

Who hides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fall in any quail
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time—he tastes the
sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear!
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause;
And like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel,
wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who hides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Ashes of the First.

When the wife of Durande, captain
in the 112th Culrassiers of the line,
died, he was sorely stricken with sor-
row, and would not be comforted. In
fact, he had hardly had time to enjoy
his happiness or appreciate his treas-
ure, for they had been married only
a month, when she was taken from
him in the midst of their wedding
tour in Italy.

Just about returning to Paris, she
fell ill in Rome and died of fever, in
spite of the many physicians called to
attend her and the devoted care of
her husband, who never left her side
till she breathed her last.

Conscious to the end, she bravely
sought to console him.

"It was not given to mortals," she
said, "to be happy for long. Our joy
has been too great; it could not last.
Do not weep, dearest," she cried; "let
me pass away in peace, without the
memory of your distressed face. Smile,
do not look so sad!" and she raised
her trembling hand and caressingly
laid it on his cheek.

"You are a soldier" pursued she;
"death should have no terrors for you,
I have loved you only; do me, then,
one last little favor. I wish to be
near you always, even in death. I be-
seach you, cremate me, then, reduce
me to a little heap of ashes that you
can always carry with you."

I shall never disturb you—how
strange it seems to call a heap of
ashes "I"—yet so it will be. You will
sometimes glance at me thus, and
can never entirely forget me!

Nevertheless when Durande returned
to Paris he was a changed man. He
was thin and haggard; his eyes had
lost their luster, his step its elastic
spring and confidence.

"Courage, courage, my boy!" his
colonel would say to him.

"Be brave, my friend!" repeated his
brother officers.

But joy and brightness had gone
out of Durande's life; the once bril-
liant soldier was a broken man.

No one, on arrival, was allowed to
touch his luggage, and he himself
with care and weeping drew from his
satchel an artistic little vase that he
solemnly charged his brosseur never
on any account to lay hands upon.

"A token of poor madame?" the
man ventured to ask.

"Yes, a token," Durande responded;
before which, the slim Roman urn
that held all that was left of his poor
wife's remains, he knelt and wept bit-
terly when alone again. At night it
stood in full view upon a cabinet be-
side his bed, that his eyes might rest
upon it when not closed in sleep; and
by day, when his leave had expired
and he had returned to duty, he was
distracted, a stranger to his comrades,
joining in none of their pleasures or
amusements, seeming to live only in
the memory of his lost wife and that
urn—which might be knocked over.

He had placed her portrait in every
room in his house, and by a strange
paradox of sentiment it was here,
among all these tender recollections,
that he passed his least miserable
hours.

By degrees, through steady contem-
plation, perhaps, the sight of the Ro-
man urn produced a less painful ef-
fect upon the disconsolate widower,
and no longer caused him the cruel
heart pang of the first days of his
bereavement.

He was now able to picture his dar-
ling as she had been in the zenith of
strength and beauty, gay, smiling,
charming. Again and again he re-
called and lived over the moments of
that honeymoon journey, and grew
happy himself in this sweet, posthu-
mous revival of radiant hours.

When at work, the urn stood on his
writing table, and he thought how in
life and in that bygone time he had
written and pondered and she had sat
quietly beside him, reading or sewing
tranquilly, silently, without disturbing
him.

Six months passed, lengthened to a
year, and now and then it happened
that Durande forgot the urn, and left
it on his table at night instead of car-
rying it to his bedroom. Finally he
enshrined it for good on his office
table. Not that the memory of his
wife was less than at first, but be-
cause, in time, it was borne in upon
him that a funeral deposit like this

was unsanitary, unhealthy, in a sleep-
ing room.

Nevertheless, every day it was sur-
rounded, as usual, with lilies and
roses, his wife's favorite flowers.

The one year lengthened to two,
and Durande had returned to his
bachelor life.

"'Tis wrong to bury yourself alive
thus," said his friends and his wife's
relations: "begin, go into the world
again."

Durande yielded, once more went
out, frequented the quarters of his
brother-officers, joined in their joy-
ing, and actually one evening, carried
them all home with him to a banquet
in his own apartments. The wine
was good, the champagne sparkling,
laughter, songs, uproar, the order of
the night; when, the supper ended,
they all adjourned to the private of-
fice, where the mortuary shrine stood
alone upon the table, severe and
mournful.

Reverly ran riot, in the midst of
which Durande suddenly recalled the
"presence of the dead," as he was
wont to call the urn, caught it up hur-
riedly, darted from the room, and de-
posited it in an upper chamber, piled
with a bachelor's litter of old books,
boots and firearms.

Next morning, determined that pro-
fanation like that of the previous
night should not happen again, he re-
solved to turn this lumber room, where
he had temporarily deposited the pre-
cious remains, into a mortuary chapel,
and gave instant orders for a cathed-
ral window and a niche and altar to be
placed beneath it.

There the urn was again enshrined,
but the lilies and roses had given
place to immortelles. Some days later,
perceiving that these had lost color
from lack of air and light, Durande
had them changed for garlands of
Sevres and bisque of the costliest
character, and thus the urn stood
peacefully in this calm retreat.

Two years of widowhood lengthened
to three, and Durande took unto him-
self a second wife. Why, he couldn't
have told you. Certainly it was not
a case of desperate love, though the
new Mme. Durande was a charming
woman.

No, he had but one excuse for re-
filling the empty niche in his life—
Mme. Durande the second was exceed-
ingly like Mme. Durande the first,
with one exception—she was jealous.
A jealousy that caused her to look
with suspicion on every one, word,
or gesture; and the knowledge that
he still retained tender memories of
the dead would have caused her tem-
pestuous anger.

Durande no longer dared to keep
the urn in a conspicuous place. It
was quietly and secretly a third time
removed from its quarters and rever-
ently stored in a spare room in the
mansarde. Matters grew better as
time wore on; peace and happiness
reigned with the young couple, and
more than once Durande, in this at-
mosphere of renewed content, was on
the verge of unbosoming himself and
confiding in his wife the mystery of
the urn. Alas! his courage always
failed him.

In due time a son was born to the
house of Durande, and Mme. Durande
found it necessary to clear out and
use the room where the urn lay for-
gotten. As for Durande himself, the
joy of a new-made father dissipated
all remorse in his heart, and, to cele-
brate the christening with due pomp
and splendor, invitations were sent
far and wide for a magnificent din-
ner.

"But, my dear," said his wife, as
he came in from the barracks the
day of the great event, "don't go to
your dressing-room till you have seen
the table, the flowers arranged with
my own hands."

Arranged! A great, heaping cluster
of blood-red roses—in an antique,
strangely familiar Roman urn, which
held the place of honor on the sumptu-
ous board!

Durand bent closer. His wife saw
him start.

"Yes," said she, complacently, "tis
yours, you dear old stupid! to throw
away, as you have done, the hand-
somest thing collected in your trip
to Italy. It was up in the garret,
filled with dust; heaven knows how
long it has been there!"

"With dust!" stammered Du-
rande, white as death, "and—and what
did you do with it, the—the dust?"

"Threw it on the rose pots, dearest,
that is, what the wind didn't scatter.
But the effect—isn't it lovely?"

"Very, very lovely!" murmured the
soldier, with a strangled sigh. And
in the fresh, fragrant flowers, whose
petals parted softly like the lips of a
young girl to the first kiss of love,
Durande believed that he saw the
tender smiles and blushes of his dear,
dead wife.—Translated from the
French for Short Stories Magazine by
E. C. Waggener.

Why He Kissed Her.
It was a case of breach of promise.
The defendant was allowed to
say a word in his own behalf.

"Yes," he said; "I kissed her al-
most continually every evening I
called at her house."

The lawyer for the plaintiff was
pleased.

"Then you confess it?" he said.

"Yes, I do confess it; but I had to
do it."

"You had to do it! What do you
mean?"

"That was the only way I could
keep her from singing."

The jury gave a verdict for the de-
fendant without leaving their seats.
—Tit-Bits.

The condor can fast for forty day
and the eagle twenty-eight days.

NEWS of Pennsylvania

WOMAN A VICTIM.

**Sold House To Pay Tribute Demanded
By Fellow-Countrymen.**

Pittsburg (Special).—Trembling
before the gaze to two countrymen in
Magistrate Brady's Court Mrs. Stella
Pagana, an Italian woman, told a
story of how her savings of years
had been extorted from her by two
of her fellow countrymen.

Giuseppe Furcio and Prisco Barfir-
mo had been arrested upon complaint
of Mrs. Pagana, who alleged that the
two men had from time to time de-
manded money by threatening let-
ters. The demands were for \$20 and
\$30 at a time. So frequent were
their demands that the bank account
was soon gone and finally she had to
sell their property.

Her husband knew nothing of this,
she said, as she feared that if she
told him she would be killed. She
was now reduced to penury, she de-
clared.

The men were held for court. Mrs.
Pagana asked that heavy bail be
fixed as she feared if the men were
released she would be assassinated.

FEED POISONS POULTRY.

**Cockle Ground With Wheat To Make
Middlings Deleterious.**

Hamburg (Special).—A number of
persons engaged in poultry raising
have recently complained of cases of
poisoning of poultry by feeding "mid-
dlings." This is wheat ground for
chicken feed because it was unfit for
flour owing to the large percentage
of cockle which it contains. When
unground screenings are fed to
poultry the fowls instinctively refuse
to eat cockle, nature evidently giv-
ing them warning of its poisonous
character.

The Department of Agriculture, in
consequence of numerous complaints
received, has issued a special bulle-
tin calling attention to the danger
in feeding poultry with feed contain-
ing ground cockle, pointing out that
its presence can be detected by the
black hulls.

LEG SEVEN FEET AROUND.

**McKeesport Woman Has Remarkable
Case Of Elephantiasis.**

McKeesport (Special).—The most
pronounced case of elephantiasis
brought to the attention of the medi-
cal fraternity of McKeesport, and
probably the most remarkable in the
county, is that of Mrs. David Lynch,
who is at the home of her son, Harry
Lynch, near Fifth Avenue.

Suffering from the disease, Mrs.
Lynch weighs 500 pounds. Just be-
low the knee her left leg is seven
feet in circumference, or over two
and one-half feet in thickness. It
is still larger above the knee and
weighs over 100 pounds. The right
leg measures four feet eight inches
above the knee.

The disease is one of the rarest
known in this country. As Mrs.
Lynch lies in her bed the lower limbs
fill its width and she is helpless. She
suffers little pain.

NEW BANK OPENS DOORS.

**Union National Begins Business Un-
der Favorable Auspices.**

Scranton (Special).—With an
enormous amount of money back of
it the new Union National Bank
opened Monday. Ex-Mayor W. L.
Connell is president.

The Union is capitalized at \$500,-
000, and has a surplus to begin with
of \$125,000. It has nearly 500 stock-
holders.

Its directors are the postmaster
of Scranton, the president and a di-
rector of the International Corre-
spondence Schools, the owner of one
of the largest silk mills in the region,
and as vice president, a member of
the Jermyn family, which represents
many millions.

ALIVE WITH BROKEN NECK.

**Bridge Builder Struck By Handle Of
Hand Car.**

Scranton (Special).—With his
neck broken as the result of an ac-
cident three days ago, David Acker,
a bridge builder, is alive at the Moses
Taylor Hospital, and his case is at-
tracting the attention of the best
surgeons of the region.

Acker, with a gang of men, was
returning to the city on a hand car
after making repairs along the Lack-
awanna Railroad. The hand car
jumped the track and the hand lever
hit Acker in the neck. An operation
was performed, and there is some
hope that the man may live.

CURED OF TETANUS.

**Boy Recovers From Lockjaw By
Antitoxin Treatment.**

Williamsport (Special).—Local
physicians made the announcement
of the complete cure of tetanus.
Three weeks ago William Collins, a
lad of Norristown, Pa., stepped on
a nail that penetrated his foot.
Later his jaw locked tight and every
joint became immovable.

After a consultation the case was
given to Dr. B. H. Detwiler, of this
city, who gave three injections of
antitoxin a day until the joints re-
laxed.

Oil And Fire Cost A Life.

West Chester (Special).—Viola
Stewart, aged 20 years, living in
Birmingham Township, was so badly
burned that she died in the hospital
here after suffering terrible agony.
She was preparing dinner and the
fire was not burning fast enough.
She poured cold oil on it, and when
the can exploded and set her afire
she was alone. When found she was
nearly burned to a crisp. Her house
and the house of Mr. Johnson, ad-
joining, were totally destroyed by
the flames, with their contents.

EASTON STUDENT'S RECORD.

**Krantz Had A Remarkable Attend-
ance Average.**

Easton (Special).—Ellsworth S.
Krantz, who has just graduated
from the high school after a twelve
years' course in the public schools
of this city, has a remarkable record.
He attained a grade of 91.34, con-
siderable above the average in either
his class or in the average of all
pupils graduating. In the entire
twelve years he missed but one and
a half days, and in the last nine
years was not absent at any time.
He has a perfect record as regards
punctuality, never having been tardy.
He was prominent in athletics and
during his senior year in the high
school was captain of the track team.
He is also interested in Y. M. C. A.
work.

BLIGHT KILLING SYCAMORES.

**Trees On Hundreds Of Farms At-
tacked By Insect.**

Hamburg (Special).—A blight,
fungus or insect, as yet undeter-
mined, is working serious havoc among
the grand old sycamore or button-
wood trees which form such con-
spicuous landmarks on hundreds of
southeastern Pennsylvania, threaten-
ing their complete annihilation. The
foliage dries up rapidly and in a
comparatively brief time the tree
appears dead.

The attention of the authorities
at Harrisburg has been called to the
matter in order that remedial mea-
sures may be applied to prevent its
spread.

Monster Strawberries Reported.

Collegeville (Special).—The
strawberry crop in the Perkiomen
Valley this season has been one of
the most abundant in several years.
The berries are of unusual size and
very luscious.

The largest were grown by S. M.
Umpstead, of Schwenksville. He
has seven huge strawberries that fill
a quart jar. Mrs. Henry A. Mark-
ley, of Worcester, grew twenty-five
berries that filled a common straw-
berry box. The three largest mea-
sured 7, 7½ and 8 inches, respec-
tively.

Jesse J. Hickman.

West Chester (Special).—Jesse J.
Hickman, aged 77 years, one of the
oldest foxhunters and commissioner
of this county, died at his home in
Westtown after a few weeks' illness.
He was one of the most widely-
known citizens in this section of the
State and held many public offices.
His name became widely known as
a breeder of hogs. He was Regis-
ter of Wills for three years and was
serving his second term as County
Commissioner at the time of his
death.

Elks On Parade.

Tamaqua (Special).—The feature
of the Fourth here was the parade
of the Schuylkill County Association
of Elks, embracing the lodges of
Mahanoy City, Ashland, Shenandoah,
Pottsville and Tamaqua led by the
Third Brigade Band, of Pottsville.
Unique badges with coal ornaments
were worn and twenty automobiles
carried the older members.

James Morgan.

Altoona (Special).—James Mor-
gan, aged 49, a prominent insurance
and real estate broker here, died
at the home of his sister, in Bucks
County, of cancer of the stomach.
He went to his sister's to rest and
the disease suddenly developed there,
an operation failed to save him. He
had accumulated a fortune and was
identified with numerous business
concerns here. A widow and daughter
survive.

Hotel Wrecked By Dynamite.

Wilkes-Barre (Special).—An effort
to wreck the Frantz Hotel, at
Plymouth, was made Thursday morn-
ing, several sticks of dynamite being
exploded against one corner of it.
The side wall was badly damaged,
the foundations shaken and all the
glass in the front smashed.

Flagman Dies From Injuries.

Norristown (Special).—John
Haines, of Bridgeport, 35 years old,
a flagman on the Reading Railway,
died at the Norristown Hospital, the
result of being crushed between the
bumpers while coupling two freight
cars at Lansdale.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

John Johnson, aged 22 years, of
Lancaster, was drowned in the Con-
estoga River while in swimming. His
body was recovered.

Adjutant General Stewart sent
word to General C. B. Dougherty, of
the Third Brigade, that Health Com-
missioner Dixon had completed an
investigation of the streams and wells
at the Mt. Gretna camp ground and
placarded every well and water
course containing impure water with
big linen signs.

A chicken with four legs is a
freak of nature on C. A. Wismer's
farm near Gratersford.

William Keel, of Providence
Square, was severely bitten on both
hands by a strange dog which he
tried to drive from his poultry yard.

Dr. Cornelius Bartholomew, who
was recently found guilty at Allen-
town of illegal practice, was senten-
ced to four years in the Eastern Pen-
itentiary and to pay a fine of \$500
and the costs in the case.

Reading merchants have selected
Wednesday, August 7, as "Reading
Day" at Bernville's "Old Home
Week." Several bands will be en-
gaged to head the division.

Fifteen to twenty car loads of ice
are shipped to Philadelphia daily,
from the icehouses of the Perkiomen
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Husbands and Wives.

By DOLLY GOODWILL.

I see two men often, who challenge
my admiration. One is a retired far-
mer of sixty-five whose two sons are
married, and he has laid up for all a
competency. He says: "Now moth-
er let's be happy, let us travel a bit
in our old age." He was all enthu-
siasm for a jaunt to the Oregon Ex-
position and a general visit in the West
among relatives. He did not enjoy
travel alone, and she had two sisters
out there whom she had not seen for
twenty-five years. And what of Han-
nah Jane, his spouse? She clipped
the wings of his enthusiasm by bluntly
saying: "Oh, I don't want to go.
I'd rather sew carpet rags beside a
hickory fire!" That woman! Her
daughter-in-law and I just wished
that we'd had her chance.

Another man is seventy-five years
old and is a retired stock dealer. He
is young and chipper in mind. His
poky partner is likewise "addicted,"
to carpet rags; what folly when
beautiful ingrains are so cheap. Their
two daughters often scold the moth-
er because she won't go places with
their father. She grunts and says
she is sick. Let her sleep with her
windows open the year around and
quit pernicious pie and she will be as
well as the rest of us. Women seem
to grow old faster than men. Maybe
it is because it is of indoor work.
Little jaunts are lots better than lin-
iment for fancied ills.

It is so pleasing when married peo-
ple will bend to each other's wishes.
I smiled approbation on some el-
derly women whom I saw on the cars
as we journeyed through the blue
grass region. They were going with
their husbands to the races. And
why not? Raising horses in this gar-
den spot of old Kentucky had always
been their business and had fur-
nished a good living. Their pretty
daughters were with the party. I
thought of that popular ballad of a
few years ago:

"She was bred in old Kentucky
Where the meadow grass is blue.
There's the sunshine of the country
In her face and manner too."

There is a reason for old men mar-
rying young women—they are often
sympathetic and cheer up the old
man. I see an old soldier whose
third wife accompanies him to sol-
diers' reunions, and entertains his
chums and enjoys their fireside war
talks. The papers are full of queries
from women asking for lotions for
complexion, and aids to remove
moles and sunburn. Better begin
first with the liver, then don't grow
old. Keep on wearing pink and
white, lavender and dark rich red.
At a centennial celebration in one of
our near towns a cultured woman of
seventy had charge of the music. She
had leisure. Her eight children were
all educated, married and well
launched in business.—Indiana Far-
mer.

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