This is Greek to the city resident, but the farmer knows what it means. It is a promise that there will be great steaming cans of coffee, with plenty of sandwiches and perhaps pickles.

The task of providing cups for a hundred or two visitors is a formidable one, and the prudent housewife asks that the comers bring cups to use at this function. The habitual auction attendant is fully equipped with the cups to use on such occasions.

During the winter all sales begin at 10 o'clock, but as the days lengthen the noon start is more common. It all depends upon the amount of material to be sold. Sometimes there is something more than coffee to drink, but not often.

The amount of property changing hands in this growing method of disposing of used farm material is enormous. In this county alone probably seventy-five sales have been held since the first of the present year, and they have averaged more than \$1,000 each, or at least \$100,000 worth of second hand goods disposed of by farmers to their neighbors. The same condition exists in nearly every well settled county of the State, and so common is the custom becoming that it is unlikely that it will show any diminution for some time to come.

**Baltimore's Changed Color.**  
Since the fire the color of Baltimore has changed. It used to be a town of red bricks, and to an observer standing at the top of the Washington monument it appeared distinctly ruddy. But in the buildings erected since the fire the old style red bricks have been used but little. Most facades are yellow or gray or white or salmon pink. The result is that the city looks lighter and brighter.

But what the smoke and dust of ten years will do to this clay brilliance remains to be seen.—Baltimore Sun.

**A Great Part of Education.**  
The beauties of perfect discipline were never more forcibly illustrated than they were the other day when 2,500 children marched out of a New York public school building in perfect order while the roof burned over their heads and blazing brands fell about them.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

#### Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

John J. Miller, of Sellingsgrove, presented to Trinity Lutheran Church a handsome gold embossed pulpit Bible as a memorial to his deceased wife, Mrs. Mary C. Miller.

Judge Marr, in Schuylkill County Court, non-suited William Matz, a Wayne Township farmer, who asked for \$5,000 damages against the Pottsville Union Traction Company. Matz drove in front of the car and was badly injured, but testified that he signaled the motorman to stop.

Miss Harriet Hastings, of Bellefonte, niece of former Governor Hastings, and Miss Isabel Lyday, of Chambersburg, composed the first class of trained nurses graduated from the Altoona Hospital.

The order to reduce the number of crews on the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad has been rescinded because of the increase in the volume of freight, which is said to be heavier than usual at this time of the year.

Rev. Robert C. Williamson has resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Kennett Square, to take effect the middle of June. Ill-health is the cause and he will probably return to his native State—Missouri.

Several months ago Walter Biddison bought the hotel at Oxford for \$65,000 and he has now sold it to Ira McLaughlin, of Newark, Del., for \$75,000.

In the past twenty years, from 1887 to 1907, there were 344 divorces granted in Clinton County. During the same period 4,819 marriages were issued.

Truman Clair Sheets, a 12-year-old son of C. W. Sheets, of Lock Haven, died in the hospital of tetanus as the result of stepping on a nail a week ago.

Rev. William Horn, son of Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn, of Reading, will probably be elected pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Advent, one of the most important churches in New York City, succeeding the late Rev. Dr. Krotel, whose assistant he was.

William L. Kite, of Darby, who was elected a justice of the peace on the Republican ticket, but had not qualified on account of illness, died Wednesday, aged 42 years. He is survived by a widow. A petition is being signed by citizens of the borough asking Governor Stuart to appoint George G. Patchel, formerly Register of Wills, to fill the vacancy.

With men lining the sidewalks and not one making a move to stop it, Miss Florence Straub, a junior at the Bloomsburg State Normal School, put them all to shame by running out into the street and capturing a runaway horse and then leading it to its owner.

William Geary and Melvin Gagan and H. Troxell, of Windber, were before "Squire Chorpensing at Clearfield for having killed a deer one day previous the opening last December. The \$100 fines were paid.

Alleging false arrest, Jacob Young, of Reading, brought suit for \$2,000 damages against William A. Boyd, a member of troop C, of the State Constabulary. He says that the trooper arrested him for laughing at him.

Arrangements were made by the State Forestry Commission for the transfer of 500 acres of the Mont Alto Reservation to the State Department of Health for the establishment of one of the camps for combating tuberculosis. Commissioner Dixon inspected the place and arranged for the first work to be done this summer. The camp will be located near White Pine, a place of many natural advantages, and as the State has allowed \$600,000 for establishment of such camps the Mont Alto camp will be made a model for the State.

The women of Lewisburg have organized a civic society to improve and beautify the town. They expect to have the support of the new Council recently installed, which has thus far proved to be a very enterprising body. The officers of the new society are: President, Mrs. Emma J. Matlack; vice presidents, Mrs. Alfred Hayes and Mrs. H. G. Dreisbach; recording secretary, Miss Mary Hoffa; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Harry S. Bourne; treasurer, Miss Annie Dale.

The head of Abraham Kenney, an aged resident of Wilkes-Barre severed by a Lehigh Valley locomotive, rolled into the hands of his son who had been knocked down by the same locomotive. They were returning from a visit to a sick relative when struck by the locomotive. The father was instantly killed and the son had a narrow escape, being knocked down. As he picked himself up his father's head, cleanly severed by the wheels, rolled into his hands.

The remains of the noted Indian fighter and Revolutionary War veteran, Thomas Coleman, was exhumed at Collinsville, where they have rested since 1837 and buried at the Coleman farm which he owned. He spent much time killing Indians in revenge for boiling to death his brother in a boiler of maple sugar.

Henry Free, of York, is dead from blood poisoning. The malady came from the bite of a small insect upon the little finger of his right hand. The member swelled and the deadly virus inoculated his whole body. Free was a veteran of the Civil War.

Engineer J. B. Nightingale and four assistant engineers of the State Health Department, who were preparing the data for a map of the Allegheny watershed in Pennsylvania, have arrived at Dubala and will devote some time surveying and inspecting the waterways of the vicinity.

Charles H. Cohn was elected president of the Allentown Firemen's Union for the fourth consecutive year. John W. Sepp is vice president; Walter F. Readinger, secretary, and Albert Gassner, treasurer.

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### SAVING THE BRIDGE.

The Army of the Cumberland was toiling slowly across Tennessee. The advance-guard had bivouacked for the night, with pickets in sight of the enemy, guarding a bridge at the only practicable crossing of a narrow, deep stream that coursed its way through ragged bluffs. The author of "Old Army Sketches" tells how the bridge was saved:

Delay meant destruction of the bridge, for the commander of the army could see that the enemy was tearing up the bridge flooring.

"Dunkard," said the general, "that bridge must be saved at any cost. Lead your men to the charge!"

A column of cavalry fled into the road, and without sound of bugle or command other than Dunkard's "Follow me, men!" they dashed for the bridge.

The enemy's guns had already reached the opposite side of the stream and were about to unlimber. A party of sappers were pulling up planks when Dunkard, at the head of his column, thundered on to the board floor.

Dashing forward at headlong speed, with his saber arm full extended across the roadway, as if to indicate that none should pass him, he suddenly discovered a yawning gap in the bridge flooring. Drawing in the reins, Dunkard steadied his horse for the leap. Landing safely, he found himself alone on the enemy's side, but he dashed on with a loud and ringing cheer.

The thundering noise of the charge on the bridge and the fire of advancing troops caused the enemy to break, and Dunkard found himself alone with the guns, for the gunners had scampered in all directions.

His men dismounted and came over the gap by means of the stringers, and quickly joined him. The way was clear and the rest was easy. The bridge was rapidly repaired, and the crossing of the army began.

"We are proud of you, Dunkard!" said the adjutant. "How did you ever have the courage to jump over twenty feet of water to a pile of loose flooring boards?"

"Didn't you hear my old captain say, 'Dunkard, that bridge must be saved at any cost. Lead your men to the charge.' There was nothing else to do."

**Don't Gamble on Your Garden.**  
Do not be deceived by an early burst of warm, balmy weather, says the Garden Magazine, into sowing out tender vegetables that have been started in heat, or into planting out flowering plants for summer effect. Late frosts usually occur about the middle of May and the over-eager amateur is often an easy victim of his enthusiasm.

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