

"I Wonder What Day."

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what week of the year,
Will it be the midnight or morning,
And who will bend over my bier?

What a hideous fancy to come,
As I wait at the foot of the stair,
While Eleanor gives the last touch
To her robes or the rose in her hair!

"Do I like your new dress, pomp-
dour?"
And do I like you?"—on my life,
You are 18 and not a day more,
And haven't been six years my wife!

Those two rosy boys upstairs
In the crib, are not ours! To be
sure
You're just a sweet bride in her
bloom,
All sunshine and snowy and pure!

As the carriage rolls down the dark
street,
The little wife laughs and makes
cheer:
But I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what week of the year!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A Lucky
"Take."

Mother, what do you suppose is
Fred's latest freak?" asked Annie Mc-
Cosh, breaking into the sitting room
where her mother was busy sewing.
"I am sure I don't know—is going
to be a soldier, likely enough," re-
sponded Mrs. Hudson wearily. She
was used to Fred's "freaks," as An-
nie called them, and to her daughter's
impatience with his ever-varying hob-
bies.

The beautiful home of Banker Mc-
Cosh was made almost unhappy by
the bickerings of the seventeen-year-
old daughter and the twelve-year-old
son. Both were headstrong and their
clashing natures made almost con-
stant discord in the family. Annie's
expression of disdain as she replied
to Mrs. McCosh's suggestion showed
the depth of her semi-resentment
against her brother:

"No, indeed; no such luck. If he
were to be a soldier he might be got-
ten out of the way, but he's going to
stay right here and make us all mis-
erable. He's bought a camera."

"Bought a what?" asked her mo-
ther, who was not paying much atten-
tion.

"A camera—a machine to take pho-
tographs with, you know. It is a lit-
tle bit of an instrument, not much
larger than a bandbox, but he'll be
making pictures of everything on
earth with it."

"That won't hurt anything, will it,
dear?"

"No, but I do wish he'd be sensible
like other boys," and Annie frowned
out of the room on her way down-
town.

Fred was odd, without a doubt. He
was always taking up some new
scheme and really seemed to know a
little about almost everything, even
if he did not know all about any
one thing. He knew how to print,
how to bleed a horse, how to tele-
graph, how to cultivate silk-worms,
how to whistle through his fingers,
how to graft apple-trees, how to write
backward, how to ride a bicycle with-
out touching the handles, how to play
checkers with his eyes shut. Indeed,
he knew how to do almost everything
that it came in his way to learn.

His latest "freak" was photography,
and he was busy experimenting with
the new camera, purchased by hard
work at odd hours, for Mr. McCosh,
though well off, did not allow his son
unlimited spending-money. He kept
the instrument in his "den"—an un-
used room, full of bottles, old clothes,
furs, bits of machinery, musical in-
struments, carpenters' tools, old maps,
torn pictures, pots of paint and chemi-
cals, fragments of old machines,
stuffed birds, etc., etc., and smelling
so badly that no one but Fred could
ever stay in it long enough to make
a complete inventory of its contents.

It was in his "den" that he was at
the time Annie was expressing herself
so emphatically to her mother. He
was busy experimenting with the new
camera, of which he expected great
things. He had almost perfected an
original scheme for taking almost in-
stantaneous pictures, and he was
sanguine of great results.

Annie, as she went down-town, bent
her footsteps toward her father's
bank. There was nothing unnatural
in this, but it was somewhat notice-
able that she halted outside until a
farmer who was doing business at the
cashier's window had left it when she
quickly slipped in and timidly asked
of the passably good looking young
gentleman behind the brass wires:

"Is my father in his office?"
"As she did so her fingers dropped
a note on the slab of glass. The
cashier's hand quickly covered the
tiny bit of paper, but not a gesture of
surprise showed on his face when he
answered:

"Yes, he is in his office, but I be-
lieve he is engaged with some gentle-
man from the State capital. I will
look and see."

He stepped to the door of the presi-
dent's private room and reported as
he had suggested that the gentlemen
were still there.

Miss Annie did not seem much put
out or disappointed, but left the bank
with a smiling:
"All right; I'll call some other
time."
There was something so common-

place about it all that the under-
clerks did not even look up from the
big ledgers over which they were por-
ing, and did not notice that Frank
Maulin, the cashier, was reading a
dainty note instead of checks as he
sat at his elegant desk behind them.
This was what he perused:

"Frank Maulin: Dear Friend—Papa
and mamma go to Richmond to-mor-
row afternoon. You may call if you
wish. Yours,
A. M."

Frank Maulin was no flirt or senti-
mentalist, and yet he was sufficient-
ly moved by some emotion to press
the bit of paper to his mustached lips
before placing it in his letter-case. He
rather disliked the underhand pro-
ceeding which the invitation implied,
but what else could he do? Mr. Mc-
Cosh had no desire for his daughter
to marry a mere cashier, and six
months ago had told Maulin so.

"I like you, Frank," he had said,
"you are honest, industrious, and
faithful; but I cannot consider you as
a suitor for Annie's hand."
"I have not yet aspired to be," was
the cashier's answer.

"I know, I know, but I am not blind,
and I tell you I've seen lots of things
that go a good ways. To be sure you're
not a gay society youth—and I admire
you for it—but there are some things
about you that would attract a girl like
Annie. You have brains; you are cool,
reserved, and yet well posted in the
ways of the world; you are independ-
ent, and, though not rich, have a fair
prospect before you. These are enough
to please many a girl, but it is not
Annie that I want pleased just now,
and I will consider it a favor if you
do not pay her any particular atten-
tion."

This was plain talk, as became a
plain man, and Frank, desirous of
keeping his position, could only acqui-
esce; but like any other young man
of twenty-five he did it more in theory
than in fact, and he and Annie had
many a stolen tete-a-tete in spite of
the parent's frown.

The next day was a holiday, and
Mr. and Mrs. McCosh had planned to
visit friends in Richmond, fifty miles
away. They started on the early train,
leaving Annie and Fred in charge at
home.

"Now, Fred," said his sister; when
the morning was half gone, "if you
want to go anywhere this afternoon,
you can."

"Mighty accommodating!" thought
Fred.

"You see," she went on, "I may have
callers or may go out or something,
and you can go just as well as not."

Fred, not to be outdone in generos-
ity, replied that he did not care any-
thing about going and that he was
going to work in his "den" that after-
noon.

"Well, you must stay out of the par-
lor," said Annie, despairingly.

"Who's comin'?"
"Oh, I don't know as anybody will,
but I don't want to have company in-
terrupted."

"Well, I don't want to see 'em any-
how, so they can come if they want
to."

And that was the basis of agreement
between the two belligerents.

After dinner nothing was seen of
Fred, and Annie hoped that he had
betaken himself to the field.

Not so. Fred was hard at work on
his patent instantaneous photography,
which was already well developed. He
thought no more of Annie's caution,
and probably would never have re-
called it had not a ring at the door
bell about two o'clock startled him.

"Wonder who 's is!" he ejaculated
"Guess I'll go and find out," and he
late. The visitor had been ushered
in, and going back to his den he could
tell by the voices, though he could
not distinguish them, that it was in
the parlor that the caller was seated.

An hour later the visitor was still
there. A fact of much more impor-
tance to Fred was that the new photo-
graphic plan was perfected.

"Now if I only had something to
try it on," he thought.

A happy conceit came into his mind.
He would photograph the visitor.
Shouldering the camera and its ap-
purtenances he crept softly upstairs
and into the room directly over the
parlor. Arranging everything for a
quick test of the apparatus he opened
the window and let the camera down
outside until it was opposite the par-
lor window beneath. The afternoon
sun shining full upon the parlor side
lighted the room brilliantly, and when
a quick press of a bulb conveyed the
impetus to the sensitive plate in the
small box, the room and its contents
were accurately fixed upon it.

Fred withdrew to his holy of holies
and proceeded to "develop" the pic-
ture. He had not completed the task
when something called him away,
and the glass was laid aside for fur-
ther handling.

The next morning the newsboys had
a sensation. "Morning papers, all
about the bank robbery!" was their
cry.

The Daily Journal, which had the
most condensed account of the affair,
said this:

"Yesterday afternoon about four
o'clock, as shown by the time lock,
the safe of the First National Bank
was broken open and \$10,000 in papers
and currency taken. The suspicion
rests upon the cashier, Mr. Frank
Maulin, who, though bearing a good
character heretofore, is suspected be-
cause he was the only one thorough-
ly conversant with the amount in the
safe. Mr. McCosh, the president, was
in Richmond all day, and only learn-
ed of the loss this morning upon com-
ing down to the bank. Maulin has
been arrested and an examination
will be held this afternoon at half
past three o'clock."

Frank was in a quandary. He had
tried to explain things to Mr. Mc-

Cosh, but that choleric gentleman had
refused to listen to explanations. He
hated to bring in Annie's name, and
had waited so long in hesitation that
a warrant had been issued and he
was brought before the justice of the
peace to give bail. This he did, and
determined to wait until the examina-
tion before "showing his hand," as he
expressed it.

The court room was crowded.
Everybody knew Frank Maulin, and
everybody wanted to see just what
would transpire.

"Well, sir," said the justice, after
the evidence for the State was all in,
"what have you to say for yourself?"
The assistant cashier had testified
that you entered the bank at four
o'clock, and surely that makes a
strong case."

"Your Honor," was the reply, "I am
prepared to prove an alibi, but am
unwilling to bring into court the wit-
ness whom I depend upon."

"That is rather remarkable," said
the justice. "You know, my friend,
that you are accused of a very serious
crime?"

"I am aware of that, sir, but my call-
ing upon the only witness who can
prove my absence from the bank at
that hour would compromise one
whom I would dislike to inconveni-
ence."

"It won't inconvenience me any, Mr.
Maulin," said a boyish voice at the
rear of the room, and a slight youth
came elbowing his way forward.

He had under his arm a thin, square
package carefully wrapped in paper.
"Fred, what in the world are you
doing here?" asked his father, the
banker in astonishment.

"I'm going to testify, if Justice Long
will let me," was the answer.

"Of course I'll let you if you have
anything worth hearing," said the
judge, benignantly.

"Well, I was takin' photographs
yesterday afternoon," began Fred, af-
ter being sworn, "and sister had some-
body visitin' her in the parlor. I let
the camera down outside the house
an' took a picture of the parlor. It
was bright in there, an' I got a good
one. That's it," handing the justice
the flat, square package.

Slowly his honor unwrapped it. As
he took out the cardboard inclosed, a
quizzical look overspread his features.
Then, with a laugh shining in his face,
he reached out his hand to Frank.

"All right, my boy," he said, cordi-
ally. "You have a good alibi."

He handed the picture to Mr. Mc-
Cosh. An expression of wonder cov-
ered the banker's face. What he saw
was a parlor wall with pictures and
portieres distinctly shown. A piano
was in the foreground, and near it
stood Frank Maulin, his face turned
toward a slender form which was sit-
ting before the keys. In the musician
he recognized his daughter Annie,
while the French clock on the mantel
pointed to 4:05.

"Yes, that settles it," he admitted.
"Permit me to congratulate you, sir,"
and he grasped Frank's hand. "I
never believed it of you, but you know
the evidence was hard against you."

Spectators crowded around and
wanted to see the picture, but Mr.
McCosh put it in his pocket.

When they were alone a few min-
utes after, he said:

"By the way, Maulin, what were
you doing at my house yesterday?
Did you want to see me?"

"I may as well make a clean breast
of it, sir," was the response. "I was
robbing you, but not of your cash.
I have long determined to rob you of
your daughter and, as she is willing,
I think you ought to be."

The audacity of his speech rather
staggered the father, and he gruffly
answered that he would see about it.

He saw about it to such good pur-
pose that the house of McCosh had a
wedding a few months thereafter and
Annie and Frank were the chief actors.

Perhaps he was somewhat influ-
enced toward his leniency by the fact
that the \$10,000 had been found a
few days after the robbery in the
possession of the assistant cashier,
who proved to be the thief. It was
not all gain, however, for half of it
made up the banker's wedding gift to
the newly-married pair.

Fred, who contributed so material-
ly to the consummation devoutly to be
wished, was not forgotten; but was
presented by his brother-in-law with
a three-figure check which purchased
a vast assortment of traps for his
"den." To this day he revels in ex-
periments and schemes, but none of
them have turned to such good ac-
count as his instantaneous photog-
raphy which gave Annie a husband,
made himself a staunch friend and put
him ever after on the best of terms
with his sister.—Good Literature.

Hours for Study.
The president of the faculty of a
medical college once addressed a gradu-
ating class with reference to the ne-
cessity of cultivating the quality of
patience in their professional as well
as in their domestic relations.

The professor said: "Gentlemen,
you are about to plunge into 'the
sphere of action.' No doubt you will,
in some degree, follow the example of
those who have preceded you. Among
other things, you will doubtless marry.
Let me entreat you to be kind to your
wives. Be patient with them. Endeavor
not to fret yourselves under petty
domestic trials. If you are going
to the theatre do not permit your-
self to become excited if your wife is
not downstairs in time. Have a treatise
on your speciality always with you.
Read it while you are waiting."
"And, I assure you, gentlemen," the
professor concluded with delicate
irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast
fund of information you'll accumulate
in this way."—Success.

WORTH QUOTING

They still have the open door in
Manchuria, notes the Atlanta Jour-
nal, but a Japanese sentry stands in
the doorway.

The girls who are establishing the
precedent of kissing their rescuers,
confesses the New York American,
are doing more for the promotion of
heroism than all of Carnegie's money.

The scientist who discovered that
people think with their toes, declares
the New York Commercial, should ap-
proach his subjects with more under-
standing.

Even if the tobacco trust should
show its irritation by putting up the
cost of its wares to the consumer,
pleads the Washington Star, it would
be less formidable in its wrath than
monopolies which handle necessities.

Says the Rochester Democrat and
Chronicle: "Modern power boating is
wholesome as well as fascinating. In
order to enjoy it one need not neces-
sarily be a trained steam engineer.
At the same time it is a pastime which
is not without its perils; and not the
least of these perils is buffeting white-
capped waves with a disabled engine
or an empty gasoline tank."

This tendency to devote the idle days
to the reading of fiction to the exclu-
sion of books and articles of greater
moment seems to be growing,
warns the St. Paul Pioneer Press.
This growth raises the question of
summer reading to the habits of read-
ing during the remainder of the year.
Does the reading almost exclusively
of novels and short stories during the
summer tend to deprive the mind of
power to relish heavier reading when
cooler weather comes?

Generally speaking, the vacation
school aims at providing rational play
first and utility is indirect and sec-
ondary, observes the Chicago Rec-
ord-Herald. Manual training is an
attractive feature, and cooking, sew-
ing and millinery are taught. The
object, however, is to make the vaca-
tion school as unlike the didactic
school as possible; first, because the
children really need rest and recrea-
tion, and, second, because any at-
tempt to give prominence to utility
would reduce attendance.

There is no trouble with the acres
in the State. They are fertile as
ever, boasts the New York World.
The orchards are as good as when
in 1902 they put New York at the head
in apple production. Migration to the
west has done part of the mischief of
rural depopulation; the lure of the
cities has done more. Villages and
school districts have grown poorer,
while certain professions and a con-
gested urban society have grown not
certainly richer.

On his way back from Rio de
Janeiro, Hon. William I. Buchanan
stopped over at Havana. "I think
many of the reports of disturbed
conditions in Cuba have been exagger-
ated," he says. "I know of nothing
there now except peaceful conditions
and these are particularly shown in
the increase of business. The daily
growth of business of the National
Bank of Cuba, which has a dozen
branches throughout the island, is,
to my mind, a very good indication
of this."

The human hog is the same in
Washington, in New York, in San
Francisco, in Tokio and in Duluth,
admits the Duluth Herald. If there
are no open cars he shows himself
in closed cars by taking up a whole
seat while others are standing by
spreading his newspaper out so that
his elbows dig into the ribs of those
that sit near him and by standing
near the car entrance when there is
"plenty of room up front."

Recent automobile accidents have
resulted in the death or injury of
the persons responsible for the dis-
aster, and have consequently not re-
ceived the attention of the courts.
The criminal negligence is there just
the same, urges the New York Call,
and it is a fair question for the
courts to consider whether there
should not be public action taken to
prevent this form of self-destruction.
There seems to be no hope of reck-
less men learning to be careful. Re-
peated warnings appear only to make
them more indifferent.

Kings Making History.
History used to be made by Bis-
marck and Cavour, by Metternich
and Thiers, by Gortschakoffs and
Beaconsfields. Now it is being made
by Emperor Williams and King Ed-
ward and Victor Emmanuel. At
least four continental monarchies have
rulers more important than any states-
man in them, including the venerable
Emperor who is holding together the
explosive fragments of Austria-Hun-
gary. It cannot be denied that the
personal element leads a new pictur-
esqueness to current history. It is
far more curious and interesting to
see King Edward and Emperor Wil-
liam competing in the Mediterranean
for the alliance of young Alfonso and
Victor Emmanuel than it was to see
dry-as-dust prime ministers pulling
wires in the administrative ante-
chamber of parliament.—Minneapolis
Tribune.

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Self-Love.
By The REV. A. M. RIBBANY.
I should consider him thrice
blessed and most happy who could
truly say upon his deathbed: I have
loved myself so dearly that I have en-
deavored to live on the sunny and
healthy heights of the spirit. I have
loved myself so truly that I was ever
zealous to protect its virginity from
pollution. I have tried always with
all my heart and strength to live at
my best. I have never allowed my-
self to do in secret that which would
shame me if brought to the light. I
have striven always to train my mind
in knowledge, my heart in love, and
my hands in service. I have sought
earnestly that lawful freedom which
is ever mindful of the rights of oth-
ers, learning to say what I mean and
to mean what I say untrammelled by
fear or favor. I have sought and
exercised that true courage which
always champions the right and fights
the fight that has no bitterness, and
that love of kind which expresses it-
self in good will toward all men. I
have loved myself so truly that I never
permitted selfishness to nest and
breed in it, but trained it to be nobly
content, and to serve and sacrifice to
the limits of its resources. For the
sake of this dear self I never have
allowed haughtiness, craftiness, en-
vy, self-deception, wrath, hatred, ven-
geance, backbiting, to have dominion
over me. For its sake I have en-
deavored to make part of myself the
things that are honest, true, just, lov-
ely, and of good report. I have loved
myself so dearly that I have taught
it that it was not the only dear self
in the world; that other selves were
also dear and worthy to be respected,
loved, and served. I have taught this
self of mine that "he liveth long who
liveth well," that the privileges we
claim from others devolve upon us
duties which we must perform to-
ward others. I have taught it that
we live in a world of divine law; that
what we sow we must also reap; that
all real values are spiritual; that, if
we live in the spirit we shall not grati-
fy the lusts of the flesh. Thus have
I taught myself because I loved it.
True self-love has blessed me with
true love for others. This world
which I am about to leave has been
to me a field of sacred privileges and
duties. My mind is serene, my con-
science at peace, my heart thrills with
sweet emotions. "And now, Lord,
lettest Thou thy servant depart in
peace."

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