

The Crossroads.
There sits a woman in a lonely place,
Where All-Souls' twilight ever
bends and broods;
With hungry hope and fear upon her
face,
She gazes down those dreamy soli-
tudes,
There at the crossroads, peering to
and fro,
Straining her glance athwart the
shadows gray,
Lest any little traveler she might
know
Come by that way.

For long, so long, she has waited;
now and then
A tiny figure looms along the road,
Shy, scarce-awakened from the world
of men,
Seeking uncertainly its new abode,
And eagerly she stoops, she scans
its eyes,
Asking some look, some tender
answering sign,
And still she lets it go again, and
sighs,
"Not mine—O God—not mine!"
But some day, surely, in a golden
hour,
The sweet familiar shape shall be
described,
Delaying here and there for berry or
flower,
But drawing ever nearer to her
side,
No need of greeting between child
and mother,
When heart on heart is folded close
and fast
In that one clasp, each blended in the
other.
That pays for all the past!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

On the Gold Coast.

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN,

In Capt. Cyrus Varnum's parlor
corner stood a Kroo spear, its long,
slim tip bristling unpleasantly with
rusted hook-like twists, and two odd,
forked-shaped paddles five feet long.
The captain caught my glance wander-
ing toward this sheaf of curios.
"Positively the worst spot I ever
anchored off—that's where these
came from," said he. "There's no
end of yellow fever and cholera ports,
roadsteads open to wind and sea,
havens with reef-bound channels and
shifting bars. But the Gold Coast
hasn't any harbors at all.

"Ten years ago I made a cruise in
the old bark Cornelia to the Gulf of
Guinea. I shipped a colored crew,
thinking they would stand hot weather
better than whites. We were the
first American sailing vessel to carry
case oil to the West Coast, twenty-
eight thousand wooden boxes, each
containing two five-gallon cans."
"We raised Cape Coast Castle
March 19th, after an uneventful run
of forty-five days. There we spent
almost two weeks discharging cargo.
The sand-shoals compelled us to anchor
several miles out, and lighter our
oil in the boats of the Kroo boys.

"Tall, strong fellows they are, these
Kroo boys, black as a tar-kettle, and
muscled like prize-fighters. They
can dive like ducks and swim like
bonitos. Without them you couldn't
beach a box, bale or barrel on the
Gold Coast. They're a jabbering,
laughing, happy-go-lucky lot generally,
but bulldogs for holding a grudge."
"We broke out the oil for Cape
Coast Castle, took our consignee
aboard, and made sail for Saltpond,
a few leagues farther east. That
first night was a wild one. We were
jogging along at a two-knot gait under
lower topsails, with no rain and
little wind; but the low, lanky clouds
were alive with lightning. The sea
swarmed with sharks, aggliter as if
dipped in phosphorus.

"We hooked our anchor into the
sand five miles off Saltpond. Though
north and west winds prevailed, the
heavy roll from the southeast trades
kicked up a fearful surf. It was a
hard place to land cargo."
"The ground-swell wouldn't let the
Kroo boys load alongside; so they
lay ten feet off, holding to a rope
from a spar forward. Two single
whips from the topmasthead and the
yard-arm hoisted the oil from the
float, five boxes at a time, and swung
it out over the rail. Lot of cases
were smashed. As only twenty-five
could be safely stowed in each boat,
and as a single round trip took con-
siderable time, it was slow work.
Yet we landed several hundred boxes
a day.

"I went ashore with the consignee
in the first boat, leaving my mate,
Henry Billings, the only white man
aboard, to send in the cargo."
"Now the Gold Coast abounds in
gray parrots, the highest-priced
birds on the market, worth ten dol-
lars and upward in New York. They're
much quicker to learn than the green
ones, and aren't so ugly-tempered.
I'd planned to buy several dozen, as
a little speculation on my own ac-
count. So I'd brought out eight bags
of corn to feed them with, and built
a big cage over the bobby hatch. I
was ashore at Saltpond five days;
and, with my consignee's help I
picked up a hundred grays at four
shillings apiece.

"At last I was ready to go back
to the Cornelia. I made a final pur-
chase of three rope hammocks at my
consignee's store, got my custom-
house papers, said good-by to every-
body, and went down to the beach.
There high and dry lay the boat that
was to take me out, stout, flat-bot-
tomed, thirty-five feet long, five broad
and three deep, drawing less than a
foot. Each end rose a little, and an
astern was a hole for the long steer-
ing-oar.
"The surf was running high, but
I'd never seen any boat upset, so
didn't dream of danger. What I
thought of most was getting those
hundred parrots safely into that
cage on the hatch.
"They were in two dry-good boxes,
four feet square and half as high,
tops covered with slats. In each box
were fifty birds, chirping and preen-
ing their feathers.
"I had the boxes placed well aft,
and got in right behind them and
close to the steersman. My ham-
mocks I piled in a little mound be-
fore the forward box. The crew
tossed their paddles aboard, and
grasped the gunwales, fifteen stocky
fellows to starboard, and fourteen to
port.
"In swept a succession of big rollers—
one, two, three. As the last
and biggest flowed back, the steers-
man gave a yell; twenty-nine pairs of
black hands tightened along the sides,
and the heavy boat chased the bil-
low down into the surf.
"Out we ran, the crew jumping in
two by two; as fast as they got
waist-deep. Fifty feet from the beach
we were fairly aloft, and all aboard.
"Very slowly we crept seaward,
awaiting a good chance to shoot
through the breakers. The Kroo
boys kept dipping their blades just
enough to hold the boat, while the
steersman watched the coming sea
like a hawk.
"We were a good hundred feet out.
The huge dark-blue swells broke in
thunder just before us, rushed foam-
ing by, and ran far up the sand. Some
were very high. But I gave them
little attention; for I sat, my knees
against the nearest box, watching my
parrots.
"Suddenly there came three seas,
larger than any before. The first
combed over the bow, spraying the
entire boat. It wet my birds, and
stopped their chirping. The next
billow was still bigger, and soaked
us all. I felt bad for the grays but
didn't suspect any danger to myself.
"Then, without warning, the third
sea, a curling ridge of green water
ten feet high, caught the boat fair-
ly under her bottom.
"Up rose her bow, higher, higher,
higher, until with a sudden fling over
she went endwise.
"As the bird-crates came tumbling
against me, I caught a glimpse of
black bottles leaping right and left.
If I hadn't been watching my par-
rots, I should have been ready to
jump, too. The steersman caught my
shoulder, and tried to pull me out;
but it was too late. His hand was
suddenly snatched away. Down came
the boat on top of me, a zinc-lined
box corner struck my temple, and for
a little while I didn't know anything.
"I came to under water, a terrible
pain over my left eyebrow and another
in my right wrist. Something on
my head was holding me down. I
kicked and thrashed round until finally
I got my nose above water, in a
little dark air-space. I was under
the overturned boat.
"My head boomed like a big na-
tive drum. A web of loose rope en-
tangled me. The three hammocks
had fallen over my shoulders, and
in my struggles the cords had be-
come twisted about me. I tried to
raise my right hand, but couldn't.
The excruciating ache in the wrist
told that it had been broken, either
by a box or the gunwale. Every
time anything touched it the pain
made me sick.
"The boat drifted nearly where the
seas were breaking. Occasionally a
terrific billow crashed down above
my head.
"The air-space, barely a foot high,
was filled with a dusky light, reflect-
ed from the sand. It changed posi-
tion with the swash of the surf, forc-
ing me to follow it for breath. Much
of the time my face was under wa-
ter, as I paddled and pulled myself
back and forth, catching the gunwale
with my one good hand.
"The hammocks were a terrible
handicap; I must get clear of them
at any cost. My broken wrist made
the struggle an agonizing one, but
it meant life or death to me, and at
last I cast them off. They sank at
once. All was clear now under the
boat; not even a paddle remained.
My parrots had disappeared utterly.
"Very slowly we were drifting in;
the water was shoaler now. Should
I try to get out from under the boat,
or stay where I was till she got far
enough in for the blacks to turn her
over? The thump on my temple had
made it hard for me to think intelli-
gently. With one wrist broken, I
didn't feel ambitious to battle with
a surf like that outside. Further-
more, the gunwales ran down two
feet under water, and it wouldn't
be any easy task for me to get out
unassisted. For a while, at any
rate, I was safe.
"So, paddling like a broken-winged
duck, I chased the shifting air-space.
Why couldn't the boat turn side to
the swell and roll over, instead of
keeping so obstinately head to it?
Frequently, as the surf ran out, her
bow struck the land, my feet touched
bottom, and I felt the pull of the
undertow.
"But this couldn't last. I was
pretty well fagged, and the air had
grown choky. I knew it was time
for me to be slipping out from be-
neath my floating refuge. But with
my broken wrist, that wasn't either

so easy or so safe as it might seem;
for should I be nipped between the
sand and the sharp gunwale, it
would almost cut me in two.
"The water was now pretty shal-
low, and hazy yellow with sand. The
bow struck bottom after every wave.
I must have been under the boat at
least fifteen minutes. My head was
cracking. A heavy hand seemed to
be compressing my lungs. I must
escape while I had sense and strength
to do so, or I should certainly lose
consciousness and drown.
"Determined to fight my hardest,
I peeled off thin jacket and pajamas,
leaving just my shoes on. I wasn't
scared, but I must keep clear of that
gunwale. The boat weighed per-
haps a ton. I couldn't afford to be
caught between its edge and the bot-
tom.
"At last I judged the moment had
come. We lifted on a big roller.
Taking a full breath, and sinking
back so that my face was submerged,
I hooked the fingers of my left hand
and the hollow of my right elbow
under the gunwale, and shot my feet
outward. Before I had got half out
the boat began to sing again.
"It was too late to withdraw.
I thought of the hard sand underneath,
and gave a last desperate wriggle.
No use! The gunwale caught me
across the lower part of the chest,
and ground my back into the sand.
"The sharp edge cut my flesh. My
ribs cracked. The breath was
squeezed out of my lungs. For one
horrible instant I feared I was to
be cut asunder.
"In a moment the pressure eased,
and the boat rose. But my strength
was gone. I gave one final weak
pull. Then everything darkened.
"I came to myself on the beach,
with two black fellows rolling the
water out of me. After three days at
the hotel, though lame and sore and
suffering from a fever-touch, I decid-
ed I must get back to the Cornelia.
"But I dreaded those breakers so
much that I offered the best steers-
man in Saltpond twenty-five dollars
to take me out safely. Just before
we started, a colored woman brought
down a broken-winged gray parrot,
the only one of my hundred that had
washed ashore alive.
"That time we got through all
right. Safe on board, I paid the steers-
man his twenty-five dollars, and as a
bonus, gave him an old tall hat. That
pleased him more than the money.
He jammed it on at once; and as the
boat paddled off, the last thing I
saw was his black figure at the steer-
ing-oar, the old stovepipe tipped
jauntily back on his head."—Youth's
Companion.

RED IS MAN'S COLOR.

Once Thought to Cure Disease and
to Ward Off Bad Luck.

The partiality for the color red
may not be mere chance, for it has
played an important part in the art
and decoration of all races of men,
and to it are attached many old
superstitions.

In our earliest forms of art we
learn that various colors had special
significance, generally in distinguish-
ing the sexes. Striking examples of
this custom are found in Italy, where
red was the insignia of the male and
blue of the female.

This explains why in the old paint-
ings we find the Madonna and other
Biblical women always in the latter
color, while the apostles and mascu-
line saints wore red. Even today in
Rome and some other sections of
Italy, says Harper's Weekly, the spe-
cial color of his sex is pinned to
the dress of the child at the time of
baptism.

There still remain many curious
superstitions concerning this interest-
ing color. For instance, a great aver-
sion to red hair exists among the
peasants of England and Wales, and
often the presence of a person with
"auburn" locks is considered unlucky.
When a fisherman of northern Eng-
land is mending his tackle the ap-
proach of a red haired individual is
solemnly believed to presage ill for-
tune unless the end of the line or
net is immediately passed through
a flame.

In olden time the efficacy of red
as a cure for disease was strictly
followed and this superstition has
not entirely died out. The physician
to Edward II. of England, John of
Gaddesden, tells us that he brought
about a complete cure for one of the
royal princes who was suffering with
smallpox by surrounding the sick bed
with various red hangings, wrapping
the patient in red blankets, covering
him with a scarlet counterpane and
administering red mulberry wine.

In the west of Scotland and in the
West Indies it is customary to wrap
a bit of red cloth or flannel around
children's throats to ward off the
whooping cough. In the early part
of the last century a London shop
let to those suffering with scarlet fever,
a supposed remedy lying not in the
fabric but in the color.

In New Zealand the house in which
death has occurred is painted with
this color to keep out the bad spir-
its, and the path of the funeral pro-
cession is blazed with streaks of red
to prevent the demons from follow-
ing. Even now the Chinese plait
their children's hair with red silk
to ward off the influence of evil
spirits.

Another woman has been elected
to the Colorado Legislature. About
a dozen women have served there be-
fore her.

COMMERCIAL COLUMN

Wholesale Markets.

New York.—Wheat—Receipts, 28,
800 bush.; exports, 179,904. Spot
firm; No. 2 red, 1.07 1/2 @ 1.08 1/2 c
elevator and 1.08 1/2 f. o. b. afloat;
No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.19 f. o. b.
afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 1.16 f.
o. b. afloat.

Corn—Receipts, 21,375 bush.
Spot firm; No. 2, 68c. elevator and
67 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 white nomi-
nal and No. 2 yellow 67 1/2 f. o. b.
afloat. Option market was without
transactions, closing 3/4 c. net high-
er. May closed 68 1/2 c.; July closed
68 1/2 c.; September closed 68 1/2 c.

Oats—Receipts, 74,725 bush.; ex-
ports, 3,000. Spot quiet; mixed, 26
@ 32 lbs., 54 1/2 c.; natural white, 26
@ 32 lbs., 54 @ 57; clipped white,
32 @ 40 lbs., 56 1/2 @ 62.

Poultry—Alive, easy; chickens,
14c; fowls, 15c; turkeys, 12 @ 18.
Dressed, stronger; Western chickens,
16 @ 21c; Western fowls, 12 @ 14 1/2;
Western turkeys, 22 @ 23.

Philadelphia.—Wheat—Firm and
1/2 c. higher; contract grade, January,
1.05 @ 1.05 1/2 c.

Corn—Firm; January, 64 1/2 @
65c.

Oats—Quiet, but firm; No. 2
white natural, 56 @ 56 1/2 c.

Butter—Firm; fair demand; extra
Western creamery, 34c; do., near-
by prints, 36c.

Eggs—Firm and 1c. higher;
Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts,
f. c., 33c. at mark; do., current re-
ceipts, in return cases, 32 at
mark; Western firsts, f. c., 33 at
mark; do., current receipts, f. c. 31
@ 32 at mark.

Cheese—Firm; fair demand; New
York full cream, choice, 14 1/2 c.; do.,
fair to good, 13 1/2 @ 14.

Poultry—Alive, steady; fair de-
mand; fowls, 13 @ 14c; old roosters,
10; spring chickens, 13 @ 14; ducks,
12 @ 13; geese, 11 @ 12 1/2; turkeys,
16 @ 17.

Baltimore.—Wheat—Receipts, 1-
161 bush., including 128 bush. South-
ern. The small lot of Southern
which arrived sold at \$1.04 for No. 2
red.

The market for Western opened
firmer. Spot, \$1.04 1/4; February,
\$1.05 1/4.

Oats—Receipts, 16,679 bush.;
withdrawals from elevators, 8,988
bush.; stock in elevators, 180,917
bush. Desirable grades are firmly
held, but the market is rather quiet.
Car No. 2 mixed, 54 1/2 c. We quote:
White—No. 2, 56c; No. 3, 54 1/2 @
55; No. 4, 53 @ 53 1/2. Mixed—No. 2,
54 @ 54 1/2 c.; No. 3, 53 @ 53 1/2.

Rye—We quote, per bush., No. 2
Western rye, 83c; No. 4 Western,
uptown delivery, 80c.

Hay—We quote, per ton: Timo-
thy—No. 1, large bales, \$14.50 @ 15;
do., small blocks, \$14.50 @ 15; No. 2,
as to location, \$13 @ 13.50; No. 3,
\$11 @ 12.

Cheese—Jobbing lots quoted at
15 1/2 c. per lb.

Eggs—Market firm, with the de-
mand for fresh stock about equal
to the moderate offerings. We quote,
per dozen, loss off: Maryland, Penn-
sylvania and nearby firsts, 30c;
Western firsts, 30; West Virginia
firsts, 29; Southern firsts, 28; guinea
eggs, 14 @ 15.

Live Stock.

New York.—Beeves—Receipts,
591 head. No trading; feeling
steady. Dressed beef in fair demand
at 8 to 10 1/2 c. per pound.

Hogs—Receipts, 3,064 head. Mar-
ket weak to 10c. lower. Prime State
hogs sold at \$6.45 per 100 lbs.
Country dressed hogs firm at 5 1/2 @
9c. per pound for heavy to light
weights.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Cattle—Supply
light, steady. Choice, \$6.50 @ 6.75;
prime, \$6.30 @ 6.50.

Hogs—Receipts fair, active, high-
er; prime heavies and mediums,
\$6.50 @ 6.55; heavy Yorkers, \$6.45
@ 6.50; light Yorkers, \$6.25 @ 6.30;
pigs, \$6 @ 6.15; roughs, \$5 @ 5.50.

Chicago.—Cattle—Receipts esti-
mated at 5,000 head; market strong
to 10c. higher; steers, \$4.50 @ 7.75;
cows, \$3 @ 5.25; heifers, \$2.50 @
4.60; bulls, \$3.15 @ 4.50; calves,
\$3.50 @ 9.50; stockers and feeders,
\$2.50 @ 5.

Hogs—Receipts estimated at 30,
000 head; market 5 to 10c. higher;
choice heavy shipping, \$6.20 @ 6.30;
butchers, \$6.05 @ 6.25; light mixed,
\$5.50 @ 5.75; choice light, \$5.75 @
6.10; packing, \$5.70 @ 6.10; pigs,
\$4.25 @ 5.50; bulk of sales, \$5.85 @
6.20.

Kansas City, Mo.—Cattle—Receipts,
6,000 head, including 200
Southern; market steady; choice ex-
port and dressed beef steers, \$6 @
6.75; fair to good, \$4.50 @ 6; West-
ern steers, \$4 @ 6.50; stockers and
feeders, \$3.50 @ 5.25; Southern
steers, \$4.50 @ 6.45; Southern cows,
\$2.50 @ 4; native cows, \$2 @ 5.25;
native heifers, \$3.25 @ 6; bulls, \$3.25
@ 5.00; calves, \$4 @ 8.

Hogs—Receipts, 15,000 head;
market steady to strong; top, \$6.10;
bulk of sales, \$5.50 @ 6.05; heavy,
\$5.95 @ 6.10; packers and butchers,
\$5.65 @ 6.10; light, \$5.40 @ 5.90;
pigs, \$4.50 @ 5.25.

THIS AND THAT.

Twenty-two per cent. of all the
women married in Prussia in 1903
were servants.

New York's gas meters set side
by side would reach to Washington.
Ten thousand gross of pens may
be made from a ton of steel.

Vienna uses 22,000 telephones.
A plant at Hioago has just com-
pleted the first modern locomotive
built in Japan.

A long series of experiments has
demonstrated that hollow copper
makes the best lightning rod.
Anacostia produces 3,000,000
ounces of silver a year in normal
times, along with its copper.

When some self-made man makes
a fool of himself he robs some woman
of the job.

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the days of Columbus. There are
now fifty-one in use.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Taft hasn't attended the theatre in
twenty years.

President James B. Angell, of the
University of Michigan, reached his
eightieth birthday, and declared that
teaching was man's noblest profes-
sion.

Plans were discussed for the erec-
tion of a monument in Washington,
D. C., in honor of Senator William
Boyd Allison, of Iowa, who died last
summer.

President Hadley, of Yale, declared
that the reform of newspapers and
the Government should begin with
newspaper readers, who should learn
to weigh evidence.

No one has the temerity to ques-
tion the prediction that Mr. Roosevelt
will enter the fight for the seat of
Senator Dewey, when that states-
man's term ends in 1911.

Professor Terry, of Columbia Law
School, advised that Chicago work
for the passage of the Illinois divorce
bill recommended by the Congress
on Uniform Divorce Laws.

J. G. Phelps Stokes, addressing So-
cialists at New Haven, assailed the
church, while his brother, the Rev.
Anson Phelps Stokes, was holding a
church service elsewhere in the city.

Dr. William T. Bull, the noted New
York physician, suffering with can-
cer, insisted upon making a visit to
the roof of the Plaza Hotel, where
the cold wave greatly invigorated
him.

William J. Bryan has accepted an
invitation to visit Tampa, Fla., dur-
ing the fair. With Mrs. Bryan he
will arrive in Tampa before going to
Cuba for a short visit and returning
will spend a week in Tampa.

Captain Chauncey B. Humphrey,
who thrashed a party of prize-fight-
ers in a train near Denver, had
whipped three highwaymen at West
Point and delivered the "West Point
Job" effectively in the Philippines.

LABOR WORLD.

Alberta, Canada, will pass a child
labor act similar to the Ontario act.
About one-half of the population
of Greece are agriculturists and shep-
herds.

Headquarters of the Minnesota
State Federation of Labor will be
moved from Duluth to St. Paul.
Efforts will be made at the automo-
bile show, scheduled for Chicago, to
organize a national union of chauff-
eurs.

An attempt to establish a municip-
al brewery in Berlin resulted in a
failure. It did plenty of business, but
lost money.

Of 505 deaths of sailors accruing
in the experience of an industrial in-
surance company, 17.6 per cent. were
due to accidents.

The formation of women's auxiliary
unions in the labor movement is rap-
idly becoming popular for its effect
on the labor propaganda.

At the State building trade con-
vention, held in Santa Rosa, Cal., each
district council in the State and each
union was represented by one dele-
gate.

A campaign has been started in
San Francisco, Cal., in behalf of the
women employed as clerks in stores,
with a view to obtaining better wages
and conditions for them.

In the recent referendum vote tak-
en by the bakers, a proposition to in-
crease the salaries of the international
officers and make the payment of a
sick and death benefit compulsory,
was defeated.

The management committee of the
General Federation of Trade Unions
in Great Britain has issued a mani-
festo in which all trade unions are
advised to instruct their members to re-
fuse to work overtime.

Owing to a wage dispute 4000
men have struck at Larmorgate col-
lieries, Rhoudah Valley, Wales.

Death From surprise.
Following a "surprise visit" at
night from Deputy Commissioner
Hanson, Lieutenant Callahan, of
Brooklyn, N. Y., died suddenly in the
station house.

Had to Depose Castro.
Venezuela's special envoy to Eu-
rope said the country had to depose
Castro in order to preserve its inde-
pendence.

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