

**THE TURN OF THE ROAD.**

(By Alice Rollitt Cox.)

Soft, gray buds on the willow,  
Warm, moist winds from the bay,  
Sea-gulls out on the sandy beach,  
And a road my eager feet would reach,  
That leads to the far-away.

Dust on the wayside flower,  
The meadow-lark's luring tone  
Is silent now, from the grasses tipped  
With dew at the dawn, the pearls  
Have slipped—  
Far have I fared alone.

And then, by the alder thicket  
The turn of the road—and you!  
Though the earth lie white in the  
nocturnal heat,  
Or the swift storm follow our hur-  
rying feet,  
What do we care—we two!  
From Scribner's Magazine.

**The Gifts of the Twins.**

By Walter Leon Sawyer

"Plenty of playmates for them here at The Oouoos," said Mr. Tenney, cheerfully. "No fear of their running away from a crowded hotel, is there, Clara?"

Mrs. Tenney smiled and sighed. She did not like to dash her husband's hopes, but she had had more experience of the ingenuity of the twins.

"Perhaps they might take a notion to run away with it," she rejoined.

Meanwhile, having just landed on the big piazza and cast a critical glance about him, Master Phil Tenney had already perceived a chance for amusement, and was preparing to clamber down the steps, to regain the lawn.

"I fink I'd like to play wit vat little boy over here," he announced, as he descended. And Miss Cora Tenney, his twin, indorsed the sentiment while she imitated the action. "I fink I would, too," she said.

The parents raised no objection. So far from that, Mr. Tenney looked after them fondly and proudly.

"You watch," he said. "They'll make friends in just about a minute. It'll be the same with the rest of the children here, and in less than two days all the grown folks in the hotel will be feeding candy and fruit to those youngsters of ours, and taking 'em to drive, and petting them in every way. Never were such children to get around people, I believe!"

Once more Mrs. Tenney sighed. This time it may have been a sigh of relief. It was a comfort to know that, whatever the twins might do, at any rate they were miles away from the "Swamp."

The social instinct was very strongly developed in Phil and Cora, and since in their own city neighborhood there were few children of their own age, they sought companionship in any and every quarter, even the most unavory. Two days before, they had slipped away from home in the morning, and only returned to their distracted mother at nightfall—staggering under a burden of weariness and dirt, but bearing spoil from the expedition in the form of a dead pigeon, for which they had exchanged a silk scarf and a handkerchief.

Thereupon Mrs. Tenney, cutting short her preparations, hastened to the resort at which she had planned to spend a part of the summer. Probably, she thought, it would do no harm to get ahead of time, for Phil had a slight cough and the doctor said it would improve in mountain air.

She told herself, too, that in a family hotel where there were many children, the twins could satisfy their craving for society without taking such risks as they ran when they made surreptitious visits to the Swamp and other city jungles.

And in the first few days the mother realized her hopes and saw her husband's prophecy confirmed. Phil's cough seemed easier. He and his sister made friends with everybody. Everybody helped take care of them, too, and even contested for the privilege.

When the young people promoted a picnic, "borrowing the twins" was the first thing to be arranged, and the twins were liberally rewarded for lending the charm of their presence. After three or four days Cora developed symptoms of a cold, and her sneezes and sniffles and watery eyes lessened, somewhat, her attractiveness as a plaything. But Phil flourished and grew in favor, and mothers and grandmothers seemed as fond of him as were the children and unmarried youth.

"The lad has great gifts, great gifts," declared Grandma Abbott, who in spite of a ponderous manner, was a sincere and warm-hearted old lady. "If he were mine, I would dedicate him to the Church and expect him to become a bishop.

"Would you not like to be a bishop, Phil?" she asked.

Phil looked at her and gravely weighed the question.

"I fink, if you please, I'd raver be a cool-man and drive a cart," he replied, at length.

"Oh? Oh, yes, I understand." Al-

though disconcerted, Grandma Abbott stood by her guns. "He has great gifts," she repeated.

She said that frequently; indeed, so frequently that half in earnest, the other guests took it up, applying it to Phil whether he chanced to be singing "Annie Laurie," or playing "catch," or exhibiting his accomplishments as a speller, when he spelled every word with the same letters—"c-a-t." The guests admitted that Cora also had great gifts—although it was true that when, following her brother's lead, she would assert that "I can stand on my head, too," she always collapsed in confusion and tears.

Mr. Tenney, coming up for Sunday, and hearing of the general admission of his children's genius, took it as a matter of course. "Well, we knew it long ago," he said. "But what makes 'em seem so dumpy tonight?"

"Cora complained of being cold, so I put her to bed early," Mrs. Tenney answered, "I think there's nothing the matter with Phil, except that he's tired. His cough—"

The mother stopped, started, and clasped her hands. From the next room there sounded the familiar cough—this time, however, with the addition of an unmistakable whoop.

Mr. Tenney rose and walked forward. Phil was awake, and smiling. "Hello, old man!" the father said. "What makes you cough that way?"

"Vat's how Johnny Ward coughs," Phil explained, not without satisfaction. Apparently Johnny Ward was something of a leader and hero. "He had ve pigeon, you know," Phil added.

"One of those horrid children they met when they ran away to the Swamp," Mrs. Tenney whispered. But her husband, having had the experience that befalls a boy who is one of a large family accustomed to "catch things," was already on his way to the other crib. He peered at Cora's forehead, lifted her sleeve, and glanced at a chubby arm.

"Measles, I reckon," he muttered. The voice was low, but Cora overheard.

"I fink Nellie McEntee had a measles, too," she murmured, sleepily.

"The Swamp again!" It was Mrs. Tenney's tragic comment. "But now, what are we to do?" she asked.

"You'll have to go down and talk to the manager, John." And bravely, if not joyously, Mr. Tenney went.

Yet the manager was very nice about it. "Such things will happen," he said, with a rueful smile, "and since you're here, you may as well stay. Probably the mischief has already been done."

So the gifted twins went into quarantine, whether, in the course of the next few weeks, they were followed by many guests. As the manager forecasted, the mischief had been done, it was quite too late to flee from contagion, and quite a number who had escaped the common disease of childhood now took their choice of two.

With most of the patients and their nurses the spirit of philosophy prevailed. Two or three made slurring remarks about "that woman's selfish carelessness in bringing those children there," but people in general realized that Mrs. Tenney was an innocent offender, and governed themselves accordingly. On their account she had small cause for uneasiness—although she did shed tears when she heard that Grandma Abbott had begun to whoop.

"Everybody—almost everybody—has been just sweet," the mother summed up thoughtfully, as the family stood awaiting the carriage on the morning fixed for departure. "And yet," she added with sudden energy, "I've often felt like running away—just as Phil and Cora do—and I never want to see this place again!"

"What's the idea of that?" inquired Mr. Tenney, with the proverbial density of a mere man.

"Why, people will never forget," his wife explained. "If I should come back here years from now, there'd be somebody to say, 'That's the woman who brought the sick children and infected the house.' I know I'd remember it if anybody else had done it."

Mr. Tenney, perceiving the uselessness of consolation, attempted none. Grandma Abbott had just appeared at a distant window, and he lifted his hat. Then suddenly, as Phil and Cora waved their hands to her, he turned aside and chuckled.

"Grandma said that these were children of great gifts," he muttered. "She was right. So they were. When one of 'em didn't give the whooping-cough, the other stood ready to give the measles."

But although the mother—who had borne most of the burden, as mothers do—perceived that that was a joke, she could not smile at it quite so wholeheartedly as Mr. Tenney thought, the merit of the joke demanded.—From Youth's Companion.

**THE COST OF BILTMORE.**

Mr. Vanderbilt Has Spent More Than \$2,000,000.

At Biltmore, in North Carolina, George W. Vanderbilt has spent over \$2,000,000 in creating the greatest estate in America. He has torn down a mountain, built a great castle, and owns seventeen square miles of mountain country. These miles, however, are all under the most careful cultivation, either as farming, grazing or timber lands.

The owner of Biltmore has the facility of picking the right men for the right work. He induced a "book farmer" from Louisiana to come into the Carolina mountains and take charge of the fields, flocks and herds. That was eleven years ago, and until Arthur S. Wheeler began riding up and down the hills and through the bottoms he had never known of agriculture except from the printed pages. He tested the soil of the few little worn-out plantations on the estate and he examined the hillsides. He brought in to play his knowledge of fertilizing the earth, of crop rotation, of the foder and grain which might grow here, and especially of the live stock which might thrive and yield a profit. He decided that high grade Jersey cattle would pay in milk and butter, also hogs and poultry, and that the product of the soil should be first for their benefit.

So the bare hills became pastures and lots for the swine to range, ample shelters being, of course, provided. The poultry farm was stocked with record egg layers of high degree, also pigeons, for squabs are profitable. Modern incubators hatched chickens by the hundreds. Everything, however, was conducted on strictly business lines. Each Jersey has her own stall and a page in the dairy record. Every time she is milked the number of quarts she gives is marked on the record, as is also the butter test—the quantity of butter which the cream would make. All the ensilage and other fodder she eats in a day are debited against her. When a hen in the poultry house wants to contribute to the egg fund she enters a "trap" nest by which she shuts a gate which keeps her a prisoner until the poultry keeper finds her. He looks at the number on the leather band around her neck, takes the egg, and then releases her. Each hen also has a record page, according to her number, and the number of eggs she lays in a month or year of her life is noted on the books at the farm office.

Seventy-five farmhands are needed for all purposes, including the milking, which is done by hand. The creamery has such a mechanical system that in it three men prepare over a thousand quarts of milk daily in bottles, in butter and in ice cream, the yield of the cows averaging from eight to fifteen quarts or more a day. The Asheville people who boast of having a Vanderbilt for a milkman have to pay 11 cents a quart as it comes from the shiny yellow wagons bearing the sign "Biltmore Dairy," and think it is cheap.—New Broadway Magazine.

MANILA'S NEW WATER WORKS. City Supplied From Protected Watershed 140 Miles Square.

The inauguration of Manila's new water supply marks the completion of a project of great importance to the city. The new water supply is taken from the Marquina River, twenty miles northeast of Manila.

The watershed above the point of diversion covers about 140 square miles of mountain and forest and is withdrawn from settlement. Private property within this reservation will be expropriated, says the Colonial Review, and the entire district will be freed from human contamination forever.

The reservoir is rectangular in plan and measures 509 by 764 feet and is 20 feet deep. Its capacity is 50,000,000 gallons. The water enters through a concrete lined conduit four and one-half miles in length, of which a small amount lies near the surface of the ground and was constructed in an open ditch; the balance is in a tunnel, which at the deepest point is 180 feet below the surface of the ground.

At frequent intervals along the conduit are inclined shafts with steps for entering the tunnel to inspect, clean or repair. At one point the conduit sinks under the bed of the Dulatan River and at another it is carried across a stream by a 60 foot concrete arch bridge.

The water is carried from the headworks to the tunnels by means of a riveted steel pipe line 42 inches in diameter and ten and one-half miles long. The pipe is carried under the Marquina River, but this section, in place of steel, is of cast iron. Most of the other streams are crossed by means of concrete bridges; but at two points the pipe is carried across by steel truss bridges where the width of the stream is too great for concrete.

The dam is 400 feet long on the crest and about 85 feet in extreme height. It is built of cyclopean masonry, or concrete in which large stones are embedded. Behind the dam will be a storage basin which will serve the city during the dry months when the discharge of the river is less than that necessary for the supply.

The cost of the completed work is about \$1,500,000 as far as the Deposit, and the distribution system to be installed throughout the city will cost \$500,000 more.

The new system supplies 22,500,000 gallons of water each twenty-four hours—enough to give every man, woman and child in the city 100 gallons a day.

Twenty-four years is a long time for a ship to be away from its home port, but that is the record of a whaling bark that has just docked in New Bedford. The vessel left New Bedford in 1884 for a voyage around Cape Horn, and since has been engaged most of the time in whaling in northern latitudes.

**COMMERCIAL COLUMN.**

**Weekly Review of Trade and Latest Market Reports.**

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The stimulating effect of fine spring weather is shown in the reports from nearly all the principal cities. Some progress is making toward better times in iron and steel, although conditions as a whole remain very unsettled. The continued uncertainty as to prices in some finished lines is the chief drawback, widely circulated reports of further price cutting having a depressing effect. The best feature is in the structural division, the low prices named resulting in a heavy movement, while orders pending aggregate a substantial volume.

Bradstreet's says: Trade and crop reports are irregular and business the country over is still quiet as a whole. There are, however, evidences of growth in optimistic feeling, partly due, no doubt, to more springlike weather conditions. Current demand at wholesale is of a between-season character and jobbing distribution is confined to filling in orders, but there is reported in several markets a disposition to take hold more freely for next fall.

Wholesale Markets  
New York.—Wheat—Spot firm: No. 2 red, 127 1/4 @ 128 3/4 elevator; No. 2 red, 128 1/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 127 1/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 127 1/2 f. o. b. afloat.

Corn—No. 2, 75 1/2 c. nominal, elevator, and 74 1/4 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 white, nominal, and No. 2 yellow, 74 1/4 f. o. b. afloat.

Oats—Receipts, 41,175 bush.; exports, 1,000 bush. Spot steady; mixed, 26 @ 32 lbs., 56 1/2 @ 57 1/2; natural white, 26 @ 32 lbs., 57 @ 59; clipped white, 32 @ 40 lbs., 57 @ 63.

Poultry—Alive dull; Western chickens, broilers, 25 @ 33c.; fowls, 15 1/2 @ 17. Dressed firm; Western chickens, 12 1/2 c.; fowls, 15 @ 16 1/2.

Philadelphia.—Wheat—1c. higher; contract, April, 128 @ 129c.  
Corn—1/2c. higher; April, 72 1/2 @ 73c.  
Oats—Firm; No. 2 white natural, 59 @ 59 1/2c.

Butter—Steady; extra Western creamery, 31c.; do., nearby prints, 33c.

Eggs—Firm; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, free cases, 21c. at mark; do. current receipts, in return cases, 20 1/2 c. at mark; Western firsts, free cases, 21c. at mark; do., current receipts, free cases, 19 1/2 @ 20 1/2.

Cheese—Firm, fair demand; New York full cream, choice, 15 1/2 @ 15 3/4 c.; do., fair to good, 14 1/2 @ 15.

Poultry—Alive steady; fowls, 15 @ 16c.; old roosters, 10 1/2 @ 11; spring chickens, 18 @ 19; ducks, 15 @ 16.

Baltimore.—Wheat—The market for Western opened firmer; spot, 129c.; May, 1.25; July, 1.08. Demand was of no moment, but the market was strong and prices advanced further and at the midway spot and May were 1c. higher.

Settling prices were: No. 2 red Western, 130c.; contract, spot, 1.30; steamer No. 2 red, 1.27; steamer No. 2 red Western, 1.27.

Corn—Receipts light and comprised exclusively of the white variety. Sales of several hundred bushels of 2 white corn on grade at 73 1/2 c. per bushel.

Oats—We quote, per bush.: White—No. 2, 58 @ 58 1/2; No. 3, 56 1/2 @ 57 1/2; No. 4, 55 1/2 @ 56. Mixed—No. 2, 56 @ 56 1/2; No. 3, 55 @ 55 1/2; No. 4, 53 1/2 @ 54.

Hay—We quote, per ton: Timothy—No. 1, large bales, \$15; do., small blocks, \$15; No. 2, as to location, \$13.50 @ 14; No. 3, \$11 @ 12. Clover mixed—Choice, \$12.50 @ 13; No. 1, \$12 @ 12.50; No. 2, \$10.50 @ 11.50; No. 1, clover, \$12 @ 12.50; No. 2, do., \$10 @ 11.50. No grade hay, as to kind, quality and condition, \$6 @ 9.

Butter—The market is steady and unchanged, with fair demand for the better grades. We quote, per lb.: Creamery fancy, 30 @ 31; creamery choice, 28 @ 29; creamery good, 23 @ 25.

Live Stock  
Chicago.—Cattle—Market steady. Steers, \$5 @ 7.15; cows, \$4 @ 5.75; heifers, \$3.25 @ 6; bulls, \$3.75 @ 5.25; calves, \$3.50 @ 8; stockers and feeders, \$3.30 @ 5.50.

Hogs—Market 5 @ 10c. higher. Choice heavy shipping, \$7.05 @ 7.15; butchers, \$7 @ 7.12 1/2; light mixed, \$6.80 @ 6.85; choice light, \$6.85 @ 6.95; packing, \$6.90 @ 7; pigs, \$5.30 @ 6.40; bulk of sales, \$6.85 @ 7.05.

Sheep—Market strong to 10c. higher. Sheep, \$3 @ 6.75; lambs, \$7 @ 8.35; yearlings, \$6 @ 7.25.

New York.—Beesves—Receipts, 950 head; no sales reported; feeling weak. Dressed beef steady at 8 1/2 @ 10c.

Calves—Receipts, 35 head; feeling steady. Veals, \$6.50 @ 9.75; a few at 10; dressed calves steady; city dressed veals, 8 1/2 @ 14 1/2 c.; country dressed, do., at 8 @ 13.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 5,040 head; sheep strong; lambs steady. Unshorn ewes sold at \$4.50 @ 6; clipped, do., at \$4 @ 5.40; unshorn lambs, \$3.25 @ 5.60; ordinary clipped, \$6.75.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,332 head; feeling steady; light state hogs sold at \$7.20.

Kansas City, Mo.—Cattle—Market steady to 10c. higher. Choice export and dressed beef steers, \$6 @ 6.90; fair to good, \$4.85 @ 6; Western steers, \$4.75 @ 6.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.75 @ 5.50; Southern steers, \$4.50 @ 6.25; Southern cows, \$3 @ 4.70; native cows, \$2.75 @ 5.50; native heifers, \$3.50 @ 5; bulls, \$3.40 @ 5.25; calves, \$2.75 @ 7.50.

Hogs—Market 5 @ 10c. higher. Top, \$6.97 1/2; bulk of sales, \$6.55 @ 6.95; heavy, \$6.90 @ 6.97 1/2; packers and butchers, \$6.75 @ 6.95; light, \$6.55 @ 6.82 1/2.

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**RISKED LIFE TO SAVE HORSE.**

Struggling in the waters of the bay, lashed by a gale, to save the lives of his horses, which were in danger of drowning, Jack Patterson, a driver for Frye & Co., worked desperately for more than half an hour yesterday morning at Elliott avenue and Stone street.

Three of the horses, including the stable pet, Buck, were saved through the work of the driver. A fourth animal, Buck's mate, one of the wheel horses, was drowned before Patterson could reach him.

The heavy truck loaded with two tons of meat was crossing the trestle at 8.30 o'clock yesterday morning. The trestle had been weakened by the storm of the night before by floating debris driven against the piling, which had torn away the foundations of the bridge. In its weakened condition the trestle went down under the weight of the wagon, its load and the four draught horses. With a crash the heavy load sank through the planking and into the water, fifteen feet deep at the time.

Patterson went down with the mass of wreckage, but climbed speedily to the bridge and called for assistance. Seeing that longshoremen from the docks had heard his cries and were hurrying to his assistance, Patterson climbed down into the water again. He had a large knife open in his hand and went to work cutting the harness from the horses. The two leaders were freed first and made their way to shore. The two wheel horses were struggling desperately and were almost hopelessly entangled in their harness. One was drowned before Patterson could aid him, but the driver worked like a madman to save Buck, the other horse. Big Buck was the pet of the stable, and Patterson could not see him drowned there like a rat in a trap.

Patterson called for a revolver, and one was lowered to him. His idea was to shoot Buck if he saw he could not extricate him from a lingering death in the water. However, Buck was cut loose and made his way to safety.

The meat in the wagon was badly damaged and the horses that were saved considerably injured. Patterson was not seriously hurt.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

ONLY A CENT.  
Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn, where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe.  
So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a toy shop.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."  
"Only ten cents," said the man.  
"I haven't a cent," said Dick.  
"I have fifty cents," said Joe.  
"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe.—Sunday Afternoon.

Distance of a Knot.  
In considering the speed of a steamship, it must be remembered that a knot, or nautical mile, is a very different thing from a land mile. A mile is 5280 feet, while a knot is 6050 feet and a fraction. Therefore when a vessel makes 23.05 knots an hour, she passes over nearly twenty-seven land miles.

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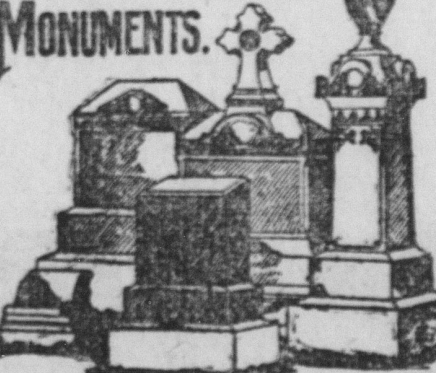
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