

THE CAKE POINTER.
By Earle Hooker Eaton
In the sideboard apprehension
Thrills the hidden gingerbread;
Doughnuts, shrinking from attention,
Shiver with a nameless dread.
In the pantry devastation
Now begins its ruthless rule.
Hungrier than all creation,
Little Willie's home from school!

As the pointer scents the rabbit,
As the needle seeks the pole,
Willie moves by force of habit
Toward each gastronomic goal.
Sniffs the air and tiptoes slyly
To the sideboard with a smile;
"That there boy," says uncle, drily,
"He can smell a cake a mile!"

Once we had a maid named Tillie,
Who was sly as any mouse.
"Me for angel cake!" said Willie,
As one day he searched the house.
Later Tillie cried, "I did it!"
(Saved the cake was what she meant.)
"Neath the cottons Tillie hid it,
Throwing Willie off the scent."
—Harper's Weekly.

A RUSE.
He Forces the Issue by Announcing
His Departure.

"How many times do you want me to say it?" demanded Miss Callonby. "I thought we had that all settled finally and forever."
"I didn't understand it as 'finally,'" said Bennie Purvis. "I hoped."
"I told you there was no use hoping," snapped the young woman. "You asked me if you mightn't hope, and I distinctly told you no. That's what I said, and now you drag the whole thing up again."
"Was that the last time?" asked Bennie doubtfully.

"You know perfectly well it was. It was in this very room. I'll have witnesses the next time, or a phonograph."
"There isn't going to be any next time," Bennie said this quite determinedly.

"You said something to that effect before. There oughtn't to have been any this time. There wouldn't have been if you had any regard for my feelings."

"Oh, I say!" remonstrated Bennie in his best English manner.

"Well, you haven't. You know it's a painful thing for me to have to refuse you."

"Why do you do it then?" asked the young man, not unreasonably.

"Why not have some consideration for my feelings and say 'Yes'?"

"Because I don't want you. I'm not going to marry you just to spare your feelings."

"I haven't any idea of asking you to marry me to spare my feelings. If you were willing to do it I shouldn't let you."

Miss Callonby pouted. "I don't see how you could help it," she said.

"But you needn't feel alarmed. I'm not going to. You're the last man on the face of the earth that I would dream of marrying."

"You'd sooner have Corwin, I suppose?"

"Why, Bennie!" exclaimed the young woman. "I've told you twenty times that I detest him. You know I have. And I do. He's loathly."

"Nobody would ever think it," said Bennie. "And you've told me half a dozen times or more that you like him very much indeed."

"So I do—as a friend."

Bennie tried to shrug his shoulders. "We'll count him out for the sake of argument," he said. "How about King?"

"King?"

"Yes, King. How about him?"

"What about him? What do you mean?"

"I mean to ask you if you wouldn't sooner have him than me?"

"I wouldn't have either of you," said Miss Callonby. "So there."

"You don't seem to get the point—or you don't mean to," said Bennie. "You said I was the last man in the world that you would marry."

"I hope you will excuse me if I contradict you flatly, but I didn't."

Bennie made his eyes round.

"I said, 'On the face of the earth that I would dream of marrying.' It may amount to the same thing, but I should prefer to be quoted correctly."

Bennie let that pass. "It follows that if you had to choose between King and me you would take King," he said.

"It doesn't follow at all," said Miss Callonby. "That was just a figure of speech."

Bennie brightened amazingly.

"Employed to impress you with the very positive nature of my—how many does this make? Well, my refusal—I should like you to understand that it is positive. I want this to be the very last time. I shall be angry with you, Bennie, if you ever approach the subject again."

"Truly."
"Because, you know, I would if I could possibly. I wouldn't have you real angry with me for anything in the world. You know that, don't you? What makes you say I can believe you in that way?"

"Because I mean it."

The young woman looked at him long and seriously. "Bennie, you don't seem natural at all this evening," she said. "There's something hard about you that I don't like. I believe you are angry with me and you never were before in your whole life."

"And I never will be. I shall always have the very kindest thoughts of you."

"I don't want the very kindest thoughts. You talk as if you were going to China and didn't ever intend to come back."

Bennie smiled sadly. "That is a mighty near guess," he said. "The Philippines."

Miss Callonby gasped a little. "You're joking," she said.

"Never a joke," declared Bennie. "I've a good chance at a good thing out there and I made up my mind that if you said 'No' tonight I'd take it. And when I really do make up my mind—"

"Change it," said Miss Callonby. "Change it to please me. I don't want you to go to that wretched place. You'll have fever and all sorts of horrible things."

Bennie shook his head. "I guess I might as well say goodby now," he said.

He held out his hand. Miss Callonby took it and stood with her forehead wrinkled thoughtfully.

"I'll miss you horribly," she said at last.

"Just a little at first," said Bennie.

"No; all the time. You won't change your mind?"

"No."

The thoughtful frown on the young woman's face deepened and the clock ticked on.

"Goodby," said Bennie.

She raised her eyes to his and found them sad but inflexible in expression.

"Bennie," she said, hesitatingly, "if I asked you to ask me again—what you asked before—would you? You promised not to, but would you? Wait a moment. I said 'No' this evening and you said if I said 'No' you'd go to the Philippines, and you wouldn't change your mind. Would it make any difference if I said 'Yes'?"

"Are you asking out of curiosity?" demanded Bennie sternly. But he saw that she was not.

"It was a blamed mean trick," Bennie said to himself as he left the house. "Still I'm mighty sorry. I didn't think of it before. If she ever finds out I was bluffing!"—Chicago News.

BRUIN WITH A RECORD.

This One Has Distinguished Himself in Raiding Alaskan Hotels.

The chances are strong that within a couple of months there will be admitted into the animal colony at Washington Park a black bear from Circle City, Alaska, which according to the stories told about him by his recent owner, Robert C. Curry of Circle City, is likely to demoralize all of Keeper Bean's well behaved menagerie.

Teddy, for that is the now commonplace name of this proposed addition to the zoo, is only in his teens as regards his bear age. But he has ruined the best chef in Circle City, has cost much money by his dissolute habits, and has acquired a reputation known to all Alaska.

Mr. Curry gave the bear to his brother William of Milwaukee. And William Curry says he is going to hand the bear right over to a regular bear man, Keeper Bean, of the zoo.

Teddy was captured by Indians in the frozen regions, of the silent North, way north of Circle City. He was less than a day (a six months day) old when he was caught.

His real career began, however, after he and his brother struck Circle City and became the property of Mr. Curry, who is a wealthy mine owner there. At Circle City a man can pay higher prices for food than in almost any other spot under the sun. Porterhouse steaks come at \$7 and side dishes are only eaten by millionaires. It was when Pierre Lognette, the Circle City Hotel's French chef, forgot to put the strawberries in the safe that Teddy cut his first caper.

An order of strawberries and cream in Circle City costs about \$2.50, and there were about twenty small boxes of the berries stacked up when Teddy turned loose his appetite. They represented about \$200. Teddy ate them up clean. Then he consumed enough other delicacies to represent a small fortune. All this was paid for by Mr. Curry. This was Teddy's first offense.

The next time he got a chance Teddy raided the Arctic Inn, a fashionable bostelry in the mining city, and stole a twelve pound ham worth \$17 and a lot of assorted meats worth \$30.

Mr. Curry began to realize that the bear was a costly asset. It had already cost him \$252. But while the owner of Teddy was wondering what to do the latter hastened his decision by entering the store of a bankrupt Seattle merchant which had passed into the hands of a receiver. Teddy crawled into the store by night and stayed there for two days. His last raid was an expensive one, and after settling it

Mr. Curry chained up his pet and took him to Indianapolis.—Milwaukee Free Press.

HOW FOREST FIRES START.
Responsibility of Timbersmen—Strange Freaks of the Flames.

"These forest fires are more often started by some one throwing down a match carelessly or spilling out the live ashes from his pipe," said D. Whitaker. "When we were building the extension from Champion to L'Anse years ago some of the boys thought they would go down to Champion for a time. Coming back one of them lit his pipe and threw the match into the dry grass."

"Before that fire burned itself out it had traversed a strip of territory sixty miles long and five miles wide. We lost hundreds of thousands of ties by the fire, to say nothing of the timber that was burned over all because a man was not careful where he threw a lighted match. When such fires once get started they burn themselves out; you can't stop them."

"And they play some queer freaks. I have seen great pine trees, standing out alone in a little clearing 100 yards or more from anything, and suddenly the fire would jump out and a few minutes later nothing would be left of the tree but the trunk and scarred and burned limbs. I remember one case of the kind where a handsome big pine stood out alone. Suddenly the flames seemed to gather themselves into a big ball and burst over the top of the tree like a shell, enveloping it in fire. It burned as though it had been kindled."

"Somehow the fire seems to take all the sap out of the tree. That tree was completely destroyed in a short time, the fire sweeping on and leaving it a grotesque and blackened trunk where before was a beautiful picture."

"In the old days the Indians were very careful of fire. When they broke camp in the morning after going a short distance one of the band would go back to see that there was no spark unextinguished. If there was he would be sure to put it out. If he did not return to the waiting band soon two or three others would go back and if there was any fire they would help him extinguish it."

"In that way forest fires were prevented. Nowadays with white campers and picnickers going into the woods and leaving without care whether they leave sparks which may cause a blaze or not, it is hard to preserve the forests. I presume it was something of that kind which started the fires in that country up in British Columbia. I know the country; it is densely timbered and a fire there will mean the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars in standing timber, to say nothing of the lives said to have been lost."—Waukege Sentinel.

THE MAN IN THE RAIN.
His Manner of Managing Fine Apparel As Compared With Woman's Way.

"You would think, now, wouldn't you," she said, "that lordly man would defy the weather and not permit himself to be disturbed by such a little thing as rain? But my! I think men are more particular about their fine clothes than women are."

"Take a man who is out, for instance, in a high gray suit and let a shower come up. Does the man in gray go blithely on and let the rain fall upon him as it will? Very much not, sir! He seeks the nearest shelter and there he waits for the rain entirely to cease before he ventures on; more careful of his garments, surely, than any woman would be of hers."

"But it is what a man does with his straw hat in the rain that interests me most. Why, I have seen a man take off his straw hat in a shower and carry it under his coat, so careful is he about it, and let a man going along the street hatless, with his hat clutched in that way under his coat, a funny figure? Did you ever see a woman do that?"

"It's a common thing to see a man caught in a shower carrying his straw hat sort of casually down at his arm's length at his side, as if he was just sauntering that way, but really to protect his hat so as much as he can. And do we not even see men in the rain holding newspapers over their hats? Who ever saw a woman do that?"

"Women seem somehow to be able to go through a shower without making conspicuous figures of themselves. They are always serene, never troubled, and somehow they never seem to get as wet in the rain as men do."—New York Sun.

Pyramids.
The largest of the Mexican pyramids, that of Cholula, has a base measurement of 1,488 feet and a height of 173 feet. The great pyramid of Egypt, sometimes called the pyramid of Cheops, stands on a base each side of which was originally 764 feet long; but, owing to the removal of the coating, it is now only 746 feet. Its height, according to Wilkinson, was originally 480 feet 9 inches, its present height being 460 feet.—New York American.

During the last year Canada drew upon the United States for 58,312 immigrants. Over 120,000 came from the mother country and 84,000 from the continent of Europe.

During last year 29,208 vessels entered the port of London.

Household Notes

HOW TO STENCIL A WALL.
Very artistic effects can be secured by stenciling a wall. It makes a break in the plain surface, and very harmonious contrasts and dainty color schemes can be worked out by the use of stencils. To use the stencil successfully start at one corner of the room, press the stencil firmly against the wall, have the material that you are going to stencil with mixed up ready for use, dip the ends of your brush in this, and simply rub it across the face of the stencil, being careful not to get too much stuff on the brush so that it will run in back of the stencil and blur or blot. When you finish one section remove the stencil from the wall and carefully match it for the next.

An ordinary round paint brush is as good a stencil brush as any. Tie the bristles about half way down so that they will not spread, and in using just dip the tips of the bristles into the tinting material.—Country Life in America.

TO CLEAN LIGHT COLORED CLOTHS.
Light goods may be cleaned with benzine. Ammonia or benzine will remove spots from rough brown cloth, iron the stain through a wet piece of the same material with a very hot iron. The skirt and the piece of material adhere to each other, and when pulled apart the nap of the cloth is raised.

To clean children's dresses or coats, take a clean, dry white cloth, dip in ground rice, and thoroughly rub on the soiled parts, using a clean piece when you apply it; then shake out.

To clean children's dresses or coats, dresses rub with powdered white starch, using a piece of soft linen. Brush off with a clean brush and the facing will look like new.—New York Press.

HOME-MADE ICE BOX.
An ice box that can be made for 20 cents and kept filled for two cents a day is described in "The Journal of the American Medical Association."

"An ordinary wooden box, 12x18 inches, with a depth of 11½ inches, can be obtained from your grocer," says "The Journal." "In the bottom of the box place a substantial layer of sawdust. On this set a tin pail or can, eight inches in diameter and high enough to hold a quart bottle of milk. Care should be taken that the pail rests on sawdust—not on the wood bottom of the box. Around the pail place a cylinder of tin, a little larger than the pail, then pack sawdust about the cylinder—not between pail and cylinder—up to top of cylinder. Under cover of the box nail about fifty layers of newspaper. Set the milk bottle in the pail and pack broken ice about the bottle. A refrigerator of this description will hold two quart bottles of milk or four eight ounce feeding bottles. It can be operated for about two cents a day. To prevent rusting, a little soda might be placed in the can each day."—New York Tribune.

RECIPES.
Hominy Croquettes.—Add 1 pint of hot steamed hominy, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 1-4 teaspoonful paprika, Hungarian red pepper; form into rolls, crumb, then dip into beaten yolk of an egg, recover with crumbs, fry a delicate brown in deep fat; serve with cheese sauce. Cheese Sauce.—Melt 1 cupful grated cheese, add yolks of 2 eggs, 1-2 cupful milk, dash of salt and pepper.

Cucumber Relish.—One dozen large cucumbers, salt cucumbers and let stand over night; pare and slice them and drain them; 1-2 dozen onions, then chop them all together very fine; 1-2 cup black pepper; cover with vinegar and then bottle up tight. I use 1-4 cup of pepper, as my folks do not like it strong with pepper.

Onion and Potato Puffs.—Chop fine several cold boiled onions; mash some potatoes and bind together with beaten egg (using 1 egg for 6 medium sized potatoes); roll into a round sheet and trim neatly; put the chopped onion on one-half season with salt and pepper and a little chopped parsley; fold over the other half and fry a light brown; dish on a hot platter, garnish with parsley and serve at once.

Salt Fish With Parsnips.—Salt fish must always be well soaked in plenty of cold water the whole of the night before it is required for the following day's dinner; the next day the fish must be boiled in plenty of water, when done well drained from all water and placed on a dish with plenty of well boiled parsnips, then pour sauce over the fish, made as follows: Mix 2 ounces of butter with 3 ounces of pepper, flour and salt, a small glassful of vinegar and 1-2 pint of water; stir this on fire until it boils a few hard boiled eggs chopped up and mixed in the sauce improve it.

Canadian Pea Soup.—One quart Canadian peas (yellow ones), 1-2 pound salt pork, 2 large or 3 small onions. Cut pork in dice, put all in kettle holding 5 or 6 quarts water, add cold water, and let them cook 6 or 8 hours, always adding more cold water as the other boils away. Never add hot water.

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THE FROSTED PARTY CAKE.
Sue and Mary sat on the steps before the white hall door, with its big brass knocker. There were two steps with an iron rail to guard them, and in front of the lower step was a braided rag rug. The posts of the railing were topped by shining brass knobs. Sue's and Mary's great-grandma had the brass knobs polished every day. The two children sat sewing, as fast as their little fingers could go. Sue was making a dress for her doll, and Mary was hemming a sheet for her baby sister's crib. I am afraid that her mother had to sew it over again, but the wee little girl did the best she could. They were talking about a children's party that they were going to in a few days, for they had children's parties in this old Quaker town, with its brick and stuccoed houses and white doorways.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the party day, ten little girls, ten dear little Quaker girls in white frocks, went to Lydia's house on Penn street. Lydia's mother and Lydia's aunt met them at the white doorway, took off the ten little bonnets, and all the little girls went to the back porch to see the kittens. They drew strings on the floor and the kittens ran after and tumbled over one another, and every one laughed and the kittens purred. Then Lydia's mother took the ten little girls out into the garden and showed them the flowers. Lydia's aunt played games with the ten little girls, and then the party supper was ready. All the little girls sat at the big dining table, and Lydia's mother and Lydia's aunt placed something nice on every plate. How pretty the table looked with the china and silver and the colored jellies and the cakes! There were little cakes and a great big cake frosted. This was kept for the last. It was on a big plate and cut so that each little girl could pull a slice out. Lydia's aunt took the plate and said to Mary: "Will thee have a slice of cake?"

"How good it was! Mary loved frosting, but her little heart was shy, and to pull out the first slice while every one looked!"

"No, I thank thee," she replied.

"Will thee have a slice of cake?" asked Lydia's aunt of the next little girl.

"No, I thank thee," she answered.

"Will thee have a slice?" Lydia's aunt asked of the third little girl.

"No, I thank thee."

Ten little girls wanted the cake. Ten little girls replied, "No, I thank thee," because no one wanted to begin. Ten little girls were shy and so disappointed.

Lydia's mother knew.

"Oh," she exclaimed gently, "thee will have a slice, Mary, won't thee?" She smiled as she slipped out the first piece and laid it on Mary's plate.

"The next little girl will have a slice, will she not?" Another smile, and another piece of cake was laid on a plate.

"Sue will have a piece?"

"Harriet will have a piece?"

Every little girl had a slice of the cake. Every one liked Lydia's mother. She knew. The party went gayly on. Every one had a slice of the big party cake, frosted. — Harriet Mendelhall, in St. Nicholas.

The Fine Points of Drill.

An English drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks, so as to admit the passage of a cortège between them, the instructor, by way of practical instruction, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now, I am the corpse. Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the lane, he turned round, regarded the recruits with a scrutinizing eye, and then remarked: "Your 'ands is right and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got the look of regret you ought to 'ave!" — Bellman.

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