There lived a merchant in old Bagdad,
And the only thing that his heart would hold—
The only joy that he ever had—
Was a purposeless, passionate love of gold.
And day by day, in his booth he sat,
And mused and dreamed as a miser dreams,
While he smoked his pipe on a Persian mat,
And thought of his treasure in gorgeous gleams
It was hidden away where none might see,
And carefully guarded by lock and key.

And he never thought—for he scarcely knew
That he held in his hand the key of power—
Of the wonderful good that his gold might do,
Of the hearts to be led to a happier hour.
A long procession went by on the street
And Misery looked as but Misery can,
From the cold little urchin in rags and bare feet
To the trembling steps of an aged man.
But he heeded them ont in his absent mind—
To the sorrows of others in his eyes were blind

So he bartered and sold and increased his wealth
And mourned his losses, computed his gains;
He counted his treasure at night, by stealth,—
Concealed his riches with infinite pains.
But alas, one night when he looked at his hoard,
Was a handful of leaves to his sight revealed,
Instead of his coffers of gold adored!
His heart grew cold and his senses recled!
His gold was gone—he never knew where,
Just a handful of leaves replaced it there!

Ah, how many hoard what they might retain By giving away for another's gain!
That the kindly deed comes back again,
Is a truth that is seldom understood.
So we hide our treasure of good intents,— The generous act and the loving word,
Till we find that our riches have all been spent
By a thief whose coming was never heard.
As our heart gives out, it in turn receives,
And we find that our gold is a handful of leaves! -Home Herald.

### SOLEMN BU GIDRI'S STERN ERRAND

HIS FIDDLE-HEADED PONY ANSWERED THE CALL.

The Little Eundle, Wrapped in White Rage, Was Balanced on the Berber's Pomme! When He Rode Across the Hot Sands from Fer to Tangier.

By R. B. Cunninghame Craham.

good and bad fortune, wounds, prison, took his name.

OHOE

liever. Bu Gidri was employed as sol- bury him among my people, after the dier in the British consulate at Fez. fashion of my folk." Dressed in the Arab clothes which rarey suit a Berber, for the two races are as distinct as are the English and the French, he strove, though mean of stature and appearance, to look a swaggerer, and had grown the two long locks on either temple which are the outward visible sign of the official of the court. His pointed fez and sword cocked up behind in the Arab style gave him an air as of a monkey on a barrel organ. Such was his outward mien, but those who knew him knew that he was brave, stanch, obstinate as a mule, and one of those able to knock a nail into a plank by beating on it with his forehead, and then, if the necessity arose, to draw it with his teeth.

Withal, Bu Gidri was an honest and a conscientious man, one that no gold could buy, a thing unknown among the Arabs, with whom a key of gold opens all locks. Slow-witted, but tenacious of ideas when once they filtered through his skull into his brain, those who employed him knew him for a man to send upon a desperate errand should the necessity arise, certain that he would reach the place to which they sent him, or die upon the quest.

# One Closed Door.

Though, as a Mussulman, one portion of his life was shut from all mankind, as with all of the Arabs, with whom a frank exterior serves as a startight bulkhead between them and the world. At times, when asked about "his house"-the formula employed by Mussulmana when asking after one another's families-he would launch into details and say that "she" was well, and then, pull himself up and stammer and drift off into praises of his little boy, who he averred, with the innocent fatuity of fathers, Mussulman and Christian alike, was a wonder.

To the outward eye, the marvel was a dirty little boy in a torn yellow shirt, barefooted and black-eyed, and with a little, close-shaved bullet-head, on which you could have struck a match had it not here and there been spotted with a white eruption, nauseous to behold.

But, for his reticence about his famfly affairs he quite made up by his garrulity about a certain little pacing pony that he had bought in the Ait-Yusi country, and which he swore could go from Fez to Tangier in three days, and that so smoothly that he could carry in his hand a glass of water and never spill a drop. This equine paragon was a cow-hocked and fiddle-headed beast of a light cream color with black points, and had an eye bloodshot and dangerous-looking. which did not in the least belie his temper, for to aproach him was to expose one's self to be kicked or bitten, or to receive a blow from his fore feet, which, if it carried home would have been fatal, for rising up he used to launch his feet into the air, just as a boxer hits, and scream with fury, if he did not know his man. Once saddled and the Moorish bit jammed home between his yellow teeth, which operation usually entailed tying his feet together with a rope, or putting on a

in the East. green tea flavored with leaves of cantle, now and then slipping one of Record.

CETOE The little holes which seamed his | mint. Never in all his time of serrugged Berber face had given him the vice, which had extended over years. title of the Father of Smallpox, which had he been sick or sore, or been he after the fashion of his country- away upon a holiday, so that one men, who take all, rain, wind, sun, morning when he appeared, expressionless as usual, to ask permission to be mutilation, even death itself, as being absent for a week to go to Tangier, he actual and direct manifestations of the got it willingly. Thanking the consul Will Divine-had cheerfully accepted, in the unceremonious way a man reand bore as uncomplainingly as he turns his thanks in countries like had born the illness, from which he Morocco-where, if permission is not given at once, the man who asks usu-Half pagan, half Mohammedan, after ally takes it on himself to grant itthe fashion of the race from which he said, as if the thing had happened most likely sprang St. Augustine, al- to another. "My son is dead; little though he thought himself a firm be- Hamido whom you knew. I want to

An Afternoon of Mystery.

Without a word about the will of Allah, which, had he been an Arab, he would have quoted gravely, partly to show his faith and partly to conceal his grief, he turned and left the room. What passed that afternoon in the mysterious interior of his house only himself could tell. Early next morning, just as the furtive streaks of red which split the sky into a sort of pattern had appeared, about an hour before the dawn, the sleepy gatewards in the dark passage under the massive archway of the Bab-el-Gizeh received his salutation as he passed out of the

Mounted upon his pacing nag, his gun beneath his thigh, and balancing a little bundle wrapped in white rags upon the pommel of his saddle, he twitched his bridle, and making the pony toss his head, and change his feet twice or thrice hurriedly before he fell into his pace, struck into the road.

Muffled in his white baik, which swathed him like a mummy, silent and sorrowful, bearing his little dusky bundle balancing between his body and the pommel of his high red saddle, the pony's footsteps deadened in the sand. Bu Gidri passed so quietly through the now sunlit plain, that he appeared like death on his pale horse, prowling around stealthily to mark his sheep. All day he paced along, jerking his pony's mouth occasionally after the Arab fashion, making the bridle ring against his teeth when the beast broke his pace or seemed to weary, and with his stirrup pressed into its side. He passed the great red hill, traversing first the sandy lanes, hedged on both sides with aloes, and then the wood of olives, till he stood on the ridge, from which Fez looks like a mere blotch of dazzling whiteness floating in the air. The noonday heat caught aim close to a brick-arched well, beside which springs a palm tree, with its roots in water and its head in fire. Lighting down carefully as must a man who wears voluminous clothes and keeps his slippers on by a perpetual contraction of the feet, he led his horse into the shade, balancing carefully the precious bundle on the saddle with his other hand. Then laying it upon a stone he pulled his horse towards him sharply by the tail to see if it stood firm and had not felt the five hours'

steady work upon the road. Loosening the girths, he put me hobbles on its feet and let it browse upon the scanty grass which grew about the well. Then sitting down he ate a piece of brown and gritty bread, moistening his thumb to gather up the crumbs, not on account of hunger, but from the sacred character bread has amongst the Moors, who hold it impious to waste a particle of the chief blessing God has given man.

The Influence of a Smoke.

Kief, smoked in a minute and curiously shaped pipe, the stem of which was a light cane about a foot in length carved in concentric patterns, threw covered 108 bee trees in all. twitch, he then became as gentle as a him into that state of half contemplasheen, after the way of many horses tion, half of dreaminess, which over- Ohio county, West Virginia; twentytakes all those who fall into the habit, one in Brooke county, West Virginia, His master during the daytime gen- and then, rising to drink a little wa- and seventy-four in Washington counerally sat inside the doorway of the ter, tightened his girths, bitted his ty. Although in his sixty-sixth year, British consulate, looking at nothing, pony, and swinging slowly into his Mr. Sims located and captured seven now and then drinking a cup of sweet high saddle, leaned back against the trees last summer. - Philadelphia

his feet out of the heavy stirrups to rub his stiffened knees, and once again took up his march, refreshed by his brief halt. Night overtook him at the Hajara Cherifa, on the Sebou, where he entered a zariba. Long before daylight he had saddled up, and joined a caravan to cross the river, which lay deep down below the village, a mere white ribbon in the mist. Slowly the train of horses and of mules, followed by a long string of camels, slithered and stumbled down the slope. At first they crossed a tract of stones, on | which grew tamarisks, stunted and broken by the browsing of the goats, then they passed several branches of the stream, and lastly entered the main channel, which gray and cold. brawled through the stones, affording a precarious footing for the beasts.

Leaving the caravan, Bu Gidri pushed on over the stony plain, crossing the Ardatz and the Wergha, high up in their course, where they present an infinity of little streams, meander'ng through sheets of pebbles, and come by noonday with his horse still full of strength, to where a stream just issues from a ruined Roman wall. Fish played about the entrance of the pool, and, as the shadow of the horseman fell upon the water, darted futo the dark recesses of the arch. Here he passed the hottest hours, waiting for when the sun, the enemy of man in Afdica, should fail a little-and once again pushed on.

The heat rose from the stones as from a lime-kiln heated to its extremest point, and with his head bowed in his halk, he still rushed onwards, the sweat dripping from our his horse's belly, and drying white and saltish on his coat. At times Bu Gidri crooned a high-pitched Berber song, but always kept a watchful eye on the horizon, just as a sailor scans the sea, observing nothing near him, but on the watch for anything unusual on the limit of his view. The setting sun saw him just passing down the steep red track, from where, among the orange gardens, Alcazar just appears set in its woods and cultivated grounds, a league or two away.

Danger in the Hills.

Fear fell upon him that he should find the gates all closed against him, for he knew that raiding mountaineers from Gibel Zarzar and the adjoining hills made the outskirts of the town dangerous at night to him who walks alone. So he pressed on, after a good look at his horse, and after feeling him sharply in the mouth, to try his spirit, with the fixed look and constant shogging of the feet, which come upon a horseman, all unknown to him, towards the evening of a long march, when there is still a mile or two to do before the sun has set.

Nobly the pacing pony answered to his call, switching his scraggy tail, and scurrying along the road so smoothly that the little bundle scarcely moved, just kept in place by a light pressure of the rider's hand. He reached the Koos, which runs between high banks, and where the ford makes a great horseshoe bend, to avoid the fury of the stream. - Putting its feat together in a bunch, the pony slithered down the muddy bank, and in a moment Bu Gidri found himself contending with the flood.

He reached his village outside Tangier just at nightfall, and dismounted at a house. Almost at daybreak he was afoot with one or two companions and an old woman whom he had hired to wall beside the grave. With heer they hacked a hole in the rough, stony village cemetery, and quite impassively Bu Gidri laid the bundle in the grave; the woman broke out into shrill, ear-piercing lamentation, and the brief ceremony was at an end. All day he lounged about Tangler smoking a pipe or two of kief, and drinking tea occasionally, just to show he was in town. Next morning saw him on the road, and on the eighth day after leaving Fez the consul, going to his office, found him at his post, seated at the front door, and with an air as of a man who has performed a duty, sheepish, but still self-satisfied, and a little blackened by the sun.-Saturday

A Trial by Bread and Cheese.

There were many odd ways in ancient times of detecting criminals. Our ancestors had not lived long enough to lose their faith in the gnawings of conscience, and Divine inter ference in earthly justice was superstitiously regarded as a daily occur-

No queerer example of this could be found than the ancient mode of trying prisoners by bread and cheee. The unfortunate offender was led, with a halter round his neck, to the parish church, and there in the presence of all the people the priest put pieces of cheese and rye bread in a pattern on the altar. These he blessed and then the supposed criminal had to eat them dry before the congregation.

If he managed to swallow them easily he was acquitted, but if he choked he was condemned. Naturally enough scores of innocent folk were thus done to death .- Pearson's Weekly.

Bee Hunter's Record.

Gilbert M. Sims of Donegal township, Washington county, claims the belt as the champion bee hunter of western Pennsylvania. Mr. Sims has been making a study of the bee since he was 15 years old, when he discovered his first tree, and has dis-

He has found thirteen bee trees in

BY TELEGRAPH

### Domestic

Three joint indictments have been voted by the San Francisco grand jury against Abraham Ruef, Patrick Calhoun and Tirey L. Ford for having given and offered a bribe to super-

The New York Assembly passed the Agnew-Hart amendment to the Percy-Gray law, which prohibits racetrack gambling, by a vote of 126 to 9.

William Clark, a negro burglar, was sentenced to prison for life by Judge Foster, in General Sessions, in New York.

The Rhode Island Republican Convention elected an uninstructed delegation to the National Convention. The tobacco warehouse of T. S.

Hamilton & Co., in Covington, Ky., was destroyed by Night Riders. Lawrence Stoltz, a bigamist, committed suicide in Cleveland, O., be-

cause wife No. 2 drove him out. Duc de Chaulnes, who recently married Miss Theodora Shonts in New York and sailed away to honeymoon abroad, is made the defendant in a suit for a \$2,000 tailor bill. The action was brought by James F. Hannigan, assignee for James Cavanaugh, the London tailor.

The American Newspaper Publish-Association has been informed that the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives will refuse to discuss tariff revision until after the presidential election.

Policemen who formed a human bridge over a chasm between two buildings saved five persons from being burned to death in New York Eleanor Eadie, aged 19, has had a design for a soldier and sailors'

N. J., accepted. The new bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad over Raritan River, N. J., was dynamited.

monument to be erected at Bayonne,

Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of Union Theological Semi-

nary, is dead. Prince Helie de Sagan, suitor for the hand of Mme. Anna Gould, is in

New York. Brigadier General Elisha I. Baily, U. S. A., died in California.

Judge Holt, in the United States Circuit Court, New York, dismissed the suit for \$30,000,000 damages brought by the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company against the American Sugar Refining Company for alleged violation of the provisions of the Sherman Anti-trust Act.

A boiler in a saw mill on the Abrams farm, near Steubensville, O., exploded, fatally injuring William Abrams, James Oler and Bert Baker. Two men were probably fatally

burned and the garage of Charles E. Dinkey, in Pittsburg, was destroyed by the explosion of an automobile. Mounted Customs Inspectors Charles Logal and Charles Jones

fought a pistol duel in El Paso, Tex. Both were killed Bishop Charles H. Fowler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in

New York City. Dr. John Bryant, a yachtsman of international reputation, died at his home, in Boston.

The Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, was damaged by fire to the extent of \$100,000.

# Foreign

Speaking in the Richstag, Chancellor von Buelow gave a further negative reply to the proposal for the introduction of secret and universal suffrage for the election of members to the Prussian and other diets.

The Japanese Foreign Minister says the Chinese central government has shown a friendly attitude toward Japan and a desire for the continuance of friendly relations by conceding ample reparation

The United States gunboat Marietta arrived at Port-au-Prince from Guantanamo. The 75 refugees in the legation left for Kingston on the German cruiser Bremen. Wholesale arrests are being made

in Peking in an effort to check the antigovernment movement which has followed the settlement of the Tatsu Maru incident.

The Japanese government is exerting itself to the utmost to relieve the country's financial situation, which grows weekly more serious.

China has begun preparations for the entertainment of the American battleship fleet on tour around the

world Seven men convicted of conspiracy against the Emperor of China were

condemned to long terms of imprisonment. The Brazilian government has decided to encourage immigration of

Japanese for field laborers. Roumania has initiated a campaign of persecution against the Jews, according to advices received at Berlin, equaling anything of which the

Russian government has been guilty. Emperor William, the Empress and other members of his family were rebeived and entertained in Venice by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The British premier, Sir Henry

Campbell-Bannerman, has developed a serious case of d opsy. His friends have abandoned all hope. Mr. J. P. Morgan was entertained

in Rome by Ambassador Lloyd C. Griscom. The Duke of the Abruzzi arrived

in London on his way to Rome. The American ambassador, Henry White, and Mrs. White, gave a brilliant diplomatic and official dinner in

Chinese officials who betraved their government's secrets, were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki, a leading Japanese banker and business man

died in Tokio. The spanish steamer Isla de Panay was burned in the harbor of Barcelong. There was no loss of life.

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WISE WORDS.

The louder a man cheers the more he doesn't understand what it's

The average man thinks patriotism is pretending he has read the Consti-

A girl is so trusting she always knows you mean it even when you don't tell her she is pretty.

A satisfactory thing about educating a boy is you can blame his not being able to earn his living on his

A widow has a very coy way of liking a man to smell of tobacco. The trouble with marrying for money is the job always proves to be

worth more than it pays. A man could make himself very useful by inventing some new ex-

cuses for staying out late at night. A woman thinks another is sly when she goes to church in a new gown she didn't tell about before-

Lots more girls would get married earlier if it didn't take them so long to get over thinking they can sing. A woman is so contrary she could like a man because she didn't.

One penalty for a man's not liking his wife's new hat is he can pay for another.

The most aggravating thing about having a good reputation is what a fine time you could have if you didn't,

When a girl gives you her cheek to kiss in public it's a sign she really knows how to do it when nobody is around.

A girl hankers after an elopement because it usually means a bigger notice in the newspapers than the other way.

The only good husband is when he has a widow. A man hardly ever knows he has

proposed to a girl till she has done it for him. A girl's beau goes up 100 per cent. in value in her eyes merely by going

down 100 per cent. in her father's. One of the disadvantages of having children is you can only say cuss words before them under your

breath. A woman can never understand how wearing some of the baby's hair in his locket doesn't keep her husband from catching cold .- From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the

New York Press.

STORY OF A KEY AND DISASTER. You may be interested to hear of a thing which happened to me in Brittany last summer. I had to sign some railway transfers before the nearest British Consul, who was at Brest. I locked up the papers and railway stocks in a Breton cupboard as high as the ceiling and very solid. I kept the key in my pocket. When my cousin and I were ready to start I took out the key and it would not open its own cupboard. The servants came in turn and tried in vain. We had to miss our train to Quimper, which was our first stage to Brest. Now our village blacksmith was very rough and ready, so the next morning I said I would try the key sayself once more, before he perhaps ruined my lock.

The key fitted perfectly and we went. But, imagine, we found at the station great placards posted up telling of the awful wreck of the Brest train the day before, and it was the train in which we should have been but for the obstinacy of the key. We saw the carriages all fallen into the river, and the dead and dying were in the hospital at Quimper. We feel this to be a preservation wrought from the next world that is so near, -Mrs. Hodgson Pratt, in Light.

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