

Our Daily Cheer.
What any day may bring to us
We do not know—
The famine, or the overplus,
Or weal, or woe;
The triumph or the happiness
That gives life zest;
The failure which with all its stress
Makes us seek rest.

When morn breaks o'er us in our
couch
We cannot say
If it will be "Hurrah" or "Ouch"
That marks the day;
If we'll exult in triumph or
Regret we've sinned,
Or joy to count the profit more
Than we've been skinned.

But be our portion what it may,
Or large or small,
Of nectar we shall taste that day,
Or only gail,
Though good may come or even bad,
We press the bluff—
We never know when we have had
Enough.

W. L. W., in Puck.

DIVORCED.

Among the dust of the road still
glittering in the rays of the setting
sun, the evening mail coach passed,
the old vehicle jolting about and the
bells jingling on the little white
horses. Then Claudine appeared at
the door of the little white house.
With her hand over her eyes and
her elbow high in the air, she stood
motionless in sharp relief against the
dark background of the interior. The
young woman's robust chest was in-
flated with impatient, joyous, expecta-
tion; and the blood rising under her
brown skin brightened her black eyes
and imparted a still deeper redness
to her laughing lips that contrasted
with the shining whiteness of her
teeth.

In the distance the sun, sinking
ever lower, fastened its dying rays
upon the fleecy tops of the wooded
hillsides, imprinting upon the dark
green of the old oaks points of light
that quivered against the blue hori-
zon; but nearer, a large ray, piercing
the verdure, enveloped, as with a
last and tardy caress, the rounded
summit of a naked hillock, whose
slopes, dying at the turn in the road,
presented in the shadow a long, dull
gray stretch of plowed land.

Claudine knew that beneath these
slopes, over which resounded in the
stillness of the evening the sonorous
voices of the laborers urging on their
oxen, lay immense quarries corroding
the earth and extending on and on
indefinitely, seeming, with their
buttressed galleries, like the suddenly-
cleared-up ruins of some buried city;
and thither her thoughts went, in
search of her husband.

She saw him, young like herself
and very handsome, perched on some
high scaffolding, toiling at the top
of the quarry, in the trembling light
of lamps, that looked like stars, amid
the continual and monotonous drip-
ping of the waters; but now his labor
ended, he descended and arranged his
tools; then very quickly, thinking of
her and impatient for her kisses, he
came through the dark passages
where the trucks had dug ruts in the
mud.

Quarrymen wearing gaudy sashes,
with jackets thrown over their shoulders,
were beginning to appear in a
series of groups along the white
road. Their voices rose, sometimes
in song—voice vibrating like waves
of sunlight and as rough as the sur-
rounding country.

Incessantly the procession length-
ened.

One by one Claudine recognized the
sunburnt faces as they grew
more and more distinct. But her man
did not yet appear and suddenly, as
she was examining with her sharpest
look the farthest groups on the hill-
side, whose contour seemed to sink,
a cloud of dust shot up, high and enor-
mous, casting a vast shadow.

The quarrymen stopped short in
the road; then they ran back and at
the same time, with a settling of
all the neighboring territory, a tremen-
dous explosion burst out like a
peal of thunder and rolled through the
valley. The quarry had fallen in.

Claudine uttered a cry and fell upon
the road with arms outstretched.
Under the ground, full of crevices
and covered with fallen houses that
spread their broken red-tiled roofs
over the ruins like a mantle, quarry-
men were buried, in inaccessible and
hopeless depths; and near the foot
of the hill, at a point where the en-
gineers were trying to pierce a gal-
lery, Claudine in a crouching posture,
with a wild look on her face and re-
fusing to budge, awaited her man.

For days she remained there, un-
able to believe in disaster and un-
willing to be consoled, her eyes fixed
obstinately upon the gallery which
they were opening.

But the work caused fresh settle-
ments of the soil, and then water flowed
into the gallery, and they were obliged
to stop their labors.

Then gloomily she climbed the hill.
At the top the workmen were now
boring a shaft. She crouched down
near them, watching the piston go up
and down with a continuous, mechan-
ical movement, the dull shocks of
which, occurring at regular intervals,
quieted her and filled her with sooth-
ing hopes. But the steel screws be-
gan to break off in the flinty strata,

and then they penetrated into the
sands which began to roll down con-
tinually, filling up the shaft.

Haggard and grim, the workmen
persisted for a time, but soon they
threw down their tools in despair and
the band dispersed. Claudine was left
alone upon the ravaged ground amid
the results of the abortive labors,
broken, inert, feeling only one de-
sire within her—the wish that she
were dead.

"Claudine," whispered a voice near
her.
She recognized one of the quarry-
men; she knew that his name was
Pierre, and remembered having seen
him at work with the others. He
showed his callous hands, his soiled
clothing; and suddenly, before he had
spoken, as she saw the look of gentle
sadness which he gave her, she burst
into a fit of tears.

He, finding nothing to say, knelt be-
side her, allowing her to weep, only
pressing the young woman's hand the
tighter at each sob, with an expres-
sion of anguish on his face.

Gradually she became calm. She
heard him saying things the mean-
ing of which escaped her, leaving her
only the sensation of a vague and
very gentle murmur that lulled her
into childlike docility. And she suf-
fered herself to be led away, almost
unconscious, he, full of precautions
and attentions, addressing her in
caressing tones, as though she were
an invalid, while, from time to time
also, she stopped to heave long sighs
that suddenly broke into tears, after
which her head would drop upon the
man's shoulder.

Days passed. The quarrymen were
lost, and undiscoverable, dead, it was
declared, crushed by the rocks. This
thought was a satisfaction to Claudine.
In the long idle hours in which
these things were talked over, she
listened silently, in mournful atti-
tudes, finding gradually a soothing
charm in being pitied. Little by little
she seemed to awake as from a
long sleep, and to return from a great
distance; and at the same time, in-
sensibly, the exigencies of life pre-
sented themselves to her mind; she
began to live again, with the progres-
sive growth of a slow fear, that of
poverty and solitude.

Then she became interested in the
news, in the subscriptions opened for
the relief of the victims. And sud-
denly she had a feeling of rest, al-
most of joy, when Pierre, returning
from the city, told her that the sums
subscribed were sufficient to warrant
an annuity for the widows, and that
she had been allowed one of 600
francs.

Then, idle and patiently awaiting
events, she daily returned to the quar-
ries. Often Pierre accompanied her,
with his accustomed gentleness. There
they spoke in low voices and walked
with muffled tread, respectful of the
grave. In these habitual visits as to
a cemetery, where both went, and
the hillside, through the melancholy
of the thick woods, under the per-
petual influence of the same thoughts,
Claudine's tears gradually ceased to
flow. Insensibly they arrived at con-
versations and slow and gentle reveries
in which new possibilities began
to shape themselves.

Gradually a weight was lifted from
the young woman's breast; the hori-
zon, long confined, enlarged about
her, and in the trembling dawn of a
new future there was a new and in-
definable impression that grew rap-
idly in the penetrating charm of sil-
ence. Little by little, in the heat
of summer, under the breath of the
trees, her sorrow wore away, and la-
mentable death vanished in the dis-
tance, while slowly, like sap, a new
love grew up that irradiated and en-
veloped them, but of which they
dared not speak, out of respect for
the grave which enabled them to med-
itate.

"Claudine," said the man at last,

"Pierre."

"Suppose we marry?"

"It has been only two months,"

said she, suddenly becoming sad.

"Oh, I do not hurry you. I meant

later . . . would you?"

"Yes," she sighed, "later."

Thenceforth it was an understood
thing between them, upon which their
thought centered more and more, ac-
cording to the dead only a friendly mem-
ory, a feeling of tender gratitude.
They began to make plans. They
wandered about in their accustomed
walks with the manners of open lov-
ers; and soon, upon the hillside tomb,
amid the entwining of the flowers,
laughter was heard, and then kisses.

One evening they went among the
rocks loosened by the disaster. There,
in the gentle warmth of the twilight,
in their slow reverie of peasants, they
looked through the trees below at the
glittering of a stream, and, farther
on, at the windings of the white road
and the surrounding hills that inclosed
them in a vast amphitheatre.

Suddenly a strange noise startled
them. It was in the ground beneath
them, like the stirring of a beast at
the bottom of a hole. They bent over
the edge of a crevice; and there the
noise, more distinct, seemed to them
like the desperate clambering of a
man in a narrow ditch. At first they
were transfixed by fear of the un-
known; then at the same time the
same thought struck them—the
thought of the quarrymen buried
alive.

Far from the bottom an appeal rose,
far away, valled, almost a breath.
"It is he!" hissed Claudine, her
knees trembling.

Pierre was fairly livid as he
straightened up. He then dead al-
ready so far away, already disappeared
in the abyss of irremediable things!

And thus was their love to be broken,
the future ruined, the beautiful future
over which Claudine's 600 francs
threw the glitter of fortune?

By what right did he come back?
His image now appeared, not in friend-
ly perspective, surrounded with grate-
ful memories, but as a menacing spec-
ter suddenly arisen on the ruins of a
shattered dream.

Meanwhile the appeal rose again;
they could imagine the exhaustion of
the wretched man after crawling un-
der ground for nearly three months,
living on roots and water, in the dark-
ness, and doubtless aroused to a last
effort by the perfume of the sun-bath-
ed woods entering through the crevices
in the ground. Pierre uttered a
cry and threw himself violently back-
ward, the victim of a bitter struggle.
But again the appeal rose, sinister,
lamentable; and pity gained the vic-
tory.

Then he shouted feverishly and
suddenly:
"Wait for me! I run, I will come
back with a rope. The hole is just
big enough."

And he ran madly down the hill-
side.

Left alone, Claudine looked fixedly
at a rock overhanging the crevice.
She shuddered; a breath would loos-
en it, and it would crush the man
below. Suddenly she rose, staggering
as if drunk and bent over toward the
rock.

It loosened and rolled into the
gulf.

There was a dull shock, a cry, then
all was still; livid, and leaning over
the abyss Claudine listened in the
silence.—From the French of Relb-
rach, in Short Stories Magazine.

SUICIDE STATISTICS.

**Childless Marriages a Cause—Rate
High Among Germanic
Nations.**

Among 1,000,000 suicides of all
classes, it has been found that 205
married men with children destroyed
their lives; 470 married men with-
out children; 526 widowers with, and
1,004 widowers without children.

With respect to the women, 45 mar-
ried women with, and 153 without,
children committed suicide, while 104
widows with, and 238 without of-
spring, completed the list.

On the face of things, says the Il-
lustrated London News, it would ap-
pear that in childless marriages the
number of men suicides is doubled and
in women trebled. Leaving the case
of actual insane persons out of count,
it would also appear that in males
suicide is more frequent than in fe-
males.

Equally interesting is that phase of
the subject which deals with the
causes. One table dealing with 6,782
cases shows one-seventh caused by
misery, one twenty-fifth part by loss
of fortune, one forty-third by gam-
bling, one ninety-sixth by love affairs,
one-ninth by domestic troubles, one
sixty-sixth by fanaticism, and by fol-
lowed ambition and remorse one-seventh
and one twenty-seventh respectively.

The geography of suicide is also of
high interest. Westcott says the high-
est proportion in Europe is shown by
the Germanic races, Saxony having the
largest suicide rate of any country.
In Norway the rate was very large for
a time, its decrease being attributed
to the greater restrictions now laid
on the liquor traffic.

The Celtic races have a low rate,
and this is evinced by the figures for
Ireland and Wales. Mountainous re-
gions are said to show a lower rate
than lowlands. In the highlands of
Scotland and Wales, and in the high
areas of Switzerland suicide is rare.

Times and seasons also operate ap-
parently, to influence the act of self-
destruction. Roughly speaking, the
curve line of suicide, calculated
through the year, rises from January
to July, and decreases for the second
half of the year. The maximum pe-
riods have been found to fall in May,
June and July. I believe indeed June
is found to show a marked predomi-
nance as a suicide month.

One reason for such pre-eminence in
the warm season of the year is set
down as represented by the onset of
hot weather affecting the system and
tending to disturb the mental equil-
ibrium of the subjects. In 1,933 cases
noted in Paris the prevailing hours
of self-destruction were from 6 a. m.
to noon and from 2 to 3 p. m.

Perhaps one of the most curious
phases of this study is revealed in the
fact already alluded to—namely, that
different countries appear to show
preferences for different means of
committing suicide from other lands.
The most common European method
is by means of hanging, but in Italy
this mode of self-destruction is rare.

Drowning comes next in order, and
twice as many women as men perish
in this way each year in Europe.
Shooting is frequent in Italy and in
Switzerland. Cut throat is common in
England and Ireland; it does not seem
to constitute anywhere else a frequent
mode of ending life.

Poisoning is a specially Anglo-Sax-
on method of suicide, we are told;
while suffocation by the fumes of car-
bonic acid gas, inhaled in a closed
room, is very typical of suicide in
France.

The wreck record of the Baltic
sea is greater than that of any other
body of water in the world. The aver-
age is one a day throughout the year.

This world contains altogether 1,750
submarine cables, totaling 200,000
miles in length and dropped into their
watery bed at a cost of \$275,000,000.



A professor making observations
has discovered signs of atmosphere
on the planet Mercury. Is this hot
air? demands the Mobile Herald.

It seems hardly worth while for
the Philadelphia Press to complain
that the new \$20 gold coins won't
stack; they will fit the contribution
box all right.

Although Mr. Carnegie insists that
a man's efficiency increases at seven-
ty, the Louisville Courier-Journal
thinks his ability to get into shape
to die poor seems no greater than it
used to be.

Observes the Atlanta Constitution:
They talk of "managers" for these
national candidates just as if they
were race horses or prize fighters.

The plea of self-defense, declares
the Louisville Courier-Journal, is a
back number. The 13,000 word hy-
pothetical question and a first-class
alienist will suffice.

Says the Watertown Times: "A
great many one cent newspapers are
doubling their price. The increased
cost of paper and all other expenses
is forcing them to do so. At two,
or even three cents, a newspaper is
the cheapest manufactured article.
There is nothing which gives so
much for so little."

The railroads of the world, it is
estimated, annually kill less than one-
fourth as many people as the mos-
quitoes, notes the Washington Post.
As there is no way of suing the mos-
quitoes, there is a great deal of
profitable business lost to the law-
yers.

One reason assigned for the small-
er game harvest in Maine is that
many of the deer have gone north.
Anyone familiar with the woody sec-
tions of middle and southern New
England, avers the Boston Transcript,
knows that quite as many are coming
south.

"Milk fever" has a special and se-
parate meaning of its own, and yet if
it were applied to consumption it
would apprise the multitude of the
usual source by which the disease
transmits itself, and would result in
a much purer dairy product, affirms
the New York Mail. Typhoid fever
might well be called "fly fever," for
the minute contamination of the
house fly is its most common propa-
gator. Such a name would increase
the consumption of screen doors and
fly paper.

For years past the vital statistics
of France have given cause for anx-
iety to the authorities in that coun-
try, and many efforts have been made
to better a situation which is very
properly regarded as a menace to the
country. There have been justified
complaints of the fewness of mar-
riages, the low birth rate and the
resultant lack of growth of the popu-
lation, insists the New Orleans Picay-
une. While science and better sen-
sitary precautions have undoubtedly
reduced the death rate, still the total
births but rarely exceed the total
deaths, hence the growth of the popu-
lation is so slow as to amount prac-
tically to no growth at all.

"Nothing checks wrongdoing in
public or private life as surely as
correct data or statistics," says the
report of the American Society of
Municipal Improvements, and there
is ample experience to substantiate
the truth of the statement. Newspa-
per cartoonists, comments the New
York Evening Post, are still given to
portraying the champion of civic
righteousness as an armed and plum-
bed warrior with Roman sword and
buckler; yet our real defender is not
the helmeted and visored gladiator,
but the expert accountant. Great
popular movements may be inefficac-
ious in dealing with a situation that
calls for a thorough overturning of
things; but the progress of corrup-
tion is best warred against by the or-
ganization that constitutes itself a
permanent auditor and critic of of-
ficial conduct.

A Question from the Jury.

In a certain county of Arkansas a
man named Walters was put on trial
for stealing a watch. The evidence
had been very conflicting, and as the
jury retired the Judge remarked,
suaively, that if he could afford any
assistance in the way of smoothing
out possible difficulties he would be
most happy to do so.

Eleven of the jurors had filed out
of the box, but the twelfth remain-
ed; and there was on his countenance
an expression indicating great per-
plexity.

"Is there any question you would
like to ask me before you retire?"
asked his Honor, observing the jur-
or's hesitancy.

The man's face brightened. "Yes,
your Honor," he replied, eagerly, "I'd
like to know, your Honor, whether
the prisoner really stole the watch."
—Harper's Weekly.

The export of Chinese crackers
from Canton was 45,197 hundred-
weight last year, as compared with
45,104 hundredweight in 1905 and 22,
063 hundredweight, the average for
the previous five years.

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PINK AND PURPLE THOUGHTS.
Demonstrated by Certain Experiments
of Professor Gates.

Plunging his arm into a jar filled
with water to the point of overflowing
and keeping his position without
moving, Professor Elmer Gates, of
the Laboratory of Psychology at
Washington, directed his thinking to
the arm in such quantities, declares
a writer in Current Literature, as
to enlarge it and cause the water in
the jar to overflow.

By directing his thoughts to his
arm for a certain length of time
daily for many days he permanently
increased both its size and strength.
He even instructed others to produce
the same effects on various bodily or-
gans, thus demonstrating, it is con-
tended, the accuracy of the state-
ment that muscle can be developed
by a proper course of thinking as
well as by exercise.

Professor Gates, moreover, has
shown what is called the causative
character of thinking in a long series
of experiments. He has found that
change of the mental state changed
the chemical character of the perspi-
ration.

When treated with the same chemi-
cal reagent the perspiration of an
angry man showed one color, that
of a man in grief another, and so on
through the long list of emotions.
Each mental state persistently ex-
hibited its own peculiar result every
time the experiment was repeated.
Each kind of thinking, by causing
changes in glandular or visceral ac-
tivity, produced different chemical
substances, which were being thrown
out of the system in the perspiration.

When the breath of Professor
Gates' subject was passed through
a tube cooled with ice so as to con-
dense liquid resulted. He kept the
man breathing through the tube, but
made him angry.

Five minutes afterward a sediment
appeared in the tube, indicating the
presence there of a new substance,
which had been produced by the
changed physical action caused by a
change of the mental condition.
Anger gave a brownish substance,
sorrow gray, remorse pink, and so
on. The results showed, as in the
experiments with the perspiration,
that each kind of thinking produced
its own peculiar substance, which the
system was trying to expel.

SEA SILK.

We are all getting quite used to
associating silk with an industrious
worm of most unprepossessing ap-
pearance; and many of us are even
reconciled to a firm belief in certain
spiders which spin a beautiful gos-
samer, of daintiest hue and texture,
which has been woven, even by the
spiders themselves, into caps and
other useful things. But what say
you and your young folks to an enter-
prising shellfish which, in its watery
home among corals and flower-like
anemones deep down in the Mediter-
ranean, spins a silk just as fine in
texture and beautiful to the eye as
any one could wish to see? It would
not quite do to call this submarine
silkmaker an oyster, for it is not
exactly that, though it certainly is
first cousin to the pearl borer; nei-
ther may we call it a mussel, de-
spite its strong likeness to one; we
shall have to call it then by its own
name, the one the scientists gave it,
"Pina nobilis"—common folks do not
seem to have christened it at all.
Pina is a big shell, some two feet or
so in length at times, and very thin
and brittle withal, like a piece of deli-
cate china.—From "Nature and
Science," in St. Nicholas.

SHAKESPEREAN.

Stella—"What was the summer re-
sort like?"
Bella—"A hamlet, with Romeo
left out."—New York Sun.

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