

KINDRED.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

I wander through the woodland ways, And not a whispered sound, No shudder in the leaves, betrays The quivering life around.

And yet I feel the kindred near In every ambushed shade, From tree and grass they peep and peer, Half friendly, half afraid.

I bend above the magic tide; But veiled in beryl light The countless ocean-creatures hide, With crystal eyes and bright.

The rainbow shapes glide to and fro, Or gaze in still surprise; The wander-kin I do not know, Yet feel their curious eyes.

Above, the starry mystery, With teeming space between; I feel its wonders close to me, Its presences unseen.

As in a childish game, I stand Blindfolded and alone, And stumbling reach an eager hand To kindred all unknown.

Bewildered in the living space With wistful arms I grope; Thrilled by a breath upon my face, A shadow—and a hope.

—Youth's Companion.

The Lonesome Dog

BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB

A good, kind dog found himself all alone in the world. He was hungry and thirsty and lonesome, and thought he would see if he could improve his fortunes.

As he trotted through the streets of a town he smelled a fine smell. "That means something for me at last," he thought, and traced the smell to a meat shop. The screen door was shut, but he waited patiently until some one went in and he followed close behind.

A most excellent smell! He nosed along up close to the counter. With grateful heart he waited for his share. It fell and he snapped it up. No sooner had he done so than the butcher saw him, and the butcher's boy and two customers and they all shouted at him and jumped at him and hustled him out of the shop, bereft of his meat and ashamed.

"My sakes," he said to himself, as he ran down the street, tall between his legs. "I have learned one lesson—never to go into a place that smells as good as that again!"

When he could run no more, panting with the heat, and with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, he looked for a place to rest. He had reached a house with green grass, and with vines on the porch, and with a soft, damp-looking flower bed, full of bright flowers, in front of the vines. There was no fence.

"It is quite free," thought the tired dog, "and I am glad of a place to rest." So he went over to the flower bed, turned around and around on the cool soil until he had crowded out for himself a comfortable resting place among the plants.

"Oh, how good this is," he thought, as he panted for breath, "how kind these people must be!" He was just dozing off, when he heard a scream above him. "Peter! quick! quick! an awful dog! right in the flower bed! Drive him away!"

Move as quick as he could, the dog could not get away before he had been pelted with all sorts of things, and had been called all sorts of names, which hurt him almost as much as the missiles.

He ran as far as he could without stopping, but he was so intolerably thirsty he kept looking for a place to drink. There seemed to be no water in all that town. As he lagged slowly along one street he reached a latticed kitchen porch. The porch door stood open. He knew there was water on that porch. The open door invited him. "These people know how it feels to perish of thirst," he thought, "they have left their door open."

Up the steps he crept; he could see the pall of fresh water; he was just about to bury his nose in the pall and drink his fill, when the kitchen door slammed back, and a broom descended on his head, and he was ordered off in no uncertain tones. With his head aching from the blow, and thirstier than ever, he ran slowly along.

"There is no place for me," he thought wearily, "nor any food, nor any drink. I do not understand it."

He ran by more houses with vines, and flower-beds, and green lawns, and no fences, but he did not venture in. A pretty child sat on some steps and called, "Here doggie, here, doggie!"

How he would like to be called that way! He turned his head imploringly. "Here doggie—good, pretty, kind doggie, come to Roxie."

The dog hesitated; could the child mean him? Was it a boy? Some children were boys and some were girls. But he couldn't tell this one. Some boys were named John and Tom and David, and some girls were named Daisy and Lulu and Sally, but he didn't know Roxie.

"Come, doggie," urged Roxie, "come—I'll give you a drink—a nice,

long, cool drink," and Roxie led the way encouragingly to the shady side of the house. There was a large crock. "This is for the birds," explained Roxie, "and now I'll fill it up for you," and Roxie turned in a stream from the hose.

The thirsty dog drank and drank—never did water taste so good. He raised his grateful eyes and wagged his tail.

"Oh, you good dog," smiled Roxie, "be my dog. I'll bring you something to eat in a minute. I'll be awful fast—now stay right—there"—impressively.

The dog scarcely knew what to do, but while he was still undecided, Roxie came back with a pan of scraps. "These are my very own bones," said Roxie. "I've been praying for a dog for two days, and I've saved all my bones and scraps—now eat 'em!"

The dog ate in a half-famished way—such good scraps! "What are you doing, Roxie?" called a voice from an upper room. "Feedin' my dog. God's sent him. Pretty good dog, too."

Roxie's mother hurried down, afraid she would find a mangy, sore-eyed dog, but instead she found a gentle creature, with a silky coat and beautiful eyes.

"Very well, Roxie," was the relieved answer. "We may as well settle this thing right now. If we find the dog belongs to any one else we can give it back."

"He doesn't," was the positive reply.

"Well—we'll play that way. We'll put the rest of the afternoon on the dog. We will scrub him and comb him and brush him and fix him a sleeping-place, and we will telephone right down to papa to bring up a collar. What name do you want?"

"Theodore," promptly.

"Why, Roxie! Theodore isn't a dog's name!"

"It's this dog's name," in a final tone. "You told me yourself Theodore meant 'Gift of God'—and that's what my dog is." And the lonesome dog wagged his tail happily.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Blast Furnace Gas.

The amount of gas generated by a blast furnace to produce pig iron is so enormous that if collected and utilized for power purposes it would prove revolutionizing in manufacturing industries. Thus to produce in an ordinary well-equipped works about 150 tons of pig iron the blast furnace would generate upward of 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas. To harness this enormous amount of waste fuel is the aim of the builders of gas engines. Utilized for generating steam by burning, about 1,000-h. p. could be obtained; but if burnt directly in a modern large gas engine, the horsepower generated would be several times as much. Eminent engineers estimated that even if half this volume should be wasted or used for heating the air blast of the furnace, there would still be sufficient to produce between 3,000 and 4,000 horsepower. Such an enormous gas generator would thus prove of the greatest value for ordinary manufacturing purposes. Likewise, the gases of coke ovens can be utilized in the same way, adding greatly to the importance of the gas engine in its new field.—Mining World.

French Priests Earn a Living.

Some of the clergy have taken to poultry rearing, others breed rabbits. The parish priest of Labourgude, in the Tarn and Garonne, has already earned a reputation for his jams and jellies. Many priests have become workmen. The parish priest of La Ponnolle is a turner, another in Averdun in the Loire et Cher, mends bicycles and sewing machines. The parish priest of Mayet de Montagne, in the Allier, and of Serrieria, in Corsica, manufacture acetylene lamps, and the priest who officiates in the parish church of Maurages, in the Meuse, is a working locksmith. One of the industries most generally adopted by the clergy is that of watch and clock maker. Seven parish priests are already so employed. The parish priest of Cavier, in the Gard, is a tailor, and his colleague in Negron, in the Indre et Loire, is an upholsterer. A dozen others knit stockings and waistcoats, while the priest of Hericourt, in the Haute Saone, has become a printer. A certain number of priests are bookbinders, and many are photographers. Two parish priests—one of Saint Paul, in the Oise, and another of Maguilles Reigniers, in the Vendee—are artists, the former painting pictures and the second using the sculptor's chisel.—Tablet.

Foreign Waterways.

Since we began the neglect and abandonment of canals France has quadrupled her waterways. According to figures furnished by commercial associations the British Isles have 8,000 miles of canal, and it does not all antedate the railroad. The Manchester canal was built at a cost of \$75,000,000 to reduce freight rates for a distance of thirty-five miles, and while it did not prove a good interest-bearing investment on such a large expenditure, its indirect and more permanent benefits are said to have warranted it. Germany has 3,000 miles of canal carefully maintained, besides 7,000 miles of other waterway, France, with an area less than we would consider a large state, has 3,000 miles of canal, and in the northern part, where the canals are most numerous, the railways are more prosperous. England, Germany, France, Holland and Belgium are all contemplating further extension and improvement of their canal systems.—Century Magazine.

The Mystery of Sleep

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald.

At the climax of our powers from one-third to one-half of our whole life is spent in sleep, and in our infancy nearly all our time is given to it. Yet, strange to say, while every human being from the time of Adam until this hour has known sleep from actual experience, no man can accurately define or explain it.

It cannot be wholly fatigue that induces sleep, else why should the feeble octogenarian sleep least and the infant who does nothing in particular sleep many times as much as its grandparents? Even modern science is most vague on this baffling subject and finds no better use for it than "the repair of wasted tissues."

Unquestionably research with the microscope does prove that fatigue, in some degree at any rate, exhausts and vitiates the nerve cells, while rest and sleep appear to restore them to the normal. When Lord Brougham returned home after his brilliant and exhaustive defense of Queen Caroline he retired at once to bed almost in a state of collapse and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed on any account, no matter how long he should sleep. His lordship's household obeyed; but their amazement grew into positive terror when the young advocate's "nap" had prolonged itself forty-eight hours! Brougham's physician afterward declared this marvelous sleep was nature's own remedy for relieving a terrific mental strain and had certainly warded off some serious brain disorder.

But, then, every one of us at least knows the marvelous recuperative value of a long sleep. And yet all this time digestion, respiration and many other vital functions are in full power, just as in the waking hours. Only the senses and the higher cerebral manifestations are less active.

It seems clear we need more than three or four times as much nourishment while awake than asleep. And yet we wake in the morning without either hunger or faintness such as invariably accompany a long waking fast. Moreover, the first morning meal is ordinarily the lightest of the day, with people free to consult their own tastes in these matters.

How shall we explain this strange discrepancy in the action of the stomach by day and by night? It is no answer that we work in the day, hence waste and hunger; for the same craving for food during the day is experienced by a person taking little or no physical exercise as by the bricklayer, foundryman or other worker engaged in the hardest manual toil.

Obviously, then, a condition of things has been superinduced in sleep which involves not only a discontinuance of intercourse with the world, but a positive suspension of some of the sternest exactions of our nature.

There is another result of deep sleep which is seldom remarked. Lie down upon bed or couch, and however tired you may be you will rarely remain in one position long if you be awake. At frequent intervals you feel an impulse to turn over or move some of your limbs to relieve what has become an uncomfortable position. On the other hand, when you fall asleep, even though you have the hard ground for a couch and, like Jacob, a stone for a pillow, you may lie quietly for many hours without moving, except for involuntary respiration. Nor when you awake will you experience any discomfort even in that part of the body which has borne the most pressure, such as could not be contentedly endured for five minutes when awake.

Indeed, not only will there be no sense of pain or discomfort, but rather one of positive refreshment. It is said—among the myriad theories of sleep—that this condition is merely "the assertion of the lower or vegetative consciousness;" and, further, that if the higher intellectual consciousness could hold permanent sway sleep would cease altogether.

The length of time a man can preserve his mental faculties without sleep varies with the individual constitution; but the inevitable result is delirium before many days. The Chinese punish certain flagrant criminals by a system of diabolical teasing so as to prevent sleep altogether; and this is regarded with the utmost horror even by the most hardened criminals.

When Napoleon attempted the conquest of Hayti, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had become commander-in-chief of the negro troops, could not venture on a pitched battle with the Napoleonic veterans, but had recourse to a less risky, yet more effective method. No sooner had the French troops fallen asleep at night than Toussaint made a feint of attacking them, thus rousing them all under arms and in a state of great excitement. These tactics were repeated so frequently that even the greatest of the Napoleonic warriors were utterly worn out, and in time an army of 30,000 was reduced to a bare 5,000 effectives, without having fought a single battle.

It is noteworthy in this connection that the world's greatest intellects have done with very little sleep. Bismarck, Gladstone and Zola rarely exceeded six hours; Napoleon himself, with Goethe, Schiller, Balzac and Humboldt, took but a bare four; while Lord Bacon, Jeremy Taylor and Bar-

ter seldom allowed themselves more than three hours' sleep. Thomas A. Edison and the late Pope Leo XIII. also kept within this very low limit.

If only we could do without sleep altogether our lives would be one-third as long again as they are. But experiments tried upon patients with a view to testing the physiology of insomnia have shown that death would surely result in less than a week if sleep were entirely prevented. Meanwhile, although the most familiar of all phenomena, sleep and all appertaining to it—especially dreams—remain a profound mystery even to the most advanced science of today.—New York Press.

THE OLD BRASS GUNS.

A Reminiscence of the Old West Point Light Battery.

On the right, as we pursued our way, lay the deep, green plain, afterward trod so many times, now at drill, now at parade, and now at will with some dear fellow cadet at our side; its every blade we may believe holds in sweetest recollection the boys who with courageous and loving hearts trod it in the glow of their youth. On the left was the cavalry and artillery plain; and I have no doubt the old brass guns of the light battery, parked upon it exchanged smiles as they saw us pass, three green boys headed toward the adjutant's office. And yet, for all your mirth, we came to know you well! We drilled beside you for three years, we saw you move off to the war—led on by Capt. Charles Griffin, our instructor in light artillery, that winter morning of 1861 with the moon just settling down behind the dark brow of Crow Nest—and heard the good-by of your rumbling, chucking wheels. Once more I saw you—when you were wheeling into "action front" near Grant's headquarters in the battle of the Wilderness.

One or two incidents of that morning of the great battle I must make a place for here. I was carrying a despatch from Gen. Warren to Gen. Wadsworth. The latter was killed and his lines driven through the woods before I could reach him, and while on this ride I saw a soldier sitting at the root of a tree near the Wilderness Run amid a clump of blue and dogtooth violets. He had plucked some of them, and they were lying loosely now in his white, dead hand, while his head had fallen limply to the left as he rested against the tree. Was his last dream of home, of the violets blooming along the run he followed as a boy?

It was when I was returning from this ride, and had nearly reached Grant's headquarters, that the battery came rushing by. They were regulars, and I did not know which battery it was till, as the trail of one of the pieces fell, the sergeant turned; his eye brightened and then, much to my surprise, he smiled at me; and behold! It was the old West Point Battery! I recognized the sergeant as the leader of those little devils, the West Point drummer boys of my day! My heart never spoke more warmly or sincerely than at that moment as my glance met his, and if I could have done so, I'd gladly have grasped his hand. Yes, we and the guns of the West Point battery came to know one another right well after that sunny day when we first met on our way to the adjutant's office.—Morris Schaff in the Atlantic Monthly.

SALMON FAMILY IN ALASKA.

Curious Habits as Observed by a Resident of the Territory.

"There is nothing more curious connected with the finny tribe than to watch the doings of the salmon family in Alaska," said Frank Watson of that territory.

"The most singular thing of all is that after the females deposit their spawn their earthly career terminates, and I have seen the bottoms of creeks covered with their dead bodies. They give birth to thousands of their kind and immediately die. The young ones are then taken care of by the male salmon, and it is a well known fact that in three years from their birth the offspring reappear on the very ground of their origin. There are four varieties of this superb fish which make their appearance in regular order of succession.

"In the spring the first to arrive is the magnificent king salmon, which weighs all the way from 15 to 90 pounds. I have myself caught one weighing 52 pounds. About June comes the sockeye or red salmon, which visits our shores in enormous numbers, and which is the common canning variety. A little later appears the log salmon, which only the Indians will eat, and finally, in August and September, the beautiful silver salmon arrives, the prettiest fish in all the world and one of the most palatable.

"When the salmon enter the fresh water, by a curious trick of nature their skin becomes red, but this pink hue does not affect the whiteness of their flesh. It is seldom that salmon will journey up a glacier stream, but the streams that have lakes at their heads literally swarm with them."

The Mikado and the Crown Prince of Japan are each having an album made of photographs of all the military and naval officers killed in the war with Russia.

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MAKING OF A PIONEER LEADER.

General James Robertson achieved fame as a hunter in his youth, and is said to have joined Boone in one of that remarkable man's expeditions. He listened with keen relish to the tales of adventure of all those who had crossed the mountains of the West. Their description of lands, beautiful, fertile, and abounding in game, stirred his ambitious and adventurous nature, and at twenty-five he set out alone on horseback to find a new domain, and if possible to pre-empt for himself a tract of rich land. Living upon parched corn that he carried, and the game that he shot, he reached the high valleys on the western slope of the Great Smoky Mountains, and was filled with delight. Game was plentiful, the clear sparkling streams watered a rich soil, high peaks sheltered from extremes of temperature the lower levels, and majestic primeval forests climbed the slopes. The few scattered hunters and settlers whom he met received Robertson with rough, untrammelled hospitality, and their kindness strengthened his wish to make his future home among them.

Selecting a domain he planted a crop of corn and awaited its harvest, hunting and making friends the while with his fellow adventurers and impressing them with the strength and force of his character. In the fall he started on his solitary trip East to bring his family to his new plantation, and encountered the first of that harrowing series of adventures of which his subsequent career was to be so full. In the passes of the mountains he became confused and finally lost.

Among the rocky summits he wandered for days without gaining any clue as to his whereabouts. His horse became lean and weak, and he was forced to abandon it. Mountain mists and frequent rains spoiled his powder, and he was compelled to live upon berries and nuts. Wolves and bears and the mountain cougar added their terror. He became at last so ill and famished that he could scarcely gather wood for a fire or strike a spark with his flint. A less courageous and determined man would have lain down to die, but Robertson crawled and staggered on. At length, after unspeakable hardships, chance led him into the path of two hunters who aided him to reach friends.—From "General James Robertson, the Father of Tennessee," by Lynn Tew Sprague, in The Outing Magazine.

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"That fellow makes a success of everything he goes into," said the man at the door.

"Well, get him to go into our show some night," replied the weary-looking theatrical manager.—Yonkers Statesman.

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