

The Mother Earth. These come not aged and broken, weary with labor done. To lean tired heads against me till I cover their eyes from the sun: These are not feeble or puny, these are my glory and pride, Why should I gather them to me, hold them and cover and hide? In the splendor and might of their manhood, the flush of their years they come, Crazed by their singing trumpets and the roar of the sullen drum; With the battle-flags whipping above them they stand up straight and tall And they rush toward the shattering glory and miserably stumble and fall. And they lie in heaps and in windrows, my young ones, my strong ones, my best; And their youth and its power and promise I must cover and hide in my breast. —By S. H. Kempter in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Lucky Girl

"Of course I shall be the one. I'm oldest," said Edith.

"No, I shall, because you went away last, and I didn't," said Ruth.

"I need a change for my health," said Anna, with a drawn-down mouth that might truly be the sign of pain, but with rosy cheeks which could be the sign only of a very healthy girl.

"Whoever goes," said Mrs. Stone, "will have not only the visit, but the new clothes."

"Then it will have to be me, because I haven't a thing left over from last year, and must have new clothes anyway," said Edith.

"I think I might be the one," said Anna, "for I have a new Winter suit all ready."

"Which fits me as well as you, and could be borrowed," added Ruth.

"Children! children!" cried Mrs. Stone, in despair. "What would Aunt Nell say if she were to hear you quarrelling so over her invitation? She writes, 'I love all three of my nieces so much that I don't know which one I want to visit me next, so I will leave it for them to decide. Send along the girl who needs the change, and I promise her as nice a time as I know how to give.'"

But, instead of filling them with contrition, this reading of the letter made their desire to go all the stronger.

"Think of the sleigh rides behind the gray pair, all nestled down in those soft black furs!" said Anna, with a sigh, drawing the folds of an Afghan about her, and half closing her eyes.

"I presume you hear the jingling of the sleigh-bells now," said Ruth. "A person with such a vivid imagination as you've got doesn't need to go away to enjoy things."

"Well, mother," said Edith, with a very grown-up air, "I think somebody ought to go who will do credit to the family, and, of course, I've been out more and know how to act in society better than these children."

"These children!" screamed Ruth and Anna, in a derisive chorus; but Mrs. Stone held up her finger with a warning gesture, and then, to the surprise of all, she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed—Yes, mother was crying!

The three girls looked at each other in dismay. "Mother!" cried Edith, gently, "what have we done?"

"I am so tired of it all," burst out the sobbing woman. "It has been so ever since your father died. Things no sooner get to running smoothly than there is a great fuss over who shall have a new dress, or whose boots are the shabbiest, or who shall go on the picnic? When there are three children there ought to be money enough to divide by three, not by one. I can't decide for you any more. You must choose some way yourself."

The slow tears ran down her cheeks. Edith noticed how pale and wrinkled it was. There used to be color there when the father was alive. And what a shabby dress! "Mother, I've decided who shall go, and it's not myself. Will you all consent? And, mother dear, will you let me do all the contriving about clothes and packing, so that you needn't have a thing to decide about it till the day comes to go?"

Mrs. Stone wiped away the tears. "I am very much ashamed," she said. "Of course I'll help get anyone of you ready. It was the disputing that troubled me."

"Just this once, let me, mother," said Edith. "It will do me good, truly."

So Mrs. Stone consented, and the two younger girls were borne away to Edith's room. "Which of us is it?" asked Ruth.

"Neither," said Edith.

"Why, Edith Stone," said Anna; "you selfish old thing, to choose yourself."

"I didn't," said Edith. "It's—it's mother!"

"Mother!" echoed Ruth.

"Why, she wasn't even asked," said Anna.

"No, but Aunt Nell would rather have her than all three of us put together, if she had any idea she'd come." "Girls," and Edith's voice trembled, "the money has been divided into three parts when it ought to have been four. Does mother ever have a new dress? Does she ever go to a picnic or trolley riding? Do we choose her to have the extra orange

or the Christmas present that's not marked for anybody? No, sir! We're selfish old pigs, that's what we are."

"But will she go?" said Anna.

"She'll have to," said Edith. "Ruth, you run straight down to Marcy's, and say that we've decided to change the blue suit for a black one. Anna hasn't worn it, and there was a lovely plain black for the same price. You don't mind, do you, Anna?"

"I'll wear my old one till it falls off," said that young woman, "and imagine it's stylish," with a wink at Ruth.

"Her bonnet is all right, and how thankful I am my new silk waist is a plain black one, and too large. It will just fit mother."

"And I'll get boots for her instead of skates for me," said Ruth, "and let her choose any of my stocks she likes, and—and she may take my new belt buckle, if she'll be very careful of it."

A note was dispatched to Aunt Nell, and the loving planning went on, till the day for the visit came, and the mother was still in ignorance. She had thought it wise to let Edith arrange things this time, and had not tried to solve the mystery.

At ten o'clock the three girls stood before her. "In one hour," began Edith, "the expressman stops at this house for the trunk of the one who is to visit Aunt Nell."

"Which is no evidence, as the same trunk would go, whichever person went," put in Anna.

"That trunk is now packed," said Edith.

"And the contents not to be poked over or criticised by the traveler," said Ruth. "And all lent articles are to be considered the person's own."

"The ticket is bought," said Anna.

"The person's pocketbook properly filled, with her name and address within in case of accident," said Ruth.

"And the lucky girl is—?" smiled the mother.

"Mother!" cried three voices in chorus.

And in telling about it all to Aunt Nell, Mrs. Stone said that if those artful daughters of hers had given her longer than one hour to think of it, she would have decided not to come, and that she was glad they hadn't!—From the Churchman.

All Scholars.

Secretary Wilson will have no words carved on the new building of the Agricultural Department, but why does he tolerate allegorical figures ornamenting the edifice? They are as "rubbishy" as the Latin words he has ordered cut out. Fortunately, he cannot get at the national motto. He is not so complimentary to his client as Gen. Butler was when he was running for governor of Massachusetts against John D. Long. In one of his speeches he said: "What has this Mr. Long ever done that he should be elected governor? I never heard that he had done anything except to translate Virgil's Aeneid, and that was of no use to the Democrats of Massachusetts, for every one of them can read the Aeneid in the original."—Philadelphia Record.

Lariat Couldn't Hold Bear.

While looking for stray cattle down in the Brown's Hole country, near Sunset Creek, a few days ago, E. E. Clark of Toponas and a companion ran upon a three-year-old black bear in an open piece of ground and roped it, but the animal wouldn't stay roped. Several times it freed itself with its claws and each time charged up on the men, who were forced to put spurs to their horses in order to escape.

The last time the bear got the rope free from its neck it made for the timber after giving a short chase of its would-be-captors, and by the time they had again prepared their lariats he was up a tree, in which it was kept until lark could ride to a ranch house four miles distant to obtain a rifle and kill it.—Denver Republican.

Largest Flag.

The largest flag in the world floats from the tallest building in the world. The bunting was raised in honor of Robert Fulton's great work to humanity to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the first steamboat. The flag, which was raised over the Singer building at Broadway and Liberty street, measures 29 feet by 59 feet and consists of the United States emblem on a ground of white. It is known as the peace flag and was raised under the auspices of the League of Peace. It floats from the thirty-fourth floor of the Singer building, which now stands 435 feet from the Broadway pavement. The boom which the flag flies from is 60 feet high, so that this is the highest point yet reached by Old Glory.—New York Correspondent Pittsburg Dispatch.

Wonders of a Watch.

Very few who carry a watch ever think of the unceasing labor it performs, under what would be considered shabby treatment for any other treatment. There are many who think that a watch ought to run for years without cleaning or a drop of oil. Read this and judge for yourself. The main wheel in an ordinary American watch makes four revolutions a day for twenty-four hours, or 1,440 in a year. Next, the center wheel, twenty-four revolutions in a day, or 8,760 in a year. The third wheel, 192 in a day, or 69,080 in a year. The fourth wheel, 2,440 in a day, or 885,360 in a year. The fifth, or escape wheel, 12,900 in a day, or 4,728,000 in a year. The ticks or beats are 388,800 in a day, or 141,216,000 in a year.

CURE BY SUGGESTION.

A POWERFUL MODERN FACTOR IN TREATING THE SICK.

Proceeds Not Only From One Mind to Another, But Even From Material Objects.

It is well known, says the *Hollandische Revue*, that gaping is as infectious as laughing.

"So, too, when one starts coughing in any audience, he is instantly followed by others. A Russian physician relates that, at an appearance of Sarah Bernhardt in Moscow, in "La Dame aux Camélias," the famous actress, in the dying scene suddenly began to cough, when the entire audience was thrown into similar fits, though just before the silence in the house was such that one might have heard a pin drop."

The *Revue* then proceeds to quote from a recent article by Dr. I. Zechandelaer, showing that suggestion proceeds not only from one mind to another, but even from material objects, and refers to Zola's explanation of kleptomania as being caused by the sight of attractive objects displayed on counters or in shop windows. We quote:

"Susceptibility to suggestions is one of the fundamental properties of the human soul, a knowledge and comprehension of which is of the first importance to physicians and nurses. Fear of a disease is followed by an attack of the disease dreaded. To class such cases with the imaginary sick is wholly erroneous. There are diseases caused by the imagination; but these are quite different from those caused by suggestion."

Dr. Zechandelaer cites several instances of this power of suggestion. Here is one:

"A hospital physician in Paris, in the hearing of the patient, consulted with his assistant as to the course to be pursued in the case. Then, with much head shaking, he said to the patient: 'There is one last remedy; but it is so dangerous that I hardly dare to apply it; but if you have courage to risk it, I will give you the pills fulminates. It is my last resource; but it is a very hazardous one.' The patient expressed himself ready for the experiment. Four pills were prescribed, only one to be taken per day. The next day the woman recovered; her desire for a cure and her explanation of the marvelous effect of the pills had been so great that, as she hesitatingly acknowledged, she had taken two instead of one, shortly after which she had felt a shock as if she had been struck by lightning, and from that moment had been restored. The fulminant pills were made of bread crumbs."

Every nurse knows that in some cases powdered sugar is as effective in producing sleep as morphine. Dr. Van Eeden tells of an experiment made in a hospital, when a glass of the sweetened water was given to each of the hundred patients, after which the report was spread that by mistake an emetic had been put into the water. Thereupon no less than eighty of the number were taken with vomiting.

Marvelous also, and yet comprehensible, are the cures performed by suggestion. Dr. Zechandelaer claims to have seen cripples throwing away their crutches and walking, merely upon the doctor telling them, with a loud voice and penetrating look, that they could walk.

He relates, too, a typical case that happened in the practice of Prince A. von Hohenlohe, a noted physician in the early '20's of the nineteenth century. One day a peasant called upon him who had lost the power of speech. The prince, wishing first to examine the man's general condition, put the thermometer into the patient's mouth to get his temperature. The peasant, supposing his to be the instrument intended to cure him, instantly recovered his voice, and retained it during life.

In what way may we suppose that suggestion operates? We know that mental suggestions may greatly affect physical processes.

"Many a timid person blushes at the mere thought of appearing in a large company (corporeal change under the influence of suggestion); the thought of being about to shed tears (lacrimal secretion by suggestion); the suggestion of delicious food makes the mouth water; many persons are attacked by diarrhea through anxiety. In short, the circulation of the blood, the action of the heart, the secretory and motor functions of numerous organs may be affected to a greater or less degree by suggestion."

To make suggestion effective two things are required: Undivided attention and believing expectation—in other words, faith. The faith cures which have taken place in all ages furnish constantly recurring proof of the marvelous power of faith. "Upon it are based the therapeutic value of talismans and amulets of galvanic crosses, electric belts, the pellets and minute solutions of homeopathy of the hydrotherapeutic and pharmaceutical remedies of our day."

Dr. Zechandelaer, therefore, regards suggestion as one of the most effective expedients at the command of both physicians and nurses. In his opinion, the nurse should be as fully acquainted with this power as the physician; and the doctor who is not aware of the great suggestive value of his words and manner of acting during the treatment of a case is, according to him, not a good physician. And

what is true of him is equally true of the nurse.—Review of Reviews.

WHAT STEAM YACHTS COST.

Amazing Figures That Represent the Cost of Purchase and Maintenance.

Twenty-five dollars an hour seems a big amount to pay for one's pleasure, but with the millionaire expense is of no consideration where his comfort is concerned. He has taken to yachting with a zeal that is increasing every year, and his floating home is a marvel of beauty—his "supreme luxury," as it is well styled by Captain James Colling Summers in an article in the current *Broadway Magazine*.

There are registered in the United States, says Captain Summers, over twelve hundred sea-going steam yachts representing, approximately, \$60,000,000. Of these, more than three hundred fly the flag of the New York Yacht Club. Others steam under the colors of the Corinthian Yacht Club of Marblehead or the Atlantic Yacht or smaller clubs. There are more steam yachts registered in this country than in England or France or Germany.

Probably not one of the dozen big steam yachts in the New York Yacht Club fleet cost to build and equip less than half a million. But the cost of maintenance is quite another story. No one knows, of course, just how much it costs Mr. Morgan to keep the *Corsair* going. But if such a yacht, for example, carrying a crew of sixty men, is kept in commission for six months out of the twelve, the payroll will run close to thirty thousand dollars. To feed the crew, to pay for coal and oil, for docking and other such necessary expenses, will call for an expenditure of from thirty to fifty thousand dollars or more. Then there is the expense of entertaining the owner, his family and his guests on cruise, a matter of twenty thousand dollars, bringing the total cost per season very near the hundred-thousand-dollar mark. Never in all history was another such costly and luxurious vehicle. Any one of a dozen American yachts now skimming the seven seas is costing its owner from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a month. This means an outlay running from five hundred to seven hundred dollars a day, or approximately twenty-five dollars an hour. If the owner is entertaining a party of eight persons on a foreign cruise, exactly seventy dollars a day, or fifty-six hundred dollars per cruise is spent on each individual guest.

A LAND RUSH IN NEW YORK.

Youthful Farmers Who Duplicate Oklahoma Excitement in Metropolis.

A big farm in the center of New York City is a sufficiently amazing thing to be talked about, but add to that the fact that the farmers are boys and girls of anywhere from four to fourteen years, and you can see how the matter looms big enough to be discussed in one of our most entertaining magazines. The *Broadway* has a delightful article about this big farm which is run by school-children. The promoter and director is Mrs. Henry Parsons, who, with a staff of assistants, instructs the children in farming from May till October. The farm is staked off into individual lots, and is now big enough to permit some five hundred youngsters to work simultaneously. The yearly opening of the School Farm is thus described in the *Broadway*:

"When the gates open in the spring there is an eager assault that is like only a land rush in Oklahoma. No homestead seekers on the frontier, with the smell of the ground in their nostrils and the love of the ground in their hearts, sweep into promised territory with more of enthusiasm. By the middle of April all the teeming tenants of the upper west side have their eyes trained toward the School Farm."

"When the flag flutters out from the high pole above the summer-house in the center, it is the signal. A ragged and motly array of childhood starts on the run for the soil, among the rest the little mothers and little fathers with a heavy handicap of baby burdens. Those that get to the goal first have to be selected, although the rule is sometimes modified in favor of the little family caretakers and older children, who by another season must go to real work. This year 1,656 children clamored for a 'claim.' The school is staked out in 480 farms with not an inch of ground for another. To meet the situation there was adopted the plan of two crops of children and vegetables. From May to the middle of July one set of 'farmers' holds title. They gather their crops and bravely resign possession to the second division whose title is good for the rest of the season. By this system the possibilities of the school are doubled and some 1,600 children reached in a summer."

Falls and Keeps on Sleeping.

George Hart, 501 Portland avenue, Belleville, is such a sound sleeper he did not even wake up when he fell fifteen feet out the second-story window of his home this morning. He curled over on the grass and continued snoring until a stone upon which he was lying began to bruise him. Then he opened his eyes, wondered where he was, and finally scrambled to his feet and went around to the door and begged his mother to let him in. She mistook him for a burglar and would not permit him to enter until she was fully satisfied as to his identity.—Belleville Dispatch to the Chicago American.

First Soldiers' Monument.

The first soldiers' monument erected in this country was at Kensington, Conn., and was dedicated to the soldiers of the Civil War, in 1863, while the war was still in progress. On the front is the seal and coat of arms of the State of Connecticut and an inscription. On the back and sides of the shaft are the names of the local soldiers who were killed in the war and the names of the battles they were killed in. Evidently the inscription and the list of names were not carved on the stone until the close of the war.—Grit.

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SNAKES FIGHT HIM IN MID-AIR.

Swinging on a rope seventy-five feet below the top of a cliff and fifty feet above the bottom of a quarry at the County Workhouse, twelve miles from Trenton, N. J., John Hutchinson, a blaster, was attacked by three rattlesnakes in the face of the jagged rock. The largest of the snakes, more than four feet long, coiled around the rope above Hutchinson's head, and after it had made several menacing moves Hutchinson succeeded in knocking it from the rope by repeated blows of a hammer. The other snakes drove their fangs without effect against the blaster's topknots, and remained in possession of a narrow shelf of rock. Hutchinson's fight was witnessed by all the Work House prisoners and the small gang of workmen employed in the quarry, and so unnerved were all by the sight of his peril that work was suspended for the day.

Hutchinson is an expert blaster, and had been sent down on the rope to place a charge of dynamite. He had drilled a hole for the explosive, and was about to put a stick of the dynamite into it when he heard an angry rattle close above his head. Glancing upward, he was horrified to see a snake coiled around the rope, which was only a few inches from the cliff. The snake began to descend slowly, with his head nearest Hutchinson. Most of its body, however, was wrapped around the rope, and Hutchinson was successful in reaching it with the hammer.

After he had hit it several blows on the head he saw its coils were relaxing, and, placing one foot against a piece of projecting rock, he shook the rope and the rattler dropped fifty feet to the bottom of the quarry. As the man was swinging clear again the other two rattlers, which he had not seen till then, struck fiercely at his legs. His boots protected him, and with one hand he swung himself clear of danger, and shouted for the workmen on top to lower him without delay.

The big rattler was killed by its fall. It had ten rattles, which were taken by Hutchinson as souvenirs of the encounter.

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