

**Too Much Telling.**  
There are times I have to hustle and get out and use my muscle; it's a cinch because a feller has to eat;  
An' I've found few ways of gettin' what I want except by sweatin'. For the game's a-goin' mighty hard to beat;  
But it seems a shame this spollin' all our bright glad days by tellin'—  
This exertin' through our life's allotted span  
As some people struggle through it. If I have to, I will do it.  
But I like to take it easy when I can.

When the boss is keepin' cases I have got to show my paces—  
Make a bluff at doin' somethin' for my pay;  
I must keep the dirt a-flyin', though I find it mighty tryin',  
For there doesn't seem to be no other way.  
But I always feel like kickin' when I'm shovelin' and pickin'  
And I wish that there was somethin' I could plan  
That would keep my back from strainin', and no cussin' nor complainin'.  
For I like to take it easy when I can.

It would be all right supposin' I could jest lie somewhere dozin'  
And a-smokin' where a bit of sunshine fell,  
With no big-mouthed drivin' bosses and no other cares nor crosses—  
I believe I'd like to try it for a spell.  
If they'd bring the grub and feed it to a feller when he need it  
And stand by to keep the flies off with a fan,  
With no call for any motion, that would be about my notion.  
For I like to take it easy when I can.

—Chicago News.

## HOW PERRY BECAME A HERO

By HELENA DAVIS.

Perry Adams sat in his room poring over a big book. Every little while he would jot down some passage from the book on a bit of old wrapping paper with a stub of lead pencil. And as he worked he shivered, for it was zero weather without and extremely cold within. "There was no artificial heat of any kind in the room, which was almost bare of furniture and showed that the occupants of the house, of which this room was a part, were very poor. Occasionally Perry would warm his benumbed fingers over the little coal oil lamp which sputtered and smoked on the table in front of him. He was wrapped in a bedquilt against the drafts that came in round the rattling window and beneath the ill-fitting floor which led out of doors. Just as the clock was on the point of striking 8 a door which communicated with another room was opened and a pale, sad-faced woman came in, speaking gently to Perry.

"Son, here's a cup of hot tea. It will warm you up a bit as you work. I wish we could afford to keep a fire in the kitchen, for then you could go in there and study of nights. But so dear that we can scarcely afford to have enough to keep the stove warm during the day."  
"How did you make the tea, mother, dear?" Perry asked, taking the cup of steaming beverage and drinking it off.  
"Over my lamp, dear," replied the mother. "I held a tin cup of water over the lamp flame till it boiled. Then I dropped in a pinch of tea. Is it nice and hot, dear?"

Perry rose from his chair, though it was somewhat of an effort to do so, wrapped as he was from neck to toe, and put his arms about the pale little mother. "Yes, mother mine, the tea is excellent," he said, in a loving voice. "And you're the best mother in the world. Now you will catch cold if you remain up without fire, so go to bed and keep warm. The fire is all out in the kitchen, isn't it?"

"Yes, an hour ago, and you could put your hand on the stove. But I've been sitting beside it doing some mending. I have fixed up your coat—darned the broken places and cleaned the collar."

"Ah, little mother," said Perry, tenderly, "you are always doing something for me. When shall I ever be able to do half as much for you?"

"All I ask is that we may some day be able for you to go to college, where you may be able to pursue your favorite study of electricity. I ask for nothing for myself—only for health to watch over my boy and to minister to his wants. It is very hard for me to see you working day after day, month after month, and year after year for our support, when you should be in school fitting yourself for the real work of life. And I feel that I am so helpless in the matter." The loving mother's eyes were a bit misty as she said this to her boy and Perry, kissing her, assured her that she was first in his mind and heart and the study of electricity only secondary. "Of course, mother mine," he went on to say,

"I'd love to make a thorough study of electricity, for I really believe that I might make some wonderful discoveries some day. But—there's an ocean of time, I'm but 16 years old. If I manage to keep the position I now have in Mr. Green's store, we will be able to lay away a few dollars each month. After we've played the miser for a few years we'll have enough to enable me to go to college. And you shall go with me. We'll take a little cottage—maybe one with a few spare rooms to let out to other students and thereby help out with the rent. Oh, I've thought it all out, mother dear, and all we must do is to be patient and wait—"

"Oh, you dear, courageous boy," said Perry's mother, kissing him and compelling him to be seated at his desk again. "And now I shall go to bed, for you have only an hour to study. I must not keep you talking when you should be alone with your books."

But just as Mrs. Adams was about to retire to her bedroom a quick knock was heard on the door, and she hurried to see who was demanding admittance at so late an hour. A neighbor's child stood there stiflingly frightened sob. "Oh, Mrs. Adams, please may Perry go for the doctor? Ma says brother has the croup and may die. She says to hurry, please." Perry was out of his quilt and into his hat and overcoat like a flash. As his home was almost a mile from the town where he must go for the doctor, he decided to run with all possible speed and borrow a neighbor's horse to ride on the errand. This he did, and was soon going at a brisk trot toward the town. A railroad cut, some 60 feet deep, lay between him and town, and was crossed by means of a bridge. Perry was nearing the cut when the sound of a horse's hoofs sounded close behind him. From the sound Perry judged the traveler to be coming at a good pace and drew his horse's reins, guiding him outside the road to let the coming vehicle pass.

A great black horse, head thrust out, nostrils dilated, neck strained to the utmost tension, dashed past him, dragging a buggy which held only one occupant. In an instant Perry saw that the horse was running away and that the driver had lost one of the lines, which was loosely whipping the ground beside the running animal. About an eighth of a mile further on the road turned abruptly to the right, following the line of the railroad cut for a quarter of a mile before reaching the bridge. Perry's heart stopped as he thought of the danger of the rider in that buggy. Suppose the horse should go straight ahead instead of taking the turn to the right! Within 200 feet horse and man would go over the level edge of the cut, landing on the tracks sixty feet below.

Perry's horse had been left behind by the running animal, but now his rider laid whip and hand strong heel to him, urging him to run. On and on, faster and yet faster, ran Perry's horse, a big, strong, well-fed animal that seemed to enjoy trying his speed against that of the runaway.  
"As I feared. He didn't take the turn," Perry gasped the words. But he was now beside the running horse. The occupant of the buggy was helpless and could only hold on and await the inevitable.

Perry strained every nerve. His horse was now neck and neck with the runaway. Only about 100 feet lay between the racers and the edge of the ditch. Perry knew that his own life was in danger, but he would not shrink the work before him. Reaching out he grasped the bridle of the running horse, jerked upon it with all his excited strength, holding to the horn of his saddle with his other arm and crying "Whoa! Whoa!" to his obedient horse. His own horse stopped suddenly, as if he realized the danger that was just in front of him. And in doing so he caused the other horse to plunge, rear and drop to his haunches.

And then it was that Perry and the man in the buggy had the opportunity to look at each other. The man had quickly jumped from the buggy and was holding his horse's bit. "Why, upon my soul, my rescuer is none other than Perry Adams! Wait a bit, my boy, till the animal quiets down and then I'll get hold of that right hand of yours and tell you what I think of a boy who would risk his life as you have risked yours to save that of a fellow creature."

"Why, Doctor Downs!" cried Perry, himself a bit out of breath and glad of a chance to drop off his horse for a minute. "Well, since I've found you here I'll not have to go into town. The Browns' baby has the croup and I was coming to fetch you to do what you can for it."

"We'll fix these lines, Perry, and together we'll return to the Browns. I have a lot to say to you, boy, and I'm blamed if I can find words fine enough to express my gratitude."

"That's all right, Doctor," said Perry. "I understand how you feel, so we'll let the water pass. I only did what any one with a heart in his breast would have done. You owe me nothing, Doctor."

But Dr. Downs felt differently about the matter, and one day a few weeks later he walked into Perry's home with some very startling and splendid news. After he had talked to Perry for a little while he took his leave, grasping the boy's hands and saying earnestly: "And may the best luck in the world be yours, my boy. You are not only a hero but as fine a specimen of young manhood, of honor

and industry as I ever saw 'n all my life. Good-by and good luck."

Perry ran into the kitchen, where his mother was preparing supper. "Mother mine, we are to pack and go to D—, where we'll take the little cottage near to the college, for I've been declared one of those Carnegie heroes and Dr. Downs has just told me that I am to have \$2,000 to spend on my education! The money comes from the Carnegie Hero fund. And what's more, Dr. Downs insists on putting another \$500 to the fund. He declares that I saved his life at the risk of my own. He says there was no possible chance of his escaping death had I not come to his assistance. You see the railroad fence along that part of the cut had been blown down by the blizzard, and there was nothing between the doctor and the ditch. But, mother dear, what are you crying for? I feel like laughing and laughing, and then falling on my knees and thanking God for the good fortune that has befallen me."

"I'm crying for joy, my dear, heroic son," said Mrs. Adams. "But like you, I feel like falling on my knees. Come, let's give thanks to our Creator together, son."—Florida Agriculturist.

### DON'T FEAR THE PORTER.

The Experienced Traveller in Europe Gives Her Friend a Hint.

"Whatever you do," said the girl who had come to drive with her friend to the steamer, "whatever you do, don't get portophobia. If you do it will deprive you of a great deal of comfort on your trip."

"Porterphobia?" the other repeated.  
"Yes, I know you want to be economical and spend no more money than is necessary," went on the more experienced traveller. "But don't allow yourself to get portophobia. I have known women to go through Europe with such bad attacks of it that it ruined their trips."

"I'd like to avoid anything so bad in its effects," her friend answered. "But I must first know what it is."

Then the user of this strange word explained that it meant nothing worse than terror at the functionary known in every European hotel as the porter. The most inexperienced traveller in Europe knows that he is the man with whom guests come most frequently into contact and that he can do much to increase their comfort. He looks after every arriving guest, has charge of the mails, railroad tickets and transportation and every other relation between the guest and the hotel which is here divided between the baggage man, the hotel office, the news stand, the telegraph office and the carriage man.

"So many persons, especially women," her friend explained as the carriage took them down to the steamer, "look upon the hotel porter in Europe as a sworn enemy who is trying to get as much as he possibly can out of them without clutching them by the throat. Nobody will deny that he is from one end of Europe to another, anxious to make as much as he can. But he is satisfied with the customary fee paid to him; and this need not be too large for the most prudent traveller."

"I have known women to dart in and out of hotels without even looking up as they passed the doorway for fear that the porter might ask them if they wanted anything done. They would walk miles to buy stamps or send a telegram. Then when the time came for them to go away there would always be something necessary by which they were called on to give him some tip. Say, for instance, that a woman gives him a franc."

"Well, I got away from that man by paying only a franc," I have heard women say with as much relief as if they had been the Israelites after crossing the Red Sea. Now, as a matter of fact, they would not have been called upon to give any more if they had availed themselves of all the facilities that the porter offers. So don't you get portophobia. Use the porter for what he is for, give him the small tip you would have to give him in any case when you go away, and be happy."—New York Sun.

### "A Church-Going Bunch."

The Kansas delegation in Congress and the families are a church-going bunch, Senator Long, Congressman Campbell, Miller, Reeder and Murdoch are Methodists, Senator Curtis was raised a Methodist, but follows his wife to the Baptist church, Congressman Scott, Calderhead and Madison are Presbyterians, Congressman Anthony's family attends the Episcopal church, while he isn't much on church going. Congressman Madison is the son of a Methodist preacher and his wife must have made a Presbyterian out of him. Wives generally have their own way about church matters. Neither Senator Curtis nor Senator Long, nor Congressman Reeder, Campbell nor Miller uses tobacco. Congressman Scott and Calderhead touch the weed lightly. Congressman Anthony and Congressman Madison go in for it a little heavier, while Congressman Murdoch is the pride of the cigar stores. Morally and mentally the Kansas delegation stand high in Washington.—Atchison Globe.

The biggest excavated dock in the world is in course of construction in Rotterdam. Its area is one hundred and fifty acres, with a depth of water of fourteen feet. The dock will be subsequently dredged until the depth is twenty-eight feet.

## Household Notes

**TO SAVE LABOR.**  
Make cheese cloth slips for clock, pictures and fancy articles; cover them when you are going to sweep your room and see how much dusting you are saved. The same set of slips will last for years and save you many hours of labor.—Boston Post.

**THE CLOSED HOUSE.**  
When a house is closed for the summer it is better to hang lace curtains straight from frames or beams in a dark room than to fold them in chests or allow them to hang at the windows. Portieres and heavy draperies should also be hung in this way, they should be covered with unbleached muslin into which pieces of camphor have been sewn.—Harper's Bazar.

**BABY'S QUILT.**  
Get one and one-half yards of white elderdown, if three-quarters of a yard wide, so that when it is folded over it makes a perfect square. Sometimes you can get it in remnant length, which comes cheaper. Turn in edges and buttonhole stitch all around with blue or pink wool, then make little bows of the same color baby ribbon and sew on here and there instead of the wool knots. It makes a warm quilt and is much easier to wash than those filled with cotton.—New York World.

**A CHEAP CARPET.**  
First put 2 layers of newspapers on your floor. Take a lot of burlap sacks, sew enough of them together to cover your floor. Stretch and tack down over the papers; then get 3 papers of dye, yellow, red and green. Make about 2 quarts of each. Use a watering pot and sprinkle the carpet all over, first using yellow, then the red, last the green. The colors will blend so you could hardly conceive what a pretty and useful covering your floor will have. If you can afford to buy the burlap by the yard it saves sewing it together. This lasted 4 years in a dining room that was in constant use. Very nice for people who cannot afford a carpet and would like a warm floor.—Boston Post.

**STARCHING OF MUSLIN.**  
All muslin should be starched wet. If put into the starch dry, it never looks clear.

Prepare some starch, and thin it to the consistency required. This depends upon what the muslin is wanted for, and according to the degree of stiffness you wish. Be sure to have the starch clear.

Dip the muslin into it, putting in those white articles you wish stiffest first. Let the starch soak well through, then wring well, running them twice at least through the wringing machine.

In starching colored muslins, do not let the starch be too hot, or it will destroy the colors; and never put things through the wringer directly out of boiling starch, as it ruins the India rubber rollers.—New York Press.

### SWINGING VASES ARE PRETTY.

Bowl and baskets to hang from the center chandelier or from cranes fastened to the window or door frames and intended to hold small flowers break up the stiff effect so often produced by a series of vases standing on the tables and mantels. Such a bowl above the center of the dining table has some advantages over the ordinary vase. Flowers and vines can be arranged with a more graceful and natural appearance than in a bowl placed on the table. When the bowl is not too small then growing bulbs and plants can be set in a bit of rich earth and allowed to grow in their swinging home. The bowls come in round and oblong shapes. They are supported by small gilt chains or by silken cords which are attached to tiny handles on either side of the bowl or boat. There should be very little decoration on the bowl.—Indianapolis News.

### RECIPES.

**Citron Cake.**—One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 3 1/2 cups flour, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 of soda, 1-2 pound citron cut in small pieces.

**Apple Sauce Cake.**—One cup of apple sauce, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup raisins, 1-2 cup butter melted, 1 teaspoonful of soda put into the apple sauce, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon cloves, 1-2 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch of salt, 1 3/4 cups flour. Frost with orange frosting; 1 cup powdered sugar, 2 tablespoons of milk, 1 teaspoon of orange flavoring.

**Lemon Pie.**—Take grated yellow rind and juice of 1 lemon and mix with this 2 tablespoons cornstarch, and pour over the mixture 1 cup boiling water, stirring thoroughly. Add yolks of 2 eggs and 1 cup of sugar beaten together and butter size of walnut. Bake with one crust, and when done, spread over top. Frosting made of the whites of 2 eggs and 4 tablespoons of sugar. Put back in oven and brown slightly.

The population of Oklahoma is about 1,500,000, and the increase in Oklahoma City, the metropolis, which now has 32,452 has been 232.3 per cent in seven years.

**Jno. F. Gray & Son**  
(Successors to...)  
**GRANT ROOBER**  
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .  
**THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST**  
No Mutuals  
No Assessments  
Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.  
**Money to Loan on First Mortgage**  
Office in Crider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Telephone Connection

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbooks on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the  
**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co. 311 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office 65 F St., Wash., D. C.

## "FAKE ANTIQUE" BUSINESS SPREADS.

United States Consul Reports That Even in Small Scottish Towns Tourists Are Victimized

It would seem that the American tourist abroad who would not be victimized must be on the alert not only in such enterprising centres of Old World imposture as Paris and Brussels, but that even off the beaten track of European travel, in such unfrequented towns as Dunfermline, Scotland, he must be hardly less wary.

Supplementing a recent consular report from Belgium warning American tourists against the purchase in Europe of so-called "antiques," Maxwell Blake, Consul for the United States at Dunfermline, sends to the department the following timely advice pertaining to Scotland and to the Old World generally:  
"As the summer season approaches, in anticipation of the usual annual influx of Americans, many of whom continue under the delusion that all things in this country are as old as its history, the growing legion of so-called 'antique' dealers, from cities to remote villages and unfrequented farmhouse, are now occupying themselves in arranging for display their various stocks of made to order antiquities.

In the preparation of this article visits were paid to scores of 'antique' shops, from a few of the more trustworthy ones in the large cities to those of the smaller and more cunning in nearby villages and along motor car highways, the latter establishments generally conducted by some 'interesting old character' who sat smoking his pipe indifferently, offering his wares in some basement difficult of approach, the windows of which were conventionally screened by a thick net of cobwebs.

"Don't look for bargains in antiquities. If one wants genuine things he should visit a dealer of recognized standing and reliability, for there are a few such; pay him his price, which is sure to be high, and purchase only upon his written guarantee that the article is as represented.  
"Beware of buying Robert Burns chairs and Mary Queen of Scots tables and all such things. Beware also of engravings and prints. Many reproductions of old prints are made by artists of great ability, with no intention at deception. Some of these I have lately seen in antique shops, artfully 'aged' and hung in old frames, the unscrupulous dealer asking four or five times the price the prints can be purchased for of the publishers."

### There's Logic For You.

It was in the Far West. A juror had been selected in a murder trial, and they were about to swear him in, when the judge, to be on the safe side, bethought himself to say to the man:

"I trust, sir, you fully understand the duties and responsibilities of a juror?"

Straightening himself up to his full height the man nodded calmly and replied:

"I'm a plain chap, and I believe in being fair to all. I don't go by what the lawyers say, and I don't go by what the judge says, but I look carefully at the prisoner in the dock, and I say to myself: 'He must have done something or he wouldn't be here,' so I bring 'em all in guilty."

### DOUBLES AND QUILTS.

Knieker—"A device has been invented to run two elevators in one shaft."


Bocker—"Isn't it enough to have one always marked 'Not Running'?"  
—New York Sun.

**ATTORNEYS.**  
**D. F. FORTHEY**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office North of Court House.  
**W. HARRISON WALKER**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
No. 19 W. High Street.  
All professional business promptly attended to.  
**S. D. GOTTIG** **Jno. J. BOWEN** **W. D. ZERBY**  
**GOTTIG, BOWEN & ZERBY**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
EAGLE BLOCK  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
SUCCESSORS TO ORYB, BOWEN & GERVIS  
Consultation in English and German.  
**CLEMENT DALE**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. j376  
**W. G. BUNKLE**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Special attention given to collections. Office, 24 Door Crider's Exchange. j376  
**N. B. SPANGLER**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building. j376

**Old Fort Hotel**  
EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor.  
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Good bar. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening give special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.  
RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

**The National Hotel**  
MILLIKEN, PA.  
I. A. SHAWYER, Prop.  
First class accommodations for the tourist. Good table board and sleeping apartments. The choicest liquors at the bar. Stable accommodations for horses is the best to be had. Bus to and from all trains on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, at Coburg.

**LIVERY**  
Special Effort made to Accommodate Commercial Travelers....  
**D. A. BOOZER**  
Centre Hall, Pa. Penn'a R. R.  
Penn's Valley Banking Company  
CENTRE HALL, PA.  
W. B. MINGLE, Cashier  
Receives Deposits . . .  
Discounts Notes . . .

**MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.**  
  
**H. G. STROHMEIER,**  
CENTRE HALL, . . . PENN.  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
HIGH GRADE . . .  
MONUMENTAL WORK  
In all kinds of  
Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

**LARGEST INSURANCE Agency IN CENTRE COUNTY**  
**H. E. FENLON**  
Agent  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies  
Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.