

Ballad of Pleasant Thoughts.
Don't let us talk of wretchedness,
Don't let us wail in our woe,
Don't let us drive o'er distress,
Don't let us wander to and fro,
Amid the mire and mud below,
But let us rise on joyful wings
Into the golden sunlight's glow;
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!

Don't let us clamor for redress;
Don't let us deem a soul our foe;
Instead of cursing, let us bless;
And never let us gloat or crow
O'er some one's trouble; let us show
What perfect peace our viewpoint brings

To all who after goodness go;
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!

Let's talk of trouble less and less;
To anger let us be more slow;
Let's strive more patience to possess,
And more compassionate let's grow;
A cheerful word or smile bestow,
And you can quell the scorn that stings;
This duty to ourselves we owe:
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!

ENVOI:

Ho! mortal men and women, ho!
Hark to the song a minstrel sings!
If aught of happiness you'd know—
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!
Harold Susman in "Success Magazine."

A DWELLER IN GLASS HOUSES

BY ALICE LOUISE LEE.

Mrs. Drew sat at the head of her breakfast table and pressed her lips firmly together. When Mrs. Drew pressed her lips together things always happened. "Mrs. White ought to know," Mrs. Drew looked hard at a newspaper opposite.

"Um-hum!" came a vague assent from behind the paper barricade. "If our son did a thing like that, I should thank some one to tell me," pursued Mrs. Drew.

"M-m-m!" still more vaguely from the opposite side of the table, while "our son," aged ten, kept his eyes decorously on his plate, quite accustomed to hearing his virtues referred to.

"An insult to the aged ought to be severely punished," reasoned Mrs. Drew. "Tommy White deserves a whipping that he will remember. I, for one, believe that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. If Mrs. White held more firmly to that opinion, she'd have boys who were not a disgrace to the town."

Willie Drew, quite accustomed also to hearing the sins of his playmates reviewed, still fastening his eyes on his plate, felt with his foot for the cat's tail under the table.

At the foot of the table Mr. Drew, present in body but absent in mind, said, "Um-hum!" again, and began looking up the price of flour and kerosene. He knew that, despite his wife's convictions on the subject of child-training, the long whip-like branches of the weeping willow in their back yard remained intact, while a corresponding willow in Mrs. White's yard, shorn of much of its gracefulness, suggested the ravages of time and the misdeeds of five rugged boys.

"Whenever Willie needs a whipping, rest assured he will get one," Mrs. Drew often remarked emphatically to friends—the emphasis being especially noticeable when Mrs. White was within hearing.

"I would tell her myself," continued Mrs. Drew, "were it not for the fact that she resented my reference to the mischief Tommy did on Hallowe'en. It seems to me very strange that any mother should resent being told of her children's faults when it's for their interest that she should know. I'm sure that I should be glad to tell if our Willie did wrong."

Willie, having succeeded in locating the cat's tail, clamped it vigorously with his shoes while he regarded his mother with large, beguiling blue eyes.

There was a momentary yawning and scrambling under the table, followed by a tiger-striped streak shooting from beneath Willie's chair into the sitting-room. "Dear me!" cried Mrs. Drew, in alarm. "That's the second time within three days that Tabby has had a fit. She's such a pretty cat I hate to lose her, too."

"But as I was saying," she continued, "I made up my mind then that it was the last time I would try to aid Mrs. White with those boys of hers. Still she ought to be told of this. Therefore I shall send for Anne Tupper." Her lips tightened on the resolve.

"Anne Tupper?" inquired Mr. Drew's lips, while his eyes roved over the political reports.

There was a slight change in the expression of Willie's blue eyes as they followed Tabby.

"Yes, I think I can prevail on Anne to tell her. Every one likes Anne, especially Mrs. White. She'll take it from Anne."

Consequently Anne was sent for by way of Willie. Willie went reluctantly. He whimpered and whined. He dug a fist into one eye—keeping the other innocent blue orb fixed on Mrs. Drew—and pleaded a stomachache.

"Poo, child!" said his mother, "Of course you needn't go, then. I'll step across and ask Tommy to take the note."

At this Willie looked alarmed, and when his mother took down a bottle from the top shelf of the pantry and reached for a spoon, Willie recovered in a twinkling, scudding away with the note before the bottle could be uncorked.

His mother looked after him with an indulgent smile. "Boys will be boys," she murmured.

Then she set her well-appointed house in order and awaited Anne, still with lips pressed firmly together. From the front window she viewed the five White boys playing soldier in their front yard. They were ranged in steps in the order of age—two years' space between succeeding steps—and were exercising legs and lungs vigorously.

"O that Tommy!" cried Mrs. Drew, indignantly, aloud. "It seems as though Mrs. White might realize how he acts!"

Tommy, exercising his prerogative as general, had kicked the second in command, who promptly kicked back again, whereupon the march turned into a riot, in which Tommy, beset by the rest of the army, got worsted. "And yet there sits Mrs. White, looking out of the window placidly and doing nothing!" ejaculated Mrs. Drew, still more indignantly. "I never saw any one so slack with children. Now if Willie—"

The entrance of Anne cut the sentence short, and Mrs. Drew rose to meet her.

Mrs. Drew was the kindest of neighbors—except where Mrs. White was concerned. She did not mean to be unkind to Mrs. White. She had simply fallen into the habit of comparing her one blue-eyed, perfect Willie with the five imperfect boys across the street—especially Tommy who was of Willie's age.

"Of course," she often declared, "Willie has his faults!" She said it complacently, but with mental reservations—the rest of the town said the same with neither placidity nor mental reservation.

"I felt sure you'd come!" was Mrs. Drew's greeting. "I never knew you to fail a friend."

A pleased expression crept into Anne's eyes as she sat down. Along with the rest of girl-kind, Anne liked praise.

Mrs. Drew seated herself, and folding her hands, looked at her guest. Then she uttered an exclamation and leaned forward. "What a becoming new coat, Anne! I've not seen it before. I like those stitched bands down the front. Certainly brown is your color."

The pleased expression in Anne's eyes deepened. "I like it myself," she answered, briefly. Anne's remarks were generally brief.

In church work Mrs. Drew was made chairman of everything, because of what she could accomplish through her committees. She had a tactfully compelling way—so her friends said. Others who were not so friendly said she could "wind people up" skillfully.

Be that as it may, she proceeded succinctly to lay the case before Anne, beginning with the generally bad behavior of the five junior Whites. Anne listened attentively. That was Anne's greatest charm. Willie, sitting behind his mother, also listened attentively, motioning beguilingly at Tabby meanwhile.

Narrowing her remarks down to particular misdeeds, Mrs. Drew referred to the "doings" on Hallowe'en, especially the destruction of the picket fence in front of old Mrs. Smith's house.

"You know Tommy was in that," she ended, "and I took it on myself to tell Mrs. White. She didn't thank me for it, and I made up my mind then that no matter what that Tommy did, I would say nothing further. But this thing, Anne, she ought to know."

Anne, realizing now the purport of her summons to the Drew house, moved uneasily, and began pleating her handkerchief. Willie, with Tabby almost within reach, neglected his opportunity, and pricked up his ears.

"What thing?"

Mrs. Drew sat up straight and tapped the arm of her chair impressively. "There was a lady in here yesterday—I name no names, Anne, as I am careful not to cause hard feelings between friends—but she told me, and I said at once, 'Mrs. White ought to know.'"

"Know what?" asked Anne again, smoothing out her handkerchief.

Mrs. Drew tapped the arm of the chair. "I was told that Tommy White deliberately walked up behind old Mr. Reffert—poor old, half-blind man that he is!—and knocked his hat into the ditch and ran away!"

"Oh!" cried Anne. "Oh!" She lifted wide eyes to her hostess's face.

"I knew, Anne," said Mrs. Drew, in a tone of quiet triumph, "that you would be shocked."

"Yes!" breathed Anne. "Oh, yes!"

Willie, aiming a kick at the cat, fell off his chair at this juncture, and so made his presence conspicuous. His mother, out of consideration for Anne's feelings, sent him out to play.

"Of course," she remarked, "you would not like Willie to know what I am going to ask of you, although he never repeats what he hears."

"Indeed!" murmured Anne.

Mrs. Drew returned to the original subject. "Shouldn't you think, Anne, that any mother would be glad to be told if her boy did such a thing as that?"

"Indeed," assented Anne, "I should!" Into her eyes, fastened now

on Mrs. Drew's face, crept an expression of relief.

"And don't you think that such an attack on an old man deserves a severe punishment?"

"Yes," assented Anne, earnestly, "I do."

"My dear," Mrs. Drew ceased tapping on the arm of the chair and sank back with the air of having settled a vexed question. "I am glad you agree, because I am going to ask you to tell Mrs. White." Anne put out a hand suddenly, dropped her handkerchief, and reached for it.

"You, girl that you are, can tell her without offense, because she likes you. Every one likes you, Anne—"

"But, Mrs. Drew," Anne burst out, "whoever told you didn't tell straight. It wasn't Tommy! It—I was right behind them—it was Willie who did it!"

Mrs. Drew gasped once—twice—caught her breath and sat up very stiff.

"Willie!"

"Yes," Anne hastened on, the words tumbling out of her mouth. "I almost caught him. I—I think I should have shaken him well if I had!" her tone became reminiscently indignant. "I did shake him on Hallowe'en. Tommy did help take Mrs. Smith's fence down—I was staying with her that night because she was afraid—but Willie was the leader. I caught him and boxed his ears."

"Boxed his ears?"

"Yes!" cried Anne, all unobservant of the expression back of the words. "Willie is awfully naughty when he's out of your sight, and to think I never dared tell you, 'her face was filled with incredulity, 'when here you were really wanting to know all the time!'"

Anne rose, still unobservantly relieved and happy. It was often so hard to be a truthful confidante, and this time the path of truth had been made so easy for her!

She left a dazed Mrs. Drew struggling with her breath and her thoughts. Mrs. Drew believed Anne—every one did; and the memory of her own wide-spread comparisons between Willie and Tommy rushed upon her with overwhelming force.

For half an hour after Anne's departure she wrestled with her mortification. Then she turned her attention to Willie.

With lips pressed firmly together, she visited the flourishing willow in the back yard. Sternly she laid aside the natural desire to select a tiny branch. Sternly she held herself to what she required of Mrs. White, and a few moments later, armed with a tingling switch, she stood in the back door and called loudly, "William! William! Come here at once!" —From Youth's Companion.

Correcting a Correction.

In our correction last week of the shotgun episode article we made a mistake which necessitates another correction. William Schmidt is one of our best citizens and does not use a shotgun to chase people either in or out of a house. We rather looked for him to bring a gatling gun down to the Bee Office after reading our article last week. In the hurry of getting copy ready we wrote the name of William Schmidt, when it should have been Henry. Henry—not Bill—is the shotgun man that chased a woman "into" not "out" of her house. Another time we stand corrected. We hope this article is all straight—that all names are right and spelled right. That we haven't used out for in or in for out or up for down. If we were running a daily it wouldn't be so bad, for we could correct the mistake sooner, but to wait a week and have that suspense hanging over one, like a sword hanging by a thread, that's what's putting the gray hairs in the Old Man's head. —Powhatan Bee.

Rests Gun Across Arm.

One peculiar fact developed in the course of the trial in the Superior Court of nine Chinamen charged with the murder of one of their countrymen, and that is no Chinaman when using a revolver levels it straight at a person or at an object, but rests the muzzle of the "gun" on his left forearm, and with the right hand holding the butt discharges the weapon.

Counsel wanted an explanation, but could not obtain it, and later a member of one of the tongs in the corridor was asked for a reason. "Don't know why a gun is used in that manner," was the response, "unless it insures more secrecy than the American way. For instance a Chinaman may wrap the gun in the folds of his sleeve, leaving only the barrel hole free. Then a shot may be fired, when it would appear as though the one who discharged the weapon had his arms folded. There would be no glint of steel and nothing but a curl of smoke to tell who discharged the weapon." —Boston Herald.

When Are Blackberries?

In a field off a Surry lane approached a perfect specimen of the peasant, slouch-hatted and smocked. He was leading by the hand a boy about ten, obviously a town-bred youngster. They paused for a moment. "What's those, grandpa?" asked the boy, pointing to a cluster of berries in the hedge. "Them be blackberries, my boy." "Blackberries! Why, they're red!" "Red! Of course they be red! Don't you know boy, that blackberries be always red when they're green?" —London Chronicle.

An average yield of ginger in Jamaica is about 2,000 pounds an acre.



THAT PORTENTOUS PAUSE.

You may succeed
Some lucky day;
Grow great, indeed,
In every way.
Your friends will wax loquacious then
And say: "Oh, yes, I knew him when—"
You may grow great,
Become Fame's pet
And rule the State—
But don't forget
That there will be a lot of men
To grin and say: "I knew him when—"
—Washington Herald.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN QUICKER.

"Yes," Gussie was saying, "It was the first time I had met him and he actually called me a fool. Hadn't been talking to him five minutes, either. Say, what kind of a fellow is he, anyway?"
"Well," said Knox, quietly, "he's awfully slow, for one thing." —Philadelphia Press.

UNLUCKY.

"She was the most unlucky girl we ever hired. The very first day she broke a half dozen cups and saucers."
"She was certainly unlucky."
"Unlucky! Why, if that girl was to work for the English aristocracy she'd smash all the family plate inside of a week." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POSITIVE PROOF.

"It is hard," said the State's attorney, "to get positive evidence against these railroad officials of re-bating."
"I can give positive evidence against one railroad official," said the mild young man.

"Sure?" asked the State's attorney, eagerly.

"Yes, sure. I saw him out fishing do it with his hook." —Baltimore American.

AN INSULT.

Miss Gaddie—I don't see why you should feel insulted because he said your eyes were like stars.
Miss Prude—You don't? Why, stars keep twinkling at you all the time. —Philadelphia Press.

REGINALD'S FINISH.

The young girl's air was pensive.
"Tomorrow," she said, "Reginald will conduct me to the altar. There," she added, smilingly, "his leadership will end." —London Tit-Bits.

GETTING HIS.

"Of course you don't want anything you are not entitled to," said the conscientious man.

"Of course not," answered Senator Sorghum; "but I will incidentally remark that I always have the best legal talent available to ascertain what I am entitled to." —Washington Star.

PERHAPS.

"Why did George Washington own up to chopping the cherry tree?"
"Perhaps," replied the western lawyer, "his judicial mind enabled him to foresee the reluctance that has been developed about putting any faith in confessions." —Washington Star.

MIGHT BE EITHER.

Mrs. Baker—"My old school friend, Mrs. Jones, writes me that she is just beginning to live."
Miss Ann Teek—"Widowed or divorced?" —Brooklyn Life.

EVER HEAR 'EM SAY IT?

Jersey Commuter (crossing West street slush)—"Wasn't the snow glorious in the country this morning?"
His Neighbor—"Great, by Jove! If we could only stay out there and enjoy it." —Puck.

SWEET MASS.

The old dragon lamp burned low.
"Oh, Edwin," she whispered as she nestled closer to his big Apollo shoulders, "it does seem that—that our hearts run together."
And a very peculiar expression came over Edwin's face as he held up five sticky fingers.

"What do I care about hearts running together?" he snapped. "That blamed package of home-made fudge you gave me has run together in my pockets and ruined my new gloves."

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

Mrs. Bacon—"I see a fashion article on bridal veils relates that a recent bride wore her face covered on the way to the altar."
Mr. Bacon—"I suppose the bride didn't want the groom to see she was laughing at him." —Yonkers Statesman.

DECLINING THE CHANCE.

"I'm worried about that boy of mine."
"What's the matter?"
"Why, I wanted to fit him for the army or navy, and he positively declined to study medicine." —Philadelphia Ledger.

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LABOR WORLD.
There are 9927 strictly union wood workers in Russia.
Boilermakers in New South Wales, Australia, are paid thirty cents an hour.
A provisional agreement ending the strike in the Tyne shipyards was reached at London.
A new union of Cambridge (Mass.) retail meat cutters was permanently organized March 1.
The pension system for city employes has been endorsed by nearly all the Boston (Mass.) unions.
More than fifty labor unions in Massachusetts have passed resolutions in favor of woman suffrage.
Samuel Gompers declared the recent adverse court decisions are powerless to check the growth of labor unions.
President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, said railroad employes would not consent to a reduction of wages.
From ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the boilermakers in Buffalo, N. Y., are organized. The union has a membership of 460.
San Francisco (Cal.) Machinists' Lodge is looking for a site on which to build a machinists' hall. It is the intention of the lodge to have a home of its own.
The tube plant of the Mark Manufacturing Company, employing 700, and the Roseville Pottery, employing 300, have resumed on half time at Zanesville, Ohio.
Miss Jean Gordon, State factory inspector of Louisiana, places the average wage of the working woman of that State at \$4.50 a week and the children at \$2.50.
Grand Chief Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, issued a protest at Cleveland against the reported purpose of some of the railroads to reduce wages.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.
Wall Street markets stay benumbed.
British administrations are charged with selling titles.
The merger of Mexican railroads is said to be practically perfected.
The next President will probably have the appointment of four new Supreme Court Justices.
Comptroller Metz issued a report that \$102,834,327 is due New York City in uncollected taxes.
Baron Takahira, the new Japanese Ambassador, said war with the United States would be a crime.
The great diamond company of De Beers has taken fright at the disastrous fall in the price of gems.
Plans are being prepared for making Vladivostok, Siberia, a first class fortress at a cost of \$6,000,000.
Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York, will build a big dirigible balloon as a fighting machine for the Government.
A bill which will wipe out 30,000 licenses in Great Britain was introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
E. R. Thomas' creditors in New York City were worried on learning that his debts are nearly \$5,000,000 instead of the \$2,700,000 they had supposed.
There was much comment over the announcement of the declaration of an extra dividend of \$75 a share on Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company stock.
Varnum Lincoln, of Andover, Mass., has left by will \$5000, the annual income of which is to be distributed in cash prizes to the best spellers at a spelling bee.
The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court decided that a tenant who stays in a cold flat cannot collect damages from the landlord, but that the tenant may legally break his lease and move.

DESIRABLE LOCATION.
The House Hunter—"I like this house well enough, but I don't like the idea of its being right next door to a police station, with all those staring policemen."
The Agent—"Ah, sir, but that is really a great advantage. Think how easy it will be to keep a cook here." —Lippincott's.

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