

A Maiden's No.
She thought to mask her heart from me
With jest and laughter gay,
I knew she loved me by her glance.
(She looked the other way.)
I sent her roses, begging she
Would wear them; this coquette
Told me she loved me by her choice.
(She wore some mignonette.)

And when a rival claimed my waltz
By her capricious whim
She plainly showed she cared for me.
(She gave the dance to him.)

She loved me well, and one fair night
I asked her if I were so,
I knew it by her whispering word.
(She softly whispered "no.")
—Carolyn Wells, in Detroit Free Press.

Prof. Hydrogen's Discovery.

By M. Downey.

I sat in my office in New York, one afternoon late in November, with a letter on my desk. It was from my sister.
"Come home," she said, "and spend Thanksgiving with us. You have made excuses before, but don't do so this time. Drop business for a few days, and write that you will be here. Let us have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving once more."
How could I go? I would have to start on the day before the holiday, and, with us, that was always a busy day. Then there were other reasons why I should remain in New York. But the more I reflected, the more plainly I pictured in my mind the old home. Some one could take my place for a day or two; the engagements could be put over for a time. I felt a longing for the scenes of my childhood. I had stayed away too long. I resolved to go home.

The morning before Thanksgiving Day found me a passenger on the day express for Boston. I had calculated to arrive there about mid-afternoon, and to reach Beverly, my destination, about six o'clock. Then for a brisk drive, or sleigh ride, three miles over the hills to the well remembered farmhouse.

As the train whirled along I settled back in my seat, and, forgetting the cares of business, gave myself up to pleasant anticipation. A fine, driving snowstorm had set in, and bid fair to continue all day.

A tall man, wearing glasses, and having a scholarly appearance, occupied the seat across the aisle from me. My attention had been drawn to him by his asking me for a match just before the train started, as he made some remark upon the snowstorm. After we had got under way, I noticed him two or three times regarding me intently, as though anxious to engage in conversation.

I lay back in my seat, with my head resting on the cushions, lazily watching the driving snowflakes, and listening to the humming of the wheels as we rode along, preferring to be left to my reflections. Presently he rose and came over to where I was sitting. Seating himself in the vacant place beside me he asked:
"How far are you going?"
"Boston," I replied.
"That's my destination also," he said. "Do you stay there?"
"No," I answered. "I go on to Beverly."

He then handed me a card, which read: "Professor Hydrogen, Chemist and Inventor." This aroused my interest, and I gave the professor my card. We talked for a while about chemistry, on which he seemed well posted.

"Are you interested in explosives?" he finally asked, in a confidential manner.
I replied that I had read a good deal on the subject, as it was a science which interested me very much.
"Can you spare time, when we get to Boston, to come with me to my laboratory? I will show you something which I am sure you will regard as the wonder of the century. You will have time enough to get your train. I will not keep you long."

I readily agreed to accompany him, as I would have an hour to spare, and this was a chance of seeing some marvel recently discovered.

Upon our arrival at Boston we made our way through the crowded station to the street. The professor hailed a South End trolley car; his place, he said, was on Dover street. As we rode, he informed me that he had discovered a new explosive which would in a short time be used throughout the world.

"Dynamite and gunpowder," he said, "will no longer be in use when my new product is given a chance to show what it can do."

Upon reaching his home he showed me up-stairs to a small room, which appeared to be in the centre of the building, as there were no windows opening from it, light being furnished by means of a single gas jet, which was kept burning at all times.

"This is my laboratory," said my host, with pride. "This is where my idea first came to me, and where I have worked out all the details. See—here is the 'Destroyer' itself. That's the name I have given my invention. I have perfected it, so that it only

requires the addition of the contents of this bottle to start it," he explained, at the same time taking a bottle filled with some liquid from a shelf. "Three minutes after this is added nothing can stop an explosion which would have been enough to totally demolish this entire building."

"But, professor," I said, "you have not given me the names of the ingredients which go to make up the explosive."
"And you could hardly expect me to do that—yet. I must first protect my patent right and in the meantime must keep my secret," replied the professor.

As he spoke, he walked toward the machine, which appeared similar to a large clock, and was constructed of heavy iron. He still held the bottle in his hand. Suddenly, his foot catching in a torn place in the carpet, he was thrown violently; the bottle fell from his hand and was dashed to pieces against the top of the machine.

He arose, pale as death, and appeared to be terribly excited.
"Go! Get out of here!" he cried. "The contents of that bottle have gone in with the rest. Come! No time to explain now—run for your life! This building will be a wreck in three minutes!" And without waiting to see whether I followed or not, he dashed from the room, slamming the door after him.

I started to follow, but found to my horror that the door on which was a spring lock was fast. It was of solid oak—I could not force it. I was locked into the room with an explosive about to go off, and had no power to hinder the catastrophe.

I turned to the machine. It was iron covered and resisted my every effort to reach the inside. If the professor spoke the truth, I had less than two minutes to live.

The old farmhouse, the meadows, the brook where I used to fish, the schoolhouse, all came back to me in that short time. I thought of my parents and my sister, waiting, looking forward to the holiday, and the family reunited. Would they ever hear what had become of me? The newspapers would, no doubt, have an account of a fatal explosion, but without the details.

Oh, why had I been foolish enough to let my curiosity lead me into such a trap? Had I said good-by to the professor when we left the train, I would not now be facing death in a little eight by ten foot room.

I noticed that the machine seemed to vibrate; a dull, clicking sound came from the inside, followed by a sound like escaping steam. I crowded myself into the furthest corner of the room. Suddenly the machine seemed to rise and rend itself asunder. I was conscious of a dull glare, a grinding sort of roar; the walls seemed to collapse all at once, and then—

"Worcester! Worcester!"
I woke with a start and picked myself up from the floor of the car, where I had slid from my seat while asleep. The train glided into a large covered station. We had arrived at Worcester. Boston was still a little over one hour's ride distant.

"Did you notice a passenger in the seat opposite me?" I asked of a man in the seat ahead. "A tall gentleman, wearing glasses?"
"Yes," he answered. "He left the train, I think, at Hartford."—Waverly Magazine.

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH.

A First View of Dantzic, the Romantic City of Northern Melancholy.
A Baltic fog rolled in from the north as my train rolled in from the south, says Robert Haven Schauflier, writing of "Romantic Germany"; Dantzic, in the "Century," bringing an ideal hour for the first impressions of a city so full of Northern melancholy, a city so far from the beaten track and so romantic, as Dantzic. Down a street full of gargoyles and strange platforms there loomed through the mist a monstrous church, crowned with pinnacles and a huge, blunt tower.

A gate that seemed like the facade of an Italian palace pierced by a triumphal arch opened on a street of fascinating old gables, and beyond them rose a Rathaus with a most exquisite steeply. I passed between tall, slim palaces, through the arches of a water-gate, and came out by the river, to fill my lungs with a sudden draught of ozone and to realize that I was almost in the presence of the Baltic.

Toward the sea swept an unbroken line of romantic architecture, narrow, sharp-gabled houses intermingled with towered water-gates, and, last of all, the profile of the Krabh Thor, or Crane Gate, Dantzic's unique landmark. Its stories projecting one beyond another. On the island formed by two arms of the Motlun the black and white half-timbered granaries started strongly out of the mist.

The river bristled with romantic shipping; and as I walked along the quay, I caught, between gables, the glow of the lights of the Langemarket flushing the fog into a rosy cloud the center of which was the steeply of the Rathaus. It was as though beauty had been given an aureole.

I turned a corner and wandered along the other shore of the island, past a deserted waterway and a strange, crumbling tower called the Milk-can Gate, then back again to the Green Bridge. The darkness had thickened so that one could no longer distinguish the separate house-fronts, but all the lamps along the

shore had their soft auras of mist, and the surface of the water was a delicate shimmer, with strong columns of light at regular intervals, among which the crimson lantern of a passing boat wrought amazing effects.

Where had I known such an evening before? As memory wandered idly about the harbor of Lubeck, the bridges of Nuremberg, the riversides of Wurzburg and Breslau, I was flashed in a trice to the "Siren of seascities," that floating film upon the wonder-fraught Ocean of dreams, and it came to me with a glow of pleasure that this place had from old been called "The Venice of the North."

This, then, was my introduction to Dantzic, and I never think of it without seeing streets full of high, narrow facades melting one into another, gently curving streets alive with rich reliefs, statues of blurred virtues, and inquisitive gargoyles, the blunt, mighty Church of St. Mary looming above them like a mountain. I can never see the name of Dantzic without beholding a dusky waterway lined with medieval structures and—strange juxtaposition—a jewel of Reformation art with its rosy aureole.

TOYS OR FIZZJIGS?

Isn't the Child's Preference for the Former Plain and Unmistakable.
Pending the investigation of the toy question by some learned society or sociological expert which we should suppose must be certain to take place, we venture to suggest one probable conclusion of such investigation, and to submit the question of its soundness to those of our readers who as a result of Christmas are in a position to observe the varying effects of the different kinds of toys upon the temper, happiness and general well-being of the victims—we mean the recipients.

The conclusion which we thus submit is that what children want is toys and not fizz-jigs—things that they can play with, not things of the song and dance variety, sole artists that need to be wound up and then do all the playing for themselves. What a child wants from his toys is not primarily entertainment, but expression; the expression of his own ideas through the use of his own faculties, not the expression of the ingenuity of the clever man who made the toy. Toys are accordingly welcomed to him as treasured, and become a part of his life. In proportion as they are plastic to his hand and mind, in proportion as he can build with them or use them in the drama of which so great a part of his play consists. Sand is the most popular play material with very small children; then come blocks, then a variety of objects, but always such as the child can do things with, up to the football or baseball of college sport.

A doll that could dance ragtime and whistle "Hail, Columbia," would not be so popular, after the first five minutes, as a clothespin dressed in a bit of rag. The mechanical marvel is good when ragtime and "Hail, Columbia," are wanted—that is, fairly good, not quite so good as she would be if she did not provide the music and dancing for herself. All the rest of the time she is wholly and perfectly useless. The rag doll on the other hand, has endless possibilities. Like the American girl, she is fit for any part and will adorn any station in life, from cook to princess as if she had been born to it. And such must a real doll be, or lose her job, for life is varied and exacting, and one doll in her time plays many parts.—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Modern Pearl Farm.
In the Gulf of Lower California there is in operation the largest pearl farm in the world, where the cultivation of pearls has been taken up as a practical industry. To harvest the annual crop of pearls raised on a thousand persons, including the modern pearl divers, whose methods have been completely revolutionized by the up-to-date appliances employed in this new industry. Pearl farming, as originated by the Mexican company which owns the big Lower California farm, is the result of the discovery of a very simple fact concerning pearl-bearing mollusks. After twenty-five years of study and experiment it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old and unless opened at the proper time there will be no pearl within. Following this discovery the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time and then opened was devised. From the time of planting the eggs to the harvesting of the crop two years must elapse, as that length of time is required for the growth of an ordinary shell.—Chicago News.

Wanted the Ricc.
"You've heard of the tramp that went to the hotel where Anna Held wuz stoppin' and asked for the milk which she is 'posed to take her bath in?" asked the porter on the Santa Fe Limited the other day. "Well, I've got one most as good as that. A bride an' groom got on the Limited at Empory 'tother night. Their folks showered 'em with rice 'right and proper, an' the hull car floor wuz jest littered with the stuff. I wuz sweepin' out the car at Topeka in the yards when a bum come up with this talk: 'Say, dere, gimme dem sweepin's.'"
"He shows a tin can an' says: 'Pal an' me wants to have sum rice for our eatin'."—Kansas City Journal.

Household Notes

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TO TEST GOOD FLOUR.
Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if good it will retain the shape given by pressure. Knead a little between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Throw a little against a dry perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder it is bad.—Boston Post.

AN IDEA IN FASTENINGS.
In buttoning little girls' dresses, sew the buttons on the wrong side of the upper piece, so as to button wrong side out. In this way the catching and breaking of the little one's hair is avoided and one cause of annoyance and ill-temper is removed.—Boston Post.

METHOD OF LETTING DOWN HEMS.
When hemming a child's dress, which is sure to shrink when washed, use No. 200 thread on bobbin and top of machine, and when washed, if too short, just cut 1 or 2 stitches and pull, and the thread breaks so easily it will not injure the best material.—Boston Post.

TO EXTRACT A SPLINTER.
"When a splinter has been driven deep into the hand," says the Woman's Home Companion, "it can be extracted without pain by steam. Nearly fill a wide mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extricate the splinter and the inflammation will disappear."

CARE OF SILK GLOVES.
To prevent the destruction of white and light colored silk gloves by washing, they should be hung with the tips up. To accomplish this, pin each finger to a cloth, then hang the cloth with the arms of the gloves down. This lets the water run into the portion of the gloves which received the least wear, dries the tips most quickly and prevents the destructive action of water on silk.—Boston Post.

USES FOR BORAX.
No one should be without borax in the home. For the hands and face use one teaspoonful to a basin of water. It is fine for cleaning teeth, and false teeth should be kept sweet and healthy by standing over night in a glass of water to which has been added a little borax. For the head one cannot find a better scalp cleanser. Use half a cupful for the bath. A teaspoonful to a pint of boiling starch adds to the gloss and lessens the sticking. For moths—before laying carpets sprinkle borax around the edges and crevices. To drive away vermin, water bugs, etc.—sprinkle borax in all corners, cracks, and infested places. To preserve fish, flesh or fowl—sprinkle dry borax or use a solution of it.—Boston Post.

RECIPES.
Olive and Cheese Sandwiches.—Half-pound cheese, half-pint of stuffed olives, a pinch of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Put cheese through grinder and cut olives fine with a silver knife. This is a tasty sandwich for a lunch.

Snow, Ice and Thaw Pudding.—One-half cup of gelatine, one-half pint of boiling water poured over it; when cold add the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, two cups of sugar, juice of two lemons; beat the whole to a stiff froth; pour into moulds. Serve with a soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Judge Peter's Pudding.—Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half pint cold water till the water is all absorbed, add one pint of boiling water, juice of one lemon, and one-half cup sugar; strain it through a cloth and pour over 2 oranges and 3 bananas sliced in a glass dish (2 or 3 lbs cut in pieces and blanched almonds can be added. Put it on ice until it sets and serve with whipped cream.

Tarts.—One cup lard, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; 1-2 teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of water, white of 1 egg beaten to a froth, about 2 cups of flour; add more if necessary. Rub flour in lard, then mix all together.

Greenwich Ribbon Cake.—One cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful soda. Take half and add 2 tablespoonfuls molasses, 1-2 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful allspice, 1-2 cup chopped raisins. Bake dark part 20 minutes, put white part on top and bake 20 minutes.

Tapoca Cream.—Soak 2 tablespoonfuls tapoca two hours, boil 1 quart of milk, add the tapoca, stir in yolks of 3 eggs well beaten, with 1-2 cup of sugar. Let it just boil, remove from fire, flavor with vanilla, then stir in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, sweetened and flavored. If this is set on the ice to cool it will be found much nicer.

While taking up the floor of an empty house at Patrocina, Brazil, a poor woman found imbedded in the earth beneath a diamond of the first water and perfect shape, weighing 220 karats. It is the second largest diamond ever found in South America.

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BARKED LIKE A DOG.
Tyson Jones, an old-time Sinnemahoning bear hunter, had kept his eye on a swamp in the Bear Creek country ever since huckleberry time, writes the Norwich Hill (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun, for he had reason to believe that it was harboring three bears, and his mind was made up regarding what he would do to those bears when the open season for bears came along.

It came October 1, and these three must have forgotten that bears were then no longer under protection of the law, for they left many signs about the swamp that they were still there, notwithstanding the proximity of Tyson Jones and other bear hunters. So summoning four other hunters to join him Tyson Jones started out after the bears.

The hunters were posting themselves about so as to be sure of getting the bears when the latter were routed out, when Farmer George Jackson, who lives in the vicinity, appeared on the scene much excited.

"Three bears have just gone trampin' through my barnyard," he said to Tyson Jones. "Somebody had better come over and kill 'em."

Tyson Jones said that he guessed they would first get the three bears that were in the swamp and then they would attend to the business of Farmer Jones' three. But they didn't get the three bears that were in the swamp, because the three bears were no longer there.

Whether or not it had come suddenly to the bears what day it was dawned on the hunters that the three had managed to get out of the swamp while it was being surrounded, and their trail was discovered leading in the direction of another laurel patch several miles distant. As a shot cut thither the bears had taken advantage of the route via Farmer Jackson's barnyard.

The hunters and Farmer Jackson followed the trail to the distant swamp and located the bears in it, but their two dogs refused to go in and rout the bears out. In this emergency Farmer Jackson said that while he could bark like a dog first rate, Tyson Jones told him to go into the swamp then and bark like a dog.

He followed instructions so well that it was only a few minutes before the bears were heard thrashing through the laurels to make their way out. The three of them plunged into the open so close to Tyson Jones that he dropped one of them in its tracks and wounded another.

The wounded bear and its surviving companion dashed back into the swamp again. Farmer Jackson resumed his barking like a dog, and at once the laurels began to crash again in a line toward the open. The barking like a dog suddenly ceased, though, and in its place human yells rose from the swamp and from the line of thrashing laurels out tumbled Farmer Jackson shouting:
"The bears is after me! Kill 'em! Kill 'em!"

One bear certainly was after him, it evidently having discovered the fraud Farmer Jackson had played on them in barking like a dog, but the bear's head had no sooner come in sight through the laurels in the wake of Farmer Jackson than Tyson Jones sent a rifle bullet to meet it. The bear fell and another shot ended its career.

In the excitement of this stage of the hunt the bear Tyson Jones had wounded made its way out of the laurel patch on the opposite side. It was discovered by Frank Shible, one of the hunters, and he killed it.

STRUCK SENSELESS.
"When she hit him with the golf ball, did it knock him senseless?"
"I guess so. I understand they are soon to marry."—Town and Country.

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