

An Old Road.
In days that were—no matter when—
"Twas not a weed-grown palindrome.
At either end a dreamy glen,
But led, like other roads, to Rome.

Its dust was ridged by many wheels
That rolled to market, church and fair;
But now, a wave of grass conceals
The road that leads not anywhere.

The chipmunk haunts its tumbled walls
Where roses wait the wild-bee's kiss,
And honeysuckle droops and falls
Entwined with ropes of clematis.

And here the nesting meadow lark
Hath built; and wisps of maiden-hair
O'er-veiled the grooves that faintly mark
The road that leads not anywhere.

Because it bore the grinding jar
Of sullen wheels from year to year,
Its twilight owns a softer star—
A sweeter silence lingers here.

And we, our worn by toll and stress,
As truant urchins let us fare,
Like our dear pathway, purposeless—
The road that leads not anywhere,
—Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

Tread by a Snowslide

BY JOHN H. HAMLIN.

It was a sultry afternoon in the Nevada mountains, and the campers lolled in their ease in hammocks swung beneath the pines. So when Anne, the energetic one, appeared at the flap of the girls' tent and suggested a trip to Rock Lake, there was no burst of enthusiasm from the lazy ones.

"It's just cloudy enough for good fishing. Won't some one join me?" entreated Anne, as she adjusted the strap of a fish-basket about her shoulders.

At these words Elliott Noxon's tousled head appeared above the edge of a hammock. "Besides," continued Anne, "the climb to Rock Lake will give one a fine appetite for supper."

Noxon, the every-hungry one, sank back with a sigh. "Oh, it's too hot to be strenuous, Anne, and I'm famished right now. Let's wait till evening."

But the girl shook her head, picked out a fyrod from the assortment leaning against a tree trunk, and set forth for the lake. "Rags," the setter, followed close at her heels.

Rock Lake lay about a mile from the camp site. The trail leading to it crossed a mountain meadow, on the border of which and embowered in huge fir and pine-trees, snuggled the tents of the camping party. From the far side of this meadow bluff rose in massive, volcanic terraces; high up toward the summit, in a crudely sculptured basin, the waters of Rock Lake shimmered like a purple gem.

Anne was no novice at mountaineering, neither was she an inexperienced fisherman. When she topped the last bluff that hid from view the lake, she uttered a little cry of delight at the scene below. The surface of the lake was rippled just enough by the slight breeze to make the flies skim over the waters in most alluring fashion. The girl lost no time in gaining the shores, and in the excitement of casting her flies to the "gamy" trout, she was totally unconscious of all else. But Rags, the dog, who had chosen to act as her guardian, suddenly set up a long-drawn howl.

Heavy black clouds were rolling over the mountains. Rumbblings of thunder were each moment growing more distinct.

Anne paused in her fishing long enough to scan the approaching storm-clouds. They looked ominous indeed, but the trout were rising to the flies so beautifully that she could not resist another cast. A fine lustrous trout leaped for the fly before it touched the water; for ten minutes Anne stubbornly played him. Rags's frequent howlings hardly interrupted the girl's tussle with the fish. By the time she safely landed the two-pound trout, the dog lost all patience. He caught the edge of the girl's short skirt in his teeth and gave it a sharp tug.

"O Ragsie, isn't it a beauty?"

Rags's response was a more vigorous pull at her skirt.

"Yes, Rags, I am satisfied now. We shall run for camp this very instant."

A clap of thunder punctuated this remark. Anne realized that she would have to hurry to escape a severe drenching. She hastily wound up her line, slipped the reel in the pocket of her jacket, and as she unjoined her fly-rod a warm drop of rain fell upon her hand.

"O dear me, Rags, why didn't I obey your warning long ago? We shall have to take the short cut to camp."

The short cut was down a deep gorge that cleft the western wall of the mountain. Although it was mid-summer, the altitude was so great that the gorge was choked with a huge drift of snow, which completely filled the upper portion and terminated in a wall of dripping ice half-way down the canon.

It was a quick but dangerous descent. The campers had used it but once before, only to find the way

round by the longer trail preferable. A flash of lightning decided Anne's course. She scrambled through a tangle of manzanitas, climbed up a rocky gully to the mountainous rim encircling Rock Lake, and followed a faint trail that took her straight to the glacier-like mass of snow that dipped downward at an astonishing angle. Rags ran ahead of her, whirling pitifully at every thunderclap. The rain came down in big warm splashes. The heart of the storm was roaring across the lake and hurrying on its drenching way hard after the fleeing girl.

A blazing glare of lightning, followed by a terrific report of thunder, frightened Anne so that she broke into a run down the hard-packed snow. She seemed to be flying along with fearful velocity, and alarmed lest she should lose entire control of her feet, she dug her heels in the crust—lost her balance in so doing, and fell backward upon the snow. She sat up and was about to regain her feet, when she discovered that the canon's sheer walls were sliding uphill!

The sight made her dizzy. She closed her eyes to shut out the unnatural spectacle, only to feel beneath her an undulating movement of the snow pack.

Then it dawned upon Anne that the huge drift of snow had been started from its bed by the storm. She opened her eyes and screamed with terror as another thunderbolt crashed overhead. It seemed to rock the very mountainside and give fresh impetus to the avalanche.

Anne staggered to her feet, impelled by a wild desire to seek safety in flight. She took but half a dozen steps when the careening mass upset her, rolling her over and over in the rumpled, broken drifts. She was almost smothered, terribly frightened—and when she felt herself dashed against the projecting limbs of a tree and wedged roughly among the thick branches, she nearly lost consciousness. But with fierce tenacity she clung to the bending, crackling boughs while the avalanche boomed past with a roar that drowned even the peals of thunder.

The pine-tree, in the top of which she had been lodged, stood near the side of the gorge, and luckily escaped the full force of the snowslide. But every vestige of a branch, save the topmost cluster, was sheared off by the grinding mass of snow, ice and debris.

Anne was too badly scared to notice this; too dazed to move a muscle. She had miraculously escaped awful death from the crushing avalanche, yet she was far from being assured of her safety, perched as she was, high above the bed of the canon.

The storm, too, followed furiously in the devastated path of the snowslide. The wind swayed and rocked the towering pine. A long branch that had been missed by the avalanche was torn from the tree trunk and hurled far down the ravine.

The rain fell in sheets, soaking poor Anne to the skin. Through it all she kept her arms locked about the tree trunk. The thunder grew less heavy. From her elevated position Anne saw the black storm-clouds sweeping past the camping-grounds. For a moment she forgot her own plight in thinking of the danger of her companions; then she shivered with cold as a blast of wind gave the big pine a farewell twist.

The storm had spent its short, fierce career. The rays of the sun penetrated a rift in the clouds. Close to the horizon was this rift, but the welcome sunshine was none the less comforting to the cold, marooned girl.

At camp they were greatly worried when the storm-clouds broke over Rock Lake. The dull roar of the snowslide caused a panic among the women. It sent the men post-haste to find Anne.

When they had gone half-way across the meadow, they saw Rags, wet, bruised and running on three legs. He was coming over the short-cut route and yelping at every limping step.

The men were sick at heart. Rounding the shoulder of the mountain, they cut off their view of the gorge, they saw a mass of snow, earth and uprooted trees scattered over the mountainside.

"Do you suppose she started home that way?" asked Tom Sanders.

"—I hope not. Why, oh, why did I not go with her!" moaned Elliott Noxon.

A faint halloo seemed to echo this plaint. It was repeated with more emphasis.

In a very few moments Anne's whereabouts were discovered by the astonished searchers.

"Well, of all things, Anne! Do tell us how you ever got up in that tree!" shouted Elliott Noxon.

"Oh, I can tell you that, Elliott," came the somewhat hysterical reply, "if you will first tell me how I am ever to get down!"

It did appear to be a difficult problem to solve. The pine's big, smooth bole soared up sixty feet, with never a branch for a foothold. The poor of the canon was a ragged bed of boulders. A fall from the tree meant death.

"If we could get a rope up to you, Anne—" suggested Elliott.

"If? Why, we must!" asserted Tom Sanders.

"O boys, I have it!" cried the girl, with sudden cheerfulness.

From the pocket of her fishing jacket she produced her reel, with its one hundred and fifty feet of oiled silk line. She fished a lead sinker out of the same pocket, attached it

to the line and then began carefully unreeing.

"Run for the picket-ropes, somebody!" shouted Elliott Noxon.

Anne superintended the details of her own rescue with exceeding calmness. She drew up the spliced picket-ropes hand over hand, and knotted an end securely round the tree. She made the descent according to the most approved gymnastic methods.

The moment she felt the touch of arms uplifted to steady her and solid ground beneath her feet she indulged in a good cry. But then she said she was entitled to at least that bit of feminine comfort, and the boys thought so, too.—Youth's Companion.

CANVAS GLOVES AND MITTENS.

Some Eight Million Pairs Made Last Year in This Country.

For an infant industry the manufacture of canvas gloves and mittens appears to be doing very well. It is as yet scarcely fifteen years old and it did not fairly get into its stride until about five years ago, but there were turned out in this country last year such goods to the number all told of 80,000,000 pairs.

What started the first canvas glove, and mitten factory appears to be a moot question. It is probable that the first pair, and this most likely a pair of mittens, was made by some farmer's wife for her husband's use, and that as their utility commended them other farmers' wives made the same sort of mittens or gloves for their husbands until their use became more or less common in a neighborhood or district, and then somebody began making them for sale.

Now there are canvas gloves and mitten factories scattered throughout the United States. There is one eastern concern in the business that has fourteen factories in various States east of the Mississippi River, including one in this State, and canvas gloves and mittens are worn all over the country, and they are now exported to various foreign countries.

Canvas gloves and mittens are made for women as well as for men, and they are produced in great variety, in various styles, and of course in various sizes and in canvas of various thicknesses and in colors white, gray, brown and striped, and some have attached to them leather palm pads and thumb pieces, and some have attached woven woolen wristlets and there are canvas mittens that are woolen lined. Canvas gloves and mittens are made in two hundred or more varieties.

They are worn by iron-handlers, who perhaps buy those faced with leather or use with them separate leather palm pieces. They are worn by motormen and cab drivers and automobile drivers and truckmen, and by farmers and gardeners, and by laborers, by men engaged in various kinds of work, and in homes they are used in tending the furnace.

Canvas gloves and mittens sell at prices ranging from 10 cents to 25 cents a pair, with a few styles running up to 35 cents. Those without leather trimmings can be washed, but they are more likely to be worn till they are thrown away. The railroad engineer, for instance, who fancied canvas gloves might buy canvas gauntlets by the dozen pairs at a cost of 25 cents a pair and put on a fresh pair every week; the laborer at one work or another might buy a pair of canvas gloves for 10 cents and wear them till they are worn out.—New York Sun.

No Mistake.

A New York produce commission house, which prides itself on filling all orders correctly, received a letter from a New Jersey customer recently saying:

"Gentlemen, this is the first time we ever knew you to make a mistake in our order. You are well aware that we buy the very best country eggs. The last you sent are too poor for our trade. What shall we do with them?"

The fair fame of the house for never making an error seemed to be at stake, but the bright mind of the junior partner found a way out of it. He wrote:

"Gentlemen: We are sorry to hear that our last shipment did not suit you. There was, however, no mistake on our part. We have looked up your original order and find it reads as follows: 'Rush fifty crates eggs. We want them bad.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

Eighty Years Old; Never Votes.

All sorts of men are noted for all sorts of things, and here is a man in Rockland, Mass., just deceased, who was famous for having abstained throughout his eighty years of life from casting a ballot. As a boy he listened to political wrangles between the Democrats and Whigs and became so disgusted with politics that he vowed he would never go near the polls. What a text for a sermon on the duties of citizenship! Yet there are thousands of men who are irritated by the evils of politics and who would rather keep aloof than mix in and help eliminate them. It is so easy to deplore the wickedness of politicians and to assume the holier-than-thou attitude; it is not so easy to come out like a man and take a stand against the politicians. To defy bosses and machines in public requires stamina.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

For the completion of the Damascus Railway line to Mecca \$6,600,000 more will be needed.

Household Notes

A SIMPLE WARDROBE.

A bedroom door closed to another apartment may be converted into a wardrobe by nailing a shelf above the lintel of the door and putting hooks beneath, and also along the closed door beneath. Hang cretonne curtains from the shelf to the floor and tack them on the sides to the door jambs to keep out the dust.—Boston Post.

TO WASH CHAMOIS.

To wash a chamolis make a lather of good white soap in soft water and stir, but do not rub. Then rinse in cold water, shake out, pull it into shape and lay to dry. When partly dry rub between the hands and repeat the process until the chamolis is quite dry and ready for use, otherwise it will stiffen.—New Haven Register.

A USEFUL MAT.

To make a nice mat to place in front of a sink or to stand on when ironing, take a piece of ticking any size and lay on about 6 thicknesses of a newspaper, then take an old piece of carpet same size and turn in edges; lay on top of papers and stitch down firm. It does not pick up if made right. Do not shake when dusty, but sweep it.—Boston Post.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.

Take 4 teaspoons chloride of lime and 12 teaspoons common washing soda to a quart and a pint of water; first boil water and soda, then add the lime, then strain through muslin to remove any particles of lime. Dip the article in the fluid and let remain in soak for a few minutes, then thorough rinse in clear water. This solution only affects white material.—Boston Post.

BIG HATS IN PARIS.

To remedy the "big hat" nuisance in Paris theatres the theatre committee of the Municipal Council has decided to recommend drastic action. The committee proposes that every spectator shall have the right to request the police officer on duty in the theatre to call for the removal of any hat which prevents an unobstructed view of the stage. If the wearer refuses to comply the officer may order her to leave the theatre.

NOVEL DRESS MENDING.

A novel way of mending a woolen or silk dress in which a round hole has been torn, and where only a patch could remedy matters, is the following: The frayed portions around the hole should be carefully smoothed and a piece of the material, moistened with very thin mullage, placed under the hole. A heavy weight should be put upon it until it is dry, when it is only possible to discover the mended place by careful observation.—Boston Post.

KITCHEN CABINET.

Take an old packing case and make smooth by use of sandpaper. The outside measurements of my cabinet are 26 inches in width, 21 inches in height and 5 inches deep. Paint outside to match woodwork in kitchen. The front, which lets down, serves as a handy shelf to lay your baking things on, and if the cabinet is low enough, can be used as a mixing board. In this can be kept spices, baking powder, biscuit cutter, rolling pin, etc. This is a very handy article and saves a great many steps. It is fastened to the wall with iron brackets.—Boston Post.

JERRY DUMPLINGS.

These made like apple dumplings and served with a sauce made of the juice of the fruit are delicious. An old time method is to make a thick batter, using two cupfuls of flour, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder-sifted with the flour, one cupful of water and one cupful of stoned cherries. Drop the mixture by the tablespoonful into boiling salted water. Only a few at a time can go in, as the water must not stop boiling. Cover closely and cook 12 minutes without uncovering. Take from the water and serve at once on hot plates. To make the sauce, cream together a cupful of powdered sugar and a tablespoonful of butter. Add gradually one beaten egg and a half cupful of cherry juice, beating constantly.—New York Telegram.

Raisin and Rhubarb Pie.—

One cup raisins chopped, 1 1/2 cups rhubarb chopped, 1 small cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour mixed with sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoon salt (rolled cracker can be used instead of flour if preferred). Bake in two crusts.

The Hat.

The modern hat (with brim) can be traced back to the Roman "petasus," which seems to have been worn only when on a journey. Hats with brims were also used, though not extensively, among the ancient Greeks. It was not until after the Norman Conquest that hats began to be used in England.—The American.

British Columbia produced \$26,000,000 worth of minerals last year.

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AMERICAN PEOPLE DRINKING SEWAGE.

Appeal to President For Federal Aid to Save 35,000 Lives a Year.

"Water poisoning," as he terms the almost universal practice of dumping raw sewage into the streams of the country, will be made a national issue if President Roosevelt acts upon the suggestion of Edward Hatch, Jr., of New York, made in a letter delivered to the Executive.

Mr. Hatch is chairman of the New York Merchants' Association Pollution Committee, which is conducting a vigorous campaign against the depletion of State waters, and of the Hudson River and New York Bay in particular, by existing and proposed systems of drainage—two of which latter, the Bronx Valley and the Passaic Valley trunk sewers, the one in New York, the other in New Jersey, would eventually discharge 600,000,000 gallons of filth into New York Harbor every twenty-four hours.

Arguing for Government aid in bringing about the reforms he advocates, the writer of the letter says in part:

"The Government is doing nothing to save the 35,000 lives annually sacrificed to typhoid fever—a preventable disease, as physicians agree—because of the habit of American people of drinking diluted sewage; nothing to prevent the 350,000 cases of this dread disease which every year involves the people of the United States in almost incalculable expense and suffering, even when death does not result—this disease which has been continually epidemic in Pittsburgh for thirty-four years, and which is now ravaging the city of Trenton for the second time in four months.

"It is proposed, in the interest of the people, to protect the scenic beauty of Niagara Falls and Niagara River by treaty between the United States and Great Britain. There certainly is more reason why the Government should take measures to prevent the rivers from becoming open sewers.

"Millions are spent annually upon the dredging of our rivers and harbors, a vast proportion of which expenditure would be unnecessary if the solid filth of the cities were not dumped into our navigable rivers. For lack of action by the Government, direct or indirect, such streams as the Mississippi, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Ohio, the Connecticut and the Susquehanna, subject to the jurisdiction of no one State, are so polluted as to endanger the lives of the people living along their banks.

"The almost universal disregard for human life shown by the people in their attitude toward this water poisoning is most remarkable in view of the vast monetary loss involved. A few words of encouragement and suggestion from you would serve to dispel this apathy and give a great impetus to the general movement among the people, whose support it is most important and, unfortunately, most difficult to secure."

The American Cow and Hog.

"I have carefully figured it out and find that if all the cattle we ship to market each year were one cow, she would browse on the tropical vegetation along the equator, while her tail was switching icicles off the North Pole," says Homer Hoch. "And by the aid of the higher branches of mathematics I have made a careful computation which shows that if all the hogs we slaughter annually were one hog, that animal could dig the Panama Canal in two roots and a half, and its squeal would be so loud it would jar the aurora borealis."—Kansas City Journal.

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