

"Neglect and Dust."
 A master mirror in a silent room
 Became the sleeping spot of damp
 and dust;
 No face looked in its mystic depths to
 bloom
 With smiles, and soon neglect and
 rebel rust
 Destroyed its truthful speech
 Then into all and each
 That came within its reach
 It gave a blighting lie;
 The young seemed bleared of eye,
 And grim and sadly worn;
 The old beheld their torn
 And withered brows and gave
 Themselves to dark despair,
 Thinking that soon the grave
 Would have them as its share.
 And thus the mirror told its blighting
 lies,
 And filled its patrons with a deep
 disgust;
 It took their happy songs and taught
 them sighs,
 Serving its tyrant lords, Neglect and
 Dust.
 —P. M. MacDonald in Sunday School
 Times.

IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

It was long past the usual bedtime of the household. The wooden clock on the kitchen wall struck a surprised and aggressive "ten," then proceeded to tick off the seconds with an emphasis in which there was something bordering on disapproval. The crackling fire in the stove had long since burned itself into a bed of silent coals; even the teakettle had tired of its monotonous humming, and now the thin thread of vapor which floated from its nose did so in a noiseless, half-hearted fashion.

On one side of the kitchen table Sophia Bently nodded drowsily over the pile of socks she was darning. Opposite her husband pored over the pile of old almanacs before him, oblivious alike to the flight of time and the suggestive yawns of his wife.

Presently he pushed back his chair, ran one hand nervously through his sparse gray hair and gave utterance to an exclamation indicative, seemingly, of deep satisfaction.

"It's comin', sigh as I can figure out," he announced, "somewhere between the eighteenth and twenty-sixth of next month."

Mrs. Bently tossed her pile of socks on the table, and pushing her spectacles up to her forehead, rubbed her sleepy eyes. "What is it now, father?" she asked with gentle resignation. "A dry spell or flurries of snow?"

"Tain't either one of 'em," he asserted, "it's a tornado!"

"A what?" said his wife bending over to peer at him beneath the lampshade.

"A tornado!" he reiterated, with conviction. "One of the kind that'll blow down trees an' bust in winders, an', like enough, 'll onroof a barn or two. I tell you," he went on, "it ain't goin' to be any zephyr. I shouldn't wonder a mite if it was worse than that blow we had in the fall of '81. I'm goin' to write the papers about it tomorrow and give 'em warnin'."

Mrs. Bently did not seem duly impressed by the threatened calamity. Indeed, her smile, as she turned to her husband, was more than skeptical.

"When was it you said it was comin'?" she asked.

"Somewhere between the eighteenth and twenty-sixth," he replied.

"Pass me the last almanac," she demanded; and when he had done her bidding, she slid the spectacles to the bridge of her nose and slowly thumbed the pages.

"You ought not to have your tornado coming along that time," she remonstrated. "The third Thursday in the month comes on the eighteenth, an' that's the day the sewing-circle meets here. Then the twenty-third, which comes of a Tuesday, is the day that Mis' Bragg is goin' to have her birthday party. You couldn't have picked out a more unhandy time for tornadoes. Seems to me, if I were you I should put it off till the last of the month."

Harrison Bently smote on arm of his rocking-chair. "Ain't that just like women?" he burst out, in scorn. "Don't be so foolish, Sophy. You talk as if I held tornadoes in the hollow of my hand and turned 'em loose any time I was a mind to. I hain't got anythin' to do with makin' of it. All I can do is to warn folks that it's comin'—and it is, too, just as I say." She did not ask him from what source he drew his knowledge of the impending disaster, nor by what deductions he was able to approximate the time of its appearance. Precedent cases had taught her the futility of such a course. She returned the almanac, none too gently, to its place among its predecessors, and putting her elbows on the table and resting her chin in both upturned palms, she surveyed her prophet husband in a dubious silence.

"Of course," she remarked, at last, "most of the folks won't pay any attention to it, even it does come out in the paper; but then there'll be others that'll be just fools enough. Folks like 'Liza Crowell, now, would not stir out of the house if they heard a tornado was predicted. I want a good full gatherin' when the sewing-circle meets here, an' I guess Mis' Bragg wouldn't ever forgive you if she knew you were the cause of keepin' any one away from her party. Since you know it's comin', why can't you tell just what time it's goin' to

be, instead of keepin' timid folks all wrought up for eight days?"

The forecaster sniffed scornfully. "I should think I was doin' my part if I came within eight days of it," he declared, "although maybe I can narrow it down a day or two by and by."

"The best thing you can do is to say nothing about it," Mrs. Bently advised, tartly. "More's likely it'll turn out like that killin' frost you predicted the twentieth day of last June."

At this open skepticism her husband bristled. "Well, there was a frost that night out in Illinois, anyway," he said in self-defense.

"And maybe that's where your tornado's goin' to be!" snapped his spouse as she gathered up her socks and went upstairs, to be followed presently by her husband, bearing in his arms his pile of treasured almanacs.

"It's all right, mother," he declared jubilantly the next morning, as he stood warming his hands at the kitchen fire, while Mrs. Bently bustled about, preparing breakfast. "That tornado that's comin' ain't goin' to interfere with your plans a mite. I had a dream last night. Seemed as if I was sittin' here in the kitchen, and all of a sudden up come some of the blackest clouds in the west that I ever saw. And when they got up overhead—cricky, how it begun to blow! The limbs came off the elms as if they were lopped and the lilac bushes were blown flat, and one end of the shed was stove in. Seemed as if I was readin' a newspaper, an' I looked at the headin' to see just what day of the month it was, an' I saw it was the tenth. Then I looked at my watch an' noticed it was just three, though somehow the kitchen clock was strikin' six. So now, you see, I've got it all straightened out. That tornado is due here on the tenth, some time between three an' six."

"Well, it might just as well come then as any time," said Mrs. Bently, with a grim smile. "I hain't heard tell of any goin's-on round the tenth, so I guess 'twon't put nobody out much."

"You get my breakfast soon's you can, will you?" he urged. "I want to get to writin' what I'm goin' to send in to the papers, so I can go up to the post-office in time for the afternoon mail."

Mrs. Bently, who was bending over to whisk a pan of well-browned biscuits out of the oven, looked up sharply. "I thought you an' Jim were goin' to plow the lower lot this mornin'," she said.

Her husband coughed uneasily. "I was intendin' to," he admitted, "but I guess now, so long as I know exact when this tornado's comin', I ought to write the papers about it. When a man can see the future, as I can, he owes somethin' to his fellow men."

"No doubt," was Mrs. Bently's acid retort.

Breakfast over, he betook himself to the desk in the front room, and from an old tin box he drew out a number of yellowed newspaper clippings. They all began in the same manner:

"Uncle Harrison Bently of South Boxford, who predicted the great March blizzard of '88, and who has not failed to give a correct forecast of the winters for the past twenty years, now comes to the front with the announcement," and so forth.

He read them over one after another, drawing from them, apparently, the necessary inspiration, for he caught up a pen, and with his spectacles pulled low on his nose and his tongue pressing out one cheek, he began to write laboriously in a heavy, sprawling hand. The morning waxed; the pen scratched on sturdily. Absorbed in his self-imposed task, he gave no heed to the loud tapping on the back door and the sound of voices in the kitchen which followed.

Noon was approaching, and the work of transferring his dire forecast to paper was nearing completion, when the door from the kitchen was pushed open and Mrs. Bently entered the room, to sink heavily into a chair near the desk.

"I wouldn't write any more on that, if I were you," she said, with finality. Harrison blotted his last line and looked at her over the top of his spectacles with a scowl. "I've got it most done, anyway," said he. "What's the trouble? Dinner ready?"

"No, 'tain't dinner," said his wife. "Annie Evans has been over to invite you and me to her weddin'. She's to be married the tenth!"

The prophet squirmed uneasily in his chair. In silence he studied his wife's face. Mrs. Bently met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Now look here, mother, you needn't go askin' me to put it off again," he asserted.

"I don't see but what you'll have to," said she. "I should be ashamed, if I were you, to go spoilin' Annie's weddin' with my croakin' about somethin' I didn't know anythin' about. You know what Mis' Evans is. If she sees anythin' in the papers about a tornado comin' on the tenth, she'll make Annie put it off, an' there ain't anythin' in this world that'll bring worse luck than puttin' off a weddin'."

Harrison got angrily to his feet. He caught up his morning's work from the desk, tore it into small bits and hurled it to the floor.

"Thunder an' lightning!" he exploded. "What's the use of a man tryin' to do anythin' when he's got a woman naggin' of him every minute? Let the tornado come, if it's a mind to. Let it rip things all to pieces an' blow down chimbleys an' kill folks. It's more important, I s'pose, that Annie Evans should get married than that folks should be warned of their dan-

ger. I sha'n't say a word about it. Now I hope you're satisfied!"

It was shortly after five on the afternoon of the tenth that heavy black clouds, copper-colored along their upper edge, began poking their ugly heads above the western horizon. Annie Evans's wedding was over; the bride and groom had departed station-wagon in the old but much-decorated depot carriage, and the many guests were trailing homeward along the dusty white road.

Harrison Bently and his wife turned in at their gate, and as they did so a warning rattle of thunder came from the clouds, which were now mounting the sky at race-horse speed.

"Maybe that's your tornado comin', father," sniffed Mrs. Bently.

Her husband did not reply at once. All the afternoon he had been something of a specter at the feast. He had endured it grimly in disgruntled silence. Now, for the first time that day, a sardonic smile curved his thin old lips.

"Praps I wa'n't so far out to the way, after all," he remarked, at last, casting an eye at the blackening heavens. "I hain't seen any clouds that color since the time of the '81 blow. If there is a tornado, and you've cheated me out of the predictin' of it, I don't intend ever to forgive you!"

Mrs. Bently indulged in an ironic chuckle. "I guess 'tain't nothin' more than an ordinary thunder-shower," she observed, as she opened the front door. "You flax round an' see that all the winders are shut, will you?"

A louder peal of thunder shook the house; purling gusts of wind caught eddies of dust and sent it down the road; vagrant drops of rain began to fall with a staccato rattle. Then the storm broke in earnest.

It was a storm long remembered in that section. Trees were uprooted, buildings unroofed, chimneys blown flat, and windows were driven in by the combined force of wind and hail. Even Mrs. Bently, who ordinarily held no fear of wind and thunder, crawled between two feather beds, still arrayed in her Sunday best and lay there, trembling, until the storm had spent itself.

It was six o'clock when the clouds finally lifted and the sun shone brightly once more. Harrison Bently came out of the house and gazed mournfully at the havoc the storm had wrought. His face wore a strange expression of mingled triumph and disappointment. He strode to the front gate and stood looking down the road at the twisted, broken branches, which hung from almost every tree.

There was a rumble of wheels and round the bend in the road came the depot carriage, its gay decorations sadly bedraggled and spattered with mud. Opposite the house it drew up, and the groom leaned forward to shout to the old man, leaning dejectedly on his gate-post.

"This has been somethin' of a blow, ain't it? There's been a washout down the line, an' there won't be a train runnin' till mornin'. I should most 'a' thought a man as good at predictin' as you are, Uncle Harrison, might 'a' give us some warnin' of this."

The old man shook his head slowly. "I'm done with prophesyin'," said he. "There's no honor for a prophet—not in his own country, anyway."—Youth's Companion.

My Pneumatic Snake.
 Last year, in company with an eminent authority on automobiles, I went out Pimlico road for a drive in a new touring car. On the way we found a snake, an ophidian reptile with elongated body, imbricated scales, no limbs, and a remarkable dilated mouth, fitted with a tongue, at the termination of which were two filaments. My companion, who has owned many snakes, declared that this was hoop snake. It was exhausted; nearly dead, in fact, with much high rolling, and in mercy we took it into our automobile. The snake became so fond of us we could look him in the eye without a quiver. About four miles beyond the roadhouse we ran into a lot of glass and punctured a tire. There we were, far out of town, with a mighty slim chance of getting back by any other means than the trolley. Our snake, which in the meantime had recovered his health, evidently appreciated the difficulty, for while he had the wheel jacked up to make an examination he glided up to us, take a long breath to fill himself with wind, and naively coiled himself around our wheel, making an ideal tire and enabling us to return to Baltimore in time for lunch.—H. E. Warner in New York Sun.

Warden and the Liar.
 A Colorado man who is visiting in Wellington told H. L. Woods this story: The game warden of Colorado was walking out in the mountains the other day when he met a hunter with his gun. The officer suggested that that ought to be a good country for hunting.

"It certainly is," said the hunter proudly. "I killed one of the finest bucks yesterday I ever saw, and he weighed over 200." It was the season when deer may not be shot without subjecting the hunter to a heavy fine.

"Well, that is a fine one," said the warden, "and do you know who you are talking to?"

"Being assured that he did not the officer said:

"Why, I am the chief game warden of Colorado."

The hunter was only taken back a moment, when he said:

"And do you know who you are talking to?" The warden did not know.

"Well, sir," said the hunter, apparently much relieved, "you are talking to the biggest liar in the whole State of Colorado."—Kansas City Star.



TO SKIN POTATOES.
 A piece of rough sacking will quickly and easily rub off the peel of new potatoes or carrots with much less labor and time than scraping.

CUTTING THIN GOODS.
 Lay the goods between two thin sheets of paper and cut out paper and all. This prevents material pulling out of place.

TO KILL ANTS.
 Small black or red ants may be banished by a little attention. A sponge is one of the best things. Sprinkle it with dry white sugar—the sponge must be slightly moist so that the sugar will adhere. The ants will go in to the cells of the sponge after the sugar in large numbers and can be destroyed in hot water and the sponge washed and sugared again and returned to the closet for more until all are caught.

FOR A ZINC TUB.
 I am so happy over a recent experiment that I want every woman who has a zinc-lined bath tub to share my peace of mind. The water and the soap had so affected ours that ordinary methods brought no polish to it, but today it looks brand new, positive ly so. We had about given up trying, and decided to paint and enamel it, when I thought of something.

I moistened one-half cup full of whiting (less than two cents' worth) with clear ammonia, until quite like paste, rubbed it on and let it stay a long time, while doing other things. Then, with very little exertion, I rubbed it off, and such a sight! I had to brush up the dark gray dirt in the bottom of the tub, for I would not allow it to enter the pipes.

But we have an elegant looking tub.—Mrs. E. G. Brown in the Boston Post.

A DINING TABLE.
 When buying a dining room table insist that the varnish be removed from the top. The comfort of such a table when so treated can only be appreciated by those who have had the varnish removed, as any hot dish can then be placed on it without defacing the wood. Anyone can easily remove the varnish from an old table with any of the "varnish removers" to be obtained at a paint shop. Wash the table, and when thoroughly dry oil it with boiled linseed oil; rub the oil well into the grain of the wood until it has been all absorbed. A sure test is to pass a small piece of white satin over it, and when it remains unsoiled the table is ready for use. Once each week thereafter clean carefully with a damp cloth, then dry and take a small piece of tissue paper wet with oil and go over the top of the table following this with careful rubbing. In a few weeks you secure a higher polish than ever before.—Boston Post

RECIPES.
Pressed Chicken—Boil 2 chickens tender. Take out the bones and chop the meat fine. Add a small handful of bread crumbs, season to taste with butter, pepper, salt and a little sage. Pour in enough of the liquor to make it moist. Mould in any shape you choose and when cold cut in slices.

Apple Snow—Wipe, quarter, core and pare the apples and steam till very soft. Rub through a strainer and measure 3-4 cup. Beat the white of 1 egg till it begins to thicken, add 2 tablespoons sugar (3 if the apples are very sour) beat till stiff, then gradually beat in the steamed apples. Pile in the centre of a dish, and pour around it soft custard.

Potato Stuffing for Poultry—Potato stuffing may be used for any fowl though it is better for ducks and geese. Two cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon onion juice or two teaspoons finely minced onion, 1-2 cup cream or milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 table spoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Many like yolks of eggs, about two to above quantity. Mix and beat well.

Chocolate Cream Pie—Make cake as for any layer cake; take a jar of cream, slightly sweetened and add a pinch of salt, whip till very thick; flavor with vanilla; take one layer of cake, split and spread all the cream between; put on top and frost, thinly, with plain white frosting the whole cake; let that harden, then melt un sweetened chocolate and spread over all.

Orange Cream Pie—The grated rind of one orange and juice enough to make one cupful, a little lemon juice, three-fourths of a cup of sugar; simmer down to a thick syrup, strain and cool; use with cream. Be sure and always allow it to stand so water or liquid can settle at the bottom before applying to cake; flavor cake with orange.

Valuable Elderberry Patch.
 Elderberries are being cultivated by the Pennsylvania Railroad on ground worth \$90,000 an acre.

Alongside the approaches to the Union Depot is a long stretch of ground that the company could not keep green, because of smoke and soot. Finally, elder cuttings were planted, they thrived, and now are in fine blossom.

The ground is among the most valuable along Liberty avenue, a sale across the street last week being at the rate of \$90,000 an acre.—Pittsburg Dispatch to The Philadelphia North American.

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WISE WORDS.

Religion never wears out by work.
 Fair-weather flowers find no firmness.

The craven is the first to cry "Coward!"

Programmes of work must wait for power.

Many pitchers have little ears and large mouths.

Lasting glory is wrought out in dull grinding.

Public generosity cannot wipe out private greed.

Do your work and your worth will take care of itself.

He who opens his heart to the best always finds it.

Better steal a man's goods than his highest hopes.

No man can serve in public who will not toil in secret.

He who does the right to-day is ready for to-morrow.

The tinge of sorrow gives edge to the sweetness of joy.

To have faith in men is to help them to be faithful.

It takes more than sense of superiority to make a saint.

Election day is the cross-examination of the prayer meeting.

We could well spend less time per suading men and more illustrating Man.

Individuality is immortality. Death is delinquency back into the mass.

Men cannot be got to follow a failure, however well it figures out on paper.

In doubt, stay put and do your stunt as if it were the finishing touches of the universe.

A wrong in the hands of men who are true to it will beat a right thing in hands that are untrue.

Respect yourself. The first diamond separated from the carbon majority right where it was, and set up in business as a crystal then and there, and announced a new code for matter—the crystalline.—From the Home Herald.

Didn't Quote Balzac.
 A big operator on Wall Street, famed for his success, daring and fortune, is a member of the Waldorf coterie that meets in Mr. Boldt's big hotel each afternoon after the market closes and makes shearing plans for the next day. A few nights ago he went to a dinner party. The lady he took out with him didn't know much about Wall Street, so she sought to lead the operator along the paths of literature. "Do you like Balzac?" she asked by way of an opener. "No," was the answer; "I never deal in those curb stocks."—Saturday Evening Post.

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