By Frank L. Stanton.

In the storm and the strife, when dow at the farther end. lightnings of life

She crept to my side when the last hope had died.

ever!"

stricken breast Saw a star through the black shad-

ows living. Knew a joy from above in the strength of that love That is wounded, and yet is forgiving!

And Sorrow now seems but a phantom of dreams,

And Peace shall depart from me never: O'er Life's Valley of Sighs, see! The light in the skies!-

For she whispers: "I love you forever!" -From Uncle Remus's Magazine.

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A Load on The Safety Valve.

From his dinner-pail bubbling inside the fire-door, Ziba Weston, enhe gazed into the shimmer over the ash-pan.

"Not one man in a hundred," said he, "knows the tremendous power bottled up in an ordinary boiler. In at the top of my lungs: one way it's more dangerous than powder; for that needs something to set it off, while steam stands always ready to take advantage of any weakness.

"In the early fall of 1883 I was engineer at a corn-cannery in a small central Maine town. My fireman was Joe Soccabasin, a half-Indian, who had come to the place to pitch on the local nine, and had been stranded there when the team went to pieces. Joe was green at firing, but strong For a minute I thought the whole and quick; he soon learned to handle

"The fire-room was in one end of the factory, and the boiler-shed ran I heard heavy feet running above. Unout behind it at right angles. The cle Duke had at first thought of jumpstairs to the second story were outside. To reach the top the workers his mind on seeing the way to the had to pass right over the fire-room. stairs clear at last. He came on the two twenty-foot locomotive shells, old 'nineteen hundreds,' with safety-

valves topping the steam-domes. Eighteen years on the railroad and five in the factory had left them in pad shape.

"The most popular man about the over two hundred pounds. His name was Duchesney, but everybody called him 'Uncle Duke.' I've never seen a fires on the bricks. I had forgotten smarter man with a soldering-iron; all about my sprained ankle. and all the time he was working, his tongue went as fast as his hands. It was a dull ten minutes that he didn't raise a laugh at somebody else's expense. Uncle Duke soon discovered that Joe knew more about in shoots than he did about boilers: also that he had a great dread of explosions. Here was a good chance for a practical joke. One morning he sealed up an empty tin, and threw ft into the fire box when the Indian wasn't looking. Soon the hot air in the can blew out one end. Joe was badly frightened. He dropped his shovel and ran out, shouting:

"The boiler's burst! The boiler's burst!"

"It took me some time to get him near the fire again. Uncle Duke did not let him forget it. Now and then, as he passed the door, he'd stick his head in and chuckle:

"'Boiler hasn't bust this morning, has it?" "Joe's black eyes would snap, but

he'd keep on shoveling coal. "The second Monday in September

I sprained my ankle, and had to turn the plant over to my fireman for two or three days. I worried some as I lay in my boarding-house, but matters seemed to go on all right.

"Thursday morning my ankle was better, so I hobbled down to the shop to see how Joe was getting along. Under the husking-sheds a lively crowd, men, women and children, him; so I gave it up. By this time the plant.

"Joe was hustling back and forth their limit, for I had the safety-valves gotting them off the dry boards. set to blow off at a hundred. We had to run well up to that to get power enough for the factory.

"I stepped into the engine-room, times with the flat of his shovel. In the bend of the pipe from the boiler was a 'bleeder' to carry off the | tin in the fire-box now,' said he. Then condensation. Out of this wavered he dropped his shovel and started for the blue, dry steam, hissing shrilly.

"On I passed into the factory, where six big square steam 'cookers' were not stop. sizzling. Every minute I expected to

in vain. At last I went up to the of the red-hot coals had started a fire second story, where fifteen or twenty under the building. men and boys were soldering cans

better than he got.

"I looked down from a rear window And the bitter unrest of a grief- on the flat gravel roof of the boilershed. In the middle was a sag more than a foot deep. A rafter had evidently given way. Suddenly I felt be pretty nearly over the safetyvalves! What if the roof was holding Indian. them down so that the boilers could now blow off!

> "It wouldn't do to start a panic among the workers. My first duty was to see that the steam didn't get above a hundred.

"No man with so bad a sprain ever made quicker time down a flight of stairs. I danced into the boiler-room; the gage-needles stood at one hun-

dred and five! "Leaning a short ladder against one boiler, I climbed the rounds, until I could see over its top. A rafter lay directly across the safety-valves; they wouldn't have blown off at a thousand pounds!

"Perhaps my knees didn't wabble as I backed down that ladder, yelling in the State. for Joe! In he ran from the engineroom.

pointing to the gages. He gave one of Rio, black and steaming. He sip- lever which turns the grate over and ped it reflectively, rubbing his bald pulled it toward him. The two-foot

"I hurried out through the engineroom. Everybody must get away from the factory at once. I shouted

"The boiler may burst any minute! Out of this for your lives!

"You can believe there was a stampede. The workers dropped everything, and scuttled from the shop and sheds, some so badly frightened that they screamed, others so much worse frightened that they couldn't.

"I limped back into the boiler-room. Boys and men in the second story were rushing helter-skelter for the stairs. Crack! went a floor board. crowd was coming through on our a coal shovel as well as he did a heads. Then I heard them shuffling down the steps outside.

"Just as I thought that all were out ing from a window, but had changed "I can see those rusty boilers now, jump, landed on the cracked board, and smashed through. The noon caught him under the armpits, and there he hung, kicking and yelling:

"'O boys, get me out! Take me down before the boiler busts!' "If it hadn't been for him, Joe and I would have run that minute, for we shop was a red-faced sealer weighing held our lives in our hands. But we couldn't leave him hanging there helpless, so we began to rake out the

> "The ceiling was ten feet high, and Uncle Duke dangled right over the hearth, his heels on a level with our heads. We worked like beavers, dodging his kicking legs, and paying no attention to his yells for help. It would have taken several minutes to extricate him, and by that time probably either the boilers would have burst or the danger would be over.

> "The needles climbed-one hundred and six-seven-eight-would they never stop! A boiler, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest spot, and at any second some rusted plate might give way. All this time Uncle Duke was yelling the bluest kind of murder, and kicking his striped legs

> back and forth. "We hoed out the ash-pans until the hearth was piled with glowing coals. The heat and gas came up round Uncle Duke, frightening him half out of his wits. He began to kick and yell worse than ever:

"'Help! Murder! Help! I'm roasting to death!" 'Keep quiet, Unole Duke, keep

quiet!' I shouted. 'We'll get you down in a little while." "But that didn't comfort him. The embers were too hot. 'No, no!' he

screamed. 'Don't wait! I'm afire already. I'll be burned to a crisp in five minutes!" "It was no use trying to console

were stripping the big piles of ears we had the ash-pans clear. We grebstacked up by the farmers' wagons. In- bed shovels, and began to carry the side the building both floors were coals out into the yard. I looked at running at full blast. It was the busi- one of the gages; it had dropped to a est day of the season; there were hundred and seven! The boilers more than a hundred people about were beginning to cool off. But the danger was by no means over.

"As Joe backed away from the between the boilers and the engine, hearth with a heaping shovel. one as if he was running bases. I peep of Uncle Duke's shoes caught him uned at the gages; the needles were der the ear just hard enough to stir teetering between ninety and ninety- his temper and spill the coals over five. The old boilers were pretty near the wood floor. We had a lively dime

> "Joe's head was twinging from the kick, and the Indian in him flared up. He slapped Uncle Duke two or three

" 'P'r'aps you like to put 'nother

the door. "'Joe! Joe!' I cried; but he would

"I began to work harder than ever. hear the boiler blow off with a roar; Only a small heap of embers was for with that fire the pressure must left, when suddenly the flames burst soon zeach a hundred. But I listened out through a crack in the floor. One risks on men who dye their hair.

"The old shop was dry as tinder. I Uncle Duke's bench was near a win-, could never put that fire out alone. Uncle Duke would surely be burned "The room was full of fun. Uncle to death, for he was wedged so tight-Had blasted my deepest endeavor, Duke had appeared that morning in ly that the factory would be blazing a new pair of trousers striped black before I could cut him clear with my and white. Everybody was joking pocket knife. What should I do? I And whispered: "I love you for him, and he was giving back a little felt angry and bitter against Joe for deserting me just when I needed him

"A figure darkened the door. Joe had come back. In his hand was a chisel. He had not intended to abandon Uncle Duke, but had simply gone weak and shaky; that hollow must after something to cut away the floor to get him down. He was a 'white'

"Together we fought out the fire. Soon the coals were all in the yard, and the gages began to drop rapidly. We went up-stairs, cut through the boards, and freed Uncle Duke. Then the three of us made tracks for the

road. "It was half an hour before I came back. By that time the gages stood below fifty, and all danger was over." -From Youth's Companion.

State History Traced in Giant Oak. One of the stately old post oaks on the campus of the University of Georgia has been cut down. It is commented on that these post oaks are probably the largest of the kind

Chancellor Barrow and Prof. Akerman, of the department of forestry "'Haul your fires, quick!' I shouted, in the university, counted the rings from the bark to the centre of the look, and his copper face turned a tree in order to find the age of the gineer of the felt-mill, poured a cup mottled gray. He jumped for the tree. Two hundred and ten years in rings were counted, and still a certain distance remained to the cenforehead with a smutty forefinger, as bed of hot coals clattered into the tre that could not be counted. It is believed that the tree was a least 250 years old.

At the ring on the tree corresponding to a little more than 100 years ago it was found that a space between the rings existed that was fully three times as wide as the others. The reason for this was at once apparent. It corresponded to the time when the University of Georgia was established and the forest cleared out in the neighborhood of the old tree. This caused an abnormal growth that year, and consequently the ring was much larger than the others.

The year in which Oglethorpe landed could be pointed out on the tree. At that time the old oak was a large tree, although that was more than 170 years ago .- Athens correspondence Atlanta Constitution.

Putting Men to Death,

A correspondent is desirous to know which is the most common form employed in the carrying out of the death sentence. The probability is that most people, if asked, would at once say the gallows, yet this is far from being the case.

The favorite mode appears to be the guillotine, which is employed publicly in France, Belgium, Denmark, Hanover and two cantons of Switzerland; and privately in Bavaria, Saxony and also in two cantons of Switz-

The cheery gallows come next in the running, and is favored publicly in Austria, Portugal and Russia, and privately in Great Britain and the United States of America.

Death by the sword obtains in fifteen cantons in Switzerland, in China and Russia publicly, and in Prussia privately. Ecuador, Oldenburg and Russia have adopted the musket, all publicly, while in China they have strangulation by cord, and in Spain the garrote, both public; and in Brunswick death by the ax and by the electric chair in New York.

In Italy there is no capital punishment.-London Chronicle.

Bank of England Jockey. Hardly any living or dead jockey has enjoyed so many nicknames as John Osborne, still hale and hearty, whose stanch rectitude during a forty-fix year career on the race track won for him one name-"The Bank of England Jockey."

Although getting on toward eighty, he continues to ride to hounds and to take an active part in trials on Middleham Moor, while never a northern meeting passes without his persomal attention. John Osborne's diminutives also include "The Pusher" and "Mr. John." He got his "Pusher" name for his curious manner of race riding-the push and screw style. Fred Archer, who was always called "The Tinman"-the reason is obvious, for he won so much money for his retainers and followers-once called Osborne "The Old Push and Screw Merchant."

Even "The Demon" another of Archer's pet names, once paid the penalty to Osborne in a race of this sort, for the Yorkshireman rushed him right on the post.-Baily's Magazine.

Taking Things Easy. The stranger paused as he came upon two tramps of the weary order basking in the sunshine and waiting patiently for something to turn up.

"We are hungry, mister," yawned Tired Tim. "Then why don't you go and beg at the nearest farmhouse?" asked the stranger.

"We're so very tired, mister, that neither of us will volunteer, so we are goin' to shake dice to see who must perform the painful duty." "Well, what's in the delay?"

"Well, boss, we are waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the dice box."-Tit-Rite

A Paris insurance company refuses



One of the compensations of hterature, admits Puck, is that the "best sellers" are not written by the best writers.

Russia ought to punish a successful general-if she has any-just for a change, and "to encourage the others," as Voltaire said the English did.

Observes the Philadelphia Inquir er: Tris country wants great water ways that will cost a billion of dollars. But why balk at the cost? Isn't this a billion-dollar country?

Explanations of the movements of the warships, asserts the Washington Star, resolve themselves into a simple proposition! It is our own fleet and anybody's ocean.

A man who when asked what profession or business he followed gave his occupation as a bookworm was sentenced at Chicago, declares the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin to six months' imprisonment for stealing volumes from the public library.

It is related in "Law Notes" that at Jackson, Miss., a negro was testifying in the chancery court. "Are there any incumbrances on your land?" asked the learned counsel. "Naw, suh," enswered the witness; "nothin' but pines."

Because one sheep slipped and fell over a precipice, out in the Cascade mountains, relates the New York Tribune, we are told eleven thousand others followed him and were all killed. Poor beasts! They were almost human in their blind and heedless imitation of their leader!

The pottery industry in this country, like many other industrial activities, laments the New York Evening Post, seems to be behind Japan in recognizing the importance of industrial education and has made little effort to induce State Legislatures to make grants for schools to develop State pottery deposits.

Beef prices have come down, we are told, argues the Bridgeport Standard, but with that fall in price has been a drop also in the quality of the beef. Those who are getting their steaks, roasts and other cuts at from two to four cents less per pound, get an inferior quality of beef, the prices for the better grades having remained unchanged! What's the use in talking about the drop in the prices of beef then!

The New Jersey School for the Deaf has a pupil who, though without ears, is able to hear, boasts the Trenton Times. The pupil is John Hetzel. of Jersey City, Superintendent John Walker of the school is of the opinion that the lad's sense of hearing lies in his mouth. Where ears should be on the boy's head there are no holes, and the only resemblance to ears are small lobes.

If a story from Millsboro, Del., avers the New York Tribune, the day of the phonograph has just begun. According to this yarn, Ace Goodhill, a hunter, of Millsboro, is having wonderful success gunning for wild geese on the Indian River with the aid of a phenograph. His method is to set the machine, loaded with "honk-honk," in the bow of the boat, and then, when the geese answer the call, to pick them off. The geese fly to the slaughter, he says. He now fears that the next Legislature will pass a law forbidding the use of phonographs.

It may be doubted if Congress will take kindly to any proposition to increase the infantry branch of the army, contends the New Orleans Plcayune, but that prospect does not detract from the merits of the demand for greater recognition for the infantry. The people should be educated to understand that if the Army is to be an effective fighting machine at all it should have enough infantry to do the work for which the Army is intended. Thirty regiments of infantry, even if recruited to full strength, are not sufficient, and depleted as the ranks of all the regiments now are, the insufficiency of the force is still more apparent.

Florida Phosphate Mines. New phosphate mines have been established by local companies in Florida during the past year, and but for the difficulties of the labor situation the outrun would have been considerably larger. As it was, a slight increase was made for the year from these mines.

On account of the shortage of phosphate rock on the part of manufactur ers on this side of the water and in Europe, the increase from Florida mines has been readily taken at prevailing prices, the demand being of such proportions as to warrant the belief in a slight increase in values manufacturers who have not thus provided for their needs will be some-

The Turks are manifesting great delight in automobiles, but their poor roads make it difficult to use them.

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FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS. When the snow blows and the elements are such as to make it most unpleasant for one to wander far from his own hearth-stone, the open fireplace, with its crackling and blazing logs, seems to hold a distinctive charm. It is then that the family gathers around and each one relates the pleasant and interesting things that have happened during the day, while some one toasts marshmallows and another pops corn over the blazing fire. On such occasions there are a great many ways to make the long winter evenings pass pleasantly.

Word building is one of them, and will prove equally entertaining to both old and young. Some one starts the game by thinking of some word, which, of course, he does not divulge to the others, and gives aloud the first letter of it. The next player has to think of a word with that letter for the first letter of his own word, which probably will be entirely different from what the first player had in mind, and gives aloud the second letter of it. The other players add a letter in turn, until some one ends a word and is dropped out of the game. For instance, suppose the first player thinks of the word charming. He gives aloud the letter c. Then the next player adds aloud 1, thinking of the word clash. The next player, having clap in mind, adds the letter a, and the next, thinking of clamor, adds m, when lo! he is dropped out of the game, as he has ended the word clam. A new word is now started and the game progresses, the players dropping out one by one, after the fashion of a spelling match, until the one who has succeeded in staying in longest

is pronounced the winner. A musical contest will also prove an attractive way of entertaining. Provide each player with paper and pencil, and then have some one play snatches of old familiar and up-todate airs on the piano. The players write the names of the selections on the slips of paper, as they are played. The object being to find out who can name the most number correctly.

At another time familiar quotations might be a pleasing feature. A number of them are written so as to give the correct meaning, but not as they are quoted. Then the players put their thinking caps on and write them out correctly. The following are given for examples, but any others might be used equally as well "Beauty is a thing of joy at all times."

"The pulling has to be eaten before you know how good it is." "Two birds in the bush are of less value than one in the hand."

"Many stitches are saved by taking one promptly." "Stones should not be thrown by those who live in the houses of glass."

Key to Above. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"A stitch in time saves nine." "People who live in glass houset should not throw stones."-Katherine D. Salisbury.

Photographic Telegraphy. It is reported that the method, in-

vented by Herr Korn, of Munich, of transmitting photographs by telegraph, has been perfected to such a degree that transmission is now possible over long distances. Some tests during the coming year. Many mines carried out recently between Berlin are sold for a year ahead and the and Paris were, it is said, completely successful. A photograph of the Kaiser was telegraphed from Berlin what handlcapped .- American Fertil- to Paris, and a photograph of President Fallieres from Paris to Berlin, and both were well reproduced. The length of the wire is approximately 800 miles. The subsequent transmission of other photographs proved equally successful.—Engineer.

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