

The Airfarin' Pirate's Tale.  
"I us'er fly in a pirat ship," says the airfarin' tar, says he;  
"She was manned by the bloodiest airynauts that ever a man did see;  
She'd six wings on her starboard side, if I rightly recollect,  
And I was the cap'n of the craft, and I walked the parachute deck.

"We boarded a ship a mile above the top of old Pike's Peak—  
Twere a Chinese crew, and they walked the plank too bloody scared to squeak;  
We found six million taels aboard, and I cached 'em then and there  
In the midst of a big cloud that hung like an island in the air.

"The very next week our pirat ship hit the Flatiron Building shoal, And grabbin' a parachute saved me—but I was the only soul,  
Sense then I've been a driftin' round, a-hopin' to strike that cloud,  
Where I hid the gold in the strenuous days of the airship pirat crowd.

"But the cloud ain't near Pike's Peak no more, but it's driftin' round the earth,  
And it's leadin' me a merry chase, and I'm losin' weight and girth;  
So take the advice of an airship tar—when off on a freebootin' flight  
Don't hide yer gold upon a cloud unless it is anchored tight."—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

## A System Which Worked Like A Charm.

System Sam came into the general manager's office with his hat worn jauntily over the corner of his right eye. The general manager looked up. He was not pleased. On the contrary, he was displeased. He was an austere general manager and a stickler for form.  
"Do you wear it to bed, too? he asked.  
"To what do you refer?" asked Sam in his most ingratiating tone of voice, sitting down and putting his feet on the lower rungs of the general manager's chair.  
"Your hat."  
"No, sir. I wear it only when and where it is convenient to wear it, where it is to my best interest to wear it, where by wearing it I can save time, trouble and thought. Have you ever thought of the business possibilities that lie in the mere matter of wearing or not wearing a hat?"  
"No. But I've known several young men who are too fresh to keep without salting, who have been ejected from offices for wearing theirs at the wrong time."  
"Ah, yes, the wrong time. To wear or not to wear, that is the question. A hat sentimentally considered, becomes an article over which to argue this question. But my dear sir, you know as well as I do—in fact, I believe it is one of the mottoes of your business career, one of the reasons for your success—that there is no room, time or excuse for sentiment in business. Do you follow me?"  
"I hope not."  
"Ah, a mere failure to express myself in convincing fashion. You do not, as it were, connect with me."  
"Not yet," said the general manager, steadfastly regarding the knuckles on his left hand.  
"No. Then I shall be more explicit. The problem of to wear or not to wear one's hat is one of sentiment entirely. There is no room in business for sentiment. You have said so yourself; it is so. Hence, there is no room in business for hat-doffing. Have you ever considered this in the pure light of business? Ah, I thought not. Then you have, of course, never attempted to calculate the amount of time lost in this establishment per diem by the custom which your employes follow of removing their hats in the office. Of course, removing their hats, as you understand, is but a figure of speech. It embraces the whole field of courtesy in its meaning as I use it. Mr. G. M., have you ever thought of how much this sentimental custom of courtesy costs you in time each year?"  
"No, I have not." The general manager was interested.  
"But I have!" cried System Sam. "You lose exactly fifteen minutes of time from each man, woman or child in the place. Now, I am System Sam. I can save you this time. What do you say?"  
"Go ahead, of course. You've got a new idea, a gem! Fifteen minutes of time from every employe! Outrageous! Go ahead and do your best; you needn't worry about the question of salary; deliver the goods and you'll be taken care of."  
The general manager went out of town for a week. He returned confident that he would see a change of considerable importance in the aspects of the office, being highly elated over the prospect of saving time through System Sam's idea.

He was not disappointed. The change was a big one. The door-keeper let him open the door for himself.  
"Hello, Bill," he said, heartily.  
The general manager's name was William. He bestowed one withering look upon the offender and went into his private office. His private secretary did not rise at his entrance. The private secretary was smoking. He barely looked up, and then went on with his work. The general manager spoke severely.  
"Have you begun to smoke in the office?" he asked.  
"Don't bother me," said the private secretary. "I'm too busy to talk."  
Then the office boy came in. "Say, Bill," he piped, "the head of the stationery department says to tell you that your estimate on the new stock is rotten. Punk! I guess it was, all right; you're pretty bum on those stunts."  
The general manager turned to the boy and dragged him to his desk.  
"Tell me about this," he commanded. "Why the change?"  
The boy took out a printed card and held it out to him. The general manager read:  
"Don't waste any time in being polite."  
"Be absolutely frank."  
"Say what you think."  
"Tell the truth always and to everybody."  
"And where did this come from?"  
"From System Sam," said the boy. "Now, lemme go; I got things to do."  
"Yes. Go—and send System Sam here."

Sam was blithe and confident when he entered the office.  
"The system is working like a charm," he said. "Everybody does more work than ever before, and we'll soon be able to lay off two per cent of the total force and—Here, sir, what is that for?"  
The general manager was removing his coat.  
"For you," he said, grimly, and the next was a picture of Sam going through the door with the toe of a shoe in swift pursuit.  
"Why," he asked himself when he was outside, "why did he do it? The system worked like a charm. Everybody was doing exactly what he had ordered me to get them to do. There wasn't a minute wasted in courtesy in the whole place. I can't understand it at all."—John McManus in Modern Methods.

ANTS ARE GOOD FIGHTERS.  
There is a Perpetual Feud Between Different Species.

"On the morning of August 11," says a writer in Suburban Life, "I gathered a few black ants and a number of their small, brown, egg-shaped cocoons from an ant hill in my yard and placed them in a shallow glass box, an artificial nest, where I watched their behavior.  
"Not long after this I discovered a winged black queen promenade under the apple tree—very likely a blood sister of the others, for when I placed her with them she was not attacked, as was a large ant with a red thorax that later I introduced among them.  
"Strange how ants recognize both friends and enemies through the sense of smell rather than by the sense of sight. No sooner do two ants meet than they cross noses, so to speak, in order to ascertain who is who. If the insects find that they belong to different communities war is at once declared.  
"This was the case when the ant with the red thorax was confined with the black ants. How vicious both species were, how they snapped at and bit each other! One black ant succeeded in grabbing an antenna (or feeler) of her antagonist, to which she held as the big red ant dragged her from place to place.  
"Another black ant smelled her opportunity and caught the hind leg of the enemy, who was thus greatly handicapped in her movements. Still, she succeeded in killing both black ants, although she could not free herself from their death grip until I came to her assistance.  
"The queen had remained inactive during the conflict and had taken no part in cleaning up the nest; when all was again in order a worker ant approached her and after a short antennae conversation began to tug at her wings. Apparently this was to give the royal sister to understand that she must now discard them and assume the responsibilities of egg-laying, the work for which she had been most carefully reared.  
"The young queen was not inclined to give up her gauzy appendages, however, so presently the worker resumed her efforts to loosen them, but with no show of animosity. Falling to accomplish her purpose, she next caught the queen by her antennae and led her gently about the nest and then held her in a corner for at least twenty minutes.  
"During this time the other ants came and touched her caressingly with their antennae, and one went so far as to offer her food from its mouth. It was a clear case of coaxing. They wanted this queen mother to deposit eggs and found a new colony. I do not know what arguments finally overcame the queen's reluctance to give up her freedom.  
"The next day I saw that she had yielded to the entreaties of her sisters. She was wingless and depositing very minute eggs.  
"The black ants have what appear to be good natured wrestling matches among themselves. They are

constantly on the move doing something, carrying the unwieldy cocoons from one place to another, regurgitating food for a companion or making elaborate toilets."

## A FOX AND A VIXEN.

A Follower of the Hounds Tells a Strange Story of Animal Devotion.  
I had attended the meet of the Surrey Union Foxhounds at Burford Bridge Hotel at 11 a. m. (on Boxing Day), and after following them until 12:15 started to cycle home for lunch. When some two miles from Rammore Church I struck a small road leading toward Effingham village and at once decided to ride that way in the hope of seeing hounds again. This narrow road winds through a small wood, upon entering which I heard view halloos and hounds in full cry some distance to windward. I determined to wait here as the spot seemed a likely one, and propping my machine against a tree took careful cover.  
After some few minutes a stealthy movement in the leafy woodland drew my attention, and within five yards of me there passed a dog fox evidently hunted and dead tired. He paused in the roadway some fifteen yards in front of where I stood, when to my astonishment he was joined by a vixen, apparently quite fresh.  
They trotted on up the pathway for twenty yards side by side, looking for all the world as if they were holding a whispered conversation when to my surprise the vixen turned back deliberately in their tracks for about fifteen yards, crossing and recrossing, in order I suppose, to make the scent as strong as possible on her own line. She then returned to where she had left her husband (I presume he must have been her husband, as there seemed to be such a perfect understanding between them), and on reaching that point made off in the opposite direction.  
I eagerly waited for the hounds to come up, which they did in a few minutes. Three of them seemed doubtful, but after a momentary pause appeared convinced that the new trail was the right one, and all departed after the lady with fresh zest and much music. I fancy this must have been most satisfactory to poor, weary Reynard, who was still within my sight, creeping stiffly down the adjoining hedgerow. I wondered what would be the fate of the devoted vixen, and could not help hoping she would escape, in which case I would have given much to see the reunion.—H. H. in Country Life.

STEAMED CORN BREAD.  
Sift into a bread bowl three cups Indian meal, one cupful wheat flour and a half teaspoonful of salt. Mix in another bowl one cupful sour milk and one of molasses and beat into it a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful cold water. Add to the sifted flour, pour into a well greased mould and steam steadily for three hours. At the end of this period bake a few moments to brown top of the loaf.—New York Telegram.

POTTED BEEF.  
Take 20 cent stew beef and 10 cent soup bone, simmer till meat is tender. Take from the stock and run through meat chopper, also a small piece of bread; season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, thyme, add two or three tablespoons of the stock; mix all well together with the hands. Press well into a glass dish, pour a little melted butter over the top and serve cold; garnish with parsley. A nice and quickly served luncheon dish, also breakfast. The stock makes fine soup—all for 30 cents.—New York World.

FIG DESSERT.  
Butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, beat thoroughly; two eggs beaten separately, one-half cup water, two teaspoons baking powder, one and one-half cups flour, sifted three times; bake in two earthen plates. Cut one pound of figs in small pieces, add one cup sugar, and cover with water and boil twenty minutes; when cold, spread over the two cakes and on top add one-half pint of cream which has been thoroughly whipped.—New York World.

APPLE RELISH.  
Two quarts each of cabbage, green tomatoes and sweet apples, two green peppers, one quart of granulated sugar, five cents' worth of whole mixed-spice tied up in a cloth, and removed after cooking. Chop cabbage and tomato, sprinkle through them enough salt to season, let stand a short time, then squeeze out the water, add chopped apple, peppers, sugar and spice, and a little more vinegar than will cover, stir quite often and cook two hours.—New York World.

RYE BREAD.  
Scald one cup milk, then add to it one cup hot water. Cool to lukewarm, and a half cake compressed yeast in two tablespoonsful tepid water. Add a half teaspoonful salt and stir in enough rye flour to make a batter. Beat until you can beat no longer, then cover and stand out of a draft for three hours. Add enough more rye flour to make a dough stiff enough to knead, and knead thoroughly. Shape into loaves and put in well greased pans. Stand in a warm place for an hour or longer until very light, brush over with milk and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.—New York Telegram.

SALMON PUDDING WITH PEAS.  
Remove the bones and skin from 1 can of salmon; flake the fish, that is, pull it into flakes with a fork, and put into a dish with alternating layers of day-old bread crumbs and a sauce made by placing 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; when it ceases to foam stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, then add ½ pint of hot milk, 1-4 teaspoon each of salt and pepper; cook until creamy. Have the fish and last layers of crumbs in the dish. Bake for 20 or 30 minutes in a moderate oven or until the top is puffy and brown. Serve in the baking dish. If it is a pretty one, and spoon buttered hot peas on the plate, or for company run a knife about the edge, slip gently on a hot dish; arrange the buttered and seasoned peas on top and at the base. Pieces of lemon are used as a garnish and then passed with the fish.—Boston Post.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.  
If a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar is eaten after an onion, no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected.  
In pickling alum helps to make the pickles crisp, while horseradish and nasturtium seeds prevent the vinegar from becoming muddy.  
Stone jars for bread and cake boxes should be scalded twice a week in the summer weather, sunning, if possible, to keep mold from gathering.  
Lamp wicks can be prevented from smoking by soaking them in vinegar and drying thoroughly.  
A cloth wrung out in very hot water and often renewed will remove discoloration from bruises.  
Benzine rubbed on the edges of carpet is a sure preventive of moths.  
All of the combs and hair brushes should be washed weekly in a quart of warm water in which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been placed. Place only the bristles in this solution as the water will loosen the glue in the back of the brush if it is submerged. Wipe well and place in the air to dry.  
The secret of cooking game is constant basting. It should be underdone and full of gravy.

BANG GOES ANOTHER BELIEF.  
Earth Not Round Like an Orange, but—Well, Read for Yourself.

When we were children we were told that the earth was round like an orange, and we were foolish enough to believe it. Moreover, we have been passing this intelligence along to the present generation in the smug confidence that we were doing the right thing.  
But now comes Prof. E. H. Lowe of the Royal Society and makes us ashamed of ourselves, says Lippincott's Magazine. He says that our planet is not round like an orange or like a ball or anything else as homely as that.  
On the contrary, he declares what in fact everybody ought to have known long ago, that "the lithosphere is an ellipsoid with three unequal axes, having its surface deformed according to the formula for a certain spherical harmonic of the third degree and displaced as a whole relatively to the geoid, in the direction toward southeastern Europe."

## Household Notes

STEAMED CORN BREAD.  
Sift into a bread bowl three cups Indian meal, one cupful wheat flour and a half teaspoonful of salt. Mix in another bowl one cupful sour milk and one of molasses and beat into it a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful cold water. Add to the sifted flour, pour into a well greased mould and steam steadily for three hours. At the end of this period bake a few moments to brown top of the loaf.—New York Telegram.

POTTED BEEF.  
Take 20 cent stew beef and 10 cent soup bone, simmer till meat is tender. Take from the stock and run through meat chopper, also a small piece of bread; season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, thyme, add two or three tablespoons of the stock; mix all well together with the hands. Press well into a glass dish, pour a little melted butter over the top and serve cold; garnish with parsley. A nice and quickly served luncheon dish, also breakfast. The stock makes fine soup—all for 30 cents.—New York World.

FIG DESSERT.  
Butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, beat thoroughly; two eggs beaten separately, one-half cup water, two teaspoons baking powder, one and one-half cups flour, sifted three times; bake in two earthen plates. Cut one pound of figs in small pieces, add one cup sugar, and cover with water and boil twenty minutes; when cold, spread over the two cakes and on top add one-half pint of cream which has been thoroughly whipped.—New York World.

APPLE RELISH.  
Two quarts each of cabbage, green tomatoes and sweet apples, two green peppers, one quart of granulated sugar, five cents' worth of whole mixed-spice tied up in a cloth, and removed after cooking. Chop cabbage and tomato, sprinkle through them enough salt to season, let stand a short time, then squeeze out the water, add chopped apple, peppers, sugar and spice, and a little more vinegar than will cover, stir quite often and cook two hours.—New York World.

RYE BREAD.  
Scald one cup milk, then add to it one cup hot water. Cool to lukewarm, and a half cake compressed yeast in two tablespoonsful tepid water. Add a half teaspoonful salt and stir in enough rye flour to make a batter. Beat until you can beat no longer, then cover and stand out of a draft for three hours. Add enough more rye flour to make a dough stiff enough to knead, and knead thoroughly. Shape into loaves and put in well greased pans. Stand in a warm place for an hour or longer until very light, brush over with milk and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.—New York Telegram.

SALMON PUDDING WITH PEAS.  
Remove the bones and skin from 1 can of salmon; flake the fish, that is, pull it into flakes with a fork, and put into a dish with alternating layers of day-old bread crumbs and a sauce made by placing 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; when it ceases to foam stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, then add ½ pint of hot milk, 1-4 teaspoon each of salt and pepper; cook until creamy. Have the fish and last layers of crumbs in the dish. Bake for 20 or 30 minutes in a moderate oven or until the top is puffy and brown. Serve in the baking dish. If it is a pretty one, and spoon buttered hot peas on the plate, or for company run a knife about the edge, slip gently on a hot dish; arrange the buttered and seasoned peas on top and at the base. Pieces of lemon are used as a garnish and then passed with the fish.—Boston Post.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.  
If a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar is eaten after an onion, no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected.  
In pickling alum helps to make the pickles crisp, while horseradish and nasturtium seeds prevent the vinegar from becoming muddy.  
Stone jars for bread and cake boxes should be scalded twice a week in the summer weather, sunning, if possible, to keep mold from gathering.  
Lamp wicks can be prevented from smoking by soaking them in vinegar and drying thoroughly.  
A cloth wrung out in very hot water and often renewed will remove discoloration from bruises.  
Benzine rubbed on the edges of carpet is a sure preventive of moths.  
All of the combs and hair brushes should be washed weekly in a quart of warm water in which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been placed. Place only the bristles in this solution as the water will loosen the glue in the back of the brush if it is submerged. Wipe well and place in the air to dry.  
The secret of cooking game is constant basting. It should be underdone and full of gravy.

## Ino. F. Gray & Son

(Successors to... GRANT HOOVER)  
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .  
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST . . . .  
No Mutuals  
No Assessments

Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage  
Office in Crider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Telephone Connection

## 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office: 615 F St. Washington, D. C.

## NEWSBOY'S BEREAVEMENT.

It wasn't much of a dog, just a plain, everyday sort of a dog, that lay yelping with pain in Malden Lane yesterday afternoon, where it had crawled after it had been hit by a passing automobile.

A crowd of newsboys had gathered around it when a little crippled fellow came hobbling up, and, parting his way through the crowd, went to the side of the dog, and, stooping, he patted it on the head, saying: "Poor old Jack. Youse is done for now, I guess."

The poor brute knew the little fellow, and in the midst of great agony he wagged his tail as a token of dog esteem.

"Youse best old dog," said the crippled newsboy, as he grabbed a bunch of papers from a little boy's hand, and, rolling them up, lifted up the dog's head and laid them under it so he would have a pillow.

"Hey, there, kid!" yelled one of the onlookers. "You got me papers. Dem's all I got, too, and no more money."

"Cheese youse fuss," said another and bigger boy. "Can't youse see de pore dog's done for and dyin'?"

The little crippled boy stooped nearer to the dying dog, whose yelping by this time could not be heard above a low whine. He took the animal in his arms, and as he seemed to kiss his head there was a trembling of the dog's body, another half whimpered whine, and his life went out.

For half a minute the little crippled newsboy held the dog's head in his arms. Then he dropped it and began to cry. One of the big boys stepped to his side, and, taking his hand, raised him up.

"Dat's all right, 'Crip,'" he began, as he took a dirty handkerchief and began wiping the boy's eyes. "Dat's all right. We's will get you another dog some place."

"I knows you will," stammered the crippled boy. "But youse will never be able to get 'nother dog like Jack. He was always my friend and mother's too. Fellers," he went on, "I don't want him carried away and burned. I wants to take him home and give him a decent funeral."

"Come on, youse kids, shell out a nickel apiece," said the big boy. "We ain't going to see the kid's dog buried by just any old 'ting. Let's get a wagon and send him and 'Crip' home together."

And they did. Ever newsy chipped in his five cents, and pretty soon "Crip" and his dead dog were placed in a wagon and sent home.

All the boys say they will attend the funeral, but so far little "Crip," the newsboy, has not named the hour.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The exhibit on the ground floor of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, illustrating the solar system has been altered so as to be more comprehensive and instructive. The sun is now represented by an illuminated globe three inches in diameter, which brings the orbit of the earth just within the foyer. The foyer, therefore, now contains the whole of the orbits of Mercury, Venus and the earth and part of that of Mars, while the adjoining exhibition halls contain the remainder of the orbits of Mars and parts of those of Jupiter and Saturn. The orbits are represented by circles of wire on which the days and months are indicated and along which the planets, shown as lights of proper size, are moved from day to day in correct position.

## OTHER EXTREME DUE.

"Well, there's one encouraging thing about the enormous hats the ladies are wearing."  
"What's that?"  
"They will be wearing very small ones next year."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## ATTORNEYS.

D. P. FORTNEY  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
No. 19 W. High Street.  
All professional business promptly attended to.

S. D. GERTIG Jno. J. BOWER W. D. ZERRY  
GERTIG, BOWER & ZERRY  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
EAGLE BLDG.  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
SUCCESSORS TO GERTIG, BOWER & ZERRY  
Consultation in English and German.

CLEMENT DALE  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. 1798

W. G. RUSKLE  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Special attention given to collections. Office, 200 Crider's Exchange. 1794

N. B. SPANGLER  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building. 1794

## Old Fort Hotel

EDWARD BOYER, Proprietor.  
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Good bar. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.  
RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

## The National Hotel

MILLHEIM, PA.  
I. A. SHAWVER, Prop.  
First class accommodations for the traveler. Good table board and sleeping apartments. The choicest liquors at the bar. Stable accommodations for horses is the best to be had. Bus to and from all trains on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, at Colburn.

## LIVERY

Special Effort made to Accommodate Commercial Travelers....  
D. A. BOOZER  
Centre Hall, Pa. Penn'a R. R.

## Penn's Valley Banking Company

CENTRE HALL, PA.  
W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.  
Receives Deposits . . .  
Discounts Notes . . .

## MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. G. STROHMEIER,  
CENTRE HALL, . . . . . PENN.  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
HIGH GRADE . . .  
MONUMENTAL WORK  
In all kinds of  
Marble and  
Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

## LARGEST INSURANCE Agency

IN CENTRE COUNTY  
H. E. FENLON  
Agent  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies  
Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.