

Bless 'Em, One and All.
Some are summer girls;
Some are summer guys;
Some are priceless pearls;
Some are simply pies;
Some are svelt and dainty, some are otherwise.

Some are summer beauties,
Some are summer bugs;
Some are tootsy wootsies;
Some are merely mugs;
Some are fit for heaven, some are fit for hags.

Some are summer fairies,
Some are summer freaks;
Some are certain marries,
Some are maiden meeks;
Some are chatty chummies, some are solely checks.

Some are summer seraphs,
Some are summer swells;
Some are fleeing sheriffs,
Some are finding shells;
Some are fresh and bonny, some are chestnut belles.

Some are summer dimples,
Some are summer dots;
Some are partly crimples,
Some are purely clo'es;
Some are sweet and sunny, some are just so-so's.

Some are summer sillies,
Some are summer sads;
Some are seeking Willies,
Some are following fads;
Some are mamma's darlings, some of course are dad's.

Some are—some are—quit it,
O my summer muse!
If we must admit it,
In the book of Who's
Who in Summer Girlhood some are goo-goo-goo's!

—Robertus Love in the New York Sun.

IN A RAILWAY WRECK

We were riding toward the city, my good wife and I, in a crowded car, over a suburban route so familiar that we had long since ceased to see anything except the morning paper between our station and the terminal. But something in the changed motion of the train caused me to say suddenly to myself, "You are in for your first railway wreck, right here!" It had always been a pleasure to me to boast the safety of our modern modes of travel, proving it by saying that while from childhood I had been a constant traveler, I had never seen any part of any train upon which I rode derailed or crushed. But I recognized that I was now "up against it." Through the front door of the car (our suburban trains carry no baggage), I could see the tender and the smokestack of the locomotive. "There goes the locomotive," I saw the smokestack reel, stagger, pitch forward and disappear. "There goes the tender," I said to myself, and the piled-up coals were discharged as from the mouth of a cannon straight at our door. "We are off, too," was my next thought; "but we shall not be hurt if we do not turn over." "Over we go," was my inner comment, as the forward end of the car dropped down and I felt the side where I was sitting rise up, and had a vision of my wife sinking to the floor. "It will not be so bad if we can miss the windows," I still said. Then came a crash in which everything seemed to dissolve. The seats upon both sides of the car appeared to vanish; all our fellow passengers were mysteriously blotted out; and when I found myself, I was standing in the broken frame of what had been an opposite window, while at my feet, in the empty space where the next window had been, sat my wife smiling up at me with a face in which there was such a blending of horror and love as no one who has not passed through a wreck could believe capable of composite expression.

"How does one feel in a wreck?" That is what I wish to tell, but I suppose after all it depends somewhat upon the man and the hour. Although I had time to note every movement, I had no sensation of fear, except for my wife. I had no dread for myself, except that my bones might be crushed. So when I found myself erect with limbs unbroken, searching through my clothes for handkerchiefs with which to staunch the blood that flowed from somewhere above my eyes, and could hear my wife's "I am not hurt at all," I was too happy, too grateful, to move.

The car was dark and filled with clouds of dust. While I was still too dazed to think what ought to be done next, I heard someone talking to my wife. It was a friend who had missed us and had come back to see in what condition we were. Without a word, but more slowly, trying to prevent the blood from saturating my clothes, I followed. And then I found myself outside, "Free among the dead."

What impressed me, as soon as my mind became capable of receiving impressions, was the kindness and intelligence of the American people. There was no shouting, no screaming, but almost as soon as I was clear from the wreck I saw a horse cart go by on the gallop, and the horse was instantly in position to quench any fire that might break out. People were lifting down the wounded from the pile of debris, and I particularly noted that a poor colored woman was carried out as tenderly as though she had been a princess and laid gently upon the grass, one of the learners staying to wait

upon her call, although she never spoke a word or uttered a groan; while another went apparently for something to put under her head. Had the men on that train been drilled for months in "first aid to the injured" it did not seem to me they could have moved with greater swiftness or efficiency. No one who has passed through such a scene can ever afterward fail to understand that beneath all the ruin sin has made there is something in the great common world that made Christ willing to die for it.

Too weak from my wounds to be of any service, and feeling faint from the sights about the wreck, I asked my wife to come with me and find, amid the street cars passing in the neighboring avenue, some one which would take us nearest home. I had hardly gone a block before, hearing footsteps behind me, I turned to see a poor working woman holding up, without a word, a pitcher of water and a bottle of camphor. These comprised the pharmaceutical resources of her home, but she hastened to proffer her little all to a stranger in distress. The good Lord who does not forget a cup of water will not, I am sure, be indifferent to the addition of the camphor.

An Italian boot-black, speechless with horror at my appearance, helped me to mount into the great arm-chair which was his pride and sole capital in trade, standing as it did out of doors where I could watch for the coming of the right car. Even the nearby saloonkeeper took and transmitted our telephonic message and called up the hack which was to meet us two blocks from home and thus, at last, meeting pity and kindness at every turn, I eventually got safe into my own bed. Two hours later, when the surgeon had done his part, I had so far got my wits about me that I knew the sermon I had already prepared "would keep," and I had determined that I would nurse myself the best I could and cover my disfigurements the most I might—the doctor had only made me a little more bald than age had already done—and then I would assure my people, God's dear, tender, sympathetic people, how a man feels who finds himself suddenly "Free among the dead."

Amid the beautiful hot-house roses which the parents sent, and the wild violets which the boys and girls had gathered for me, I was permitted the next Sunday to tell them how I had gone "down into the pit," only to learn more fully than I had ever known before the beauty of human kindness and the power of a Saviour's love—the Interior.

WHERE FASHIONS COME FROM.

Discoveries of New Colors and Shades Made in Gardens and in Fields.

For weeks and months past many acute scientific minds have been hard at work, says a writer in Chambers's Journal, in the attempt to solve problems of which my lady is to have the benefit this season. Not only must shapes, as a man would call them, change but shades of colors too, and each season there must be some absolute novelty.

Now, it is a difficult thing to find shades of color that have not been in use before; but they must be found, and every spring bales of material are delivered to fashionable houses all in the new tints that the scientists have evolved during the preceding months, which forthwith become the fashionable favorites.

The discovery of these tints in the first place and their commercial production in the second is a very long and expensive business. For the most part the persons who make this their business go to nature for their ideas, and the whole thing was explained to me in close detail some time ago by the head of one of the ladies' firms with whom I happened to come in contact.

The man who has the commission to find a new color wanders in gardens and over fields and moors for the sole purpose of finding such. There are suggestions to him at every turn; but for one reason or another they are rejected time after time, until at length, after much weary wandering, his eye lights happily on the looked for tint. Perhaps it was in a garden that he found it, and then he has very likely days of work in sitting beside it while it is still growing, alive and in its fresh beauty, and imitating it as nearly as he can in artificial colors.

All the pigments and chemicals of an artist's shop and a large laboratory are brought into service, and when the color is really there on a piece of paper or cardboard it is borne off in triumph to Bond street or Oxford street, where it is duly approved and it is decided that it shall be the fashionable color of the next season.

So it is these people wandering in gardens and mixing their chemicals afterward who rule the color destinies of the London season and not the grand ladies who have garments made of these colors, though the latter might scout the idea of the selection being due to any one save themselves. It was told to me on this occasion that a particular shade of red—and a really very nice red, too—which was then very much in vogue had taken eighteen months to fix and get into the shop.

One of the colors of the present season comes from the imitation of the new Banksia rose which goes by the name of "Dorothy Perkins" and "bee's wing." "Mignonette green" and "sea holly blue" are other tints that have lately been obtained from nature in just the manner described. They will all be seen in London at the beginning of this season, and soon after they will be away to the provinces.

SLEEP WORKERS.

Wonders Done by Famous Men During Slumber.

Some people are not satisfied with having done a fair day's work at their regular occupation, but insist upon keeping busy, even while they sleep.

Most of this work, done unconsciously during the dead hours of the night, is worth less, but sometimes intellectual feats are accomplished during sleep which during waking hours proved quite impossible.

From his early childhood Robert Louis Stevenson was a dreamer, and his dreams were horrible. Later in life he began to dream of journeys wherein he would see strange towns. In the next phase he could read in his sleep, and such wonderful books that never afterward was he content with ordinary literature. Lastly he began to dream in sequence, and he would continue the dream from the place where he left off the previous night.

It is admitted that Stevenson dreamed the window scene in "Jekyll and Hyde," and some of his friends are sure that the central theme of the strange book came to the author while he was asleep. "His brownies showed it to him in the night."

A pupil of Prof. von Swinden in Amsterdam solved a difficult problem in his sleep, after the professor and ten of the brightest students in the class had worked for days in the effort to find the answer. Marquis de Condorcet, the famous French mathematician, solved a problem in integral calculus while he was asleep, although the matter had puzzled him for days. He did not write the answer and process down as von Swinden's pupil had done, but he remembered the solution that came in his dream, and put it on paper as soon as he awoke.

Cabanis, the eminent French physician, says that Franklin told him, during one of his political missions to Paris, that over and over again he had gone to bed puzzled by political events which became quite clear to him during his sleep.

Dante is said to have dreamed "The Divine Comedy," or at least the plot and characters, and some part of the details. This vision appeared to him when he was only nine years old, according to some of the stories, while, as others tell it, the dream came to another child during a trance which came with a long illness.

Voltaire composed the first canto of the "Henriade" while he was asleep. "Ideas occurred to me," he says, "in spite of myself, and in which I had no part whatever."

Some useful and prosaic things also have come from dreams. It long has been known that the making of shot resulted from an idea that came to a Bristol mechanic in his sleep. The man was employed cutting up strips of lead, out of which his fellow-workmen made shot. The process was slow and expensive. One night this workman had been drinking, and after he went to bed he dreamed that it was raining. As he watched the rain it turned to lead, and the earth was covered with shot. He awoke, and, filled with his dream, went up into the tower of St. Mary Radcliffe, in Bristol, and melting some lead, poured it out from the top of the tower. When he went to look for the lead, he found it had taken the form of shot. Thus the shot tower became a fact, and the workman made a fortune out of his dream.—Chicago Tribune.

FISH OUT OF PLACE.

Four Big Pike Found Under a Tree.

William Dunn, who conducts a summer resort on the shores of Lake Erie, in the northern part of this country, has brought to the city a fish story that is out of the ordinary, in that it is true. On Wednesday of this week Mr. Dunn was attracted by the barking of a dog in the woods, and on going to the place, found one of his neighbors taking a mink from a hollow log. He split the log, and on examining the animal's nest, found four large pickerel, the largest weighing seven and one-quarter pounds. The fish had been secured from a fish trap which had been constructed in a ditch between two small lakes and the mink had captured them and dragged them a distance of about twelve feet to its nest. The mink was one of the largest ever seen in this part of the State, and its pelt will be quite valuable. The fish were fresh, and the farmer who captured the animal took them home and, with his family, ate them. Mr. Dunn says this is the first time he has ever known of fish being caught in a hollow tree.

I have been a guest at the house of William Dunn, who vouches for the particulars of this fish story, and have hunted and fished with him, and I feel confident that his word is to be relied upon in all particulars. I regret that I was not on the ground at the time when the fish were disposed of, as eating fried pickerel cooked by Mrs. Dunn is something to be enjoyed and never forgotten.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

M. Safanoff, the Russian conductor, never uses a baton. Instead he waves his arms, clenches his fists, and fights the air in a manner disquieting to the average concert-goer.

But, of course, pleads the Indianapolis News, the question, "Why should the Standard obey the law?" is not wholly new.

The railroad rolling stock of England would form a train 1,800 miles long, with 22,000 locomotives.

WORTH QUOTING

Graft is never exposed and cast out by gentle methods, observes the Portland Oregonian. It involves bosses of big power and men of wealth and honor, and they all fight.

Robert Fitzsimmons, ex-pugilist, is to become a farmer. Now we shall see, says the New York Commercial who will get knocked out.

There need be no objection to that campaign motto, "Thou shalt not steal!" Even the grafters can endorse it, remarks the Pittsburg Dispatch, since all that was stealable has been stolen.

A Richmond man has been fined \$10 for hugging a girl against her will. Richmond prophesies the Atlanta Journal, will now proceed to put on airs about having such a girl.

Failure to take ordinary precautions is, as an exchange remarks, a very common trait, admits the Pittsburg Press. It would be supposed no one would ever take an ocean, lake or river voyage without inquiring where the life preservers are and the method of adjusting them. Yet few actually take this slight precaution, which would save thousands of lives. We should get rid of this carelessness—or is it a spirit of false pride?

Oleomargarine may be adulterated by the addition of cottonseed oil without violating the pure food law of Germany, according to a recent consular report from that country. Whether or not cottonseed oil may be adulterated with oleomargarine, suggests the New York Tribune, the document fails to tell, but it's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Dairy farmers who have been inclined to send dirty milk to the metropolis in the belief that the jurisdiction of the Health Commissioner was too limited to give them any trouble have now run up against a new cause of anxiety, warns the New York Tribune. To the State Department of Agriculture larger powers have been given than ever before by a new law, and these are being vigorously exercised. When a farmer discovers that for a first offence he is liable to a fine of \$50 and for a second to imprisonment for six months, he will have a higher appreciation than ever before of the propriety of sending clean milk or none to New York.

Verily the world is a place of fascinations and the greatest of these is human nature, preaches the Louisville Courier-Journal. The world is full of human nature, and human nature is full of surprises. To keep in touch with our remarkable species, to learn the peculiarities and range of human actions we must read the newspapers. The news beats fiction. It deals with the people about us whom we can see and talk to and hear. Fiction presents the imaginings of a dreaming mind and its figures do not exist. Read the news, be instructed and at the same time be entertained.

Even the rain has its compensations philosophizes Country Life. One of these has been the prolonged singing of the birds. The moisture apparently seems to have made them think that spring has not yet departed. Possibly enough the moisture has caused more than usual abundance of insects, grubs and worms. At any rate the music of the birds forms a pleasant feature of the country just now.

John Sharp Williams, Mississippi's pride, owns up that while she has had thoughts of the Presidency; "I believe it is about time for some returning sanity in the vicinity of the White House," he says. But the democratic party must hunt up some other candidate. "I'm a family man," explains John Sharp; "we have several small children. Mrs. Williams and I have talked the matter over, and it is her opinion that the White House is too damp. Some of the children might take cold. So, out of deference to Mrs. Williams, I have decided not to take the place. Mind you, now, put it on that ground, Mrs. Williams will not hear to it. She says that Kit and Sallie would sure catch their death of cold."

She Meant Well.

Some little while ago a popular writer visited a jail in order to take notes for a magazine article on prison life.

On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter Mary.

The writer and his offspring a week later were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building, says the Chicago Journal. A man asked: "What place is that?" "The county jail," another answered promptly.

Whereupon Mary embarrassed her father by asking in a loud, shrill voice: "Is that the jail you were in, father?"

A monument has been erected to Anna Hoisel in the Schlossgarten, at Mannheim, Germany. She was the wife of a carpenter who in 1784 saved the poet Schiller from a debtor's prison.

The electric chair for executions is used only in the United States.

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WISE WORDS.

Never forget that when God takes away the sunlight, He always puts stars in the sky.—Rose Porter.

There is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness, to pluck it out of every moment and whatever happens.—Anna Glichrist.

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars?—Hamilton Wright Mabi.

Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for putting roses on thorns.—Alphonse Karr.

This world is only a place of pilgrimage, but, after all, there is a good deal of cheer in the journey, if it is made with a contented heart.—Henry Van Dyke.

It is a selfish religion that grows querulous at its own coldness, and cannot stir the will till it attains a rapture. Our sole business is to abide and serve, to keep our assigned place and grow.—James Martineau.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

The civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded. It is a doctrine alike of the oldest and of the newest philosophy, that man is one, and that you cannot injure any member without a sympathetic injury to all the members. America is not civil, whilst Africa is barbarous.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

All the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God, and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a Divine Presence that makes it lovely.—Henry Ware, Jr.

I used to think it was great to disregard happiness, to press to a high goal, careless, disdainful of it. But now I see that there is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness—to pluck it out of each moment, and whatever happens, to find that one can ride as gay and buoyant on the angry, menacing, tumultuous waves of life as on those that glide and glitter under a clear sky; that it is not defeat and wretchedness which come out of the storms of adversity, but strength and calmness.—Anne Glichrist.

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