

FOOTBALL.

A gridiron field that huge stands defend, With a great grim gallow at either end, A bulging wind and a frightened sky...

A-sprawl full-length on the short brown grass They watch the handling of kick and pass, And the slippery dummies squeak and swing...

Hark now to the whistle's silver call, "Line up!" and the centre takes the ball The signals follow, clear and quick...

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!

MR. MAYE'S MEMORY...

By ESTHER SERLE KENNETH

"There is one thing you mustn't forget, Brother Tom!" "What is that, Emma?" "Don't forget to go to the help office, and send me up a cook."

our cook has left me, and I do not myself know anything about cooking. What is your name?" relieving the young man of his hat, and hanging it as high out of reach as possible.

The Maxwell family were noted for their wealth and good breeding, and Arthur especially was distinguished for his agreeability. From the first, Emma had been nervous over the responsibility of entertaining this elegant young man...

"I will lay the table myself to-day, Mac, and fill the fruit dishes and vases; but if you give satisfaction, I will intrust you with the key of the china closet, and you will have the entire care of the table; and with a gracious nod the young lady withdrew from the kitchen."

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 me."

There was a delightfully savory odor pervading the house when she came down and set out the wine and ice, and made a few amendments of the table. Before Alice died she had painted an exquisite ebony ring for her brother, and this Emma placed with the napkin designed for Mr. Arthur Maxwell, thinking how artistic and pretty everything was, and deciding that the gentleman's first impression must be pleasant.

"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 hadn't the least doubt—Why, my 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 Mr. Arthur Maxwell? I—I thought it was the cook!" "I came earlier than I expected, and in time to make myself useful to Miss Emma," laughed Mr. Maxwell, divesting himself of his white towel and bowing with exquisite grace to that young lady.

"There is nothing to forgive, if my dinner turns out well," he replied, laughing. "I learned to cook when I 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, 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 questioned him as to what he knew about cooking. I urged him to make all haste and serve the dinner; and—and I called him an Irishman!" sobbed Emma, hysterically.

"The best joke of the season! Sit right down, everybody! Emma, you foolish girl, don't cry. Arthur doesn't care. And as for your Florentine—Arthur, tell Nanny to bring it on. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, you know."

"This has taught me a lesson," she said. "I will never be so desperately situated again. I will learn to cook."

SHORT BUT TO THE POINT.

It was five minutes before noon. The Mayor and the State Superintendent had spent an hour talking to the children in an Ohio school, and just before the stroke of the gong the chairman of the local school committee was called upon to follow them.

"Let me teach you," said Arthur. He did. And Emma taught him to love her. There was a wedding by and by.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A recent English invention is a portable circular saw resembling the street outfit of the scissors grinder, which may be moved up to the stationary timber to cut it.

An improved aiming device for heavy guns makes it possible to keep the weapon trained on a moving target continuously, without regard to the rolling of the vessel.

According to Indian Engineering, plaster of Paris may be used as a flux for melting scrap metals containing small amounts of iron. About five pounds of plaster are mixed with 130 pounds scrap, and, when melted, the whole is stirred. On cooling, the plaster is removed by a blow with a hammer. The iron is thus removed, and the flux, being neutral, does not attack the crucible.

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 well-known bright ones. It was discovered at the Geneva Observatory.

A correspondent of the London Times calls attention to the need of an automatic recording speed indicator 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.

The many uses and inflammable character of celluloid have led to an active search for substitutes. The new material of C. Trocquet, a French inventor, is a mixture of cellulose, asbestos and the organic matter contained in oyster shells. The cellulose is obtained by treating seaweed successively with acid and alkali and washing. The asbestos is ground with petroleum oil, while the ground oyster shells are treated with hydrochloric acid and the insoluble residue is boiled with water, washed with weak alkaline solution and collected on a filter.

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 peppermint and thickly sprinkled with sulphur to make it burn quickly. Close the furnace door tightly and have some one who has not smelled the prepared cotton wad try to detect the odor in the rooms above. If it is found you will need a new drum for your furnace without delay.

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 horse, five years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Pear-shaped balloons are the fashion in Belgium. The point is upward, the base of the balloon is spherical. It is claimed that balloons of this shape pierce the air vertically with far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are steadier. Also the upper pointed end prevents the accumulation of moisture or snow on the surface, which frequently weighs a balloon down and destroys its power to rise.

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 got on nicely now. But, to tell the truth, I was decidedly crowded till they took off the wall paper."

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 Bolingbroke.

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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 employee 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. 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.

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.

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'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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