

When the Wind Has Lost His Way.
He awakes on a winter's night
An' wish, an' wish for day,
When the snow is fallin' ghostly-
white
An' the wind has lost his way;
When he shakes the shutter, an'
seems to say:
"I've lost my way,
I've lost my way!"

That's why he's sighin' an' cryin' so
As he wanders all about;
How can he find the way to go
When the stars are all blown out?
He hasn't a place in the world to
stay—
He's lost his way,
He's lost his way!

But, then, when the beautiful mornin'
breaks
I see him there, at the rose,
A sip of dew from the rose he takes—
Oh, then he has found his way!
Oh, then it is, in the light, I say:
He's found his way,
He's found his way!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE TRIAL TRIP.

BY FISHER AMES, JR.

"Old" Silas Cotton, the "first" Cotton, had launched a self-feeding mangler upon an appreciative rural market, and unlike most of his kind, he had profited by his patent. Silas II, the present owner of the farm, had shown the same inventive faculties. He had added to the income left him by his father by means of a successful vegetable grater and a remarkable churn. But he lived in too stirring an age to confine his energies to such homely products. Electricity and gasoline were bound to fascinate a mind like Cotton's, and after the churn his experiments kept pace with the times, until his latest toy, an airship, occupied his undivided attention.

It would be unfair, however, to class it as a toy. Within limits it was a practical machine, but its flight so far had been short. It remained to put it to the test at an altitude where it would meet with varying atmospheric conditions.

The morning for the trial came, but at the last moment one of the metal-edged blades of the propeller was found to be loose in the collar. It was repaired, but Mr. Cotton was not satisfied with the job. He believed a longer and thicker bolt necessary; but his son, young Noah, was anxious to make the trial trip, and as he was to conduct it, Silas finally gave in.

The Comet, as they had christened the airship, sat in a wheeled cradle which could be shifted about the long, narrow work-pen to suit the convenience of the experimenter. That day a fresh sea-breeze was blowing, and when every detail had been carefully inspected, the Cottons trundled the cradle to the eastern end of the yard, pointing the "ship" down wind.

Noah, thin and wiry, with his father's aggressive nose in miniature, mounted the little steps and bestowed the narrow framework that hung horizontally below the delicately floating bag. There was no saddle or "car" proper. He sat on the jointure of the long, ladder-like frame, which spread between his legs like an inverted V. Before him on a platform was the little engine, from which the light shaft ran on its bearings to the propeller at the bow.

Noah swung the small crank and the engine began to sputter—phit! phit! phit! phurr-r! As the explosions grew more regular and rapid, the vicious chatter smoothed to a mellow drone, and the propeller-blades whirled in an unbroken smoke-colored disk. Noah worked himself backward along the framework, that his weight might tilt the nose of the ship upward when she started.

"Let her go!" he said.

"Not more than an hour out!" said his father. "Remember! I shall expect you back in about a couple of hours."

"All right—if the motor behaves," replied Noah. "Let her go now. She's running well."

Silas drew down the lever controlling the various clutches that held the Comet in her cradle. Immediately she rose like a duck from water, on a long ascending line that barely cleared the fence and the maples beyond. But as Noah upset one of the swinging ballast bags of sand, so, delicately had her lifting power been calculated that she responded instantly in a curve that put her out of the reach of obstructions. Up she went perilously on end; but Noah, crawling inch by inch up the frame, gradually depressed her bow until, two hundred and fifty feet above the racing fields, she pierced the air on an even keel.

The cold white spire round which the loose farms of Duntown lay swam by on the north, Noah pulled at the drier-ropes, and the huge rudder—two intersecting planes of canvas stiffened with bamboo—swung the obedient ship parallel with the state road. He was now riding directly with the wind, and like a "running" vessel the Comet alternately dipped and rose, but in much longer and smoother swoops.

Between Duntown and Moorland on the west stretched ten miles of barren little hills, breaking at their crests into naked sand, the intervening vales studded with thick-limbed, dwarf trees. The state road seemed to run through this country with an air of

resignation. There were never many travellers upon it, and that afternoon but a single vehicle was to be seen, a bright blue fish-cart bound for the Moorland market. Somehow its driver happened to see the Comet, and with a jerk he pulled the horse to a standstill and stood up, presenting the white disk of his face to the sky.

Noah laughed and waved his hand, and as the Comet shot by, the fisherman snatched up his horn and blew a broken bellow, expressive of his excitement.

This was the only man whom Noah saw that day, although it turned out that nearly every farmer of the countryside had seen him.

The fish-cart had hardly dwindled away when a note so thin that it would have been undetected by the inexperienced ear threaded the rhythm of the motor. Noah listened with a frown. With delicate fingers he overran this and that part, but the small foreign voice sang with mischievous obstinacy, and swelled in volume until it led, as it were, the refrain of the engine. Then with a series of hoarse chucks it ceased abruptly, and the shaft lay dead in its bearings.

On the ground it would have been comparatively easy to overhaul the motor; but Noah was averse to alighting in this waste between Duntown and Moorland, where it would be impossible to secure the aid he might need. So he tinkered away as best he could, sometimes rewarded by a brief spinning of the propeller that roused his hopes in vain.

With her engine dead, the Comet was at the mercy of the wind. At first this drove her on toward Moorland, in the course previously selected; but presently, due either to a change in the wind or a cross-current, she began to drift north. The long shuttle-shaped bag had not the steadiness of the ordinary spherical balloon, and its quick rolling and unexpected plunges tried Noah's nerves and increased the difficulty of his work.

Hoping to reach a calmer stratum of air, Noah upended two of his ballast bags, and as the sand fell, the Comet pierced the low-hanging clouds like a cannon-ball. For a moment Noah was frightened; but the rise of the ship ceased almost as abruptly as it had begun, and she hung some eighty feet above the white mass of cumuli, casting a distorted and gigantic shadow upon it.

The earth had vanished. It seemed that if he fell, the cloud must catch him as in a blanket, and the absence of wind had also its steadying effect upon Noah. He went at the engine with determination, tested the sparking plug and the flow of gasoline, put oil wherever there was friction, and at last had it chattering cheerily at its highest speed.

Now that the Comet was under control again, he hitched forward, and the air-ship dived down on a gentle slant, piercing the fluff of vapor until the dunes spread their diminished map below her. It was appalling to see how diminished they were, and Noah swung himself quickly backward to arrest the dive.

Probably he did so too quickly. The great bag of the Comet, halted suddenly in its course, oscillated violently and buckled so sharply that one of the thin wire guys leading from the forward collar to the framework snapped with a twang. The end flew out writhing into the blur of the propeller, which received it with a horrid crunching.

Before Noah could stop the engine it came to a jarring stand, and one of the light propeller-blades snapped short off and flew upward against the blunt snout of the Comet. The distended silk, almost as brittle as glass from the tremendous interior pressure, cracked open in a wide-lipped slit, through which the ship began instantly to belch her hydrogen.

Rigid with horror, Noah saw the slit widen, until the whole snout, torn away by the rush of the imprisoned hydrogen, hung downward like a huge clown's hat. The long belly of the bag began to work as if it were breathing, and at the rupture the silk fluttered loosely.

The Comet was spilling her gas fast. Gently her tail sank and her wounded nose pointed up and up until she stood nearly on end, still sinking.

With arms and legs wrapped convulsively about the framework, Noah had a bitter moment of terror. The Comet was more than half a mile above the dunes. In a few minutes she would begin to fall in earnest, and as the gas rushed from her, her speed would increase, until long before the point of safety could be reached she would be shooting downward, a streaming wreck, with tremendous velocity. Why should he cling to her! He might as well let go his hold, and save himself, perhaps, the torture of anticipation.

But under this cowed spirit there seemed to be a second personality, a subconscious self, active, keen, darting upon the problem from every side, seeing possible remedies and rejecting them in a flash and spurring after others. This was his inheritance, perfected by long training, and his fear was dull and slow in comparison.

While his eyes saw the earth leaping up to meet him, he had an even more vivid picture of the broken bag and its worm-like pulsations as it expelled the gas, and a portion of his mind began to calculate the probable number of minutes that would elapse before the ship lost all buoyancy and the plummet rush began.

He perceived at once that the downward motion would drive in the tail, the gas being no longer confined, and accelerate its natural volatile propen-

sities enormously. If the balloon were reversed, however, the strong pressure of the air would drive back most of the lighter hydrogen.

Noah saw it in a flash. It was his only chance, and his courage rose to it, superior to the weakness of his shaking nerves.

Not so much time had been lost as his fears measured. The Comet was buoyant still, but hanging at a horrible slant, and Noah closed his eyes as he began to crawl upward. He wormed his way over the little engine and along the narrow spine, his feet seeking the lateral braces. Fortunately there was a lull in the wind, for the throes of the Comet as she felt her ballast shifted were violent. She lurched drunkenly, swung east, then spun back again, but her snout was descending.

When she came down to an even keel, Noah managed to swing himself about. It was none too quickly done. As his feet struck against the propeller, the tail of the Comet soared upward, and puffing out her yellow cheeks, she dived head first.

What was her rate of speed? Was the gas still escaping to a dangerous extent? It seemed to Noah that he was almost stationary, but he knew this to be a common illusion in ballooning. Still there was only a gentle movement of the air about him, and the varnished silk so close to his face was plump and rigid.

He looked down. The ground was startling near. He could see plainly the bright combs of sand on the little hills and the dark troughs; could even distinguish in that one quick look some of the dwarf trees. And sick and dizzy as it made him, it brought some comfort, for it showed him that the Comet was spinning slowly, like a dying top, and this meant that she was not falling very rapidly.

He began to measure off the seconds, not knowing why. One—two—three—and on, until his mind revolted suddenly, and became a blank. He could not remember where he had stopped. He wanted to look down, but his neck seemed as stiff as iron. With a great effort he bent his head downward and uttered a sharp cry.

Just beneath him lay the black-green mat of one of the little groves. Gaunt gray herons were rising with hoarse croakings. Then the trees seemed to shoot up toward him, and the wounded Comet crumpled on their spring, interwoven tops.

Hundreds of muscular little limbs struck him, bruising his flesh as they opposed his progress. The gnarled little trees upheld him as on a bed of steel wire, and although shaken and torn, he escaped without a broken bone. But the Comet was a mournful wreck—Youth's Companion.

Market Value of Wild Animals.

Some idea of the market value of wild animals may be got from the offers which are being made constantly to the Kansas City Zoological Society, which is organizing to establish a zoo in Swope Park.

One entire menagerie has been offered for the block sum of \$10,000. In the schedule a male elephant is quoted at \$2,500 and a female at \$2,000. Two male camels are down for \$600 the pair, and a pair of lions are listed at \$700. A family of three lions, two of them males, is marked at \$1,350, and two other females at \$750 for both of them. The explanation is made that a lion is top price at four to five years.

For \$200 the society can get a leopard, and for the same money a hyena. A black bear is priced at \$100, and wolves at \$25 each. A half-bred buffalo is offered at \$150, and an elk at \$100. An offer has been made to the society by an Australian dealer, but his collection is mostly of birds that would be difficult to keep alive in this climate.

Babies Die From Neglect.

At the conference of the British Temperance League at Chester a resolution was carried unanimously asking for a royal commission to inquire into the causes of the continuous and appalling increase in insanity, and the part played by alcohol in its causation.

Discussing the effects of intoxicating drinks on child life, Dr. Johnston Bolton said that he had our "Jungle" in the 120,000 year-old babies who died annually from lack of mothering. Recent observations proved that there was a direct connection between the drink habit of the father and the inability of his daughter to nurse her child.—London Daily News.

Polite.

A very mild Lord of England vicar had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," unasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."—Puck-Me-Up.

Open-Air Museum.

An open-air museum is planned for Bremen of the type already familiar in many Scandinavian towns. An epitome of the local culture and art from the earliest days is to be offered in a park dotted with old peasant houses.

The coal trade of the United Kingdom in 1905 employed \$37,100.

The News

Domestic

Mrs. Quincy Adams Shaw, of Boston, is to establish self-supporting settlement houses in her home city. Prof. Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, will be in charge of the enterprise.

Gov. Charles E. Hughes, of New York, and Ambassador James Bryce, of England, have accepted invitations to speak at the Founder's Day exercises at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh.

Ernesto Gussoni and Luigi Castello, composing firm of Gussoni & Co., cotton brokers and exporters, were expelled from the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.

Captain J. W. Iabster, of Chicago, master of the steamer Park Foster, was run down and killed by a New York Central engine in Buffalo.

The doors of the Broadway Savings Bank, in Toledo, were closed because of a run on it by excited depositors.

Rear Admiral Evans, accompanied by his son, Lieutenant Evans, arrived at Paso Robles, Hot Springs, Cal.

The Standard Steel Car Company, at Hammond, Ind., closed, throwing 2,000 men out of employment.

The Indiana Republican State Convention endorsed Vice President Fairbanks for the presidency.

The battleships completed target practice at Magdalena Bay and the fleet sailed for California.

The Baltimore and Ohio, Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests are deadlocked over control of the Little Kanawha Railroad, in which they have \$10,000,000 tied up.

The New York Methodist Episcopal Conference threw out charges against Chancellor Day, resulting from attacks on President Roosevelt.

The two children of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ackerknecht, of St. Paul, Minn., died after taking soothing syrup.

Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderblit has entered suit for absolute divorce.

Madame Anna Gould is ill with bronchitis and stomach trouble in the apartment of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler-Morse in the Hotel St. Regis. She went to the St. Regis after a stormy conference with her brothers and sister at the home of Miss Helen Gould.

"Give the Duke a chance; he's a square shouldered young man; an opportunity is all he wants," says Theodore F. Shonts, speaking of his new non-inflammable, the French opera tenor, has been sued by the Corried Opera Company for alleged breach of contract.

Mrs. Martha Clark, of Kansas City, chased her husband twice across the continent, capturing him in Chicago.

Two hundred and fifty thousand coal miners quit work pending the signing of a new wage scale.

Miss Emma Kasey, who died in Louisville, bequeathed \$100,000 to the American Bible Society.

An offer of \$55,000 has been made for a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

Admiral Evans sailed from Magdalena Bay on the Connecticut for San Diego.

Foreign

First Lord of the British Admiralty Lord Tweedmouth refuses either to confirm or deny the authenticity of the letters published in a Munich paper, represented as being the correspondence between the Emperor and himself relative to the British Navy.

President Castro's official organ publishes a part of Venezuela's answer to Secretary Root's last note, saying "the Venezuelan government refuses for the time being to take under consideration the insinuation made."

King Frederick, at Copenhagen, received Chancellor McCracken, of the New York University, and requested him to tell President Roosevelt how cordially he appreciated his labors in the interest of peace.

Vigorous opposition is already developing to the bill soon to be introduced in the Prussian Diet increasing the Kaiser's civil list to cover the increased cost of living and provide for his growing family.

Natives and foreigners in Seoul, Korea, are indignant over the action of the French consul general in posting notice opposing the message of condolence sent the family of D. W. Stevens.

An anticlerical demonstration in Rome, near the Austrian Embassy, resulted in the troops firing upon the mob. Two of the rioters were killed and three fatally wounded.

A shakeup in the British Cabinet is imminent. Should Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman die or resign, Chancellor of the Exchequer H. H. Asquith will succeed as premier.

The French Cabinet of Deputies adopted the Amnesty Bill, which grants amnesty to those who committed political offenses in connection with the winegrowers' revolt.

Alexander Dickson, a carpenter on the United States collier Aberanda, was acquitted in San Juan of the murder of Chief Officer Walter Welchert.

The French minister at Port au Prince sent alarmist dispatches to his government indicating a fear that the legation would be attacked.

Chancellor McCracken, of the University of New York, delivered his second lecture at the University of Copenhagen.

Lord Roseberry was elected chancellor of Glasgow University to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lord Kelvin.

President Fallieres' visit to Czar Nicholas has practically been arranged for the middle of July.

Frau Malvine von Arnim, only sister of the late Prince Bismarck, died in Berlin at the age of 81.

Tij Yasu, grandson and heir apparent of the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, is dead.

Dowager Queen Margarita of Italy, received J. Pierpont Morgan.

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TOY COAL MINE TO SHOW EXPLOSIONS.

Experts to Study Best Methods of Prevention and Relief—Window in Armored Cylinder.

A miniature coal mine, in which explosions will take place for the purpose of observing what causes mine horrors, and for the further study of such calamities and the best method of preventing them and of extending relief when they do occur is to be established in Pittsburgh by the Technologic Branch of the United States Geological Survey. A site for the plant or school is now being selected by J. A. Holmes, chief of the Technologic Branch, and Pittsburgh will be selected not only because it is close to West Virginia, the scene of more mine horrors than any other place in the world, but because there is an abundance of natural gas there with which to conduct the experiments. Letters have been received there from Holmes, in which he outlines his plans.

The most important part of the miniature mine will be a cylinder 100 feet long and six feet in diameter, made of armor plate, in which will be conducted the experiments. The cylinder will be filled with the various things which cause mine explosions: Fire damp and air, coal dust and air, black damp and air and gases of various kinds. This cylinder will be filled with these combinations, and into them will be hurled by a mortar the various things which cause explosions, dynamite, powder or naked lamps. From these experiments it will be shown what really cause explosions and what does not.

On the top of the cylinder will be a large number of safety valves, which will be left open, so that when the explosions take place the cylinder will not be wrecked, the safety valves carrying away the greater part of the force of the explosion. On one side of the cylinder there will be a window made of glass, one inch thick. An observation house will be placed sixty feet away, and from that point those making the explosions can witness the results.

The miniature mine will be fitted up exactly as a coal mine, with the various leads and workings. Experiments will be made in the mine with the various gases with a view of ascertaining how long the miners can live in them, and the best means of sustaining life if they are caught. Experiments will be made with various kinds of headgear, such as is worn by miners in many parts of Europe, which rescue parties shall wear when they go into mines which are known to be filled with deadly fumes.

While the Technologic Branch of the Survey has had this in mind for some time action was hastened because of the reference to mine disasters made by President Roosevelt in his message, and by the two mine horrors of the last two weeks, which blotted out more than 400 lives. Holmes has made a list of the mine horrors of West Virginia alone for the years 1906 and 1907, and finds that in that time 697 miners lost their lives, distributed in the following accidents: Red Ash, March 6, 109; Rush Run, March 18, 24; Bluefield, January 4, 22; Paint Creek, January 18, 18; Fayette Co., February 8, 22; Phillips, March 25, 26; Fayette Co., January 29, 1907, 82; Fayette Co., May 1, 21; December 6, Monongah, 382.

LOST THE POINT.

Tompkins—I think these pretended reformers, who seem to delight in slumming, go too far.

Crape—"That's what I like about Paris—you never have to go far."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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