Il Back

and bright. We meet, we gaze, each other's hands

we hold.

We clasp and move together in the light. When laughter, talk, and movement

shall be done We may not linger past the hour's mark, We must depart, unhelped by moon

or sun, Alone and separate through the utter dark.

-Edward Lucas White in Ainslee's Magazine.

## 聖 5成而沒由沒由沒由沒由沒由沒由沒由沒由沒由沒由沒事 THE OUTCAST'S GRATITUDE A TALE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

英帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝抗帝 The young Duc de Hardimont was in Aix, in Savoy, for the treatment of his famous mare, Perichole, used up since the cold she had taken at the Derby. He was finishing luncheon, when, casting a careless glance at the paper, he read the news of the disaster of Reichshoffen.

He drained his glass of Chartreuse, flung his napkin on the restaurant table, gave his valet orders to pack; two hours later he took the Paris express, and, on arriving, hastened to the recruiting office and enlisted.

In spite of having led, from nineteen to twenty-five, the enervating life of a petit creve-the word then current-of having brutalized himself on the race course and in the dressing rooms of operetta singers, circumstances like these recalled forcibly to him that Enguerraud de Hardimont had died of the plague in Tunis on the same day as St. Louis; that Jean de Hardimont had commanded the Grandes Compagnies under Du Gueslin; and that Francois Henri de Hardimont was killed at Fontenoy, charging with the Maison-Rouge. Done up though he was by his scandalous and imbecile liaison with Lucy Violette. the prima donna of the "Nudites-Parisiennes," the young duke, on learning that a battle had been lost by the French on French soil, felt his blood rush to his head and experienced the hideous impression of a blow in the face.

Thus is was that early in November of 1870, having returned to Paris with les regiment belonging to the Vinoy Corps, Henri de Hardimont, fusileer in the Third of the Second and member of the Jockey, was on guard with his company before the redoubt of the Hautes Bruyeres. a hastily fortified position, protected by the guns of the Bicetre fort.

It was an ill-looking spot-a road planted with saplings, cut up by muddy ruts, crossing the leprous fields of the suburb, and on this roadside an abandoned tavern, a cabaret with arbors, where the soldiers had established their post. There had been fighting here a few days before; the grape-shot had broken in two some of the spindling trees, all of which bore on their bark the white scars of the shot. As for the house, the look of it made one shudder; the roof had caved in under a shell, and the reddish walls seemed smeared with blood. The overturned summerhouses, the gutted shooting-gallery, the swing with its wet ropes creaking in the wind, and the signs near the door scratched by bullets: Club-rooms -Absinthe-Vermouth-Wine at 60 cent, a litre-which framed a dead rabbit, painted above two billiard-cues tied crosswise by a ribbon-everything recalled with cruel irony the popular amusements of bygone Sundays. And over all this an ugly winter sky, covered with rolling leaden clouds-low, angry, hateful.

At the tavern door the young duke stood motionless, his Chassepot slung over his shoulder, his kepi shoved down on his eyes, his numbed hands in the pockets of his red trousers, shivering under his sheepskin. Yielding himself up to his sombre reverie, the soldier of defeat gazed with heartbroken eyes at the slopes, half-hidden in fog, whence rose every second minute with a sullen detonation the

white ball of smoke of a Krupp gun. Suddenly he discovered he was hungry. Kneeling, he drew from his haversack, lying against the wall near by, a big hunch of army bread; having lost his knife, he used his teeth, and took a bite. But a few mouthfuls were enough; the bread was hard and bitter; there would be no fresh supply till tomorrow, if then. Allons! soldfering was not all play. And, unfortunately at this moment, suddenly he was vividly reminded of what he used to call his hygienic breakfasts. when on the morning following a supper of a heating nature, he used to seat himself near a ground-floor window of the Cafe Anglais, and order, mon Dieu! the lightest fare!-a chop. an asparagus omelette-and when the waiter, knowing his habits, cautiously uncorked a slim bottle of old Leoville, comfortably lying in its basket.

Fichtre de fichtre! Good old days! He would never, never get used to this pauper's fare. And, in a moment of impatience, the young man tossed the rest of his

bread into the mud. At the same instant, a soldier stenpicked up the bread, walked a short distance, wiped it on his sleeve, and began devouring it greedily. Henri de Hardimont, already ashamed of his poor devil who showed such a good twice the size of my appetite, you as 53 years of service.

built young fellow, with fever-hollowed eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder-blades stood out under the cloth of his worn ca-

"You are hungry, comrade?" said! Henri, drawing nearer, and regarding the other curiously. "As you see," returned the fellow,

with his mouth full, and in no wise abashed. "Excuse me. If I had known my bread could have been of use to you. I would not have thrown it away,"

said the duke. "There's no harm done," replied the

soldier. "I'm not so particular." "All the same," said the gentleman, "it was stupid of me, and I am sorry for it. But you mustn't carry away a bad opinion of me, and as I have some good cognac in my flask, parbleu! We'll drain it together."

The man had finished eating; the duke and he drank a swallow; the acquaintance was an accomplished fact.

"And your name?" "Hardimont," replied the duke, suppressing title and particle. "Et toi?" "Jean Victor. I've only lately been transferred to this company. I'm just out of the ambulance. I was wounded at Chatillon. Ah! I was well off at the hospital. What good horse-meat broth they give you there! But it was only a scratch; the major signed my dismissal, and here I am! The starving begins again. For believe me if you like, comrade, I've been hungry

all my born days.' The speech startled the voluptuary who had surprised himself a moment before, regretting the cuisine of the Cafe Anglais. The duke gazed at his companion in horror-stricken amazement. The soldier smiled awkwardly, showing his wolfish teeth, white in the widst of his earthy face, and as if he understood that a confidence was expected of him: "Tenez," he said, suddenly ceasing to "thee" and "thou" his comrade, guessing him to be rich' and fortunate-"tenez, let us walk up and down a bit to warm our feet, and I will tell you things you probably never heard before. My name is Jean -Victor-Jean-Victor, and nothing further, for I am a foundling. My only happy memories are those of my earliest childhood, in the Hospice. The sheets were white on our little beds in the dormitory; we played under big trees in the garden, and there was

one sister, quite young, as pale as a wax taper-she was dying of consumption-whose pet I was. I liked to walk with her better than to play with the other children, because she used to press me against her skirt and put her thin, hot hand on my communion, the wretchedness began. The administration had put me out to piece of bread, coated with mud. the proof of that is that usually the only the poor wretches from the Blind street-lamp. School. There is where I began to starve. The master and his wifethey were afterwards murdered-were terrible misers, and the bread-vou got a bit cut off for you at each meal -stayed under lock and key the rest of the time. And in the evening, at supper, you should have seen the missis, in her frowsy black cap, serving out the soup to us and heaving a sigh every time she dipped the ladle into the tureen. The two other apprentices from the Blind Asylum were less miserable than I; they got no more than I, but, at least, they couldn't see the reproachful glare of the old witch as she held out my

you, doesn't half feed its man. Oh, trenches and sluices. I tried other things, I warrant you. I put my heart into my work. I've Pickering, and a few others, the teleday the work would give out, the next nais, and the discovery of which may I'd lose my place. In short, I never ate my fill-thunder! what tortures noteworthy astronomical achieve-I've felt passing a bakery! Luckily ments of modern times. They are in for me at such moments I always re- truth the life lines of the planet. Their membered the good sister at the Hos- existence was doubted for years bepice who so often told me to be honest, and I thought I felt her hot hand on my forehead. Finally, at eighteen, first, had been able to catch even a I enlisted; you know as well as I the trooper gets barely enough. Now -it's almost laughable-here come siege and famine! You see, I wasn't

always been hungry." fellow-man, by a soldier whose uni- own eyes, arguing that the stripes form made him his equal, moved him were merely optical illusions induced deeply. Fortunately for his clubman's reputation for sang-froid the night Lampland, of Professor Lowell's staff, wind dried in his eyes something that performed the very remarkable feat threatened to dim them. "Jean Viet- of photographing them, thereby forped out of the tavern; stooping, he or," he said, "if we both survive this ever disposing of the assumption of terrible war, we shall nreet again, their illusory character." and I hope to be of some use to you. But for the present, as there is no baker on the outposts but the cor- the other day at 80 had crossed the

appetite. He was a long, lank, ill- comrade must share with me. That's settled."

The two men shook hands heartily; then, as night was falling, and as they were worn out by long hours and constant skirmishing, they re-entered the tavern, where a dozen soldiers were lying on straw; throwing themselves down side by side, they sank into a heavy sleep.

Toward midnight, Jean Victor awoke-hungry, probably. The wind had swept away the clouds, and a moonbeam, slipping through a hole in the roof, lay on the fair hair of the young duke, slumbering like Endymion. Still overcome at his comrade's kindness, Jean Victor was gazing at him with naif admiration, when the sergeant opened the door and called the five men whose turn it was to relieve the sentinels of the outpost. The duke was among them, but he did not wake when his name was called.

"Hardimont!" repeated the sergeant.

"If you've no objection, sergeant," said Jean Victor, rising, "I'll take his place; he is sleeping so well, and he's my comrade."

"As you please." And when the five men were gone,

the snoring began again. Half an hour later, shots hasty and near at hand were heard. In a second every man was on his feet; the soldiers left the tavern, stepping cautiously, their fingers on their triggers, peering down the road, white in the moonlight.

"But what time is it? I was on duty tonight," said the duke.

Some one replied, "Jean Victor went in your place." At this moment a soldier was seen running down the road toward them. "Well?" they asked him, when he

halted, breathless. "The Prussians are making an attack; we are to fall back on the redoubt.

"And the other sentinels?" "They are coming-all except poor

Jean Victor." "What?" cried the duke.

"A bullet in the head. He didn't even groan.

Toward two o'clock one night last winter the duke left the club with his neighbor, the Comte de Saulnes; he had lost a few hundred louis, and had a headache.

"If you have no objection, Andre, we will walk home; the air will do me good. "As you like, old fellow, but the

streets are horrible." They ordered their coupes home, turned up their overcoat collars, and started toward the Madeleine. Sud-

brow. But at twelve, after my first denly the duke struck something aside with the toe of his boot-a big apprenticeship at a chair-seater's of | To his utter amazement, M. de Saulthe Faubourg St. Jacques. It's no nes saw the Duc de Hardimont pick

trade at all, you know out of the the piece of bread up, wipe it care question to make one's living at it: fully with his created sandkerchief. and place it on one of the benches of patron could secure as apprentices | the bouleyard, in the full glare of a

"What in the world are you up to?" said the count, laughing, "are you mad?"

"It's in memory of a poor fellow who died for me," returned the duke in a faintly shaken voice. "Don't laugh, Andre, if you want to oblige me."-Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Francois Coppee.

## THE CANALS OF MARS.

Their Existence as a Proof of Life on

the Planet. "It has been said," writes Waldemar Kaempffert in his article "What We Know About Mars," in McClure's, plate to me-and the worst was I "that when our earth has so far wast already had my huge appetite. Was ed away that its inhabitants will deit any fault of mine? I starved there pend for their water supply upon the as apprentice for three years-three melting ice and snow of the Arctic years!-you can learn the trade in a and Antarctic Oceans, a gigantic effort month, but the administration can't will be made to devise some means know everything and doesn't suspect of conducting the polar spring and that the children are being exploited. summer floods to the parched equa-Ah! you are surprised to see me pick torial and temperate zones. To Mars bread up out of the mud! Allez! I'm the unlocking of the polar seas is of used to it. I've picked many a crust as much moment as the annual inunout of the barbage heaps, and, when dation of Egypt by the Nile. Assumthey were too dry, I let them soak ing that Mars is inhabited by beings all night in my wash-bowl. Some as intelligent as ourselves, it is reatimes there were finds, to be sure, sonable to infer that they would dig half-nibbled buns from schoolboys' huge trenches to guide the freshets baskets-I used to hang around the of the poles to those regions where schools when on errands. And, then water is most sadly needed. If we when the apprenticeship was over, would find signs of Martian intellithere was the trade that, as I told gence, we must accordingly look for

"In the hands of Schiaperrli, Lowell, been shop-boy, mason's boy, floor-pol- scope has revealed to us long, dark isher-God knows what! Bah! One stripes which Schiaperrii called cawell be numbered among the most cause no astronomer, with the exception of Schiaperrli, who saw them glimpse of them. Long after, a few painstaking observers at last succeeded in discerning them (for they appear only in flashes, as it were, by lying just now when I told you I'd reason of the currents in our atmosphere), their reality was doubted. The young duke was good-hearted. Some of the very men who had The terrible confession, made by a seen them refused to believe their by eyestrain. Two years ago, Mr.

An English sea captain who died fastidiousness, looked pityingly at the poral, and as my ration of bread is English channel 30,000 times in his

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

CARE OF THE UMBRELLA. Always unroll an umbrella when 10t in use. After it becomes wet open and dry. When dry stand with hanile down. This method prevents cracking silk.

WHITE WALL PAPER. All-white watered paper for walls has proved to be the relief sought by women of fastidious taste from the the over-flowered cretonne papers that became so exceedingly tiresome to the eye and nerves, says "Vogue." The effect of a room of which the walls are papered is white and furnished with cretonnes of a choice character, is charming.

POLISH FOR MAHOGANY. An excellent polish for old ma hogany furniture may be made of a wineglassful of olive oil, the same quantity of vinegar, and lastly, two tablespoonfuls of pure alcohol, Very little of this preparation should be used at a time, polishing being after ward effected by means of a soft duster or old silk handkerchief.-Indian apolis News.

MENDING TABLE LINEN. Here is a good idea for mending table linen that is quicker and more satisfactory than darning by hand. Thread your sewing machine with

100 cotton; slip a pair of embroidery hoops under the foot; arrange the cloth where worn between the hoops, so that the flat side comes next to the hed of the machine.

Do not lower the foot. Take hold of the hoops, and as you run the machine work them back and forth with the thread of the cloth, then turn and work the other way.

You will be surprised when the cloth is nicely laundered, at the smoothness and neatness of the job and have the satisfaction of knowing that your linen has taken on a new lease of life. Breaks in napkins and tears in under-clothing may be sat isfactorily treated in the same way -Indianapolis Farmer.

USES FOR SODA. A weak solution of soda will revive

the color in a dusty carpet. Keep flowers fresh by putting a

pinch of soda in the water. Add a little soda to the water when boiling out enamel saucepans, and it will help to cleanse them.

A spoonful of soda added to the water in which dishcloths are washed will keep them a good color and sweeten them.

One large teaspoonful of sal-sods will bleach a kettleful of clothes. Hair brushes need a weekly cleans ing; for this purpose add one table spoonful of soda to a quart of hot water dip the bristles-not the back -into this and shake well, until per-

fectly clean. Rinse and stand on edge to dry, says an exchange. When the waste pipe is clogged with grease pour down a gallon of boiling water in which has been dis solved a cupful of soda. , Repeat this until all of the impurities are re-

moved. In cooking gooseberries add a pinch of soda, size of a pea, to each quart of fruit, and less sugar will be re-

quired to sweeten it. Add a teaspoonful of soda to the

water in which you wash silver. Before using fruit jars the second time, wash with soda water and rinse in order to sweeten them.

Dampen soda and apply when bit ten by any poisonous insect,-New York Mail.

RECIPES.

Apple Salad-Take red apples, polish; dig out inside and fill with apple, celery and nuts. Serve on a leaf of lettuce, covering apple over with mayonnaise dressing.

Plain Caramels-One pound of brown sugar, one-quarter of a pound of chocolate, one pint of cream, one teaspoonful of butter, two tablespoon fuls of molasses; boil for thirty minutes, stirring all the time. Test by dropping in cold water. Flavor with vanilla. Turn into pan and cut off in squares.

Poor Man's Cake-To a scant cup of sugar add one egg, tablespoon of but ter, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, half cup of water, and flavoring. Bake in two layers.

Mocha Filling-To one cup powdered sugar add butter size of an egg Cream. All two teaspoons dry cocos and two tablespoons black coffee, one teaspoon vanilla.

Banana Fritters.-Remove skin from 4 yellow bananas, cut in halves crosswise, then length-wise, in not too thin slices. Dip in batter made of the yolks of 3 eggs, 1 gill milk, little salt, 1 cup sifted flour. Mix thoroughly. Fry in hot fat and serve with sweet sauce.

Peach Pudding-Peel and cut 6 large peaches into small pieces, re moving the stones, then sprinkle with sugar. Heat 1 pint of milk in double boiler to boiling point, and stir in quickly but carefully 3 well beaten eggs and 3 tablespoons of sugar. When it thickens and cools flavor with vanilla and pour over fruit. Whip 1-2 pint of cream, put on top of pudding, set on ice until cold.

Chocolate Pudding-One half cup sugar, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 egg, 1-2 cup milk, 1-2 teaspoon cream tartar., 1-4 teaspoon saleratus, 1 cup flour, 1 square chocolate, melted Steam 1 hour in buttered tin. Sauce -One cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 white of egg, beaten to cream: flavor.

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A BOY PIONEER.

In 1844, when emigrants from the Middle States were going to make homes in Oregon, many young boys joined the pioneers and made the hard journey over the plains and mountains. One of these lads, Joseph Watt, of Missouri, is described by the author of "McDonald, of Oregon." He was about seventeen years of age, and was employed to drive cattle. He walked most of the way to his new home.

"I have borrowed \$2.50, Joe, to fit you out," his father had said at parting, and with that the young man had bought a pair of boots, and invested the rest in pins and fish-hooks to trade with the Indians. But new boots! He slung them over his rifle and put on moccasins.

At a certain point in the journey. away back on Burnt River, the man for whom Joe was driving said, "You had better leave us and hurry on into Oregon. Provisions are getting scarce. We shall need all there is for the children."

"All right. I can take care of myself." Without a morsel of food Joe Watt and Elisha Bowman struck out with their rifles-and Joe's boots. "If we could only eat the boots!"

sighed Joe. Bare to the knees from continually cutting off his trousers to mend his moccasinshe strode through the lacerating sagebrush.

"How are you going to get down?" inquired the boatman, when every other eager passenger had piled on the Hudson Bay bateau sent up by Dr. McLoughlin. Alone on the shore stood Joe Watt. "How are you going to get down?"

"I don't know." "Have you any provisions?" "No, nothing."

that boat." So they started.

"Can you sing or tell yarns? "Yes, both." "Very well; climb on to the bow of

"Well, Figurehead, pipe up!" was the present demand. With sad and solemn eyes, without a smile, Joe sang, told stories. Everybody laughed. The weary emigrants

needed entertainment, and Joe was a born comedian. The doctor was building a flour mill at the falls, and, with some misgivings, Joe was engaged as a carpenter. At night he slept in the shavings. The first pay day he was rich. With \$12 in hand, clothes, soap, Hud-

son Bay blankets were his. Never blankets felt so soft. Passing his hand thoughtfully over the wool, within sound of the potential falls, a great idea came into the heart of Joseph Watt: "I will build woolen mills on this Pacific Coast." Years later the boy fulfilled this resolve.

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