

Introspection.  
What is it makes a man?  
It is the battle wild and red,  
The will to face the foe;  
To stand among the sick and dead  
Nor any fear to know.  
What is it makes the man  
It is the soul in peril placed  
When false gods beckon fair,  
Still on the stars thine eyes to train  
And feel thy Spirit there  
What is it makes a man?  
It is the little mite of Love  
That filters through thy dust,  
That makes thy Living worth the while  
And thine all in trust,  
—T. L. Hinckley, in the Christian Register.

## THE TRIUMPH OF OPPOSITION

BY T. HARRIS DEANS.

"You needn't look so upset," he went on. "You'll be all right. Horace is bound to suit you."  
"What is he like?" she inquired, curiosity overcoming her anger.  
"O—h, all right. Bit soft, you know. Doesn't smoke or drink, or—fact is, he doesn't do any thing much."  
"And you think he'll suit me?" she said, slowly.  
The young man nodded.  
The girl jumped to her feet.  
"You're a horrid, mean cad!" she cried.  
"Seems to me," said the young man, aggrievedly, "I'm only wasting my time when I try to be nice to you."  
"If you have been trying to be nice," she said, emphatically, "you are."  
With a vindictive glance she made for the door.  
"Where are you off to?" he demanded.  
"I'm going to tell uncle that I hate, loathe and despise you," she said, deliberately.  
"Tell him you won't marry me?"  
"I shall tell him—er—delicately that," she said, as she slammed the door behind her.  
"So," said the uncle after dinner that evening, "nothing will induce you to marry?"  
"That's about it," said his nephew.  
"I'd sooner beg my bread from door to door," cried the girl.  
"An unsatisfactory means of getting a livelihood," commented her uncle.  
"Horace will be down tomorrow," he continued, "so there will be no need to confine yourself to a bread diet for a few days. I may say, candidly, that I'm very pleased at the decision you've come to. Horace will be a much more suitable match for you, Millicent. You may regard my suggestion as to you—er—coming to some arrangement with John as withdrawn. Even were you to alter your mind I should refuse to consent."  
"Millicent is of age," said the young man, suddenly. "You couldn't stop her if she wanted to."  
"Quite so. I meant that my will would be altered in favor of Horace and the Home for Imbeciles. This decision naturally removes any reason for a match between you two."  
"Just so," said the young man. "I see what you mean."  
The girl stole a glance at him.  
"Yes," she agreed, "that would remove any—reason."  
One afternoon about a week later, the young man threw down his tennis racket with a sigh.  
"Just after lunch, too," he said, with a gasp.  
The girl gave a smile.  
"Care to come on the river?" he asked.  
"I promised to go out with Horace," was the reply. "He's dressing himself, I believe, for the occasion."  
"Right—oh," he agreed, carelessly. "Well I'm off tomorrow," he added casually.  
"Tomorrow?" cried the girl. "I thought you were staying another week?"  
"Yes, but you see—"  
"Because of Horace?"  
"We—get on each other's nerves, so, of course, I'm off. You needn't pretend to be sorry."  
"I shouldn't think of pretending to be sorry," she said, indignantly.  
"I suppose," began the young man, doubtfully, "you don't really mean you—Hello! here's Horace."  
"Quick!" she cried, darting round a clump of laurels.  
"What's the matter?" called her cousin, who was close on her heels.  
"Nothing; only I—well, the river will be cooler."  
In the boat the girl grow reserved again.  
"Well, what do you think of Horace?" inquired her cousin.  
"He—he's very nice," said the girl, vaguely.  
"We're not a bit alike, are we?"  
"Good gracious, no!" she cried. "One's quite enough in a family."  
"One of whom—Horace or me?"  
The girl dabbled her hand in the water.  
"Oh, one of each," she replied, ambiguously.  
"Do you know," said the young man, curiously, "if I didn't know you so well I should almost think you meant to be nice."  
"Really!" she said, with a laugh. "Of course—of course, you do know me."  
"Well, rather," was the confident assertion.  
"It's a great gift," she murmured, with a half glance at him, "to be able to judge people so easily."  
The young man modestly applied himself to the sculls once more.  
"What will Horace say to you when we get back?" she asked suddenly, after a long pause.  
"Say? Nothing."  
"Oh!"  
"What would you say if you were he?"  
"Punch my head," said the young man curtly. "I mean punch his—that is—punch the fellow's head who was with you."  
"Would you?" She surveyed him with some interest. "Do you mean really punch?"  
"Yes," he said stoutly, oblivious of the injustice of such a proceeding.  
"How lovely!" sighed the girl.  
She looked at him dreamily.  
"Why?" she asked at length. "No, you needn't tell me," she cried, hurriedly, as the young man rested on his oars.  
"Because," he said, disregarding her protest, "life wouldn't be worth living when you weren't with me, and—"  
"You mustn't," she cried, desperately.

ly. "I told you not to."  
"You shouldn't have asked at all if you didn't want to hear," he said sulkily.  
For a while she leaned back in her seat with closed eyes, while he continued pulling stubbornly at the oars.  
"What was the other reason?" she murmured at length.  
With a few strokes the young man turned the nose of the boat toward the bank and shipped his oars.  
From a window which looked on to the lawn the old man interestedly watched a retriever sidle up to a bone which lay unregarded by the side of a dozing Irish terrier.  
His eye wandered across the lawn to the boat house. Just then the young couple came from the landing stage across to the house.  
Most unembarrassedly they walked hand in hand. They were in a world where they were the only inhabitants.  
A sudden growl again drew his attention to the Irish terrier, now wide awake and gnawing his bone with relish, while the detected thief slunk hurriedly away.  
"Hm!" said the old man, with a curious smile.—The Sketch.

## IMPATIENT SPARROWS.

Clamored Because Dear, Generous Old Lady Was Late.

A man who goes home about day-break at this time of year turned down an unaccustomed street the other morning, a street on which there are trees and rather wide areas with grass plots before the houses. In one of the areas he was surprised to see all the sparrows on the block holding a convention.  
They were all headed toward the basement door of the house and were formed in a sort of wedge, with one single sparrow forming the apex and the others in broadening rows behind him, says the New York Sun. There may have been a hundred or more of them and they were all chirping with tremendous energy and insistence. It sounded as if an orchestra of greased wagon wheels was doing a fortissimo stunt.  
As the man stood wondering what was the matter the basement door opened slowly and a very old and white-haired woman tottered out. She had a good-sized tin basin in her hand and it was full of bread crumbs, stale bread apparently, chopped up into chunks about the size of dice. As she appeared the birds rose in the air with a great whirring of wings, but not to go far. They hovered about her as she feebly advanced to the area railing and began to throw handfuls of the bread into the street.  
She scattered the food with experienced skill so that the maximum number of birds could get at it at the same time. With many chirps they descended upon it, some pecking it up apparently on their own account and others flying off to the depths of the foliage or the angles of roofs and cornices, where they had nests. They made a clean job of it in a very few minutes.  
"I feed them every day, winter and summer," said the old lady with a beaming face. Unless the weather is too bad they get their meal soon after sunrise and they come looking for it: I'm an early riser; I'm just a little bit late this morning and that's the reason they were so noisy. I wonder who's going to take care of them when I'm gone? There won't be many to love them the way I do; I love them because they have so much life in them. But I guess they won't be let starve."

## SHE GOT HER BEAR.

Prodded Him Out With Her Scissors Then Tomahawked Him.

As for that girl of women—meaning Indian women—which has been celebrated in a well known book, there is a story in Fur News which is good evidence of their physical courage.  
A dealer in skins tells of a squaw who was walking along on her snowshoes one day when her small boy saw a bear curled up under the snow in his winter sleep. She could not kill him where she was, so she lashed a pair of scissors to a sapling, prodded him out and smashed his head in with her tomahawk as he emerged.  
"I gave her \$10 for the skin," writes the dealer, "so it was not a bad morning's work. Another ingenious piece of hunting that I remember was accomplished by an Indian who found two moose in a yard—that is, the snow clearing which the animals make when the frosts are breaking up and the snow is too sharp and brittle for their comfort.  
"He crept up and got the female with his tomahawk. The male was driven to fury and it was unsafe to approach him. The stroke of a hoof would have put the Indian out of business in close order.  
"Having no gun, he improvised a bow and arrow from the trees, stuck a sharp file into the point of the arrow, made a bowstring with the laces of his moccasins and shot the beast through the heart."

Since the unification of the Wesley Brotherhood and the Brotherhood of St. Paul in the Methodist Church, which brought 1,500 societies together, the membership, which was 150,000 at the time of union has taken a rapid stride forward.

This year's "senior wrangleship" at the University of Cambridge, England, gives great honors to a young Russian Jew.

## Household Notes

GRAPE GELATINE.  
Large and individual molds can be found at the dealers to supply your needs for making gelatine, blanc manges, and similar dainties. One of the newest designs is a grape mold, and when the gelatine is emptied on a dainty piece of china it looks just like a bunch of luscious grapes. The fruit may be dropped into the jelly before it sets to carry out this illusion.—New York Times.

CARD CATALOGUE.  
A clever housewife has made a "card catalogue" for home use. It is like the library catalogues, although the holder is only a shoe box, and the cards cut to fit and stand upright in it, in alphabetical order. After "Canning" come recipes and useful hints on cards, usually clipped from papers and magazines and pasted on. Under "Quick Remedies" come all sorts of things which can be easily got and applied in the home in case of poison, scalds, burns or accidents. Cleaning, baking and all departments of household labor have their sections. The children do most of the pasting up, considering it a superior rainy day amusement. The mother, in reading, clips whatever seems to be useful and leaves the clippings to be adjusted when convenient.—New York Tribune.

BEST CARE OF VEILS.  
If your white veil is very much soiled it will not be a difficult matter to bring it back to its original whiteness. Make a strong lather of white soap, and immerse the veil in it for about a quarter of an hour.  
Rinse it in cold water carefully with a little liquid bluing. You can also add perfume to this water. Pass the veil through a thin gum arabic water, or water in which rice has been boiled, and clear it by shaking. Pin evenly on a linen cloth. When dry lay between a piece of thin muslin and iron on wrong side.  
To wash your black veil, pass it through hot water in which a small quantity of ox gall has been mixed, together with some perfume. Squeeze, but do not rub it. Rinse in cold water, putting bluing in the last rinse.  
Stiffen by dipping in a very thin glue water, made by pouring water on glue. Squeeze and shake out and dry and iron on the wrong side, the same as the white veil.—New York Times.

CUSHION COVER OF LINEN.  
Pretty sofa cushions always add a touch of homeliness to any room, and while the cushions may be not only beautiful but inexpensive, they are well worth the little trouble it takes to make them. A very attractive cover, answering to this description is of old-fashioned scrim dipped in coffee to give it a rich, creamy tint. It is a very useful material, for it may be embroidered in many ways. Narrow cotton soutache works is charmingly; mercerized cotton or silk—done in the cross-stitch—gives it a comfortable, grandmotherly look. And last, but not least, the mesh is wide enough to permit the design to be carried to perfection with French embroidery ribbon.  
An ecru scrim cover is made beautiful by a design of large brown daisies done with the last-named material. The flowers are not scattered broadcast on the pillow, nor have they any stems. The design is quite conventional; the daisies—which perhaps are better described as stars save for the yellow rosette in the center of the five petals—are placed in a double row around the edge of the pillow, thus forming a border. This leaves the smooth material in the center and insures the comfort of the pillow when in use.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

RECIPES.  
Orange Fritters.—Divide the oranges into quarters, removing all the pith carefully; dip each piece into sifted sugar, then into good frying batter and fry in deep fat until a golden color. Drain by the fire and serve on a doily.  
Mock Mince Pie.—One cup thick sour milk, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup molasses, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful mixed spices, butter size of butternut 1 cup raisins cut in two, 1 tablespoon of vinegar.  
Glaze Meringue.—One quart cream 8 tablespoonfuls gelatine, 1 small cup of sugar, 1 small tablespoonful of vanilla; soak gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in 1/2 pint of cream which has been heated; add all ingredients and freeze; pack and let stand 1 or 2 hours; then beat to a froth the whites of 4 eggs into which stir 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar; turn cream into dish in which it is to be served and cover with meringue and brown in oven. Serve immediately.  
Chocolate Pie.—A large cup of milk, 2 eggs, 2/3 heaping tablespoonful cocoa, pinch of salt; flavor with vanilla; mix chocolate with 2 tablespoonfuls milk; stir in the large cup scalded milk. Beat 1 whole egg and the yolks of 2 with the sugar. Pour the hot milk over sugar and eggs, stirring briskly; add salt and vanilla. Bake as we do custard pie. Frost with the whites of eggs, browning in oven.

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**BURDETTE'S BEAR STORY.**  
They were resting around the President's campfire in the Louisiana swamprat. The dogs were asleep with the fatigue of the chase, the guides were lying around feasting their eyes upon the distinguished guest, and the President was enjoying the campfire as a sportsman can.  
"Boys," he said, "did you ever hear Bob Burdette's bear story?"  
"Wah Bob Burdette a b'ah hunzah?" asked Guide Enolds.  
"Not exactly," the President answered. "Bob was a much braver man than a bear hunter. He trailed year in his youth, but when he grew older he became brave enough to follow the lecture platform."  
The guides didn't know this last-named beast, but they smoked their pipes in confidence of its terrors.  
"Bob's bear story needs Bob to tell it," the President continued, "but he isn't here, and I'll rattle around in his shoes a bit. There were two men going through a field. A large and mean-dispositioned bull waited until they had gained the middle of the field, when he set upon them, following."

The two men ran for their lives, but the bull closed up and began hooking at their coat tails. One of the fugitives made for a tree and thinned into it, while the other took refuge in a hole in the ground.  
"The bull made for the man in the hole. It flashed over as he dived in. He instantly bobbed out again, the bull made for him, and he bobbed in and out as the bull shot back and forth. They kept this up for a while, and the man in the tree yelled:  
"Why don't ye stay in that hole, ye fool?"  
The bull was dashing across the hole with mad roars, and the man was bobbing in and out desperately, but he heard the voice from the tree.  
"Fool yourself," he retorted prethlessly. "That's a bear in this hole!"

One of the guides threw a log on the fire, an owl hooted off in the timber, and there wasn't a nature faker within 500 miles.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.  
**ATTACKED BY AN EAGLE.**  
Discovering an eagle's nest in the face of the Lost Well Canyon Cliff, Arthur Williams, a Riverton (Wyoming) rancher, got two companions to assist him in robbing the parent bird of her fledglings.  
A rope was dropped from the top of the cliff and down this Williams slid a distance of 200 feet until opposite the nest. At that moment the mother eagle appeared, and without hesitation attacked the man. Williams struck at her with a stick he carried as a weapon and at the first blow it was dashed from his hand by the beating wings of the eagle. Pecking, clawing and striking stunning blows with her wings, the eagle was beating the man when one of Williams's companions dropped a heavy stone on her and she fell into the canyon.  
Although severely lacerated and bruised, Williams nevertheless secured the nestlings and then descended to the floor of the canyon, where he attempted to capture the parent bird. As he grasped her, her vitality returned, and she beat him off and soared away.  
Williams's companions gave his wounds emergency attention, drawing the torn flesh together and plastering it with postage stamps. He was a dilapidated spectacle when he returned to town, but had not received any injury of lasting consequence.

**REAL MERIT.**  
"There's one thing I like about those sheath dresses," said the husband.  
"What's that?" asked the wife.  
"There don't seem to be a lot of buttoning to do at the back!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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