

Metempsychosis of the (Edmund Vance Cooke, in Success Magazine.)

I. ISRAEL.

In the dim and long ago  
Bravely didst thou face the foe  
Ere thou wert a king,  
Now thou battlest with a throng  
Then thou hadst a sling  
Gainst the Giants of today  
Many a David tryest,  
Few the slingers who can slay  
And thou slew Goliath.

II. ROME.

Later, on the bloody sands,  
With a short sword in thy hands,  
As a gladiator,  
Fought thou beasts from foreign lands,  
For the cruel spectator,  
Still the Tigers fiercely play;  
Art thou still their foe?  
Canst thou humble them today  
As before the Roman?

III. MIDDLE AGES.

Once again with lance in rest,  
Jointed armor on thy breast,  
Riding on a charger,  
Lady's glove upon thy crest,  
(Now thou wearest a larger!)  
Ancient armor falls to rust;  
Lances lose their luster;  
And thy game, the savage fous  
Hath become a jester.

## THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

By Douglass H. Morse.

He knew that he was drowsing in his chair and that the light was burning low. He thought that he would arouse himself, presently, before he had quite—ah! what was that—did some one knock just then, at the door? He could not be sure; it sounded so far away. He struggled to drag himself back to full consciousness and to listen. He fancied that he had very nearly succeeded; he felt that he was almost poised and then, in a twinkling he had lost his balance and he was slipping—slipping. He had a vague sense of trying to catch himself, of clutching at threads that snapped before him. Then before he was quite over the border he heard, or rather sensed, once more a rapping—very faint but very real, and the realm of it caught and held him there irresistibly. His nerves tingled in response, but it seemed an age before he could speak. Then, naturally enough, he cried, "Come in!" But his voice sounded foreign and distant like some one else's voice, and he found himself wondering dimly whether he really had spoken—whether—really—

Presently it occurred to him that the door had opened. His voice then—of course. The cloud lifted immediately; it was astonishing how clear everything became. Some one was coming in. He was aware of a strange, battered figure that stepped forward, uncertainly, screening a lighted miner's candle with one hand. Somehow or other even before the figure spoke, he knew that it was Dickie.

"Dad, I—I'm sorry to bother you once more—the figure laughed nervously.

Yes, it was Dickie—of that much he was certain. But it was perfectly impossible for Dickie to be there; and he was equally certain of that; for his son had gone away, very far away, and he would never come back—at any rate never like that, in those outlandish clothes. Spruce, fastidious Dickie! It was so inconsistent—so utterly absurd that he perceived at once that he was dreaming, and began to admire the logical soundness of his own inference. To know that he was dreaming and yet to dream on!

He could scarcely restrain a self-satisfied smile as he leaned back easily in his chair.

"I have come back, once more, against your orders," Dick was saying, "and against my own resolve. I have no right, I know, after—" he paused and clasped his hand to the back of his head in that old, awkward way.

"After my folly, and your injustice. I swore, then, it should be the last time—but I was mad when I swore. And so I went off to the mines—"

His voice broke huskily, and his face was so very white. The hand which he dropped from his head was gloved with blood, and his brown hair also was matted with black grime. For the first time he noticed that there was an ugly gash behind Dickie's ear. This frightened him until he remembered that it was all a dream. He resolved that he would not forget that and become confused again. But why should Dickie look so terribly serious? Perhaps he did not know it was a dream. On the whole, the situation was rather amusing, and he was half-minded to laugh, but then—he might awaken, and he wanted to see the end.

Dickie, who had started again, stopped short and winced just a little at that flicker of a smile. Then he frowned at his candle and continued:

"Tonight I was working in an old shaft. The timbers must have been rotten. All I remember is the crash."

The other was listening now. The notion to laugh had suddenly left him.

"When I came to, everything was dark. I lit this candle. It is all I have—when it goes out I will be

alone—off there in the darkness. Oh—he wished Dickie would not look so solemn."

Tomorrow is Sunday. They will not miss me till the next morning. The rocks are all about me—I am hemmed in—walled in—and the air is growing—so—close."

There was a fearfulness about Dickie's voice that made him tremble. He moistened his lips and tried to speak, but the words rattled like parchment in his throat.

"Now," said Dickie, very softly, "I have come to say good-bye, and—with his face a little whiter—" to tell you that I am—sorry." He paused and waited wearily.

"My head aches"—the form was growing indistinct—"I am very tired," he sighed, "I have come to tell you—I am—sorry—daddy." The murmur of his voice dwindled to a whisper. The candle still sputtered softly, but the form that held it was fading away. Only the eyes shone sorrowfully—as through a mist.

Then, at last, fear wrenched his naked soul, and the deep-tearing agony wrested loose his tongue.

"Dickie," he whimpered, "Dickie," and sprang towards those eyes with quivering arms—but they were gone in a mist.

"Stay!" he panted, snatching at the wraith behind the light, while anguish ran wet upon his brow—"Stay!"

The flame leaped up from the guttered candle and touched him lightly for one burning instant upon the wrist, and then candle and flame vanished alike, and there was only he standing with outstretched arms, all forlorn in the tense silent shadows. He moaned and sank back, fighting for breath.

And with that he awoke. He was seated in his chair and the light was burning low. So—he had forgotten, after all. Now, of course, he remembered; yet, as he stared woefully about the vacant room, a sudden terror seized him. "He fancied that his wrist tingled—the wrist that he had burned in his dream—and precisely in that small spot where the dream candle had nipped him. He tried to laugh it off, but the silence seemed to get into his throat and strangle him. In a panic, he turned up the light, and thrust his hand full into the glare.

And there on his wrist he saw, quite clearly, the livid mark.—The Argonaut.

### THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

Recent Computations Add to the Structure of Mount Everest.

It has been proved by the Geological Survey of India that Mount Everest is still higher than 29,002 feet, the result of the computations of 1849 and 1850, which for over half a century have been accepted as making Everest the highest known summit. The mountain is at least 139 feet higher than those computations made it. Before mentioning how this has been ascertained it may be well to answer a query that has doubtless arisen in many minds and was recently referred to by an English writer who said it was ridiculous to give the height of Mount Everest as 29,002 feet because the determination of the height of peaks is liable to errors of different kinds, and to give the elevation at exactly 29,002 feet implies a degree of accuracy in the value of the height assigned to the mountain that has not been attained. He thought it would be better to say that Mount Everest is about 29,000 feet high.

The fact is that the value of 29,002 feet was not obtained from any one station of observation. Six trigonometrical values of the height were deduced in 1849 and 1850 from six stations far to the south of the mountain. The mean of these six values is 29,002 feet. Owing to the objections of the Nepalese Government, Mount Everest cannot be approached by surveyors from the side of India nearer than eighty miles from the mountain, and the observations above mentioned were therefore carried out under great difficulties.

But at last it has been shown conclusively that Mount Everest, is higher than the well known value given to it. Between 1881 and 1902 a series of six additional observations from five different stations was obtained. All but one of these stations are nearer to the mountain than those from which the six determinations of height were made in 1849, and 1850, and the north as well as the south side of Everest has been included in these observations.

The Geological Survey of India has just corrected these results for probable errors due to refraction and has found that all these later values of the height of the mountain are from 132 to 149 feet higher than the long accepted 29,002 feet. The mean of these six values is 29,141 feet. The Survey in the report it has just issued says that the height, 29,141 is still probably too small, as it has yet to be corrected for the effects of deviations of gravity. But though it is a more trustworthy result than 29,002 feet, the latter value will be retained for the present in maps and publications of the Survey. There are other problems of refraction to be solved and other uncertainties to be eliminated and it would be a mistaken policy to introduce new values at every step of the investigation which is yet to be made. No change of the figures will be made in the publications of the Survey until thoroughly satisfactory scientific computations make it possible to give a determination of the height of the mountain that may be accepted as final.

The report adds that there is little probability now of discovering a higher peak than Mount Everest.

Some geographers have held that peaks higher than this mountain were standing behind it to the north, but whom Major H. H. Gadow, crossed Tibet along the Brahmaputra in 1904 he passed eighty miles north of Mount Everest and found no peak approaching it in height. For more than half a century since the discovery of this summit the mountains of Asia have been continually explored but no second peak of 29,000 feet has been found.

### MORE WOMEN USE CABS.

Cheaper Cab Fares One Cause, Dearer Frocks Another.

Probably more women in New York use cabs now than ever before, this being due in some measure to the present day cheaper cab fares, but still more perhaps to the now greater than ever costliness of women's apparel, which prompts a woman caught out in a shower to pay 50 cents or a dollar or so for a cab rather than take the chance of damaging an expensive garment.

Naturally the cabman, who it might be mentioned is not dull about anything, is quite alert to this increased readiness of women to hire cabs, and he is far from slow in taking advantage of it. Unlike the farmer, the cabman reaps in rainy weather; and his best harvest he gathers in those heavy showers that come up unexpectedly on clear days and promise when they once get started to continue in a settled rain. In these circumstances, from wherever he is if idle the cabman starts for the ladies, and he knows just where to find them.

Here, for instance, is a shopping store over whose front entrance is a great glass awning extending to the curb; a big awning with room enough for scores of people under it, and this space is now pretty well occupied by women in fine clothes who had come out under bright skies to find themselves now on emerging from the store caught in a steady hard shower.

There are fifty women here perhaps, in all sorts of glad garments, waiting for this shower to clear up or for other relief; and that other relief in the shape of cabs has already begun to come.

Across the street is a great hotel with many cabs about, but none comes from there, for they all are or will be wanted by the hotel. From other directions other carriages begin to come, private broughams and coupes for their owners and public cabs, hansoms and taxicabs, these last in numbers, their drivers hling straight for the big glass awning from under which, as they know by experience, it will be a cinch to snap up a fare.

Up sweeps a taxi or hansom, coming with a rush through the rain, and up as he halts goes the cabman's finger for about one second, which is quite enough, and out from the throng comes a woman who steps into the cab, and the carriage man on the sidewalk slams the door and away sails the cab, everything on the jump.

So the cabs come and go, swooping down from both directions till they've captured and carried off about three-quarters of the women. Good business for the cabman. But then things calm down a little and presently when the cabs come up together, they fight for a single customer.—New York Sun.

### WHEN THE WHALE'S EAR ACHES.

Leaps Out of the Water Due to the Torture of a Parasite.

It was a story told by a whaler who retired from the sea when the catch of the deep sea game had so fallen off that there was no longer any profit in a captain's lay even with the added earnings from the slop chest. But it has been confirmed by the zoologists of the Fish Commission the truth of the story is unassailable.

When the whales were still frequent along the lanes of passenger travel across the western ocean nothing was more common than to see the great beasts hurling their tons of bulk clean out of the waves and after a flight through the air falling back into the sea with an enormous splash and jets of foam, a spectacle never falling of interest to the ocean tourist but not due to any gleesome sportive disposition on the part of the leviathan of the deep. Quite the contrary, the breaching of the whale is no fun for the beast. It is a frantic effort to rid himself of the torment of earache. There is a marine crustacean whose aim in a maritime career is to pester whales to the verge of endurance, and there seems reason to believe that some whales have been driven insane by their tiny parasites. It is a crab of about the size of that which is found in the oyster. When it lodges on the whale it infests the inner surface of the eyelids and the ear. By swift rushes on the surface the whale is able to clear his eyes, but the crab in the inner ear cannot be dislodged by any such means. One can only imagine the ninety foot anguish of a whale when one or more of these tiny foes walk with needle pointed claws up and down the drum of his ear. Hence in the effort to dislodge the pest the performance which seems so picturesque to the voyager.—New York Sun.

In China the natives preserve vegetables by coating them with salt and drying them in the sun. Hams are cured by means of an alkaline earth and common salt. Pickled eggs are preserved with a compound of common mud, salt, saltpeter and soy bean sauce.

## Household Notes

### WATERCRESS SANDWICHES.

The leaves should be picked from the stem, finely chopped and tossed in a French dressing. Remove the crust from their slices of sandwich bread and cut in oblongs. Fold the cross mixture, sprinkled with finely chopped hard boiled eggs between two of the bread slices.—Washington Star.

### LEFTOVER BAKED POTATOES.

Baked potatoes that have been left over from a meal, as a rule, are no good for future use. If mashed while still warm, a little milk, butter and salt added, and the mixture beaten together till light, and then placed in a pie dish they will be delicious heated for another meal. New potatoes are excellent cut into thin slices and fried in butter until a delicate brown. Fat is too heavy for new potatoes and seems to destroy their flavor.—Washington Star.

### QUINCES WITH SWEET APPLES.

Sweet apples are often preserved with quinces, allowing one-third of quartered apples to two-thirds quince. The apples do not require as long cooking as the quinces, and must be removed from the kettle ten or fifteen minutes before the quinces. Put the quinces and apples in alternate layers in the cans, and pour the boiling syrup over, as with quinces alone.—Washington Star.

### MINT SAUCE NOVELTY.

If you have never tried a mint sauce with vanilla or chocolate ice cream, an experiment well worth investigation is before you. Leave half a cupful of chopped mint leaves in one cupful of water for one hour; then heat and strain. Dissolve a cupful of sugar in the mint water, let it come to a boil, color a faint green and cook until a little dropped in coldwater will form a soft half when rolled between the fingers. Pour hot over each serving of cream, and it will quickly candy upon the cold compound, imparting a delicious flavor.—Washington Star.

### COFFEE FROMAGE.

Four one cup of scalding hot milk into one-half a cup of ground coffee; let it stand ten minutes; strain this through a clean, wet cloth; have one tablespoonful of gelatin soaking in one-half cup of cold water; add this to the coffee mixture with five tablespoonfuls of sugar; put in the double boiler; when scalding hot pour some of this over two egg yolks; return all to the double boiler and bring only to a boil; remove from the fire, pour into a bowl when cold and beginning to thicken; add one cup of cream whipped to a stiff froth; turn into a mold, packing it well to exclude the air; let stand in a cool place two hours; serve on a platter.—Washington Star.

### COFFEE CUSTARD.

Make a good, strong extract of coffee by dripping it as slowly as possible through a percolator; for six persons you will want one cupful; take four of the same measure of milk and beat with the milk the yolks of three eggs; add two ounces of powdered sugar; mix with this the cupful of coffee; as coffee differs in strength, taste to see that it is strong enough; pour the mixture into cups and put the cups in a not too deep pan with boiling water; the level of the water ought not to stand higher than half the cup; do not boil the water too hard; about fifteen minutes of boiling is necessary; turn out on a dish; they may be eaten hot or cold.—Washington Star.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To protect the eyes, avoid sudden changes from dark to brilliant light.

To drive flies from a room try the following: Close the room tightly, smoulder some cayenne pepper on a hot coal, open the door quickly and the flies may be driven out easily.

A dozen grains of rice in a saltcellar will absorb dampness and keep the salt in powder. It also keeps the lumps that there may be in salt.

An alarm clock kept in the kitchen may be set to ring at the time the vegetables should be put over the fire, or the hot bread or the cake or pudding is due to be done, and as a guide to time in many other matters.

Avoid causing unnecessary pressure in bandaging an inflamed eye.

To keep a spoon in position when desirous of dropping medicine into it and needing both hands to hold bottle and cork, place the handle between the leaves of a closed book lying upon the table.

A little vinegar put in the water when boiling fish will tend to harden the flesh and keep it firm.

A spoonful of elderberry juice will often stop severe coughing and insure a good night's rest.

A pinch of granulated sugar, or a little vinegar, will make the stove polish stay on.

There is nothing much worse than trying to read or sew by insufficient light. For a good, steady light there is nothing better than a lamp, but it must have proper attention. After cleaning well and filling it, place a small lump of camphor in the oil tank, which will greatly improve the light and make the flame clearer and brighter.

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### FRED'S STORY.

Fred Wells smothered a sigh as he looked out of the window at the rain. He felt sure it would be a long day. Rainy days in the country were always long, but he didn't want his aunt Edith to think he was unhappy, so he said nothing. He got a big picture book and huddled down in the Morris chair to make the best of it.

"Where are you, Fred?" cried his aunt Edith a little later.

"Here, auntie, I am coming," he answered.

"I want you to watch the squirrels. I am sure Mamma Squirrel is planning to move. It is raining hard, and the babies are getting wet in the tree. She was in the wash house looking around, and I think she decided the wood box would make a good home. It has a pile of excelsior in it, and will be good and warm," said Mrs. Lacey.

Fred was interested at once, and drew a chair up to the window. Mamma Squirrel spied him and stopped to take a look. She wanted to make sure he was not a bad boy who planned to hurt her children. Being reassured, she sped up the tree, picked up a squirrel in her teeth, and laboriously made her way down and across the yard to the wash house.

"She is moving, auntie," called Fred. "I didn't know a squirrel ever had its nest in a house."

"They don't, but this squirrel is so tame that it makes a difference." Mrs. Lacey drew up another chair, and they both watched until the five baby squirrels were in the new home warm and dry.

"I never knew squirrels thought so much of their children," said Fred. "She loves her baby squirrels just as people love their children, doesn't she?"

"Hush," and Mrs. Lacey held up a warning finger as Mamma Squirrel came up on the porch. "I expect she wants something for the babies to eat. You may give her some nuts. She will take them out of your hand."

Fred got a handful of nuts and opened the door cautiously. He held out his hand, and the squirrel came eagerly. She scampered away with the nut, and in a little while returned for another.

"What makes her wait so long between trips?" asked Fred.

"You might put on your rain coat and go and see," suggested his aunt.

In a few minutes Fred came running back. "She is cracking the nuts for the little squirrels!" he exclaimed excitedly. "She works for her children and takes care of them just as mamma does of me."

His aunt smiled at the eager face. "Dinner is ready just as soon as your hands are washed."

"Dinner! Already! This has been such a little morning! O auntie, I have my story for school! You know we have to tell a story every Friday after recess about something we have seen." Miss Brown says it is to make us see things around us. I am glad it rained, else I wouldn't have a squirrel story."—Sarah N. McCreery, a Southern Presbyterian.

### A VERY GOOD CAT.

Little Paul had been taught never to throw anything away that was good or whole. One day his mother and her afternoon callers were startled by the appearance of Paul at the door, triumphantly holding a dead cat aloft by the tail. "Look, mamma; see what I found in the alley—a perfectly good whole cat that some one has thrown away."—Philadelphia Record.

### HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Mr. Scribble, how did you happen to write this wonderful work, so palpitating with human heart interest?" "Oh, my butcher was dunning me very hard for something on account, and my landlord wanted his rent."—Kansas City Journal.

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