

**Sad Tale of a Motorist**  
There was a man of modest means  
But inclinations gay,  
Who sold a corner lot and bought  
A motor car one day.  
He closed his business up to ride  
Within the big machine,  
And parted with his diamond ring  
To buy the gasoline.

Before, along the country roads,  
The sumac lit its fires,  
He put a mortgage on his house  
To purchase rubber tires;  
And next he auctioned off his beds  
His tables and his chairs  
To give the car a coat of paint  
And make some slight repairs.

But speeding in the early dusk,  
Without his lamps alight,  
A man in blue and brass appeared  
And stopped his jazzy flight.  
He didn't have a single cent  
To pay the fine imposed;  
They took the auto for the debt,  
And so the tale was closed.  
—Popular Mechanics

## Near the Rose

They occupied the two corners of a seat on the parade, and took it in turns to cast approving glances at each other. Each was profoundly conscious of the other's attention, and up aware that the other knew it. They cherished an acute fear in common. Would some insufferable blunderer sit down on the considerable area of green bench that separated their corners?

The girl was not without resource; her bookmarker—the latest thing in publisher's advertisements—fluttered toward the cliff. The young man sprang up.

"Allow me," he murmured, and returned it to her.

In sitting down after this feat of agility it did not seem necessary to return to his corner.

"Thank you," said the girl, a little nervously. "It's so windy today, isn't it?"

"Very windy," agreed the young man, with conviction.

"But warm," the girl suggested.

"Oh, decidedly warm," he allowed.

"Such a change from last week."

"And the week before."

"Oh, you've been here so long?" the girl cried.

"About three weeks."

"Really? We came a fortnight ago; we stayed in town for a late wedding."

He flicked a speck of dust from his coat. "Lady Marjorie Dalhurst's."

"Yes."

"And are you staying much longer?"

"We go North next week—next Thursday; but we think of getting a day or two in town before that for shopping."

"Our programmes seem to be much the same," he said. "I'm going North, too, with one or two men who are at the hotel."

"The Grand?" she asked quickly.

"No; the Empire."

"Oh! We're at the Grand."

Their conversation had traveled a considerable distance from hotels when an exclamation—from the man suddenly broke it off.

"Pray excuse my rudeness," he said, with some appearance of haste.

"Would you—would you mind walking a little way? The fact is, I've just caught sight of a man I wish particularly to meet—no, not that one; to your right, with the lady in green—and if you would—thank you so much!"

They walked in silence for a minute or two. Then the girl laughed gaily.

"Is he so very bad?" she demanded. "A knave, a fool, or only a bore?"

"Who? Oh, yes, Colonel Ayton." The young man roused himself from an apparently gloomy train of thought. "He's—oh, he's not a knave, but he's certainly a bit of a fool, and a very pronounced kind of a bore."

The girl nodded sympathetically. "Could we walk toward the post office?" she suggested. "I have some letters to post."

They were opposite to it and about to cross the road when the girl drew back with a start. A motor turning a corner had all but touched her arm.

The young man stared after it. "Let me post them for you?" he said solicitously, and hurried across the road. A name on the uppermost envelope caught his eye.

"Lady Audrey Ware? Then this one must be—a notice in the 'Visitors List' flashed back to his memory—'must be Lady Phyllida, the sister.'"

As he rejoined the girl a neighboring clock chimed out a quarter, and he consulted his watch with incredulity.

"I'd no idea it was so late," he cried. "By the worst of luck, I happen to have an appointment which is rather important."

ple are very particular. They'd be simply horrified if they knew, and I—I really oughtn't to have—She paused in distress.

"Don't you get any time for yourself?" he pleaded.

"Oh, well!—There's an hour or so after lunch, while they're having naps."

"I know. They call it writing letters, don't they?"

She nodded, smiling. "But I really mustn't"—she persisted.

"Please," he murmured; "just tomorrow anyway."

She shook her head undecidedly. "I—I can't promise. Perhaps—"

The young man stopped suddenly, and she looked up. They were at the Empire Hotel. A porter was carrying a portmanteau down the steps to a cab, and on the pavement stood a man.

"The bore!" whispered the girl, with dancing eyes. But there was no response from her companion. He stood very still. And then suddenly at a curt nod from the man near the cab, he left the girl. She stood in helpless astonishment, an unwilling and unnoticed listener.

"Why the dickens are you always out of the way when I want you?" growled the colonel.

The young man's manner remained stiffly, rigidly respectful.

"You gave me leave to be out till seven, sir," he said.

The colonel frowned impatiently. "Oh, well, I suppose I did. But it's been a confounded nuisance. I'm called back to town unexpectedly, and I've taken what I want for the night. You can pack the rest and follow with it tomorrow morning."

"Very good, sir."

As the cab drove off the young man turned, and without a look at the girl began to mount the steps. She gave a little start, and her color came and went. Then she ran to the foot of the steps.

"You've got my fan," she called, faintly.

He turned and descended stiffly. "I beg your pardon, my lady."

She took it, opening and closing it restlessly.

"Come with me; I want to speak to you," she said, and led the way to the beach in silence.

But when she had sat down and he was standing before her, she seemed to have nothing to say, and it was he who broke the silence.

"I must have been mad," he said bitterly. "And now I suppose it will cost me my place."

"No, no!"

He glanced at her. "You're very good, my lady. I don't know what made me do it. Your seeming to think from the very start that I was the real thing."

"The real thing?"

"A gentleman, I mean. It seemed to—to go to my head."

She nodded. "Yes," she said softly, "that was it."

He looked a little puzzled. "It's so easy," he went on earnestly, "to copy the real ladies and gentlemen; you would hardly think how easy."

"Yes."

"And—and, of course, I don't mean to stop in service. I'm saving up to buy a business; but I'm not ready yet, and if the colonel was to hear—"

She gave a little low laugh. "He won't hear."

"I'm much obliged, my lady—"

"Don't! Oh, don't!" she said breathlessly. "Don't you see? It was that with me, too—your seeming to be sure I was the real thing."

He looked at her incredulously. "You're not Lady Phyllida?"

She flushed. "I'm Lady Phyllida's maid. But—but one learns a lot, as you say, and I don't mean to be a maid always; and it—it was nice, pretending."

"Upon my word!" he said admiringly. "Pretending? You match the part as—as white matches white."

There was a short silence while he pursued an elusive foreign remark he had met with in his efforts toward a higher education. He grappled with it at last. "Si elle n'est pas la rose elle a vecu pres d'elle," he understood himself to say, and then was conscious of a vague fear that the remark was not as entirely appropriate as he could have wished. He glanced anxiously at the girl. She blushed and smiled.

"You'll have to help me," she confessed prettily; "my Latin is very rusty." And the young man drew a breath of relief.

"It's about roses," he explained inaccurately; "and they—they stand for you and Lady Phyllida."

The mention of Lady Phyllida had the immediate effect of depressing the girl. "I'm an hour late," she said rising.

The young man looked at her solicitously. "Will there be a row?"

The girl's lips trembled. "Some roses have thorns," she observed shortly, as they struggled over the unstable shingle, and he offered an arm in silence.

When they reached the firm ground of the parade, he addressed a remark to the sea: "In one year from now," he assured it firmly, "I shall be in a position to buy a little business."

The girl became absorbed in the buttoning of a glove. "Is it high tide yet?" she asked, with a marked increase of cheerfulness.—V. H. Friedlaender, in the Sketch.

A fly buzzes its wings at the rate of 352 times a second.

### SNAKES' EGGS HATCHING.

Tip on the Young Reptile's Snout With Which It Breaks Its Way Out.

Because of the popular aversion to the serpent family there is a surprising amount of ignorance about even the simplest of snake habits. It is doubtful if many correct answers could be given to the question whether snakes lay eggs or bear their young alive. As a matter of fact, some species are viviparous and others oviparous. Most of the poisonous snakes, as well as many of our harmless varieties, belong to the former class.

The European ring snake is closely allied to our common water snake and goes by the scientific name Tropidonotus matrix. Curiously enough, all other members of the genus Tropidonotus are viviparous, and this species alone lays eggs. Furthermore, according to Gadown's "Amphibia and Reptiles," the new laid eggs usually show not the slightest visible sign of an embryo, unless oviposition is delayed, when the embryos are more or less developed.

The eggs are laid in July or August in a soft bed of loam or decaying vegetation, or in a heap of manure. The other snakes sometimes lay as many as a dozen eggs or more and they usually stick together so that the entire cluster can be picked up at once. Sometimes, however, if the process of laying is slow, they will be separated. The eggs are about an inch long and of a whitish yellow color. The shell is thin and flexible like parchment.

The young hatch in late summer or autumn. Before hatching they develop a sharp calcareous growth on the tip of the snout known as the egg-tooth, with which the shell is slit open. Unlike hatching chicks, which are suddenly dispossessed by the breaking of their brittle shells, the young snakes may make many incisions in the parchment envelopes and take many peeps at the outside world before venturing forth into the new environment. Shortly after hatching the egg-tooth is lost.

At first the young live on insects and worms, but within a few weeks they are strong enough to attack and devour young frogs. Strangely enough, although the adults are strong swimmers, and spend much time in ponds and streams hunting the fish and frogs on which they subsist, the young are unable to swim, and they will soon drown if they fall into the water. The American water snake, as well as the American water snake, makes an excellent pet; it is perfectly harmless, becomes very tame and learns to know the difference between friends and strangers. Gadown tells of a pet ring snake that would eat from his hand, crawl up his coat sleeve and coil itself contentedly on his arm.—Scientific American.

### MOTHER FOX'S CUNNING.

Her Ineffectual Plans to Divert Hunters' Attention From Her Den.

Hunters found a den of foxes in the hills south of Hagerstown and unearthed five little ones about as large as well grown cats. The mother fox escaped before the hunters reached the den, which was lined thickly with soft grasses and feathers. Instead of running away she kept within sight while the hunters worked with their shovels.

She apparently understood what they were doing, for she endeavored by every means to attract them away from their work and toward herself. She approached quite near and acted as if lame and distressed. She would lie down on her side and writh along the ground, uttering whines and moans. Then she would limp off as if very lame, going very slowly and halting frequently.

The hunters were not to be drawn away from the work in hand by such tactics, and finally, after much digging, came upon the den where the five pretty little fellows were shrinking. They made no resistance and seemed rather to like the handling and petting they received. All of them were taken to a farmhouse, where they are confined. They will not be released, but will probably be painlessly despatched. Grown foxes do not make good neighbors in farming communities. Hunters say it is very rare for mother foxes to leave all their young in one place. It is their cunning habit to scatter the family, one and two in widely separated retreats. It is said too that foxes will not rob roosts close to their dens, but will go miles away for food and carefully hide their trails.

### Many Languages of Mexico.

During the fiestas of Christmas or the week of All Souls and All Saints, when the Indians swarm down from the mountains with their holiday wares for sale, visitors in the city of Mexico may notice the strange language that the vendors use in addressing each other. Even when they turn to serve the purchaser their Spanish is neither Castilian nor Mexican but is frequently broken by peculiar syllables and accents.

This is merely an illustration of the fact that the Indian languages of old Mexico have not been entirely submerged by the conquering Spanish, and in some of the most remote districts of the republic various and distinct languages handed down from the pre-Columbian era are still spoken in their pristine purity by many tribe members.—Mexican Herald.

## Household Notes

### SAVE THE SOOT.

A cheap way to keep house plants free from disease is to put a bag of soot in a pall of water, let the contents settle and use a very weak solution for watering plants. Soot is a valuable fungicide.

### CANDLE GREASE.

Lay out the garment, put a blotter (common white blotter) on the under side, below point where the spot is, and one on the top. Then take a hot flatiron and press. The heat will melt the candle grease and the blotter will absorb the whole of it. Repeat, if necessary using new part of blotter.

### HOW TO PREPARE FAT FROM SUET, ETC.

Cut the fat in small pieces, cover with cold water and let stand over night; pour off this water, add fresh water or milk—a cup to each two pounds of fat—and let cook very slowly until the pieces are light brown in color, and the fat is clear and still (no sound of bubbling or cooking). Strain through a cloth and press the fat from the pieces for a second quality of fat.

### CELERY FOR SEASONING.

When procuring celery I remove all the unnecessary leaves, but instead of throwing them away I wash them thoroughly and set them on a tin plate—upon the radiator, leaving them until they have become very dry. I then rub them through a colander, which enables me to exclude all the stems. The powder remaining is put into a glass jar. I find it extremely useful for seasoning soups, sauces, &c.—Delineator.

### BATH RUGS.

Take discarded clothes, such as ladies' skirts and men's clothes. Cut in strips about two inches wide, then in pieces six inches long; round them all around except on the straight end with red worsted; sew on an old piece of carpet, beginning on outside, and finish in the centre. Let the first row stick out two inches. This makes a pretty rug for bathroom.

### TO KEEP FLANNELS SOFT.

Both the all wool and the cotton flannels may be kept soft as long as they last if they are properly washed; but much of the success depends upon the drying process, as the garments should be thoroughly stretched while wet, and then they should be pulled into shape several times while drying. The flannels should be well shaken before washing to free them from lint, and the washing, rinsing and drying should be done as quickly as possible and nice flannels should never be allowed to freeze.

### A HANDY CONTRIVANCE.

For dropping oil in making mayonnaise dressing, the Delineator tells us to try this plan: Cut one small stopper and two smaller ones in a cork that fits the oil bottle. Place the bottle on the top of a pitcher to prevent it rolling off the table; under the mouth of the bottle have a bowl containing the yolk of an egg and a dash of cayenne pepper; as the oil falls, drop by drop from the smallest groove, mix thoroughly with an egg-beater; when about an ounce of oil has been used, turn the bottle so the oil will run in a small stream from one of the larger grooves. Add lemon juice as needed, and a pinch of salt at the last.

### RECIPES.

**Angels' Food Cake.**—The whites of eleven eggs beaten three-quarters of an hour, one and one-half cupsful of granulated sugar sifted four times, one and one-third cupsful of flour sifted four times, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Stir the ingredients together very carefully. Do not beat it, Vanilla flavoring. Bake in a new ungreased pan in a moderate oven one hour. Do not open the oven door while it is baking. It is better when four or five days old.

**Shaker Cherry Pudding.**—Put one-half pint of cherries in the dish the pudding will be cooked in, shake a little sugar over them, and also stir in one tablespoonful of flour. In another dish put one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, a little pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; rub these together, adding just milk enough to make a stiff batter; pour it over the cherries and steam one hour. Serve with pudding sauce or whipped cream. Use large, sweet cherries.

**Swedish Meat Balls.**—One pound of finely ground lean beef put through a meat chopper twice, also a small onion if you like onions, one tablespoonful of flour, a little pepper and salt, and cold water enough to mix easily with a spoon, then wet your hands in cold water and shape into balls; put a piece of butter in the frying pan, have pan hot before putting balls in, fry on both sides, and push to one side; make brown gravy by browning a small piece of butter and a teaspoonful of flour; pour hot water over all and cook five minutes.

It is estimated that 115,000,000 people speak the English language.

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### "AN ENJOYABLE MUTINY."

Mutinies, even at the present day, declares Mr. Louis Becke, in "The Call of the South," are common enough. He adds that he has witnessed three, the first being when he was a boy. He and an elder brother were on their way to San Francisco, when they call "an enjoyable mutiny" took place, and filled his boyish heart with delight.

Our passage were taken at Newcastle, New South Wales, on the bark Lizzie and Rosa, commanded by a little red headed Irishman, to whose care we were committed. We took a quick dislike to him, as also did the other passengers, of whom there were thirty, cabin and steerage.

The bark was old, ill found and leaky, and from the day we left Newcastle the pumps were kept going, and a week later the crew came aft and demanded that the ship should return to port.

The little man succeeded in quieting them for the time, and we continued our course. By the time we sighted the Island of Rurutu, in the South Pacific, the crew and steerage passengers were in a very angry frame of mind. The crew were overworked and exhausted, and the passengers were furious at the miserly allowance of food doled out to them. At Rurutu the natives brought off two boat loads of fresh provisions, but the captain bought only one small pig for the cabin passengers.

The crew came aft and asked the captain to buy them some decent food, in place of the decayed pork and weevily biscuit upon which they had been existing. He refused, and ordered them forward; and then the mate lost his temper, and told the captain that the men were starving. Angry words followed, and the mate knocked the little man down.

Picking himself up, he bent below, and reappeared with a brace of old-fashioned Colt's revolvers, one of which he pointed at the mate, and calling upon him to surrender and be put in irons, he fired toward his head. Fortunately, the bullet missed.

The sympathetic crew made a rush aft, seized the skipper, and after knocking him about rather severely, held him under the force pump and nearly drowned him. The boatswain carried him below, locked him up in one of the staterooms, and the mate acted as skipper until we reached Honolulu.

At Honolulu the mate and all the crew were tried for mutiny, but the court acquitted them all, mainly through the testimony of the passengers.

My brother and I enjoyed it immensely, especially the spectacle of the evil tempered, vindictive little skipper being held under the force pump.

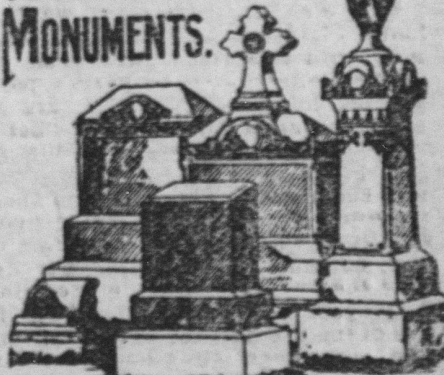
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