

Because You Understand.  
You always praise when I am right,  
And plead when I am wrong,  
You sorrow when I am contrite,  
And joy when I am strong.  
You always give me what I need  
Of cheer or reprimand,  
And your advice I ever heed—  
Because you understand.

You do not say I must do this  
Instead of doing that,  
You do not take my words amiss,  
Nor strain out at a gnat.  
How often have I changed my scheme,  
And done as you have planned!  
Oh, you above all I esteem—  
Because you understand!

I knew when darkest seems the day,  
The light will soon appear,  
And so I go to you straightway,  
For comfort and for cheer.  
I think of you in bliss and woe,  
Sweet smile and helping hand,  
How much to you, dear heart, I owe—  
Because you understand!  
—The Truth-teller in Town Topics.

## A Chapter from Life

The wagon drew up at the farm, and a man jumped down and knocked on the open door. In reply a voice called out to him to come in. It was a curious voice, flat and strained, as though it were an effort to speak. Expecting to see an invalid, the stranger stepped into the room.

A man of not more than thirty-five lay back in a rocker, his thin, sickly hands extended on his knees, his face pinched and grey-looking.

"I'm afraid you're ill," the visitor said. "I was going to ask your hospitality for an hour or two. We've been traveling since daybreak and the horses want a rest, but if you'd rather not be bothered, don't mind saying so."

"No, don't go—stay," the man said eagerly. "I'm a bit of an invalid, but that doesn't matter. It's a treat to see somebody from the outside world, and you don't look as if you belonged to these parts."

"I come from Winnipeg. My name's Drummond, and I'm going up to Blackfoot Creek on business. I suppose you've heard that they've struck oil there."

"I hear nothing. One might as well be dead as live here—better."

Mr. Drummond glanced around the room. It was a little whitewashed place, with the usual stove in the center, its long pipe piercing the ceiling to warm the upper rooms. Through the window he could see the potato-patch and the fields beyond, beginning to sprout into greenness.

"I suppose it is a bit dreary in the winter," he said. "There wouldn't be much to do then."

"There's nothing. You feel like a castaway on a desert island. Nobody comes near you, and you hear and see nothing. You sit over the red hot stove until you're half-baked on one side, while the icy wind finds its way through every crack and freezes you on the other. The days are long enough, but the nights are worse when you lie awake listening to the coyotes howling down by the spring, and the wind tears over the prairie like a demon let loose."

"You don't look fit for the life," Drummond said compassionately, looking at the thin, refined face and listless figure. "You need the comforts of civilization. It takes a strong man to face this sort of existence and get any good out of it."

"It's not any choice of mine, I've never been used to it. My wife had a fancy to come up here, but I think she's almost had enough of it."

"I shouldn't have thought there could be any attraction for a lady in such a place. There's isn't even much sport." He concluded that the mistress of the house must be of robust physique with many tastes to take to the wilderness from choice.

He altered his mind when he saw her come in.

She was tall and slender, with rather a hard face, which had probably been pretty before toil and exposure to all weathers had aged and roughened it. Her's was the slenderness of strength and clean proportions; she was as straight and upright as a dart. Drummond thought what a contrast she made to her husband. But though he was not prepossessed by her appearance—and her chilly greeting increased the feeling—she was quite different from the loud, sporting woman he had imagined.

She put a bowl of potatoes down by her husband.

"This gentleman will excuse you getting on with these," she said, with a nervous laugh. "They are wanted for dinner. Shall I show you my man the stables?" she added, turning to Drummond. "You will want a shake-down for the horses."

"Don't let me trouble you. I can find them myself, or anybody can show me the way."

"There is nobody but me and Grant, and he is engaged just now. My husband, as you see, is not strong enough to do much, so we have changed places. He looks after the house and does any little jobs he can."

Drummond could say no more. He caught a half-shamed, half-pleading look on the man's face as he followed his wife outside, and he wondered what it all meant. It seemed a strange household. He could not but admire the way the place was kept. Everything was so clean and tidy; there

was no waste or disorder anywhere, though it was evident to his practiced eye that it must be a hard fight to make a living here.

"You must work hard," he said with unwilling admiration, "if you and one man keep the place like this."

"Grant is half a dozen men," she replied. "There is nothing he cannot do. He is stableman, carpenter, cook, plowman—everything by turns." Her tone was almost enthusiastic.

"It must be a hard life for you."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have got used to it. Mercifully one gets used to anything in time. At first," she threw up her head as though something choked her; "at first I thought I should never be able to endure it."

When Drummond went in a big red Scotsman was putting the dishes on the table, whom his hostess introduced as "Mr. Grant." He was rather puzzled by the man's appearance and manner. It was nothing unusual on the prairie to find gentlemen working as farm hands and doing any "menial" labor, as it would be called elsewhere. But this man made no pretension to being a gentleman, though neither was he rough or uncouth in any way. It was impossible to treat him as an inferior, though one might not consider him an equal. He conducted himself with perfect propriety, and when he did speak—which was seldom—he spoke with knowledge, and was worth listening to.

Two things struck Drummond, who was an observant man. One was that his hostess turned instinctively to Grant in any little doubt or difficulty, and not to her husband. The other, that the man looked at his mistress as a dog looks at its master—as at a superior being, eager to anticipate her wish, to obey her slightest command.

A curious thing happened when they were sitting at dinner. A neighbor rode up, saying he had been into the town for letters and had brought their post with them. He tossed a small packet down on the table and was gone almost before they could thank him. Drummond noticed that his host had stopped eating and was looking eagerly and furtively at the letters, but he did not attempt to touch them.

The woman stretched out her hand and took them up. Among the letters was a small parcel addressed, as Drummond could not help seeing, to "F. Crawford, Esq." Another name which he did not see was printed at the head of the label. To his astonishment, his hostess, after a brief glance, took up the little packet and delicately dropped it into the stove, where a fire was smouldering.

"Helen!" her husband cried in anger, and entreaty, stretching out his hand. But she took no notice. For a moment he looked as though he would have said and done something more, but the Scotsman's eyes were on him—steady, scornful, commanding—and he got up without another word and went out of the room. As he went, Drummond saw—and grew hot with indignation—that his eyes were full of tears and his hands trembling.

There was an awkward pause, and then on the excuse that he wanted to smoke a pipe, he, too, left the room. As he was strolling about outside, wishing that he could do something to help his unfortunate host, who seemed at the mercy of his wife and servant, Crawford himself appeared.

"Come away from the house, where we shan't be overheard," he whispered. "I want to speak to you, and that brute Grant is always watching me. I am never safe from him."

"I saw you felt sorry for me just now," he went on. "You will guess something of the awful life I lead. I have no voice or say in anything; I am a nonentity in my own house—worse, a prisoner. I have no money and no means of getting anywhere. I can only go as far as I can walk, and you can guess," he said bitterly, "how far that is."

He moved feebly like a man recovering from an illness, and his face was gray and beaded with perspiration, though the air was quite cool. Any exertion seemed too much for him, he looked the wreck of what must have been a fine, strong man. Drummond was full of compassion and indignation.

"Why don't you communicate with your friends?" he asked. "Surely they could put a stop to such a state of things if you are not strong enough to exert your authority. Of course I don't understand the circumstances, but I can see that something is wrong."

"And you will help me?" he said eagerly. For pity's sake, don't refuse; I may not have such another chance for months."

The shrill, excited voice broke off abruptly. The little outburst had completely exhausted him, and he leaned, shaking and half crying, against the stable wall, a pitiable object.

"What is it you want me to do?" Drummond asked.

"Post this for me yourself, that is all," holding out a letter. "I wrote it just now on the chance. It is to a friend of mine in Montreal who will help me. Don't let anybody see it, put it in your pocket quickly." He looked round in furtive apprehension; it was a look that had something mean and repellent in it.

"Very well," Drummond said rather coldly. "I will do as you wish."

"You'll post it yourself?" suspiciously. "You won't let anybody else see it?"

"I have told you that it shall be done."

"Thank you—thank you," effusively. "You don't know how grateful I am. You saw what happened just

now to something of mine—addressed to me—my own property," the voice rising again in futile wrath. "Destroyed before my eyes, without even letting me see it! Isn't it monstrous?"

"It seems very extraordinary," Drummond said, "but your wife must surely have had some reason," looking at him keenly. "It was done quite openly."

A couple of weeks later, when Drummond was returning to Winnipeg, he passed close to the farm and curious to learn what had happened in the interval—whether the letter had any result—he stopped and looked in. It was getting dusk and Grant was sitting alone, his arms on the table, his head in his hands. He looked up as Drummond stood hesitating at the door.

"You!" he cried, jumping up with a forbidding look. "What do you want? Haven't you done enough mischief?"

Drummond noticed that the big, powerful man swayed as he stood, as though from weakness, and that his face was haggard with weary, cavernous eyes.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed indignantly. "If you think you can bully me as you did your unfortunate master, you are very much mistaken."

"So that is what you think?" said Grant. "Well, I'm not surprised; I saw where your sympathies had gone last time you were here. He took you in as he did others. He's as cunning as a fox. When the mischief was done he told us in glee the we owed it to you."

"I don't understand," Drummond said coldly, but with a quail of misgiving. The man's voice carried conviction.

"I can explain in a few words. Mr. Crawford is addicted to the morphia habit, and it was to try to effect a cure that his wife brought him here. The doctor said it was his last chance. A healthy, outdoor life, away from temptation—out of reach, as he thought, of his enemy—might restore his powers of mind and body. He was drifting rather rapidly down the road to insanity."

There was an exclamation of dismay from his listener.

"But these drug people are the most difficult of all to deal with; they're worse than drinkers. He has to be constantly watched or he'd manage to get the stuff somehow. We haven't a neighbor within half a dozen miles and it's more than double that distance to the nearest post town, but though he was safe enough that way, he'd loiter about the trail half the day on the chance of seeing somebody go past who'd do his errand for him. In spite of all our precautions he's managed to get the drug two or three times since we've been here and then—well then," grimly, "we've had a hell of a time."

"He was just recovering from an attack when you came, and was feeling particularly low and miserable, craving, of course, for the stimulant. He had managed to get an order through to some fool of a chemist, but fortunately his name was on the label and Mrs. Crawford recognized it and destroyed the stuff, as you saw. Then you," with a twist of the lip, "came along and played the good Samaritan."

"How could I tell? I'm awfully sorry; I'll never interfere again without knowing all the facts, but on the surface it really seemed as though he were being badly treated. I—I hope I didn't do very much harm?"

"It was pretty bad, he kept us going day and night, but he's better now. You see the attack came before he had properly recovered from the other, and when he's had a big dose he's like a man possessed with devils. He's as strong again, he'll laugh and sing and go on in the maddest way. Then the reaction comes and that," with a shudder, "is the worst of all. Talk of a soul in torment! I have seen what that means. Good Lord! when I think of it, I wonder why such things should be." Grant went on, as he moved restlessly about the room. "I knew her before she was married, I managed her father's farm. If you had seen her then you would hardly recognize her. She was as gay as a lark; as strong and fresh and pretty as the heather at home."

"And look at her now!" His voice broke. "And she loves the man still, would do anything in the world for him; if she's hard on him, it's only for his own good."

Drummond got up when the door opened leading upstairs, and Mrs. Crawford came in.

Her face was white and tired, but all the hardness had gone from it. The lips smiled tremulously, the eyes were deep and tender.

"He's sleeping quietly at last," she said. "Thank God! he'll get better now."

As Drummond went away he remembered having read somewhere that "The tragedy of love is when there is none for whom it can sacrifice itself." And he thought he understood—Derek Vane in London Black and White.

### British War Relics.

During the excavation of a Castine sewer the other day one of the workmen dug out two 9 pound shot which, it is thought, may have been fired from the British warships or from the American batteries across the harbor during the occupancy of the town by the English forces. W. A. Ricker has them on exhibition in his window, together with one of the copper tokens issued in about 1838, which were also found by the same workman.

### Four men out of six smoke.



### MILDEW.

Mix soft soap with powdered starch, two parts, salt one part and the juice of a lemon to a paste. Lay it on both sides of the material and let it lie on the grass until the stain comes out.

### PORTIERES FOR COZY CORNERS.

One can make very attractive portieres for a cozy corner. Use plain art denim in a soft shade of green. On these, as a border, arrange a collection of leather post cards, holding them in place with machine stitching.

### FOR THE WINDOWS.

If wire screens are not liked, a very wise substitute can be made of open-work curtain goods. Measure the length of the window sash, cut the goods, allow two inches extra in length for hems and half a yard in width for gathering. Put two sewings half an inch apart on each hem, run a piece of elastic between, have the elastic four inches less than the width of the window, put a loop on each end, hook on small brass screws which have been put in the four corners of the sash. This screen will look pretty and will allow the air to come through, but not the flies or mosquitoes.

### MOTHS AND RUGS.

Dyed rugs, such as dog and goat skins, are not attacked by moths, because in curing and dyeing them poisons are put in that make them practically immune from attacks by these insects; but the contrary is true of natural skins, such as polar bear, tiger, leopard, etc., for, though the curing process they go through contains more preservatives than are put into that used on muffs, boas, etc., they are much more likely to attract these destructive insects than those that are dyed.

### TO CLEAN CURTAINS.

Take down the curtains, shake and brush well, getting out all the dust from the gathers, fluting, etc. Prepare a quantity of good wheat bran, put it into a large pan and place before a fire to dry, stirring with the hands frequently. Afterward, if the curtains are of silk, mix with the bran an ounce or more of finely powdered indigo blue. Provide several pieces of clean flannel. Spread the curtains, a piece at a time, on the table and sprinkle with bran, a handful at a time. Next, with a bit of flannel, rub the bran round and round on the material, letting it rest before brushing off. As you proceed take clean bran and flannel, and the curtains will become much brightened and improved in appearance, says Woman's Life.

If glazed chintz curtains are often cleaned in this way they will not require washing for a long time. They never look the same after being washed.

Clean ottomans and sofas occasionally in the same way, and they will look much improved.

### RECIPES.

Bread Recipe—Two quarts sifted flour, heaping quarts; 1 heaping tea spoonful salt, ¼ can condensed milk, 1 heaping tablespoonful lard, 1 quart lukewarm water, 1 yeast cake. Try baking your biscuit in gem pan if you like crusty biscuit.

Springerle.—Stir one pound of pulverized sugar with four eggs for one hour; add one pound of flour, a pinch of powdered ammonium carbonate and anise seed. Roll to one-quarter-inch thickness, press with forms, cut and place on napkins powdered with flour overnight. Bake in a cool oven. If kept in a stone crock the springerle will remain soft.

Rice and Cheese Balls.—Add half a cupful of hard grated cheese to a pint of boiled rice, season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Add a well beaten egg and moisten with cream sauce. Form into small balls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry in deep fat.

Raisin Custard Pie.—One cup sugar, 1 cup sour cream, 1 egg, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves, a little nutmeg, bake with two crusts.

Spinach With Onions.—Spinach creamed with brown onions; clean spinach well; cook until tender; brown two onions in butter; add flour until browned. Then add your spinach, after having chopped it fine; water being drained away, in brown onions, adding a half cup of milk.

Frozen Pudding.—One quart of cream, one pint of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of gelatin, four large tablespoonfuls of lime juice, scald the gelatin in little cold water. Scald the milk with one-half the sugar and other one-half dissolved in the cream. Beat the eggs and flour together smooth; pour over the scalded milk and cook. Then put the gelatin into the hot mixture. When cool, add the cream, strain into freezer and freeze. Canded fruits cut in small pieces may be added if liked.

Hereafter all Chinamen who die in Wyoming will be sent to Billings, Mont., for burial. The Celestials have bought ground for a cemetery.

The Korean government has decided to grant the right to work gold mines to citizens of England, Germany, France, the United States and Italy.

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**The Home of the Holy Grail**  
By HAVELOCK ELLIS.  
The mystic shrine of Monsalvat, the home of the Holy Grail, borne away from human strife to that remote corner of the world, long haunted of the medieval mind. As the originally Celtic tale of Sir Percival slowly developed in Germany, Monsalvat became an essential part of the legend; it was inevitable that when in modern times that legend again emerges in the crowning achievement of Wagner's genius, the Grail is still preserved by a religious order at Monsalvat, in Gothic Spain, not far from the land of the Moslems.  
The northerners who dreamed of Monsalvat in their moments of fervent devotion or romantic exaltation had heard a rumor, but for the most part they knew little or nothing of its kernel of fact. Yet the rumor itself is the most potent evidence of the world-wide fascination which the ancient mountain shrine of Montserrat exerted over the imagination of men for more than a thousand years, and, indeed, still exerts even to-day. It is in vain that one climbs the heights of Montserrat with memories of Amfortas and the "pure fool." When we have made our way up, beyond even the shrine and the monastery, to the great ravine which is said to have rent the summit of the mountain at the moment of the Crucifixion, and when we have passed the fantastic row of rocky pinnacles to which the name of "Guardians of the Holy Grail" has been assigned, we have seen all that there is to connect the real Montserrat with the legendary Monsalvat. Perhaps we should be well content that so sublime a symbol has long been borne away to an invisible home, and that the Holy Grail should have its sole and immortal shrine in the human imagination.—Harper's.

**His Proof.**  
A seven-year-old had a great appetite for buckwheat cakes, and could stow away an amazing number of them for breakfast.  
One morning his grandfather, who was watching the performance, asked:  
"Have you ever in your life had all the buckwheat cakes that you could eat?"  
"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Lots of times I've felt I'd had enough."  
"How do you tell when you have had enough?"  
"I just keep on eating until I get a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**NO LOSS.**  
"Was anybody drowned?"  
"Well, not to speak of; just the fellow who'd rocked the boat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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