

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "Say no more. It is not often that I'm mislead. I have seen your face before."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "So was I. So sit you down to my humble spread, And a foaming mug I'll buy."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "What a shame That the master lies in the graveyard dead, And we are unknown to fame."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "Would that we Could again the stage so proudly tread With artists such as he."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "Ne'er shall I Forget those days through the years long fled. Drink up, for my throat is dry."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. "Do not interrupt me more. 'Twas Ballington I was with, not Ned, The Salvation Army Corps." —Sam S. Stinson, in Punch.

Olive's Opportunity

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

"I'd like to see the people who write about 'How to Live on Ten Dollars a Week' try to do it themselves," said Olive, hopelessly. "It's all very well, Etta, to put down the items in a nice neat list, beginning with 'Board and lodging, six dollars.' That read beautifully up in Vermont, where half the price would do if you helped round the house. But down here in New York the littlest hall bedroom with your board is eight dollars, and prices going up all the time. Just look at how we were crowded in here, two of us, in a room only meant for one and a half, and paying seven dollars and a half apiece for it."

"And glad enough to get it at that," said her roommate from Indiana. "My, but didn't I wear out a pair of shoes looking for that fifty cents off! If Janet Sanders hadn't told you about this, and you hadn't let me in on it, I'd be climbing stairs still and meeting new sorts of disagreeable landladies in each street—but all alike on the prices. Father sends me fifty dollars a month. He's an angel, and it's more than he really can spare, and so I try to cut down on it. But forty-five is my lowest record so far. If it wasn't that an art student is expected to look shabby, I'd be lost, and as it is, I really am shabbier than the rules."

"Nonsense! Lucky you!" said Olive. "Fifty dollars a month is riches. Forty is destitution. Janet helped me out because she knew. She tried it herself, and she was, like me, a lone orphan—only she had an uncle who once sent her ten dollars, and I haven't anybody nearer than Cousin Eliza, who hasn't ten dollars to send, and wouldn't send it if she had. I've rented the old house at home, and I can't go back to it. I've come here to study art, and I'm going to do it. I have enough to pay for the art course and my board. But unless you can inform me, Etta, how to do without shoes and a winter hat, not to mention car fare, I shall soon be sitting on the street corner with a box of pencils in one hand, and the other held out for nickels. The higher life is being forced upon me—a dollar a week higher than my present possibilities. That is what makes me so low in my mind."

"Janet Sanders painted things to sell, didn't she?" said Etta. "I heard she made quite a good deal on orders for menu cards and favors." "Janet can do anything," returned Olive, uncheered. "She's won the scholarship, and goes off to Europe this autumn. She is a forerunner of success. Where five hundred girls are trying to make both ends meet by painting menu cards and favors, only a Janet can get orders. I've been to every store and every exchange in New York, and nobody orders anything of me. I haven't the touch for painting dainty trifles—I can see that myself."

"No, you get broad effects, and have to work that way," said Etta. "But there must be an opening somewhere, Olive."

"Etta Laurence," replied her roommate, "I used to think the world was like a sieve—all openings. But for the last six weeks it has been a high board fence. I even tried the 'want' advertisements yesterday. I went to a place where they advertised for girls to address wrappers, and to another where they wanted a girl to amuse children. At the wrapper place they wanted no one who could not work from seven in the morning to six in the evening. At the other place the woman wanted to call me by my first name, and put a cap and apron on me, and have me eat with the colored housemaid and butler, and my hours were from six in the morning to five in the afternoon. Besides, you ought to have heard the children scream when we went into the nursery to look at them! If I must go hatless and shoeless, I must. But don't ask me to answer any more want advertisements."

"There must be some kind of an opportunity waiting for us some-

where," persisted Etta. "There always is one, you know, if we search hard enough."

"In Indiana and Vermont, yes," said Olive. "Last summer I made cake and ice-cream for the women in the village who took in summer boarders. I had all I could do. But imagine making cake in this room," looking round the tiny, dingy little third-floor back, "and especially imagine, my dear Etta, selling ice-cream! I'd have to have hokep-pokey glasses, a handcart and a license. New York seems to me a solid wall of difficulty. If you'll only show me an opening big enough to stick my finger in, Etta, I'll take it before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I passed a store to-day," said Etta, reflectively—"now where was it? Somewhere on the avenue, between Forty-second Street and here, for I walked up that way. It had a sign out, 'Girl wanted in the evenings.' It was a sort of candy and ice-cream place—your talking about ice-cream made me think of it. Wait—it was next to that big fruit-store, Cellini's. If you really want—"

"I do," said Olive. "I'll go there this minute. Don't you want a walk, Etta? We'll make for the opening, and see whether I can get through."

The wind blew chill in their faces as they walked down the avenue. The time for a winter hat was indeed coming, and the thought nerved Olive to desperation. The candy and ice-cream store, when they reached it, still had the sign out.

Inside, half a dozen girls were waiting to interview the sharp-faced proprietor. Two of them was so pretty and neat that Olive's heart sank, and when her turn came, it was with rather a discouraged voice that she answered the first question or two. But to her joy, the third thing asked was: "Do you know anything about making ice-cream?"

"Yes," said Olive. "I made thirty gallons of it last summer for the boarders."

"Do you know anything about packing it and serving it out?" said the proprietor, with evident interest.

"Yes, I can do anything there is to do about ice-cream," said Olive, sure of her ground.

"Where are you from?"

"Vermont."

"Humph! I'm from Maine. Guess you're the girl I'm looking for. These city girls look well, and that's all there is to them. Can you come from seven to ten every night for a while, to see how it works? Two and a half a week is all I can give you, and you'll have to wash dishes sometimes."

"Very well," said Olive. "When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow night," said the proprietor. "Come at six, and I'll show you the ropes, and give you your supper." The girls went home triumphantly. "Etta, you're a jewel. On my first pay-day, I hereby invite you to all the ice-cream and cake you can eat!" cried Olive, as they mounted the stairs to their room.

"You won't have much pay left, then," said Etta. "It's going to be hard work, too, Olive. Maine is going to get all it can out of Vermont, even dish-washing."

Which proved to be true. The man from Maine knew his compatriots of New England. All that could be got out of a New England girl—which is an almost infinite quality—he got out of Olive in those three hours. He questioned her carefully about making ice-cream, found her expert in special flavors, and set her to work after a week or two to build up a reputation for his establishment for home-made ice-cream. There was no doubt in the minds of those who tasted it as to its merits. They came again. They ordered it for home consumption.

"One good thing," Olive informed Etta, "is that I've no more time for dish-washing." But two evenings afterward she came in and sat down on Etta's bed and began to cry.

"What is the matter?" said Etta, reaching out and hugging her up. "You poor dear, you've caught cold. I can feel how feverish you are."

"Oh, it's not a cold!" sobbed Olive. "It's—it's dreadful! Etta, the man from Maine wants me to—marry him! He says I'm just the wife he wants for the business. He's set his heart on it. He's been following me round all evening. He came home with me, and kept proposing all the way. Did you ever hear anything so absurd? And he'll never give it up; he's that kind. I'm just like a good investment he's determined to have—don't you see? He's made up his mind, and there isn't anything for me to do but to leave. So I gave him notice. He wouldn't take it, but I shall stop, just the same, at the end of the week."

The girl from Indiana had forfathers from Maine. She recognized the situation. "O dear!" she said, disconsolately. "That's the end of your opportunity."

"It has become impertunity instead," said Olive, and then began to laugh. "O, bother! Why wasn't he a woman from Maine, instead? Never mind, Etta, I've made fifteen dollars, and got my shoes and my hat, and to-morrow I'm going to buy a basket of fruit to send Janet when she goes off on the steamer. Don't I wish I was going to Paris, too!"

"Some day you will," said Etta, with conviction, for Olive's unusual talent was one of her roommate's articles of faith. "You're smart enough and plucky enough for anything, and your chance will come, see if it doesn't!"

It looked rather far away the next day to Olive, but she diverted her mind from her troubles by hunting up a splint basket of the quaint shape

she could find in the stores, and painting it in a richly decorative design of oranges and green leaves. Her talent lay, as Etta had said, in broad effects and in sure eye for color; and the plain, strong hand lent itself excellently to the scheme. Olive admired it immensely, and the next evening, on the way to business, Olive stopped at Cellini's to arrange about having it filled and sent on Saturday.

The little Italian looked at the basket hard as he showed her his oranges, grapes and ruddy apples. "Where do you get this basket, mees?" he asked. "Eet is ver' good, and ver' what you call, novelty."

"I did it myself," said Olive. "I'm glad you think it is pretty."

The Italian considered her shrewdly. He had seen her working in the ice-cream store next door. She must be in need of money. He was in need of a novelty for his rich customers.

"Eef you would be willing, mees, to do another one for me, I will gif a dollar for eet. Eef I sell eet, I will take another then. People buy often the basket—they ask a new sort of basket all the time. I try this sort. Eef they like eet, eet is good for me—and for you, perhaps."

Olive looked at him gratefully—and caught a business gleam in his eye. She had not worked under the man from Maine for nothing.

"I'll do one or two for you," she said, slowly, "but if they sell well I'll have to have more than a dollar, because the cost of the basket and the palms has to come out of it."

The Italian smiled genially. "Eef they like eet, they will pay. Feety, seventy-five cents more—they will not care. Bring eet to-morrow, the first one, and we will see."

Olive bought the basket before breakfast the next day, and took it round with her in the evening, confident that it was even prettier than the other. Sure enough, when she and Etta went down on Saturday to see Janet off, she saw her second basket brought over the side of the boat, with the card of a fashionable and fussy woman, one of Cellini's best customers, upon it. Etta and she and Janet rejoiced together over its artistic appearance and financial possibilities.

"Olive has no eye for the Maine chance," remarked Etta, flippantly "but I still have hopes for her success," while Janet, with a farewell kiss, declared:

"I foresee you will join me in Paris Olive, on the first-fruits of your genius."

Next week the sign, "Girl wanted in the evenings," was sadly hung up again by the man from Maine.

But Olive, with joyful fingers, was painting a round dozen of baskets with a pleasing perspective of dozens of dozens ahead.—Youth's Companion

TANGLE OF ITALIAN LAW.

Innocent Man in Prison for Burglary Without Hope—Man Who Confesses Free.

A striking example of the arbitrary and insufficient methods of Italian legal procedure has been lately afforded in a case which has been dragging before the courts since 1899, writes the Rome correspondent of the New York Sun. About ten years ago a burglary was committed near Bordighera and the suspicions of the police fell on a certain Giovanni Semaria, native of the neighboring village of Coldiroli. The Mayor of Coldiroli informed the police that nobody answering to the name belonged to the place, but that there was one Antonio Semaria who had emigrated to France. Antonio Semaria was accordingly indicted for the crime. A trial was held in the absence of the accused and ended in his conviction. He was sentenced to four years hard labor. In 1905 Antonio Semaria returned to Italy. He was immediately arrested and sent to prison to serve the sentence passed in his absence.

The unfortunate man protested his innocence and he invoked an alibi which should have convinced even the most hard-hearted judge. He furnished proof that he could not possibly have committed the burglary for the simple but convincing reason that at the time he was serving a sentence for a crime of a similar nature committed in France.

He lodged an appeal against the Italian sentence, but as five years had passed since it had been pronounced the Judges of Appeal ruled that according to the law of criminal procedure they were not allowed to take cognizance of new evidence bearing on the case which had been closed and that even if they were convinced of his innocence the sentence could not be quashed. Nor could the man hope for a royal pardon, as he was not a first offender but a notorious jailbird.

Meanwhile the real burglar, Giuseppe Memaria, was arrested. He was tried and pleaded guilty but invoked the statute of limitations and was set free at once. This anomaly impressed the Italian Bench and the case was sent before the High Court of Cassation. Very likely the law of procedure will open a third hearing of the case, but even if some way out of the law's intricacies is found Antonio Semaria will not regain his liberty at once, as fully two years will be required for the hearing of the case.

A reform of the law is under study, but it is not likely that Parliament will sanction it before at least another two years. When Antonio Semaria will be set free he will have served the full term of imprisonment, nor can he hope for compensation or damages, as these are not permitted by the law of procedure.



RICE-STUFFED TOMATOES.

Cut the tops off the tomatoes and scoop out the insides. Have some steamed rice ready, put in a good-sized piece of butter, season well with paprika, pepper and salt and add sufficient finely chopped sweet green peppers to give it a piquant taste. Do not be too sparing of the peppers for they give a most delicious flavor to both rice and tomatoes. After these ingredients are well blended fill the tomato cavities, put dots of butter on the top of each, put in a baking-pan and bake for about half an hour. These may be served with a thick tomato sauce made from the pulp extracted from the tomatoes.—American Home Monthly.

DUTCH PICKLE.

Slice one peck of green tomatoes and six large onions. Mix in thoroughly one teaspoonful of salt and let stand over night. In the morning drain, add two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar, and boil twenty minutes. Again drain, and throw away liquid. Then add three quarts of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, allspice and mustard, and twelve green peppers chopped fine. Boil for one to two hours. Add curry powder to taste, and seal in jars.—Mrs. F. A. N., Iowa, in the Woman's Home Companion.

SERVING OF CANNED MUSHROOMS.

The small button mushroom that come to us in cans have been cooked, and, like all proteid substances, are toughened by further cooking. They are used principally in sauces, and should be added to the hot sauce in a few minutes before it is to be served. The mushrooms may be left whole or cut into quarters. They are also (cut into quarters) added to a dish of creamed fish, oysters or chicken, or to a similar dish made with a brown sauce. Added to a brown tomato or Spanish sauce the whole is poured over a broiled steak or a roast fillet of beef. In larger quantity they may be served in a brown or a cream sauce on toast.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

TO CAN BEETS.

Small beets are the best for canning. Wash as for present use, and leave an inch of stalk at top to prevent bleeding. Boil in slightly salted water; peel as for the table. Have ready in a neighboring saucepan enough vinegar to cover the beets. You must use your own judgment as to quantity. To each quart of vinegar add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of strained onion juice and a teaspoonful each of pepper and salt. Bring the vinegar to the boil. Pack the beets while hot into heated cans and cover with the vinegar from the boiling saucepan.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FRIED CHICKEN.

Dress and joint one or more young chickens, wash and wipe dry with a clean, damp cloth. Do not leave to soak in water, as this draws out the juices and renders the meat tough. Have at hand a plate in which sufficient flour, sifted and salted, is placed for rolling the pieces of chicken. Have the skillet on the stove with two inches of boiling hot sweet lard. The fat should be hot enough to at once sear the outside of the flesh, but not so scorch and blacken before sufficiently cooked to set back a little for cooking. Lay the floured pieces of chicken into the hot fat, the thick pieces like the thigh and drumstick first; do not crowd the skillet; turn the pieces so they will brown on all sides quickly and when all are nicely seared, draw the skillet back a little from the very hot fire, that the flesh may cook thoroughly inside, but keep hot enough to continue cooking. Only experience can tell you just when the pieces are done, as it depends on the amount of heat, and the thorough cooking through. As fast as the pieces are done, lift onto a plate which must be kept hot, and add more pieces to the fat until all are done. If there is more fat left in the skillet than is wanted for gravy, pour it off, and if the fat has been allowed to scorch at all, strain all the fat, putting back only what is wanted into the skillet. About three tablespoonfuls of the fat is enough for this. Have a cup of sweet milk boiling hot, brown a tablespoonful of flour in the fat, stirring to blend, and as soon as the flour is a light straw-color, pour in the hot milk, stirring, and add salt and pepper to taste; allow the mixture to just come to a boil, and pour out into a bowl or tin. If the gravy is allowed to boil, it will curdle; if "just right," it will be like thick cream, smooth and savory. Biscuit and coffee should be served with fried chicken.—The Commoner.

SOME USES FOR SODA.

Apply dampened soda when bitten by any poisonous insect. Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water. A weak solution of soda will revive the color in a dusty carpet. Add a teaspoonful of soda to the water in which you wash silver. One large teaspoonful of soda will bleach a kettleful of clothes. Add a little soda to the water when boiling out enamel saucepans, and it will help to cleanse them.

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CHICKEN STEALING RATTLER.

Recently I lost seven of a brood of choice Plymouth Rock chicks. I was confident that neither cats nor other four legged thieves could reach the brood, so I kept a closet watch over the coop. One day last week I reached the place just in time to find a big rattlesnake stretched out on top of the screen in which the chickens were kept. The snake had a foot or more of his length pushed down through one of the segments of the screen, and already another chick had fallen prey to his appetite. The snake was despatched and measured more than four feet.

It had evidently taken up a residence in an old stone fence near the chicken yard, and every day or so crawled to the coop and selected a plump specimen of chick and crawled away with it.—Correspondence Nashville Banner.

A Tree-Climbing Woodchuck.

Two Oxford County girls were recently driving from Hartford to Bear Pond when the small bird dog which accompanied them was heard barking at something. Investigation showed that he had a half grown woodchuck up a pine tree. One of the young ladies promptly got a pole and prodded the chuck off the limb and to the ground, where the dog made quick work of despatching it. When first seen the woodchuck was some fifteen feet from the ground on the first limb of a pine measuring about twenty inches in diameter, and how he got up there was a mystery until it was discovered that a small, branchy hemlock grew within a foot of the pine. Evidently the woodchuck had been surprised by the dog, climbed the hemlock and then jumped to the pine.—Maine Woods.

Fortune Founded on Nerve.

One day the Mellon Bank in Pittsburg was amazed to receive from an unknown man signing himself "H. C. Frick" a letter requesting the loan of \$20,000. He had very little to offer in the way of security, the writer said, but he pledged himself that if the loan was made it should be returned with interest.

The audacity of the request interested the bank's head, and he sent a trusted agent to find out about the man Frick. When the agent made his report the bank decided to make the loan.

The \$20,000 was the foundation of the colossal fortune of Henry Clay Frick. Not only did he return the principal with interest, but the business which he subsequently gave the Mellon Bank was worth a hundred times the amount of the original loan. —Pittsburg Post.

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