

**SOMEWHERE.**

There's a whisper in the branches of the heaven rearing pines,  
And a purple blossom smiling from behind the clinging vines;  
There's the chatter of a chipmunk, as he leaps from tree to tree,  
While the daisies yonder whisper: "Come out here and play with me."

There's a path, a winding ribbon, just the clover fields beyond,  
That goes stealing through the meadows to the distant pick'rail pond;  
There's the cool, dank, grateful shadows; there's the lazy, droning bee,  
And I fancy them a-saying: "Come out here and play with me."

There's an orchard where the fragrance of the fields come lifting sweet,  
Where the sod is velvet tenderness to pavement weary feet;  
There are songs, without restraint, from songsters winging to the blue,  
And each feathered throat is singing of its song at me and you!

There's a quaint, old-fashioned garden with its peas and hollyhocks,  
And its blushing, loving roses, timid pansies, flaming phlox;  
And a sweet, old-fashioned lady, with a blossom in her hair,  
Winding in and out among them, watching every one with care.

And the dear old-fashioned lady, with her crown of wavy snow,  
Beams a smile and hums a love song as she patters to and fro.  
And it's oh, so sweet—the dreaming! They're so much of a life a part,  
For they've somehow found a dwelling here within a rugged heart.

—Good Literature.

**A THIEF'S DEBT OF HONOR.**

Free once more, Juan Verdugo left the court room. The man was certainly guilty—his record was about as bad as a record can be made in thirty-six years, and the moral and circumstantial evidence of his guilt was appalling.

But in Mexico the criminal law does not recognize circumstantial evidence nor moral certainty. Not without some difficulty, and considerable courteous insistence on this point, the young licenciado, Valentin Rivas, convinced the court that the notorious and ill-favored bandit was at least technically innocent of the latest crimes charged to him—a highway robbery to which no witnesses could be produced, for the beautifully simple reason that he had killed them.

His client acquitted, the young licenciado Rivas gathered up his books and papers, and sauntered out of the door of the Palace of Justice (a down-at-heel adobe structure on the plaza of the little border town) and down the sprawling, untidy street to his house. Waiting at his gate stood Juan Verdugo, his hat held humbly in his hand, an ugly sneer curling his scarred lip.

The young lawyer paused, and glanced at him coldly. "Well—and what is it?"

"Senior, it is but this. I have no money. The judge—bah!—we are of a feather, he and I—he stole the money that I took from those leeches, those milksoops out there on the road. I'm sorry now I killed them. But it is thus I have no money to pay you, and this, senior, is what I wish to say."

"It is nothing; I did not expect money. Your thanks will be enough."

"Senior," Juan Verdugo spoke sharply, an ugly glare in his bloodshot eyes, "thanks are given by friends. Thou art of the law, its upholder—the seat of the Judge, the power to send men to death will be thine. Thy friend I am not, thy friend I will never be. Yet will I pay thee well, for that ye saved me from the death!" He turned silently away into the gathering dusk.

Wary with the day's work, Valentin Rivas turned from the packet of papers before him with a sigh. Three years had added to his practice, and other cases much more interesting had brushed Verdugo's from his mind. Occasionally it was recalled with cynical amusement when some new outrage, attributed to Verdugo, exasperated the authorities and alarmed travelers of the Camino Real. But tonight his mind was busy with his quiet, almost stealthy preparations for a forty-mile ride over range and plain, with \$52,000 on his saddle. The proceeds of the season's sale of cattle on the ranch of old Judge Cantu, his patron and friend, he would not venture to send it to the express office by messenger, perilous as he knew the errand would be to himself. He believed he had guarded the secret of his proposed departure well; a brave man, he was serene in his mind.

The night was still and close, with an intangible hint of storm to come. Valentin Rivas, thoughtfully glancing over some memoranda, was suddenly startled by a gentle scratching at the door. He held his breath, and strained his ears, stealthily laying his hand on the butt of a heavy six-shooter that lay in the drawer at his side. A

tense minute of silence passed, then a whisper, cold, sibilant, penetrating—"Senior!"

Without a moment's hesitation he snuffed out the candle on the table, leaving the room in darkness but for a sickly ray of moonlight slipping through the small window.

Moving like a cat toward the door, the pistol gripped in his hand, he felt for the heavy bar. The money was in the house, and his blood chilled a little.

"Quien es—who is it?" His whisper was as low as that of the other. The answer made him jump. "It is I, Juan Verdugo—be silent, and open quickly."

In spite of himself, the lawyer's heart contracted for an instant. Astonished, he made no answer.

"Senior, open, open at once or I go, and your life is lost—open, for I come to pay my debt!" The cutting whisper trembled through the crack in the panel.

Valentin Rivas softly slid the heavy bar back, and opened the door, knowing well the hazard, and feeling dimly a wonder at his own rashness. The muzzle of his pistol nearly brushed the dark figure that slipped in like a snake through the cautiously opened door, closed again swiftly and barred with care.

The lawyer faced Verdugo—he felt his presence rather than saw him—and waited for him to speak. The strangeness of the situation dominated for the moment its sinister possibilities.

"Senior," whispered Verdugo, abruptly, "it is known that you are to start for Santa Ana this night. You are to take with you \$52,000 to send to Judge Cantu. You are surprised, is it not? But if you go, you will be killed, for they are many that would kill you. They are coyotes—chicken thieves—but they are many, and bad. Myself—bah! I work alone!" And in the dim gloom the lawyer saw his figure stiffen with the tigerish pride of the predatory beast.

"But the money must go," Valentin Rivas spoke thoughtfully. Denial was obviously futile, and hardly occurred to him. "No, Verdugo, I must take it—it is promised, and must go." He knew how imperative was the need for the money.

"Senior," the sharp hiss of Verdugo's whisper was in the lawyer's ear, "they watch for you outside—they wait on the trail, and I, even I, Juan Verdugo, have sneaked through weeds and shadows to come here. They watch you, but know not that I am here. Venture from this house tonight, and you die." He paused, then—"Senior, shall I speak what is in my mind?"

"Speak then they mind." "Senior Licenciado Rivas, once it was you stood between Death and I, and held him from me. This night I come to pay that debt. Thou hast been marked down for death, but I, Juan Verdugo, the ladron, the thief, will take that packet of money to the office of express, and return to thee the paper they give to show truly that the money has been sent. This will I do, in good faith, for in truth the debt lies heavy on my heart."

The lawyer, astounded at the sublime absurdity of the offer, saw for an instant nothing but its fantastic humor. "You will take the money to Santa Ana—you will bring the receipt?" The lawyer's voice carried a distinct shade of incredulity.

"Senior," Verdugo spoke earnestly, "on my word of honor—pah! I suppose that you think I have none; yet thieves have honor of its kind. Bien! I go then, senior, only that I may be purged of my debt. The money will be far safer in my hands than with thy trustful messenger, until it is in the office of express—though, to be frank, I would most gladly rob the train that carries it south! Say, senior, am I thy messenger or no? Speak quickly, for the life of a hunted ladron hangs on too slender a thread in this place to be to the liking of even Juan Verdugo."

Valentin Rivas thought swiftly. Risky it was, without doubt, to place this fortune in the hands of a notorious bandit, to make a trusted messenger of a hunted scoundrel. Yet, somehow the money must reach Judge Cantu, it was imperative. Also, he knew well that odd and almost superstitious respect for the sanctity of a private vow, so common among even the worst in Mexico. Knowing his people, he understood well how the man chafed under the constant galling sense of obligation to one he little less than hated. His mind was made up. Silently he moved over to the little iron safe, not yet locked for the night. Quietly he placed the unsealed packet of bills in the hand of Juan Verdugo. "The address is on the packet—take the receipt after you see the agent count the money and seal the packet. Bring me the receipt, and thy debt is paid."

"Esta bien, senior. It is well. Move not outside the door until I come—shut thyself in, let thy servant say that thou hast gone. But on no account be seen. I return in two days. Senior, I go!" Silently as a panther, Juan Verdugo slipped out into the gloom.

Valentin Rivas stood long at the little window. Unconsciously he stared hard into the blackness. The moon had set, and the wind was beginning to whisper in the wide chimney. A faintness that angered him, a hint of nausea, would not be denied. He did not regret what he had done, he did not consciously fear for the result, yet, if anything did go wrong—With sudden fear he brushed away from his mind the hideous train of consequences, that seemed to assault his courage in a thousand ugly forms.

Shaken for an instant, he turned hastily to a decanter of brandy and with trembling hand poured out and drank half a tumblerful of the burning stuff. Wearily he threw himself on the bed, and, hours afterward, slept.

The next day and even the night, passed not so badly. Knowing his need, all day and half the night, with the heavy lash of his own grim determination, he drove himself through an accumulated mass of the exhausting details of his professional work. Spent and weary, he slept late on the morning of the second day. But now he could no longer force aside his anxiety—his mind would drag back from the tack before it, and the words on the written page before him seemed solemn drivels. Desperately he would pace the length of the room, and desperately he would try again to force his attention to his work. That same night Verdugo should come, and as the day waned, with the wind howling past the house and whining down the great throat of the chimney, his mood would vary from black dejection to almost light-headed elation that the end was near. Never really doubting the outcome, nevertheless, the hideous phantom of imminent ruin whispered distrust in his ear. As darkness crept through the wind-lashed rain, his nervous tension became horribly acute—his sense of hearing, strained for every sound, responded to the overwrought nerves, and the night was filled with penetrating sound. No longer a blended chord, the separate, defined noises of the storm ripped and whined and sighed through his tortured ears—the chattering shiver of the barred door, the hurried drip of water from the roof, the rush and wall of the wind over the plain, the little, distant noises of rivulets, and the deeper note of the flooded arroyo, all came in maddening distinctness and infinite segregation. Not daring to make a light pacing like a trapped coyote the length of the room, he wore out the dragging hours until the dawn. And Verdugo did not come.

Chilled, haggard, and desperate, Valentin Rivas would not yet allow himself to analyze his disgrace and ruin. Apathy crept over him, and but one thing in the world seemed worth while—sleep—rest—unconsciousness! On his bed, inert and indifferent, he lay while a numbness like death stole through mind and body, and he slept. It was dusk when he awoke. Stiff and sore, his brain was clear, and for the first time he grimly faced his plight. The full extent of his folly was now plain to him—as plain as it would be to all others when it was known. He could not even imagine the money loss, and the only explanation he could offer seemed now so grotesque, so incapable of extenuation, that he felt already the sting of the incredulity, the sneers, the ugly hints, and finally the open accusation of theft that would be leveled at him. A man of excellent family, able, honest, and rapidly rising in his profession, even acceptance of his story as true would but subject him to the deeper disgrace of being branded as an unmitigated fool—in either case his career was at an end before it was fairly begun.

Moodily he sat, hour after hour. Bitterly he marveled at his own incomprehensible recklessness, and tried to see somewhere in the future a chance to cleanse this blot from his name. But between him and his future came always that time he dreaded—the time when first ridicule, then suspicion and malice, made him out both fool and rascal. He buried his face in his arms on the desk before him, and his face grew hot with the shame of it all. It was too much to live down. No suffering, no reparation, could ever make men forget—nothing, nothing—"Senior!"

Valentin Rivas gripped his hands hard as they lay under his bowed head on the desk, and his heart stopped for one terrible instant, as he thought that whispered word a phantom of his brain. A moment of agonizing silence passed, then, through the dull swish of the rain on the roof came again that cutting whisper. Shivering, he softly slid back the bar from the door, and Juan Verdugo stood before him. "It is here, the paper. Little trouble was it to take the package to the agent, and he counted it all, and sealed it—so says the paper. But they found me out, the coyotes! The sneaking pack that would have killed thee, smelled me out as thy messenger. Two men's lives it cost, senior, before the road was cleared for this little paper. Take it now, for I go!" Silently the lawyer took the paper, and by the light of a screened candle glanced it through. He turned to Verdugo. "Juan Verdugo, thou hast kept faith, and thou art a man of honor. Thy debt is more than paid, for life and honor both hast thou saved to me."

Verdugo stood at the door, jaded and mudstained. "Senior Licenciado Rivas. I am Juan Verdugo, the ladron—the highway robber. Say you the debt is paid—paid in full? Then mark thee well—I will rob thee the first chance I get!" And he was gone.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**The Way of It.**

Stella—President Roosevelt puts the really good woman ahead of the soldier.

Bella—Humph! She's generally after him as well.—New York Sun.

The schooner Polly, now a coaster, is the oldest ship in the world that makes regular trips afloat. It was built for William Spear in 1805, and seems as sound as ever.



**TO WASH FLANNELS.**

First of all cut up some of the best yellow soap, and put into a saucepan with about two quarts of water, and let it boil. Then have ready some hot water, and pour the boiled soap into it, with a few drops of ammonia. Then take the flannels or woolen goods and work them well about in the water, after rinsing them well in lukewarm water, and shake them before putting them to dry.

**TO PRESERVE COLORS.**

It is not generally known that a spoonful of ox-gall in one gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods which are soaked in it before washing; also, that a teaspoonful of lye in a pall of water will improve the color of any black goods. Vinegar in the rinsing water will brighten pink or green calico, and soda will do the same for purple or blue calico.

**CARE OF THE PICTURE FRAMES.**

The gilt frames of pictures or mirrors, if they are not so far gone as to require regilding, may be cleansed by just a simple washing with spirits of wine or oil of turpentine. Take a small sponge, and having wet it in either of these liquids, wring it out thoroughly, and then apply. The gilt should not be wiped afterwards in order to dry it; leave it to dry of itself. Gold paint comes in very nicely when the frames are somewhat bare and worn, and want more than a simple washing. But before applying it, be careful to have the surfaces perfectly clean. With a small soft brush or duster remove all dust, then gently wash with lukewarm water and a mild toilet soap. After the frame has been thus thoroughly cleansed, then apply your gold paint. Do not wet the frame over much when washing it, for this would remove all the old gilding. A tightly wrung sponge is the best thing to use.

**CLEANING LEATHER.**

Difficulty is sometimes found in cleaning successfully raised leather blotters and frames, brown shoe polish, which is sometimes employed, being apt to darken the leather, much as it does in the matter of footgear. Turpentine, however, can be safely used, it is said, in this connection, as a polisher, and can be applied over and over again without any ill effects being noticeable, while it effectually removes any stains which may disfigure the leather. After rubbing on the turpentine, a little crude oil should be vigorously applied with a piece of flannel, the object being to render the leather soft and pliable; turpentine, unless counteracted by oil, having the effect of hardening it to a certain extent, says Woman's Life. After this has been done a soft, clean cloth should be used as a polisher and the surface rubbed gently backward and forward till the requisite shine has been attained.

**RECIPES.**

**Marmalade Sauce.**—Put half a pint of water on to boil. Mix two teaspoonsful of corn-floa smoothly in a basin with a little extra cold water. When the water boils pour in the corn-floa, stir it over the fire until it boils and thickens, then add two large tablespoons of marmalade and one teaspoonful of castor-sugar. Mix all well together and pour it into hot tureen.

**Orange Glaze.**—Take one pint of cream, two cupsful of sugar, the yolks of six eggs, well beaten. Place on fire and stir until it begins to thicken, add the juice of six oranges; strain into freezer, and when nearly frozen add six ounces of macaroon dust and finish. Serve in glasses.

**Apple Cheese.**—After making apple jelly the pulp is usually thrown away; if, however, the apples for the jelly are peeled, cored and cut up as for a pie, they make excellent custard or jam if the following recipe is used: Weigh the pulp, and to every pound put nearly a pound of sugar, half a teaspoonful of water, and a little grated rind of a lemon. Boil until a little thick, put into a sauce; then put into jars or small moulds.

**Custard Pudding.**—One quart milk, scalded, 1 cup sugar, put on the stove in a saucepan, let it brown, not burn, stir constantly, pour this into the hot milk and it will harden. Stir until dissolved, add the yolks of 2 eggs and 2 whole eggs well beaten. Save whites of 2 for top, stir all together, add pinch salt, bake slowly. When done beat whites of eggs, add sugar and teaspoonful vanilla, spread on top, set in oven to brown lightly.

**Chocolate Puffs.**—Beat the whites of two eggs stiff and dry, incorporate three-quarters of a cupful of confectioner's sugar and a scant quarter cupful of melted chocolate (an ounce and a half). Work in a little flour, just enough to give the cakes body enough to keep their shape, and bake in a pan sprinkled with powdered sugar.

**Invulnerable Britain.** Arnold White suggests that during a general holiday in times of peace a raid on the British Coast would be quite possible. We fancy the invaders would find it difficult to elbow their way through the crowd on the beach at most spots on our coast.—London Telegraph.

Stem winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.

The natives of Ushashi wear hats made from the skins of lions.

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**A Unique Intoxicant.**

By the REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY. Ordinarily, when a man gets drunk he is sure to do something that he would not do if he was sober—something ludicrous, or indiscreet, or even criminal, that makes him feel mightily ashamed when he regains the "living perpendicular" and is once more himself.

Such, I repeat, is the ordinary consequence of over-indulgence in strong drink, as we know strong drink in this part of the world.

But, lo! the word comes to us from Darkest Africa that the explorers have found in the heart of the Congo a drink that acts just the reverse of our civilized whisky, rum, gin, etc.

The tribesmen in the district referred to are at their worst when sober—thieves, robbers, murderers and everything else that they should not be; but so soon as they get drunk on their strange beverage they are transformed into saints and angels.

The great Pascal declared, that the Pyrenee's divided the decalogue into two hostile camps, right on one side of the mountain, wrong on the other. The ipse dixit of the famous Frenchman finds its modern illustration in the case in point.

Sober, the Congo negroes are as immoral a set as ever disgraced the planet, but when once thoroughly "under the influence" they are, morally speaking, the "pinks of perfection" and the worthy examples of the elect of the earth.

It seems that they are no sooner within the spell of their favorite drink than they are moved to confess all the wrong they did when sober. If they have stolen anything they confess their thefts, if they have robbed or murdered they make a clean breast of the horrible business, and long before they have passed from under the influence of their potentations they have cleaned the slate and, so far as confession is concerned, fully atoned for all their wrongdoing.

President Lincoln, as all the world knows, once advised all of his generals to drink the brand of whisky that Grant drank, and it strikes me that it would not be a bad thing, as a sort of temporary arrangement, to import a few thousand gallons of this Congo liquor to be religiously dealt out to certain parties in our own country.

The revolutions that would be sure to follow would be to us a great moral gain.

The "Black Hand," the trusts, the Albany, Philadelphia and Memphis "rings," the life insurance pirates, the gas men, and all the rest of the dark and evil brood, might, under the uplifting influence of the African beverage, be induced to tell us all, and thus place us in a fair way to recover our long-lost birthright as free American citizens.—From the New York American.

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