

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST.

As long as the forests shall live,
The streams shall flow onward, still
Singing sweet songs of the woodland, and bringing
The bright, living waters that give
New life to all mortals who thirst—
But the races of men shall be cured.
Yea, the hour of destruction shall come,
To the children of men in that day
When the forest shall all pass away;
When the low woodland voices are
Dumb;
And death's devastation and death
Shall be spread o'er the face of the
earth.
Avenge the death of the wood,
The turbulent streams shall outpour
Their vials of wrath, and no more
Shall their banks hold back the high
flood,
Which shall rush o'er the harvests of
men,
As swiftly receding again.
Let after the flood shall be death,
And the rain no longer shall fall
On the parching fields; and a pall,
As of ashes, shall cover the earth;
And dust-clouds shall darken the sky;
And the deep water wells shall be
dry.
And the rivers shall sink in the ground,
And every man cover his mouth
From the thickening dust, in that
drouth;
Fierce famine shall come, and no sound
Shall be borne of death and despair.
—Alexander Blair Thaw in The Century.

A Changed Man.

After ten years of domesticity Peabody still is unable to understand his wife.
If there is a tie-up on the elevated road which necessitates his taking the surface line and reaching home twenty minutes late he is invariably surprised to be welcomed by Mrs. Peabody with tears and a disposition to hysterics. Peabody's mind works slowly and this constitutional defect makes it impossible for him to realize how many horrors a really active imagination can conjure up in twenty minutes. Indeed, in a quarter of that time Mrs. Peabody sometimes had seen him the victim of a wreck, in the hospital with a sunstroke and the prey of a holdup man.
As a matter of fact, in spite of his wife's apprehensions, nothing ever happens to Peabody. He is absolutely healthy and lucky to a degree that awakens the envy of all his acquaintances.
Naturally so nervous a wife as Mrs. Peabody is careful not to cause anxiety to others. She never goes downtown for an afternoon's shopping without acquainting Peabody with the fact over the telephone and also telling him at just what hour she will be at home.
Mrs. Peabody went to call on a south side friend the other day and was surprised to meet at her friend's house an old schoolmate she had not seen for many years. Her friend declared that she was plainly foredoomed that she was to stay to dinner. Mrs. Peabody was the more ready to accept this view as it was the maid's afternoon out. An invitation was extended to Peabody over the telephone, but though he generously urged his wife to stay and enjoy herself, he explained that business would keep him at the office late, so he would get his dinner downtown. Then he would go home. "That is, if you're not afraid to come home alone," he added, as an afterthought.
"Oh, not at all, dear," answered Mrs. Peabody, who shows her unselfish disposition by reserving her apprehensions for others; "I'll be home at 8.30 promptly."
It was during the dinner that the proposal was made to extend the festivities by going to the theatre. The suggestion was tempting, but at first Mrs. Peabody refused to consider it. By this time it was too late to reach Peabody at the office.
"If he expected me and I didn't come he'd worry so," Mrs. Peabody said.
But the friends, who knew Peabody, laughed at this idea so heartily that Mrs. Peabody began to think that perhaps she was overparticular. Between the ridicule of one friend and the coaxing of the other, her scruples were lulled to rest. So the three women went to the play.
Meanwhile Peabody was enjoying himself unexpectedly. Just as he left the office he ran across an old friend, whose wife was out of town. The two men dined together and then went out to the Peabody flat, where they spent an enjoyable evening over their cigars. Waite, who is old enough to be Peabody's father, has white hair and a wrinkled face, but his spirit of boyish fun belies his appearance. When Peabody suggested that Waite spend the night there Waite fell in with the plan without demur. Peabody gave up his room, as is the practice of flat dwellers when guests are entertained, and himself took the folding bed in the parlor.
The silencing of Mrs. Peabody's scruples had been, only temporary. All through the play she was haunted by the thought of her husband pacing the floor and listening for steps on the stair. By the end of the second act she was hardly able to answer a question and she seriously deliberated feigning an attack of heart trouble as an excuse to leave.
Mrs. Peabody made her farewells very brief and hastily made her way to the elevated station. A train was just pulling out as she reached the platform and the brief interval of waiting for another train seemed almost interminable. Now that there was nothing to distract her attention, her fancy was at liberty to frame all sorts of horrifying conjectures. She wondered if her husband had notified the police of her mysterious absence. She felt sure that she would find him in a state of collapse.
There was an ominous silence about the flat as she climbed the stairs. A

light burned in the hall, but elsewhere darkness reigned. Wavering between doubt and fear, Mrs. Peabody entered her husband's bedroom and turned on the electric light. As it flashed up she saw a slight that struck her dumb.
It was even worse than she had thought! The white head on the pillow, the gaunt, wrinkled face, so unlike her husband's almost cherubic chubbiness, told a tale of suffering beyond words.
"John! John!" shrieked Mrs. Peabody. "What have I done? How you are changed! I am an unworthy wife!"
Then she fell back in the hall in a genuine attack of hysterics.
So soundly was Peabody asleep that even then he did not come to a realizing sense of the situation till Waite had donned some clothing and shaken him into partial consciousness.
The rest of the night was passed in reassuring Mrs. Peabody. Strange to say, instead of being relieved on discovering that no evil had resulted from her absence, she felt resentment because her husband had taken her safety for granted.—Chicago News.

LIVING IN FRANCE.

Temptations That Beset the House-keeper of Economical Ambitions.
When it began to dawn upon us that we could not that winter tear ourselves from Mentone we decided we would establish ourselves in one of the bric-a-brac villas and really enjoy life. So we set forth, and from one of several good agencies secured a house. This was in February, and we got it until the end of May for 800 francs—\$160. It took some little skill to reduce things to that basis, but we did it eventually.
Our villa was about ten minutes walk from the centre of the town, situated away from the sea because the beach is so very pebbly that the song of the wild waves at time degenerates into something like a nagging repetition to tired nerves. There were four excellent bedrooms, with a sitting room and dining room. For the servants there were two good bedrooms and a dining room. The kitchen was well equipped, and there was a dumb-waiter running (or more accurately creeping) upstairs to the pantry. Our furniture was not artistic, but it was well made and well kept, and our crockery and alleged silverware was most plentiful. We had no stationary bath, but we had no prejudice against English tubs, which can be bought or hired for the season in the town, and there was running water on every floor.
Then we had a garden, a sunken garden because we were on the side of a hill, like all self-respecting villas on the Riviera. And in the garden were many delights, such as date palms and oranges and a heliotrope vine covering one entire wall, and of course roses and hyacinths and other flowers that bloom all winter long in the south of France. We loved our garden and insisted on lunching in it, regardless of the warning about the chill wind between 12 and 2.
In the local paper our names were written large as having established ourselves at this abode of bliss "with suite." "Suite" was middle aged and had lost her front teeth in some sad accident, but she was hard working and good natured, and did very well. We paid her a \$5 a month, and we could have secured for proportionate prices servants up to any degree of efficiency. Our washing—an enormous quantity—was very well done for about \$4 a week.
It is useless to say that living is cheap in France, although it would be a perfectly true statement in a way. Many things are very cheap and good, but, alas, it is a country of specialization and temptation dogs one's footsteps. One could not eat the food piously if it were not that the better and the superlatively best crop up before one at every turn. Supplying food in France is such an art that it arouses enthusiasm in the marketer's soul, and if once the fatal step is taken and a work of art is purchased for dinner it is very hard to go back to the fare of ordinary mortals. However, barring certain lapses into awful gastronomic debauches, we lived on from \$2 to \$2.20 a day. Fuel we found comparatively cheap and gas enormously expensive, compared with other countries.
Our actual living cost us about \$150 a month, including the rent, but one has to allow a goodly margin for extras. It is little fun to be in the Riviera and not of it, and this means a constant expenditure.—From the Travel Magazine.

Use for Macaroni.
Mrs. Dubois, wife of a Western senator, hired a new cook the other day. In the past Mrs. Dubois has had more than her share of woe with domestic servants and at last decided to try the experiment of having a colored woman for autocrat of the kitchen. This new cook came, claiming that she could do anything, and Mrs. Dubois intimated on the first day that they would have some macaroni for dinner. "What's that?" asked the cook. Mrs. Dubois took her to the pantry and showed her the macaroni. "Do you mean to say that you don't know what that is?" Mrs. Dubois asked. "Oh, yes, 'deed I do, missus," the cook replied. "Only in the las' place I worked they lighted the gas with them things." At latest accounts Mrs. Dubois was wearily looking for still another cook.—Kansas City Star.

Sharp Practice.
Lady Commercial, to her husband, who is rather cold to her—John, the kisses you give me now are not up to the sample you gave me when you asked me to be yours. It isn't business.

AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN.



Uncle Sam—"Hey! If you want to put out that fire quit blowing it."
—Timely Cartoon, from Judge.

FUTURE WARS MAY BE FOUGHT IN AIR

To Be Settled With Minimum Loss of Life, Declares Major Squires.

New York City.—Brigadier-General James Allen, head of the Signal Corps of the United States Army; Major George O. Squires, of the Signal Corps, and Admiral C. M. Chester, of the navy, were speakers before the International Aeronautical Congress in the house of the Automobile Club of America. The value of the airship in army and navy and the types best suited for the different branches of the service were set forward by the speakers, who are working on the problem on behalf of the American Government.
General Allen said that the corps was building in Omaha a large aerodrome, 200 feet long, 100 feet wide and eighty feet high, where the 300 Signal Corps station in the region will be trained. Later, he said, an aerodrome would probably be erected on the Atlantic coast and one on the Pacific coast. "We are more interested in the dirigible balloon than in the aeroplane," he said, "and shall make our gas by the electric process." The liquid air process has been tried, he said, but was not successful. General Allen said that he understood that Secretary Taft would ask Congress for \$200,000 for the prosecution of the work. A resolution was adopted asking President Roosevelt to intercede with Congress in behalf of the new branch of military activity.
"The practical dirigible balloon is here now," Major Squires said. "The last great war was conducted strictly in line with the textbooks, accompanied at times with unlimited slaughter. The great object of war is to bring about a decisive result with a minimum destruction of human life. If we could utilize scientific principles to bring about this result without killing any one it would be the ideal. The cavalry is designed to scout and develop information for use in the handling and operation of the army which it serves. Aerial navigation furnishes us with an additional weapon for obtaining information and for using the information thus obtained. It will enable the maneuvering of armies by strategic marches and surprises to bring about decisive results with minimum destruction of life."
Admiral Chester, speaking for the navy side of the work, said that it had recently come to light that balloons were used by the navies as well as by the armies involved in the late Russo-Japanese War. "Sufficient is learned from actual practice to substantiate the theory that the airship is likely to become the long sought antidote against attacks from submarines," he said. "The elevation enables the observer to discover the movements of submarines under the water, and floating mines and stationary mines may be detected."
"The dirigible balloon has been adopted by armies, but it is not profitable for general use on shipboard. Naval men should give their attention to the development of the aeroplane. It is peculiarly a naval weapon because of its compactness, the fact that on shipboard it would always be near a machine shop—a necessary factor in operating so delicate a piece of machinery—its adaptability for scouting purposes and the fact that it would have the power at hand for initial movement. An inclined plane which is commonly used for acquiring movement may be readily constructed on shipboard, but when the ship's own velocity is insufficient, turning her into the wind would give her own speed combined with that of the wind."
In his address as president of the Congress Willis L. Moore reviewed the history of the development of aerial navigation and concluded that it was evident that the first application of the work would be in the art of war. "Commercially very little is to be expected from either balloons or flying machines," he said. "Upon the whole, now that success has come, we see that the conquest of the air has more limited practical uses than was imagined when it was not known how the process was to be achieved, but it may develop new uses of its own and prove an important benefit to mankind."

WOMAN ACCUSES TOM LAWSON, OF BOSTON

Finds Him in Hotel and Says He Caused Her Loss of \$42,000 by His Misleading Stock Tips.

Boston.—A story was in circulation to the effect that Thomas W. Lawson had been attacked in Young's Hotel by a woman. Mr. Lawson issued a statement in which he said:
"The attack consists solely of the hysterical woman, if she was hysterical, coming to my table in Young's dining room and conveying to me the alleged information that I had been the cause of her losing \$42,000. I had never seen the woman before, but I noticed that she and two others had a table next to the one I usually occupy. I don't know whether the empty high ball glasses on their table had anything to do with the attack. I don't know whether they had been laying in wait for me all day or a week of days. Wouldn't know the lady again if I saw her."
"I simply rose from the table, said to the lady, 'If you have lost as much as \$42,000, you must have been gambling,' and thanking her for her attention sat down."

HOLIDAY TURKEYS TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS A POUND

Probably Will Be Higher, as Greater Part of the Supply is Coming From the West.

New York City.—There is great uncertainty about the prices consumers will have to pay for their Thanksgiving turkeys. While there is a large supply of Western birds, raisers say prices will be higher than last year. An important factor will be the weather. If the present high temperature continues for a fortnight prices will be no higher than they were a year ago, but a cold snap would mean that from two to three cents a pound would be added.
Turkeys are selling wholesale at the same figures as during the week preceding last Thanksgiving Day, eighteen cents, which is the same price they were in 1904 and two cents less than they were in 1905. In 1903 they were twenty and one-half cents, and seventeen cents in 1902.
The cheapest turkeys now in the market are twelve cents wholesale, and there is little demand for them, while there is only a fair demand for the best stock, the sales made being above seventeen cents. There are few shipments coming from near home, most of the supplies coming from the West.
Retail shops are selling the best turkeys for twenty-seven cents, but intimate that the price will be higher before many weeks roll around.

Deal in Kentucky For 16,000,000 Pounds of Durley Tobacco.

At Henderson, Ky., by a deal just completed, the Imperial Tobacco Company bought the entire 1907 tobacco crop pledged to the American Society of Equity in Henderson, Union, Webster, Hopkins and Crittenden Counties. The deal involves 16,000,000 pounds of tobacco and will bring \$500,000 in English money to the farmers of that section. The price is the highest ever paid, with the exception of the war price.

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WAS IT A SPIRIT, OR WHAT?

Eusapia Palladino, the well known Neapolitan medium, who was rather a failure when she appeared before the Psychological Research Society in London a few years ago, has just subjected herself to a series of experiments, held under the auspices of the University of Naples and participated in by Professors Bottazzi and Galeotti and other well known scientists. Eusapia is an ignorant woman, and is known to have received no education whatever. Nevertheless while in a trance she is able to converse in several modern languages, and writes in each of them a script that is like copperplate.
At the University of Naples the professors deliberately set traps for her, placing objects with which she could bring about effects within reach of her hand and fixing electric lights close by, so as to throw instant illumination upon them if she attempted to make use of them. A dish containing clay to receive possible moldings or marks was placed at a considerable distance from the medium, and her hands were carefully controlled by two persons, when she suddenly stretched out the three middle fingers of one hand, and, rubbing the under part of her fingers on the table in front of her, said:
"How hard it is! What is it?"
As there was nothing on the table she was asked to what she referred, and she replied:
"It is the hard clay. I wish it taken away. I do not need it."
When the professors came to examine the distant dish of clay it was found to have the marks of three fingers upon it, of which the movements corresponded exactly to those which had been made by the medium on the table, and it appeared as though she were able in some way to transmit the sensations of her own hands to a distance.
In one of the experiments the wrists of Eusapia were tied to two iron rings fixed in the floor; the cords that held her were knotted and sealed, and yet under these conditions a bottle of water was carried about, and a seat and large human hands were seen to appear. Professor Galeotti declares that, while he was holding Eusapia by the hands, he distinctly saw a double figure in her place with identical arms, which, however, were held in different positions.
Professor Bottazzi, the leader of the experiments, once touched the fingers of Eusapia, and an electric light, the tap of which had been fixed inside her cabinet, but out of her reach, was lighted four or five times, and as many times extinguished. Professor Bottazzi also had a large and apparently natural human hand laid upon his neck, his head and his arm. Each time he was able to touch it, and, when on his arm, to see it by suddenly turning on the electric lights, when it was not dragged away, but faded out of sight and touch as he held it.
In these and other similar experiments the scientific men present are agreed that fraud was practically impossible. They all, however, exclude any supernatural or spiritual explanation, and can only suggest that Eusapia Palladino's manifestations are biological phenomena, dependent on the organism of the medium, who at will can double or increase the range of her psychic personality, and even her physiological personality.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Generous Act Rewarded.
An undertaker named Roberts, at Walthamstow, England, several years ago buried, at his own expense, the bodies of a friendless woman and child who had been murdered, rather than see them laid in a pauper's grave. He has just received \$25,000, bequeathed him by an old gentleman who had admired his act.

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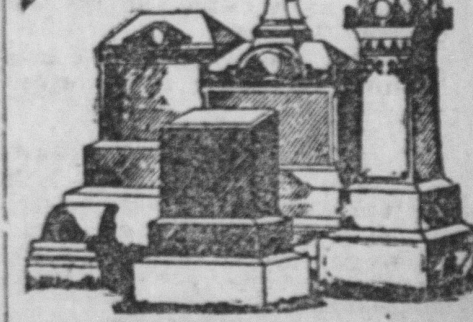
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