

Destiny.
Like an old Nurse, today there came to me
The walking figure of my Destiny.
As toys, all friendly and familiar faces
I put away, in unforgotten places.
Boys that are boys with me, when we are men,
I shall be coming back to you again!
—Fullerton L. Waldo, in the Christian Register.

THE EXPANSIONIST PANCHO.

BY HERBERT COOLIDGE.

Every Mexican mule learns to bulge his sides and hold his breath when the cinch is being tightened; every Mexican horseman knows how to fasten the saddle securely despite these efforts.

But the Expansionist Pancho had fiddled them all, unless, indeed, he except his master, Don Alvitro, with his occasional clumsy triumphs. Pancho was an animal of wonderful powers of inhalation, and his glossy black sides once inflated were as inflexible as the hickory staves of a molasses hog-head.

Don Alvitro, by a secret process extending over four days, could adjust a saddle to stay. It was then his custom to leave the Expansionist saddled until he could sell him to some stranger, who, a few days later, was willing to sell him back to the rascally vender—the only man in the country who would buy him—at a tremendous discount. I was Alvitro's eighteenth victim, also the last, for I turned the animal over to my little nephew, who rode him bareback.

What a boy does not find out about a mule is not worth knowing; and I was not much surprised when my brother's son announced that he had discovered a system for saddling Pancho.

Upon the present of a spry mustang, the youngster gladly relinquished his claim on my mule; and for the first time in his life Pancho utilized his marvelous powers of inhalation for the good of man.

In the years of faithful service that followed I had many inducements to part with Pancho,—among them was a handsome cash offer from Don Alvitro,—but firmly retained him until the hot summer day that I met a tall stranger on a road through the foothills near the Mexican border. He was afoot. He wanted to know how far it was to water; also if I would give him a few swallows from my canteen.

While I was plucking at the knot which fastened that article to the saddle, I withdrew my eyes from the appealing gaze of the thirsty stranger, and a moment later looked up to find myself covered with a big nickel-plated revolver.

"Get off that mule! I want him." "Evidently," thought I, "the time has come when the Expansionist Pancho and I must part."

A little later it developed that I and my revolver and a thousand dollars of my employers' money must also part. I anticipated difficulty in making my employers and others believe that the parting was really necessary, and yet as I stared at the hard visage behind the scintillating revolver, it seemed to me that my conduct was not irrational.

"Clearly," I cogitated, as with upstretched arms I obeyed the stranger's curt command to back off ten steps "this is a gloomy situation,—and with no silver lining."

Then the robber hooked a stirrup over the saddle-horn preparatory to recinching; and I felt unspokenly better. Pancho seemed relieved, too, when the latigo was loosened; and, as his new master lifted the saddle back from his withers, carefully spraddled and braced his stout legs, and filled his black skin with one of his wonderful inhalations.

This was nothing to my friend, the robber. He put his foot against the cinch-rod and pulled, easily at first, then until he was red in the face, at the long latigo. Finally he made fast, satisfied, apparently, with having exerted all his strength and taken all the stretch out of the saddle rigging. It would be easy, he doubtless assured himself, to dismount a mule or so down the road and recinch the mule when the brute was off his guard and a trifle winded.

But I knew that Pancho was never off his guard when a man dismounted, and never too much winded for successful expansion. Instead of starting back to San Diego, as I was ordered by the stranger on pain of death to do, I turned and followed him the moment he disappeared round a turn of the road.

I peered out from behind a rock at that turn just in time to see the Expansionist perform a familiar antic. Pancho's nerves were absolutely stable except when there was a two-inch air-space under his girth. Then the falling of a leaf or the chirp of an insect would cause him to lurch violently sidewise. Lucky the rider then if the saddle did not turn and throw him headlong. The tall stranger, who was an excellent horseman, weathered Pancho's trick with the grace of a centaur, but had the bad

judgment to spur him on the shoulders and to whack him violently with the quirt. The mule hurriedly betook himself to the middle of the road, and in his mute mule way cringingly promised to do better.

I knew about how much Pancho's promises amounted to when his girth was loose, and the moment the robber stopped beating him and dismounted to recinch I drew back into the brush, resolved on retrieving my reputation, my employers' thousand dollars and my good mule Pancho.

Fortunately for my plans, the road which the stranger must travel formed a long, narrow loop just ahead. Also, he must have had another fracas or two with Pancho, for I crossed the loop, and had plenty of time to twist off an oak club and catch my breath before I heard the thud of hoofs approaching.

My plans for recapturing lost cash and honors were not those of a fool nor yet those of a hero.

To be sure, I had only a poorly trimmed oak club, and the robber had my revolver and at least one of his own; but I was counting on the balance being thrown my way by certain complications which, when Pancho's cinch was loose, always rose when he had been beaten for shying and had promised faithfully to do better.

I rolled my coat into a tight ball, reckoning that its sudden advent into the road would precipitate these complications.

On came the dust-muffled pattering of Pancho's swift lope. He approached the clump of brush that screened my boulder. As he came opposite I shot the coat fairly under his heels.

With a frightened grunt he darted sidewise into the brush. As though himself a part of the animal the stranger sat him, keeping the balance of himself and the saddle, and finding time to draw a revolver and flatten a couple of bullets against my boulder.

I had thrown myself flat behind my stone bulwark as the robber's arm dropped toward his holster, and I lay there motionless, feeling rather scared and chilly. Then I heard the sharp tunk! tunk! of stiff-legged jumping, and divining that the tall stranger would be too busy for further shooting, ventured to peer round the corner of my boulder.

Pancho, his betasseled tail rotating like a screw-propeller, his head between his forefeet, his neck stretched so angularly groundward that it appeared like an exaggerated fifth leg, was doing some prodigious bucking. His nerves seemed completely unstrung, and I knew it was on account of the coat and the air-space between the cinch and his belly.

The robber sat him with the fearless alertness of a professional rider, and yet he appeared very insecure, for his saddle had slipped forward and juttied several inches over the precipitous front end of the contortionist Pancho.

Up and down, back and forth, round and round—it made me dizzy to view them. It was wonderful bucking, offset by wonderful riding; and yet there could be but one termination.

The inevitable came when, with a lightning side jump, Pancho turned the saddle and slammed the stranger to the ground with terrific violence.

I was watching for this maneuver and leaped at the robber the moment I saw him falling. But he lay so limp and pallid that I was ashamed by my upraised cudgel, and casting it aside, disarmed him, tied his legs and hands, and began work for his reanimation.

While I loosened his shirt and bathed his temples from a flask which I found in his pocket Pancho, with the saddle dangling beneath him, was reducing a fifty-foot circle of brush to dust and splinters.

My mule and I must have finished our respective tasks at about the same moment, for just as the dazed robber recovered sufficiently to be raised to a sitting posture, Pancho, bare-backed now and joyful, trotted forward and mutely requested that the corners of his eyes should be freed of dust and perspiration.

I carefully performed this service, then proceeded to saddle him on the lines pioneered by my small nephew. First I drew the cinch as tightly as the expansion of his ribs would permit, then, mounting without fastening the latigo, trotted him up the road. The obtuse rascal always considered expansion while traveling unnecessary, and as his sides shrunk to normal, I pulled up the slackened girth, and Pancho's saddle was again a fixture.

With the intention of taking my prisoner to the nearest ranch-house, I released his legs and covering him with my revolver, ordered him to get into the saddle. Strangely enough, he demurred, saying:

"You can shoot me dead, but you don't get me on that mule again."

At this juncture an overheated, reputed United States marshal approached, identified my unruly prisoner as a much-wanted smuggler whom he was trailing, and gladly took him into custody.

Then, with my reputation, my employers' thousand dollars and the Expansionist Pancho firmly in hand, I cheerfully resumed my journey.—Youth's Companion.

OLD BEAMS FOR ORGAN PIPES.

Turning Lumber From Ancient Public Building to Account.

"Organ pipes," says a well known builder of this city, "are made of the best white pine, and the older and better seasoned the wood the

better the quality of tone given out by the pipe.

"In Germany and England when an old public building, such as a church, town hall or large structure of any kind, is to be taken down there is always an organ builder haunting the place to find out of what wood the roof and floor beams are made and if he discovers that they are of white pine he is ready to pay almost any reasonable price for them, provided, of course, they are in good condition, without knots or nail holes. He knows that many of these churches and other buildings were erected 400 or 500 years ago and that through forty or fifty decades the wood has been slowly drying and hardening until it has reached a condition which from the organ builder's point of view is perfection. Then he takes the old beams home to his factory, covering them in transit with tarpaulins, cuts them into boards of the desired size and makes his pipes with perfect confidence that the organ will be a musical success.

"Most of the old organs of Europe, that is organs built from 100 to 300 years ago, have a mellowness of tone that distinguishes them from modern instruments, and although the skill of the toner is now lessening the difference between the old organs and the new, just as there is between violins made now and those Cremona instruments that have mellowed with time.

"American organ builders spend no time looking for old beams, but they do keep their lumber seasoning and for several years before they use it and then depend on the toner to make up the difference.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FISHWOMEN ON THEIR DIGNITY.

How They Forced the Removal of an Official Police Inspector.

A telegram from Cherbourg describes a strange happening there recently. The fishermen had brought in a big catch of fish and shellfish and the market was just opening when a police inspector stepped up to one of the fishwives to make note of an infringement of the local by-laws.

The woman had stepped two yards further than the by-law allowed her to do. A minute later a second police complaint was made—against a woman who had undertaken to sell the fish of a fishwife who was ill. A third complaint was made against a fisherman who went out of his turn in putting up his catch for sale.

The news of the police officiousness spread quickly. Many of the women were still bargaining with the fishermen, but the last bids and counterbids could not be heard for the shouts of the women established behind the fish baskets on the market place. In two minutes the word was passed round that the fishwives were going to close the market in order to show their indignation against the police.

For some time all was hurry and bustle, within ten minutes the market square had been cleared and the fish returned to the boats in which they had been brought into harbor. Thus it was that the 75,000 inhabitants of Cherbourg were without fish recently. The strike came to an end very soon owing to the removal by the municipal authorities of the obnoxious police inspector.—London Standard.

HUMAN VIBRATIONS.

Frenchman Who Thinks He Has Photographed the Emotions.

Dr. Baraduc of Paris has been lecturing, says the Health Record, at the Theosophical Society's rooms in London on human vibration. He showed many photographs of three alleged vibrations by placing a sensitized film on one of the nerve centres.

He usually places the film at night and leaves it till morning. The vibrations of the subject throw the nitrate of silver on the film into a corresponding form of vibration, which is found registered on the film when developed, just as the light reflected from an object through the lens of a camera registers the form of that object.

Dr. Baraduc had also many pictures taken in the ordinary way by means of the camera. In these various states of emotion are shown. Sudden anger appears as a sort of whirling shower of sparks and vapor. A state of high spiritual contemplation produces a misty globe of light some way above the sitter's head.

In one picture the etheric double of a woman kneeling in prayer is shown. According to the doctor the etheric cosmic forces are continually streaming into us and becoming individualized, or streaming out, being disindividualized, mingling again with the general stream.

One photograph showed the vibration of telepathic communication—some had lines in ribbons of light, showing attachment. In one, taken as the doctor's wife passed away, the line or bond which had always appeared between them is seen for the first time broken.

Bishops Counted.

The Protestant Episcopal church has eighty-five bishops, including the presiding bishop, in the United States; two in China, two in Japan and one each in West Africa, Cuba, Haiti, Brazil and Mexico. The Methodist Episcopal church has nineteen bishops and seven missionary bishops. The Methodist Episcopal church south has eleven bishops.

Household Notes

TO WASH A BOA.

Do not despair if your boa looks like a drowned rat.

Boas of marabou or cock's feathers can be cleaned as efficaciously by means of soap and water as by any more expensive methods.

A lather of good soap should be prepared with a little warm water; the boa immersed in this and left to soak for a few minutes, when it should be worked gently in the fingers and rinsed in several clean, lukewarm waters until all soil is eliminated.

The effect is hardly encouraging when it is removed from the water, for it does suggest a drowned rat more than ever, but if shaken gently out of doors in the wind it will regain all its original fluffiness.—New York Times.

KEEPING BUTTER FRESH.

Here is how one housekeeper who cannot renew her supply of butter every few days manages to keep it fresh.

She puts her extra pounds of butter into a bowl large enough to hold it when pressed tightly. Then she covers with a half cup of water, to which a teaspoonful of salt has been added and sets in the refrigerator, putting a lid on the bowl.

This method prevents the butter from tainting, even if it must be kept a week or more.—New York Press.

THE THRIFTY GIRL AND HER NEEDLE.

Have you an old petticoat that is too disreputable to wear, yet too good to throw away? Why not turn it into a dainty corset cover.

If there is an embroidered flounce cut the best parts of it for the lower half of the waist, putting it into a band at the waist line.

This may be fastened on the shoulders with a bow of ribbon, as is the usual way, but it is far prettier to make the upper part of several rows of lace insertion headed by heading and a row of lace. This is sewed under the embroidered edge of the flounce and gives a smart and dainty effect.

If the petticoat is worn on the edge and the upper part good, trim it off neatly to the depth of the scallop and roll it to heading, above which is a row of Valenciennes lace about a half inch wide. This makes a showy corset cover with little work or expense.—New York Press.

TO KEEP THE ECRU TONE.

The ecru tone that is so desirable in net blouses and curtains just now must not be confounded with dirt. While this tint is more serviceable than white, washing is soon necessary.

After washing bleaching is inevitable unless means are taken to preserve the creaminess. This can be done in several ways. The easiest is to rinse the net in water to which saffron has been added until the desired shade is obtained.

Dip a small piece of net or muslin into the tawny water as a test before putting in the bigger articles, or the work of washing may have to be done over again.

Hay water is used to preserve the creamy tone. The hay is boiled and left to cool in fresh water. Strain it before using. Soak the lace or net thoroughly to remove most of the dirt before washing in the hay colored water.—New York Press.

RECIPES.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.—Two cups bread crumbs, 1 quart milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, salt to taste, 2 squares of chocolate, 1 cup raisins can be used in place of chocolate.

Banana Cream.—Force through a ricer one cupful of banana pulp; mix with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Beat thoroughly, add one cupful of whipped cream, beat again and serve in frappe glasses after chilling.

Sponge Drop Cakes.—Three eggs, 1½ cups sugar, two cups flour, one-half cup cold water, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful extract of lemon. Bake the eggs without separating, add the sugar, water, flour and baking powder sifted together, and flavoring. Bake in muffin pans or cups, in a quick oven.

Apple Tea.—Roast two large sour apples. Cover with boiling water; when cool, pour off the water and strain. Add sugar to taste.

Chocolate Pudding.—Cream together one cup sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful soft butter, one tablespoonful cut chocolate, melted, one-half teaspoonful vanilla, one-half teaspoonful salt, add one cup milk, 1½ cups flour, one and three-quarters bread flour. Steam two hours. Serve with sauce.

Macaroons.—Half a pound of almonds, blanched, dried and pounded to a paste, with one teaspoonful of rose water. Beat together the whites of three eggs and half a cup of powdered sugar, adding the sugar by the teaspoonful. Add half a teaspoonful of almond essence, then add the pounded almonds, and if too soft to be shaped, add one teaspoonful of flour. Roll in balls on buttered paper. Bake slowly.

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HOW ABE RUEF HUNTED WITH HIS PACK OF HOUNDS

Nothing contrived by man has ever done its work more efficiently and completely than the San Francisco graft machine. All keepers of saloons who thrived by breaking the law, proprietors of gambling houses, mercenary restaurants, etc., paid a tax of extortion that was nicely adjusted to squeeze out every dollar the vile traffic would bear. Wretched women paid promptly under penalty of being driven off the street. No lawbreaker was small enough to slip through the meshes of the graft net without paying. No individual, nor firm, nor corporation asking favor or even their rights of the city government was rich or strong enough to escape. The traffickers in vice paid cash, divided their takings secretly with regularly appointed agents of the machine. Promoters of great enterprises that required municipal permit in order to become active and profitable found it expedient to add Abe Ruef to their staff of attorneys. Ruef's procedure was not coarse; it was diplomatic, although exceedingly avaricious. Having learned who was the principal individual in a company seeking or about to seek a franchise, he managed to meet that principal individual in a casual way and suggest a helpful scheme.

"I'd like to be one of your attorneys," was the astute method by which Ruef would insinuate himself. "I feel certain that I could be of considerable help to your concern. I shall expect a fee of — dollars a year for — years, and I should prefer to have the payment made in one sum."

Sometimes, though not often, the victim succeeded in persuading Ruef that the fee was too high and that a reduction was imperative, but always Ruef prevailed. For if he were not engaged as attorney, Paul might plant and Apollo might water, but the enterprise would come to naught — withered by the indifference of the Board of Supervisors. It mattered nothing to them whether or not the proposed activities would supply a public need. The only question was: "Is Abe Ruef in favor of this franchise?" If the answer was affirmative, the franchise was granted; if negative, the franchise was withheld. The little lawyer's control of the supervisors was perfect. He originally chose them, nominated them to office and had them elected by means of a fusion between the Republican and union labor organizations. They were, and they knew they were, his creatures. To him they looked for further advancement in political life, so that in so far as gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come they were grateful to a high degree, and did his bidding without question. Moreover, their status as supervisors brought them an increase of business and profit in their ordinary vocations, for many citizens were anxious to be on good terms with the city fathers. Besides all this, Abe Ruef distributed a minor part of his spoils among "the boys." From all that I can learn this largesse was not the result of any mathematical division of booty. He did not pretend to render any accounting to his small confederates.

"The supervisors were Abe Ruef's pack of hounds, and he hunted with them," was the characterization that a shrewd San Franciscan gave me. "Now and then, when they became clamorous, he tossed them some scraps of meat. You remember the description Ruef has given of them—'so hungry that they'd eat the paint off a house.'—William Inglis, in Harper's Weekly.

PARTLY WIFE-MADE.
"He is a self-made man, all right."
"His wife claims that she superintended the job."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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