is favorad

That's not the game at all, lad! Again, now-that's well done!

Quick, now, quick, man.
Don't lie there like a sick man—
Lively! That's the trick, man, pick up your feet

A sprawl full-length on the short brown gras
They watch the handling of kick and pass,
And the slippery dummies squeak and swing
As each in his turn the tacklers spring—
And the veteran may shirk but the novice he must work—
While it's "Scoot, now, scoot, lad
Leave your feet and shoot, lad,
That's the way to do it, lad.
You're learning, learning fast
Low, get low, man. Low, get low, man, Mustn't be so slow, man!

Hark now to the whistle's silver call, "Line up!" and the centre takes the ball The signals follow, clear and quick. For run and line-buck, punt and trick— While the coach trots close beside, to each error open eyed, And it's "You end, stay there! Tackle, under way, there! Guard, you spoiled the play, there, Don't stand like that and wait!

That's the way to go, man, you've got the knack at last

What are you about, man?
Can't you hear me shout, man?
You might as well be out, man, as half a second late!"

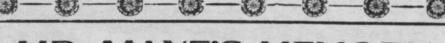
So the days go by and with each in turn Comes something new for the men to learn, But one great lesson is still the same, It's team-play only that wins the game!

Nothing's done by one and one but by all in unison! For it's "Side by side, there!

Let the fullback guide, there!

Half, don't run so wide, there

Never go alone! Never go alone! Hard, now, hard, man-Hard, now, hard, manTackle, stick to guard, man!"—
And the boys who learn the lesson may use it when they're grown!
—J. W. Linn, in St. Nicholas.



.MR. MAYE'S MEMORY ...

By ESTHER SERLE KENNETH

"There is one thing you mustn't our cook has left me, and I do not for support. forget, Brother Tom!"

"What is that, Emma?" "Don't forget to go to the help young man of his hat, and hanging office, and send me up a cook. The it as high out of reach as possible. new girl is good for nothing, and the old one can't do everything. Young thought she caught it. or old, man or woman, I don't care, only send me up a competent cook by 10 o'clock this morning."

"Lon't look so desperate, sis; I'll remember it. I want things in pretty rather puzzling. good style for Maxwell; he is used to it-is fond of good dinners, and I antly. guess I'll send you up a good, smart "You see there's nothing in the

nan cook, Emma." things too nice; but I'll do my best hands as she continued to address the mered Emma, as red now as she had in other matters, Tom, if you'll only new cook, who certainly listened very been pale.

Mr. Thomas Maye disappeared with I suppose." a reassuring nod. He had a proverbially bad memory; pretty Emma Maye knew it very well, yet in this desperate emergency she trusted him. Dangerous; but what could she do? During the two years she had had charge of her widowed brother's family, they had been blessed by the most skillful of cooks; but Joan had taken a fancy to get married, and her place was hastily supplied by one who soon proved incapable. At this junc- the coffee good-my brother is very ture Mr. Maye received tidings that his deceased wife's favorite brother, will have a Florentine pudding?"

Europe, would pay him a visit. The Maxwell family were noted for

From the first, Emma had been fire. nervous over the responsibility of Quite reassured in spirit Emma was entertaining this elegant young man turning away, when she stopped to whom she had never seen. She was add: lovely and accomplished; but she "I will lay the table myself to-day, could not cook—she had never tried. Mac, and fill the fruit dishes and since I have done my best, won't you your furnace without delay. Certainly, it seemed task enough for vases; but if you give satisfaction, I try the soup before it is cold?" a young lady of twenty to superintend will intrust you with the key of the a family consisting of her brother china closet, and you will have the and herself, two boys and their tutor, entire care of the table;" and with a laughed uproariously. two little girls and their nurse maid, gracious nod the young lady withdrew with two other servants. But though from the kitchen. arduous, it had been well performed.

neatness and taste, the children well grapes; filled the vases with roses, entine-Arthur, tell Nanny to bring \$175 cash down, and he goes ten trained, and Emma was much beloved lilies and ferns; set clusters of dainty it on. The proof of the pudding is miles without stopping." in her brother's family. To him she glasses, filled with amber jelly, in the eating, you know." had been devoted, in sickness and among the silver and china, and then, health, and he gratefully intended to with a sigh of satisfaction at the remake her tasks as light as possible. suit, ran away to dress. But he had a proverbially bad memory, and, unfortunately, Emma had even smell of the dinner. I don't been obliged to trust to it.

Maye went down town. He took noth- Mac is real capable—is going to prove ing but a cup of coffee at 7, and a treasure. His dress was so neat, lunched at his favorite restaurant at and he was so quiet and respectful," 11. At half-past 3 the Mayes dined, concluded Emma, leisurely arranging his agitated young hostess, and he'd ical. It is claimed that balloons of

"There!" sighed Emma, when, two hours after her brother's departure, perfectly that Emma felt at peace the house was in its usual exquisite with all the world. order, and the viands and flowers sent up for dinner; "if Tom doesn't well is very fastidious in the matter said. "I will never be so desperately face, which frequently weighs a bal-

She did not dare consider the possibility of Tom's having forgotten, or that of the cook not coming for any other reason; but when, precisely at 10 o'clock, the door bell rang, a secret weight was lifted from her heart. She ran herself to answer the summons.

A medium-sized, well-dressed, modest-looking young man stood at the entrance, and she brightened at sight

"I am very glad you are so punctual; I was afraid I should be disappointed," leading the way to the kitchen, without an instant's delay. "Let me see-10 c'clock. I shall have to set you to work at once to prepare a first-class dinner. We are expecting company from New York, myself know anything about cooking.

Irishman. But it doesn't make any to that young lady.

difference. Are you a good cook?" The smile of the young man was "I'll do my best," he said, pleas-

provide some one capable of serving attentively. "But my brother has

"Can you make a celery salad?" "I think I can."

"And mayonnaise sauce for the cold chicken?" "Yes'm."

"Can you make a French soup?"

"I can." "Oh, well, I guess you will do," beginning to look relieved. "Be sure the vegetables are not overdone, and ally. particular about his coffee. And we

Arthur Maxwell, just returned from with an inquiring look. "Yes'm," readily.

their wealth and good breeding, and himself with one of the white towels Arthur especially was distinguished that lay on the dresser, and casting haste and serve the dinner; and mint and thickly sprinkled with sul-

She piled the fruit dishes with rosy The house was the perfection of pears, golden oranges and white

"I'll not go near the kitchen to of pride. know anything about cooking it, and and praising, and urging Emma to It was half-past 7 o'clock when Mr. will trust to luck. I have an idea that taste and praise, until she laughed

and fitted the petite, round figure so

"I have heard that Mr. Arthur Max-

Get all you can of it.'

SHORT BUT TO THE POINT.

It was five minutes before noon. The Mayor and the State

'Children," he said pointing toward the window, "as you

Superintendent had spent an hour talking to the children in an Ohlo school, and just before the stroke of the gong the chair-

man of the local school committee was called upon to follow

go out from the school in about two minutes you will see a

They are earning thirty-five dollars a month

gang of men who are now shoveling cinders into a railway train.

"Beside them is a time-keeper earning thirty-five dollars.

"At the head of the train is an engineer getting one hundred dollars, and over him is a superintendent getting two hundred.

What is the difference between these men? Education.

ing her head over her shoulder to see! the effect. "I wonder what his first impressions of me will be? I should like to have poor Ally's brother like and by

At length the last bracelet was clasped, the last touch given, and retiring backward from the mirror, with a radiant face, Emma turned and ran up to the nursery, to order the children dressed for company, and also to speak with the boys-and flirt a little with Mr. Vincent, the tutor, who was always at her service for this exercise.

There was a delightfully savory odor pervading the house when she came down and set out the wine and street outfit of the scissors grinder, ice, and made a few amendments of which may be moved up to the stathe table. Before Alice died she had | tionary timber to cut it. painted an exquisite ebony ring for her brother, and this Emma placed with the napkin designed for Mr. heavy guns makes it possible to keep Arthur Maxwell, thinking how ar- the weapon trained on a moving tartistic and pretty everything was, and get continuously, without regard to deciding that the gentleman's first the rolling of the vessel. impression must be pleasant.

She looked at her watch-ave minutes past 3. Then she went settly to plaster of Paris may be used as a flux the end of the hall, and listened to for melting scrap metals containing the lively chatter in the kitchen. She small amounts of iron. About five could hear Mac chatting pleasantly pounds of plaster are mixed with with the little housemaid, Nanny, 130 pounds scrap, and, when melted, and all seemed to be well in that di-

At 3.10 she repaired to the drawing hammer. The iron is thus removed, room and took a seat overlooking the street. Carriages came and carriages attack the crucible. went, but none stopped at the entrance. The little girls came down; the boys and Mr. Vincent came down. Mr. Maye's latchkey settled in the door, the dinner bell rang.

"Not come?" asked Mr. Maye, at sight of Emma's disappointed face. "No," she pouted; "and such a nice dinner!"

"Very strange!" he mused, leading the way into the dining room. "I dear fellow," seizing by the shoulder the new cook, who, acting also as butler, had just placed the soup-tureen upon the table-"my dear, dear fellow, why, how is this? Emma declared you hadn't come!"

That young lady grew as white as the tablecloth, and grasped a chair

"That Mr. Arthur Maxwell? I-I What is your name?" relieving the thought it was the cook!"

"I came earlier than I expected, and in time to make myself useful His reply was rather faint, but she to Miss Emma," laughed Mr. Maxwell, divesting himself of his white "Mac? You do not look like an towel and bowing with exquisite grace

The cultivated accents, the ambrosial locks of the bent head, the clear, eloquent, beautiful eyes-oh, why hadn't she known? How could lulose, asbestos and the organic matshe have fallen into such an error?

"I was so terribly anxious-I didn't house but cold chicken," continued look at you twice. Mr. Maxwell, I "I hope Mr. Maxwell won't expect Emma, unconsciously wringing her hope you will forgive me!" stam-

"There is nothing to forgive, if my sent up some pigeons-to be roasted, dinner turns out well," he replied, is boiled with water, washed with laughing. "I learned to cook when weak alkaline solution and collected was a student in Paris—a Frenchman taught me. I have been rather proud of my culinary skill, but I am a little out of practice now, and am not quite sure of the Florentine." "Emma!" cried Mr. Maye, "what

does all this mean?" "Why, John. you promised to send

me up a man cook." Mr. Maye clasped his hands tragic-

"Emma, I forgot it!"

"Well, Mr. Maxwell came, just at 10 o'clock. I thought he was the cook; I ushered him into the kitchen among the pots and pans. I ques-The new cook was already girding tioned him as to what he knew about cooking. I urged him to make all a scrutinizing glance at the range and I called him an Irishman!" phur to make it burn quickly. Close

sobbed Emma, hysterically. Major Trelawny-was an Irishman,"

The others stared, and Emma cried; but Mr. Maye laughed-

"The best joke of the season! right down, everybody! Emma, you foolish girl, don't cry. Arthur doesn't care. And as for your Flor-

"Miss Emma won't cry when she tastes my soup," remarked Arthur, ladling it out promptly, with an air I live eight miles from Astoria, und

And then they all fell to tasting Harper's Weekly. and cried all together.

cooked such an excellent dinner- this shape pierce the air vertically Her new dress was very becoming, from the pigeons to the pudding, everything was perfect. By and by Emma was herself

again.

An interesting item of astronomical news is that of the discovery of a new ring of Saturn. It is stated to be a dusky ring surrounding the wellknown bright ones. It was discovered at the Geneva Observatory.

"Let me teach you," said Arthur,

He did. And Emma taught him to

"The blessed result of my misera-

ble memory!" Mr. Maye said .- Sat-

A recent English invention is a

An improved aiming device for

According to Indian Engineering,

the whole is stirred. On cooling, the

plaster is removed by a blow with a

and the flux, being neutral, does not

portable circular saw resembling the

urday Night.

love her. There was a wedding by

A correspondent of the London Times calls attention to the need of an automatic recording speed indihadn't the least doubt-Why, my cator for railway trains. Both of the most recent important fatal railway casualties in England were undoubtedly caused by excessive speed at points where the regulations required a slowing down. Engine drivers become reckless and disregard rules, safely at first, but ultimately meet with disaster. If the record of speed during each trip were to be submitted to inspection there would be less disobedience and greater safety. Possibly the recording speed indicator has been invented, but it appears not ! to be in use anywhere.

> The many uses and infiammable character of celluloid have led to an active search for substitutes. The new material of C. Trocquenet, a French inventor, is a mixture of celter contained in oyster shells. The cellulose is obtained by treating seaweed successively with acid and alkali with petroleum oil, while the ground oyster shells are treated with hydrochloric acid and the insoluble residue filter. The mixture contains from fifty to sixty-five parts of cellulose, two to twelve parts of the oiled asbestos and twenty to forty-five parts of the oyster shell substance. The mass in treated with formaldehyde, suitably colcord, and then pressed into any form or object for which celluloid can be used.

A Test For Coal Gas.

Do you suspect your hot-air furnace of leaking coal gas into the heat flues and into the house? A simple and effective way of testing for this trouble is to throw upon the furnace fire a large wad of cotton which has been saturated with oil of pepperthe furnace door tightly and have "No offense, Miss Emma. My some one who has not smelled the grandfather, on my mother's side- prepared cotton wad try to detect the odor in the rooms above. If it is observed Mr. Maxwell, coolly. "And found you will need a new drum for

Too Fast For Him.

Hans came in from his ranch, two miles this side of Olney, this week to buy a horse. "I've got the very thing you want."

said Ike Bergman; "it's a fine road

Hans threw up his hands skyward "Not for me," he said, "not for me. I wouldn't gif you five cents for him I'd haf to walk back two miles."-

Pear-Shaped Balloon.

Pear-shaped balloons are the fash-But Mr. Arthur was so delightful, ion in Belgium. The point is upwith far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are steadier. Also the upper pointed end prevents the accumulaforget, and if he sends up a good of ladies' dress," mused Emma, twist- situated again. I will learn to cook." loon down and destroys its power to rise.

The Roomy Attic.

Radiantly lovely, she had come to see the poor poet in his attic room. "The view is divine," she said, "but aren't you crowded for space?" "Oh. no," said he. "I get on nicely now, But, to tell the truth, I was decedly crowded till they took off the wall paper."--Judge.

Let Us Overcome Afflictions.

Let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience.-Lord Boling~~~~~~~~~~~~

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NOT LIKE BEN BATTLE. The only one-footed man who ever served in the United States Army is C. E. Whitmore, an employe of the Fremont Hotel, Galveston, Texas, and he also enjoys the distinction of being the champion military bugler of the United States and of being the only one-footed man who ever served in the United States Revenue Cutter Service.

Whitmore, during the Spanish-American War, had his foot shot off by the Spanish, but he was not injured and was only temporarily disabled. It was cork.

His service in the army lasted two years, and he was in both the cavalry and artillery branches of the Government's fighting force. He served in the Revenue Cutter Service eleven years and two months and retired only when more stringent regulations made it impossible for the authorities to further overlook the absence of his natural foot.

During the thirty-two years which he spent with the United States forces | Centre Hall, Pa. Penn'a R. R. Whitmore saw service in almost ever of the military and naval forces. His service began when he was thirteen years old. At that age he enlisted as an apprentice on the Philadelphia, and was first assigned to the gunboat Saratoga, under Fighting Bob Evans. He served under Evans four years and rose to be chief bos'n mate.

Whitmore's title as champion bugler of the United States was won in 1900, when he was trumpeter at the West Point Military Academy. He blew 135 calls, ordered at random, in one hour and thirty-five minutes, winning the prize, a silver bugle. This he presented to the Military Academy, and it is there now among the institution's relics.

During the Spanish-American War. Whitmore served under Generals Shafter and Wood, and it was at Siboney, on June 29, that his cork foot was shot off and he was ordered by General Wood to report to the wheelwright for surgical attention.

Whitmore blew the last bugle call that President William McKinley ever heard. At that time he was a civilian attached to the military force at the Pan-American Eposition, and as President McKinley entered the Temple of Music he sounded three flourishes, announcing the approach of a distinguished personage to the people gathered within. Hardly had the notes died away when Czolgosz's shot rang out. Whitmore was near enough to be an eye-witness to the assassination, and his testimony regarding the occurrence is on file in Washington.

Whitmore's foot was torn off in Galveston harbor when he was serving on the revenue cutter Galveston in 1892. While a wire rope was being unreeled it caught his foot and tore the member off. After several months in St. Mary's Infirmary here he was able to get about and devised a foot which enabled him to walk almost as well as he formerly walked with his natural foot.

In 1895, despite the absent foot, Whitmore applied for admission into the army and was examined personally by Surgeon-General Sternberg. This examination was supplemented by another in which experts of the Johns Hopkins Hospital participated. They pronounced him capable of doing military duty, and he was permitted, on the authority of a special board, to continue his military career.-Houston Post.

Fires have had many strange causes, but this is one of the strangest: "A conflagration," says the St. James' Budget, "which broke out in High street, Walton, was found to have originated in unusual fashion. A circular shaving mirror standing next the window in a bedroom had focused the rays of the sun on to the bed and the intense heat speedily set the clothes afire."

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