

## THE EXILE.

By L. M. Montgomery  
We told her that her far-off shore  
was bleak and dour to view,  
And that her sky was dull and mirk  
while ours was smiling blue.  
She only sighed in answer, "It is  
even as ye say,  
But oh, the rugged splendor when  
the sun bursts through the  
gray!"

We brought her dew-wet roses from  
our fairest summer bowers,  
We bade her drink their fragrance,  
we heaped her lap with flowers.

She only said with eyes that yearned,  
"Oh, if ye might have brought  
The pale unscented blossoms by my  
father's lowly cot!"

We bade her listen to the birds that  
sang so maddly sweet,  
The lyric of the laughing stream that  
dimpled at her feet.

"But oh," she cried, "I weary for the  
music wild that stirs  
When the music the mournful western  
wind among my native firs!"

We told her she had faithful friends  
and loyal hearts afar,  
We prayed her take the fresher loves,  
we prayed her be of cheer.

"Oh, ye are kind and true," she wept,  
"but we's me for the grace  
Of tenderness that shines upon my  
mother's wrinkled face!"

—Youth's Companion.

## BARBARA'S ESCAPE

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Engaged, really and actually engaged! It is a strange sort of feeling, and yet it isn't unpleasant!"

Barbara Esmond stood in the middle of the room, one slender hand poised by its forefinger on the table, the other holding back the Jetty tresses from her pure, low brow. She was very beautiful, in a dark, glittering style of beauty, and in that elegant room she might have reminded one of a pearl in its satin casket. Black-eyed and black-haired, with a creamy skin, fine-grained as velvet, and straight, delicately-chiseled features, hers was an uncommon beauty, yet strangely fascinating.

Eighteen years old, and engaged to be married! It was a new leaf in the book of life for Barbara Esmond; a sensation as novel as it was delightful.

"I wish I had a mother to go to, or a loving, tender, elder sister," mused Barbara, restlessly. "I scarcely understand my own feelings. I wonder if I do love him as I should love the man I intend to make my husband. Husband!" she added, with a little shudder. "The word implies a great deal. And Harry Milbrook is to be my husband!"

Barbara was like a newly-caged bird, restless, fluttering against the invisible bars of her prisoned existence; captured with her own toils, yet half disposed to break away into solitude and independence once more.

Mr. Henry Milbrook, however, was troubled with no such vague ideas. He had won the heart of Miss Esmond, the heiress, and, what was of rather more consequence to him, he had won the right to share her wealth. "I'm a fellow of talent," mused Mr. Milbrook, "and fellows of talent never could endure to work like common cat-horses. Therefore it follows that I must have money; but, possessing none of my own, I must marry the article. And, although I object to red hair and crooked spines, I am quite willing to accept the incumbency of a beautiful girl along with said cash!"

That was the decidedly practical and unromantic manner in which Mr. Milbrook contemplated his approaching felicity! He kept his rhapsodies of romance and soft, poetic whisperings for Barbara's ear alone, and she, like any enthusiastic girl of eighteen, believed him.

She told no one of the precious secret enshrined in her heart; it would have seemed almost like desecration; but her lover was by no means so delicate.

"So you're to be married, Hal!" said Mr. Joseph Piercy, at the club.

"Yes, I'm going to be married; to a cool hundred thousand, too," answered Mr. Milbrook, rubbing his hands.

"Who is it?"  
"Oh, the lady, you mean?"  
"Yes, I mean the lady."  
"It's old Esmond's daughter."  
"What, the star-eyed Barbara?"  
"Exactly so."

"I congratulate you, old fellow,"  
"Much obliged," answered Mr. Milbrook, indifferently pulling his mustache. "I flatter myself it's a pretty good speculation for a fellow that travels on his good looks alone."

"I wish she had a sister for me," observed Mr. Piercy.

"I don't. I can't afford to go halves in the cash."

There was a general laugh among the youths of fashion in the clubroom at this scintillation of wit, and Mr. Milbrook leisuredly sauntered out.

"I promised she should have my picture," thought Mr. Harry, "and I suppose the cheapest place I can have it done is at the gallery of that poor devil of an artist in Grove street. I guess I'll go around there."

It was hard for so exquisitely gotten-up a youth as Mr. Milbrook to be compelled to hide his light under the bushel of so obscure a street as that toward which he now bent his foot-

steps, but economy was just at present something of an object with this modern Apollo of ours.

Signor Fernelli, the artist, was at home, a dark, courteous little Italian, with a wife and seven small children, and very glad he was to receive Mr. Milbrook's order. "On ivory, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It's dreadfully expensive," thought Harry, with a grimace; "but engaged girls must have their way, of course."

As he sat, waiting for Signor Fernelli to bring out some specimens of his art, to select the most appropriate size and style, he saw through the open door a dark silk dress brush by, and the pure, clear profile of a face that he well knew. Barbara Esmond's face.

"Hello!" ejaculated our hero. "Fernelli, who the deuce is that young lady, and how came she here?"

"That young lady, signor, with the brown dress, and the beautiful neck, and the head like the goddess Diana?"

"Yes."  
"It is the music mistress of Pauline Delatour, upstairs; she comes twice of the week, and sings, my word, like a nightingale."

"Who is Pauline Delatour?"  
"A poor girl, signor, who sews on dresses; but one day she will come out on the stage—she will sing at the opera."

Harry Milbrook stared at Signor Fernelli like one demented.

"Which side did you say, sir?"  
"—I don't think I'll make a selection today. I will call tomorrow."

And Mr. Milbrook rushed headlong downstairs, greatly to the surprise of Signor Fernelli.

"The deuce!" he ejaculated to himself, as he strode along the narrow street, with difficulty restraining himself from tumbling over the babies who swarmed on the sidewalk. "A music mistress? Giving lessons in such a hole as that. Upon my word, I've come precious near being taken in and done for! So it's all show and pretense, that wealth of hers, and she was going to entrap a husband on the strength of it. My stars! it's enough to make the hair stand straight up on a fellow's head. What a lucky thing it was I saw through the strategem before I was netted past escape."

He lifted his hat and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"No, you don't, Miss Barbara Esmond," he muttered to himself with a bitter, sarcastic smile unwrathing his lips. "I am not quite such a fool as that, thank goodness."

Barbara Esmond had fluttered lightly up the narrow staircase, all unconscious of the eyes that were noting her, through Signor Fernelli's partially opened door, and entered a small room in the story above. A pale young girl, with a sweet, spirituelle face, sat at her sewing by the window. She brightened up as the delicate figure came in.

"Miss Esmond, it is so kind of you to remember me so punctually."

"Not at all kind. I am a genius worshiper, Pauline, and I have discovered the divine spark in you."

"How shall I ever pay you, Miss Esmond?"

"By cultivating the talent Heaven has bestowed upon you. Nay, nay, Pauline, I am but following out a pet whim."

"And the piano, too, that you sent here. Oh, Miss Esmond, one of Heaven's angels could hardly be more generous!"

"Hush, hush, Pauline! begin your lesson. I never thought, when first I heard you singing at your work, and paused to listen to the flute-like notes, that you would be halfway through the exercise book in less than six months. When you sing at the opera I shall be the first to throw bouquets at your feet."

Pauline looked with shy brightness at her benefactor. Would that time ever come?

The lesson was longer than usual that day. Pauline and Miss Esmond were both deeply interested, and it was nearly twilight before Barbara emerged from the house, closely veiled and walked swiftly through the darkening streets.

"There's a note for you, Miss Barbara," said her housekeeper, as she went down to rest a minute or two in the reception-room of her own mansion before she laid off her things.

"A note? Let me see it. When did it come?"

"About fifteen minutes ago, miss. A little boy brought it."

"Light the gas, please, Mrs. Moore, and take these wrappings upstairs."

A soft rose-tint flushed over Barbara's cheek as she recognized Harry Milbrook's handwriting. She broke the seal and glanced eagerly at its contents; but as she read, the soft, crimson flush died away into pallor.

It was very, very brief, but cruel as a blow.

Miss Esmond, it read, commencing curtly and sternly, instead of the "Dearest Barbara" she had expected, "allow me to claim back the troth I have pledged to you. I had supposed, when I engaged myself to you that I was about to ally myself to a lady, not a music-mistress in Grove Street. It will scarcely be worth while for you to reply to this letter, as I can never, under any circumstances, forgive the deceit that has been practiced on me. Therefore, I shall take it for granted that all relations are ended between yourself and

Yours very respectfully,  
"H. MILLBROOK."  
Barbara dropped the insulting letter with a sparkle in her black eyes,

a curve to her lip, which were wondrously eloquent, and as it lay on the carpet she ground it down into the deep purple pile with her contemptuous foot.

"The puppy!" she muttered, between her set teeth; "the miserable poltroon! How could I ever have fancied for a single second that I loved him? Reply to this letter? Of course, I shall not reply to it."

And Miss Esmond walked upstairs, carrying her head high in the air, far, far beyond the reach of Harry Milbrook's petty spite.

That young man was seated at his breakfast table next morning when Rufus Kenward lounged in.

"Hello, Milbrook! I've just heard a little item about your ladylove, Miss Esmond, that is, to my mind, better than all her bonds and mortgages. What do you think? She's giving singing-lessons to my wife's little seamstress, one Pauline Delatour, because the child has a grand voice and can't afford to have it cultivated. I wish you could hear Pauline rave about her benefactress. I think her enthusiasm would satisfy even your true lover's ear. Really, it isn't often that an heiress like old Esmond's daughter stoops to perform so toilsome a task as that."

Harry Milbrook had set down his chocolate cup and was staring with glassy eyes at Mr. Kenward.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded that gentleman, somewhat shortly.

"N—nothing!"  
"Dyspepsia, eh?"  
"No. I tell you I'm well enough."

Harry had made a mistake—a mistake that was likely to be fatal to his brilliant matrimonial aspirations.

"Why didn't I wait? What the deuce was I in such a hurry for?" he demanded of himself, without any very satisfactory answer, as he hurried along the street toward Barbara's residence.

The boy might not have delivered the note—Barbara might not have read it—there were a thousand "might nots," and he resolved to try his luck, even in a forlorn hope.

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" he asked of the old housekeeper, who came to the door.

"Miss Esmond wished me to say, specially, that she was never at home to Mr. Milbrook any more," was the cold reply.

And Harry went his way lamenting. He had chosen his lot, and he must abide by it. And thus Barbara escaped the snares laid for her.—New York Weekly.

## Wrestling.

In the twelve years that wrestling has forged to the front in America, four champions have developed, and all of them have been defeated. The quartet comprises Jenkins, McLeod, Beell and Gotch. Only two of them, Gotch and Jenkins, are really entitled to the crown, as Beell and McLeod scored victories which in the light of later bouts proved that the defeats of Gotch and Jenkins were flukes.

"Farmer" Burns, regarded as one of the cleverest mat men in America, aspired to the championship, but gave way when his young pupil, Gotch, advanced to the front. Dan McLeod tried repeatedly to wrench the title from Jenkins, and finally caught big Tom out of form and was given the decision in Worcester. McLeod really had no meritorious claim to a conquest, as each man had a fall and Jenkins complained of ailment in his leg and left the mat in a helpless condition. However, Jenkins regained his crown at Buffalo a few months after, throwing the French Canadian in two straight falls. Gotch then defeated Jenkins after a seesaw series of bouts. Gotch's defeat by Beell at New Orleans was a shock to wrestling followers, but the big Humboldt lad quickly retrieved himself by flooring his lighter opponent in two straight falls in Kansas City recently.

Frank will do well to keep his rivals down in future. Of course, accidents similar to the one Gotch is said to have received will lay the best of them out, but wrestling students know that Gotch at present has no peer in America, and when he is beat on the affair is bound to create suspicion. His defeat by Beell was instantly followed by cries of "Fake!" "It's Gotch's turn next!" and other yelps which are sure to knock the good old winter sport down and out if allowed to circulate.—Washington Post.

## A Doubtful Question.

Superintendent McLaren, of San Francisco's system of public parks was inspecting the work of restoring Union square to its former beauty, now that the little St. Francis has been removed.

"I'm for heavin' this un out; it's a bum little bush," remarked a gardener with a brogue.

"Which one?" inquired McLaren. "You don't mean this beautiful little Scotch heather? All it needs is more water and it will grow as tall as you are."

"You're not very tall yourself, Mr. McLaren."

"Not extraordinarily so."

"I say, Mr. McLaren," reflected the gardener, thoughtfully, "did you ever try water yourself?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

## No Machinery Used.

"But," protested Mrs. Newlied, "I don't see why you ask 25 cents a half peck for your beans. The other man only wanted 15 cents."

"Ye'm," replied the huckster, "but these here beans o' mine is all hand picked."—Philadelphia Press.

## LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

### Domestic

An illustration of the efficiency of the school fire drill was furnished when the 600 kindergarten pupils in the biggest industrial school on the East Side, New York, were emptied in less than two minutes after a slight fire in a chimney. None of the scholars is over seven years, while many are less than four.

As a result of being shot while a passenger on a Pullman traveling from Columbus, S. C., to Augusta, Ga., former Judge O. W. Buchanan died in a hospital at Augusta. The investigation of the shooting shows it was accidental, the shot having apparently been fired by boys playing with a rifle.

A report has been sent to the Secretary of the Navy that Judge Richard S. Tutill, of Chicago, released a boy accused of theft on condition that the lad would enlist in the Navy.

Passenger trains in the subway under the East River were stalled nearly an hour in darkness and smoke owing to a fire in the Broadway tunnel.

The North German Lloyd liner Kronprinz Wilhelm had a narrow escape from being sent to the bottom as the result of a collision in the fog off quarantine, New York, with the British tramp Crown of Castle.

Mrs. Mabel Woodham Neely of Kalamazoo, whose infant son died of pneumonia while being treated by mental healers, is under arrest, charged with manslaughter.

Frank C. Marrin, convicted in Philadelphia of using the mails to defraud, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$5,000.

The Southern Railway has withdrawn its funds from all its banks in Georgia to prevent attachment from being served on the road's money.

Postmaster David J. Smith, of West Nyack, N. J., single-handed, drove off three burglars who had dynamited the office safe.

The town of Brabam, Minn., on the Great Northern Railroad, 60 miles from Minneapolis, was wiped out by fire.

Former President Cleveland quietly celebrated his seventy-first birthday at Lakewood, N. J. He is in excellent health.

Every cotton mill in Rhode Island will announce a 10 per cent. wage reduction on April 6.

The home of Henry Illis, a tobacco farmer near Louisville, was burned by night riders.

Mr. Bryan celebrated his forty-eighth birthday by making two speeches in Chicago.

The United Mine Workers' convention took action which will avert a general soft coal strike.

Teachers' salaries are to be reduced in Mobile to meet the loss of school funds formerly derived from saloon licenses.

Daniel LeRoy Dresser, former president of the Trust Company of the Republic, New York, was arrested, charged with misappropriating \$4,000 of the bank's funds. He was paroled in custody of his counsel.

Jere Knode Cooke, the untricked rector who eloped with Floretta Whaley, says he is earning a week's pay for a week's work as a painter and decorator.

Governor Hughes has appointed Chief Judge Charles Andrews to investigate the Jerome charges.

Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, was acquitted of one of the charges of assaulting young girls.

Tammany Hall has dropped Bourke Cochran, alleging that he is not a Democrat.

Mrs. Beulah Hawkins, of Los Angeles, Cal., has been in a trance 40 days.

Attorney General Jackson has resumed his attack on the Ice Trust.

### Foreign

The German Emperor has dismissed his cousin, Prince Joachim Albrecht, from the army, temporarily exiled him from Germany and warned him never to show himself at court again because he persists in his attentions to Marie Sulzer, the actress, despite the fact that he has not as yet been divorced.

Colonial Secretary Dernburg, of Germany, in a speech on the colonial budget, foreshadowed the organization of better governments for the colonies of Germany by the introduction of a special class of trained officials, who would master the native language and local conditions of administration.

It appears that the Duke of Abruzzi, who is reported engaged to Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of United States Senator Elkins, left Rome in February rather mysteriously, and though he promised to send his address to the King, he failed to do so.

It is reported that the Crown Prince of Japan will make his long contemplated tour of America and Europe this summer. Professor Beltzlong has been recalled from Germany to accompany the Crown Prince.

Prof. Karl Hau, serving a life sentence in Karlsruhe for the murder of his mother-in-law, is reported to be hopelessly ill with consumption. The Douma rejected by an overwhelming vote the bill appropriating 30,000,000 roubles for new warships.

General Smirnov was probably fatally wounded by General Fock in a duel in St. Petersburg.

In a battle with Hottentots in the Kalahari Desert the Germans lost 2 officers and 12 men.

The Earl of Dudley will succeed Sir Henry Northcote as Governor of Australia.

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### ANIMALS WHICH PLAY "POSSUM."

Professor S. J. Holmes, of the University of Wisconsin, writing on "The Instinct of Feigning Death" in the current issue of The Popular Science Monthly, gives some interesting observations. He tells how even the ordinary sand hopper or sand fleas will act as if dead when frightened. Professor Holmes said:

"Among the vertebrate animals death feigning has been observed only rarely in the fishes. In the amphibia it is not exhibited in the striking way it occurs in insects and spiders, although frogs and toads may be thrown by the proper manipulation into an immobile condition more or less resembling it. A phenomenon apparently related to the death feigning of insects has long been known in certain reptiles. Darwin, in his 'Journal of Researches,' describes a South American lizard which when frightened attempts to avoid discovery by feigning death with outstretched legs, depressed body and closed eyes; if further molested it buries itself with great quickness in the loose sand. The Egyptian snake charmers by a slight pressure in the neck region are able to make the asp suddenly motionless, so that it remains entirely passive in the hands of the operator. And similar phenomena have been found in other species.

"In birds the instinct crops out only here and there. A few summers ago when on the island of Pentikese I was somewhat surprised to find the instinct well developed in the young terns which were hatched out in abundance on the hillsides. For a short time after being hatched the little downy fellows betray no fear of man and will cuddle under one's hand in perfect confidence. When the birds become larger and acquire their second coat of feathers the instinct of fear takes possession of them and they run and hide in the grass when you approach. Here they lie perfectly quiet; you may pull them about, stretch out their legs, necks or wings and place them in the most awkward positions, and they will remain as limp and motionless as if really dead. They will even suffer their wing or tail feathers to be plucked out one by one without a wince. But all of a sudden the bird becomes a very different creature. It screams, pecks and struggles to escape. I have made several attempts to make a bird feign death a second time, but never met with success."

### HOW DID THE CATS KNOW?

The fondness of cats for catnip is well known, but it seems, from a recent experience at the Arnold Arboretum, in Boston, that cats have other favorite plants, and more than that, are pretty good botanical investigators for their own purposes.

A few plants of a new vine from China were set out in the greenhouse. Presently it was found that some animal was eating their tender shoots. The depredator turned out to be the hothouse cat. This was, perhaps, regarded as only a temporary aberration of that particular cat's appetite, for in the spring 100 small vines of the same plant were set out in a cold frame. But the cats of the neighborhood flocked there and destroyed the entire bed. It has become necessary to protect these vines by wire nettings against the inroads of cats.

An interesting question is, How did these American cats find out that this Chinese plant was good to eat? And how was the news of the presence of this new delicacy so rapidly spread through pussycodom?—Bee Hive.

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