

**The Old Gate made of Pickets.**  
There was moonlight in the garden and the chirp and chirp of crickets;  
There was scent of pink and peony and deep syringa tickets.  
When a-down the pathway whitely Where the firey glimmered brightly,  
She came stepping, oh, so lightly! To the old gate made of pickets.

There were dew and musk and murmur, and a voice that hummed low snatches  
Of a song, while there she hurried, through the moonlight's silvery patches,  
To the rose-grown gate, above her And her soft-singing lover,  
With its blossom-tangled cover And its weight and wooden latches.

Whom she met there, whom she kissed there, 'mid the moonlight and the roses,  
With his arms who there enclosed her, as a tigerlily closes  
Some white moth that frailly settles  
On its gold and crimson petals, Where the garden runs to nettles—  
No one knows now or supposes.

Years have passed since that last meeting; loves have come and loves departed.  
Still the garden blooms unchanging, there is nothing broken-hearted.  
In its beauty, where the hours Lounge with sun and moon and showers,  
'Mid the perfume and the flowers, As in days when these two parted.

Yet the garden and the flowers and the cheerily chirring crickets  
And the moonlight and the fragrance, and the wind that waves the thickets—  
They remember what was spoken, And the rose that was a token,  
And the gentle heart there broken By the old gate made of pickets.  
—Madison Cawein, in Smart Set.

## Advice for Another

Agnes Carver regarded her mail with a little shudder of disgust. It was heavier than usual and she was in no mood for wading through a mass of false sentiment and untutored pleading.

She smiled a cynical little smile as she drew the chair up to the desk and reached for the slender blade of steel that she used as an envelope opener. It seemed funny that the Daily Solar should assign her to advise the loveletter when herself was so poorly advised. Her contributions had caught the fancy of the managing editor, and so he offered her the department at a better salary than the last incumbent had been paid. Agnes had taken it because it promised to lead to better things, but she grew tired of telling young girls not to seek the friendship of men to whom they could not be properly introduced, and answering the ever recurring inquiry as to the proper wear for afternoon and evening weddings.

The mail this morning was the usual mixture of pathos and nonsense, but over one she paused a long time before she put it aside, because it seemed so very like her own case. She took it up again when the routine letters were cared for, and leaning back in her chair she reread it half a dozen times.

"I love a young man who some day promises to become famous," it ran. "At the present time I am making almost double the money that he is, but there is a chance that he may become a great success. At the same time, there is the possibility that he will not gain this success, in which case I should be the more successful. Would you advise me to marry or wait and see how it all turns out?"

It differed very little from scores of propositions she had decided almost off hand, and yet the letter fascinated Agnes, for she had felt the same dread herself that New Darlington might not gain the success that he deserved and that she might outdistance him in the race for fame. She had felt that she could not bear to see Ned struggling along while she forged ahead, and she had told him so when she had joined the staff of the Daily Solar. There had been talk then of great things that were to be done for her, and Ned had bluntly demanded that she choose between a career and himself.

She had chosen the career to regret it ever after, for he had flung himself out of her presence, and she had not seen him since. She had heard that he had gone west, but they never had had friends in common, and none of her acquaintances could tell her anything of his whereabouts.

She pondered over the letter until the striking of the clock warned her that she must get to work, so laying the letter aside, she reluctantly raised the cover of her desk and slipped a sheet of paper into the machine. Rapidly she answered the more promising of the other letters, then she stopped and again took up the case that was so like her own. She was

still looking at it when one of the copy boys stopped at her desk.

"Mr. Veit says he'd like to have your copy if it is ready, Miss Patton," he announced. "He wants to get the department stuff in early to leave the machines free for the murder trial."

"In just a moment," she promised with a guilty glance at the clock and then with an abrupt little gesture of determination she faced the machine again and wrote rapidly.

She turned the copy in and hurried uptown to a club meeting to which she had been assigned, but through the day the letter and her answer haunted her thoughts and she could not put them from her mind.

It spoiled her sleep, too, for she could only toss uncomfortably through half the night and rose with heavy spirits and leaden head in the morning. In the hope of gaining some relief she started to walk down the avenue to the office.

She had scarcely turned the corner nearest her apartment than she came to a dead halt, for coming toward her was the man whose image had been revived so strongly by the letter. For an instant she thought that it was all a part of the walking nightmare in which she had spent the last 24 hours, but the next moment Ned Darlington was shaking her hands with a grip that was anything but ghostly.

"I've been here a whole week," he cried, jubilantly, "but there were some things to be done before I looked you up. I was coming to call this morning. I did not suppose that you left for the office before 10 at least."

"I was not feeling well and I thought that a walk might do me good," she explained, and Ned turned and suited his pace to hers.

"Then by all means let us walk," he agreed gayly. "It's been a long time since we used to walk together. Agnes, I suppose that you don't mind walking with a man with a hat like this?"

Agnes gave a glance at the light, soft Stetson that spoke of the west.

"You look like a cowboy; but you're not a cowboy to be ashamed of," she said, with admiration. "You seemed to have stretched out and up, Ned. Only your face is not changed."

"Prosperity," he explained. "After we had our last talk I came to the conclusion that you were going to be a better newspaper woman than I ever could be painter, so I scraped my dollars together and went west. I happened to stumble against a very real mine. Are you still sticking to your old job and telling the loveletter what they want to know?"

"That is only a part of the work now," she explained. "I can't seem to get rid of it."

"And you are still telling them what you would do yourself?" he asked, referring to the platform on which Agnes had taken her stand when the work was first given to her and which he had declared would never do.

"I am still giving real advice," she said, with an attempt at her old gaiety.

"Then we'll go in here and get the ring," he announced abruptly, as they came to a halt before a famous jewelry store.

"What ring?" she asked, in confusion.

For answer, Darlington drew from his pocket a folded paper and pointed to the home page displayed on the outside.

"I guess you wrote that," he said, quietly. "I was afraid that you might guess that I had the question sent in and chuck it into the waste basket. The girl stenographer at the hotel wrote it for me."

Agnes glanced at the answer that had stirred her so strongly. In a half-dozen sentences she had advised the writer that, if the man could support her, it was better that she should abandon her career than that it should interfere with her love.

"That's advice from an expert," reminded Ned, exultantly. "Are you ready to follow your own advice?" and Agnes proved her willingness by following him into the store, wondering that the happiness she had counseled for another had suddenly become her own.—New Orleans Picayune.

## Advice to Emigrants.

**ENGLAND'S UNEMPLOYED.**  
Business Depression Not the Only Cause of Failure to Get Work.  
The condition of the unemployed is one of the big questions of the day in the United Kingdom. In Edinburgh the vice-chairman of the distress committee in an address delivered a short time ago gives his views on the causes and possible remedies for the evil.

gravated by the recent trade depression but was not caused by it. He said that there was a class of men who best could be described as unemployable, comprising "the corner man, the loafer, the tramp, the begging impostor and the man who will not take work."

"The most fertile source of breeding these classes," the speaker continued, "is an indiscriminate and ill administered charity."

Among other causes of the growth of these classes he mentioned excessive drinking, a "faulty educational system, which too often develops intellect without any training of character, forgetful that intellect may increase a man's capacity for evil as well as his capacity for good," and finally a "growing habit of indolence and self-indulgence, which are sapping some of the best root qualities of the national character and causing a consequent weakening of moral force and will power."

**ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.**  
Countries to Avoid and Lands Where Opportunities Are Offered.  
The Emigrants' Information Office in Dublin has issued a statement telling intending emigrants some places to avoid. During the last year, the statement says, work has been unusually hard to obtain in Canada and wages in many cases have been lower than in 1907.

New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and Western Australia are cited as reporting good opportunities for farm laborers and female servants but poor chances for mechanics or miners. In Queensland and Western Australia farms of 150 acres of land are offered free to approved settlers. New Zealand holds out offers for farmers, farm laborers and female servants and to this country reduced rates of passage are offered.

The statement warns men against Cape Colony and the Transvaal, saying that the demand for work in those colonies already is greater than the supply. There is an occasional chance for female servants. The statement concludes with this about the United States:

"Emigrants from the United Kingdom should not go to the United States in the hope of finding work for some time to come, and not then unless there has been a marked and sustained recovery from the depression."

Money is accumulating in New York City more rapidly than at any time in the last two years. Banks are receiving much faster than they are paying, and good investments are being diligently sought in every direction.

overtook him he turned into the barn yard of a comfortable farmhouse, sure of a welcome. At supper he learned that there was to be a dance at the place that night but that the fiddler had disappointed. Fortunately Mr Ockerman is a good violinist and offered his services. He did so well at the dance that the next morning the farmer presented him with an old buggy with which to continue his journey.

A few miles further on he got a chance to sell the horse which had belonged to the team, and as the offer was advantageous he promptly closed it.

Ockerman had left Owosso with a team of horses and a sleigh. He returned with a horse, a cow, a buggy and \$200 in cash.—Detroit News.

**PAT THE HORSE'S FOREHEAD.**  
That's the Caress He Likes Best, But Most People Don't Know It.  
"Not many people know how to pet a horse—that is, from a horse's standpoint," said the driver of one of the big trucks that brings rolls of paper to The Sun office.

"Every nice looking sleek horse comes in for a good deal of petting," he went on, as one of the big grays rubbed his muzzle anxiously against the truckman's sleeve. "Hitch a fine horse close to the curb and you'll find that half the men, women and children passing along will stop for a minute and give him an affectionate pat or two."

"That is especially true along Park row during the noon hour. The trouble is that they don't pat him in the right place."

"If you want to make a horse think he is going to the equine paradise rub him over his eyes. Next to that form of endearment a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In petting horses most people neglect those nerve centres, and stroke the horse's nose."

"While a well behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does not know how to pet a horse and is surprised when a horse throws back his ears and acts peevish; but let a person come along who was brought up in the country and knows the horses and his peculiar ways and he will pet the animal by rubbing him between the ears, directly over the eyes."—New York Sun.

## Household Notes

**STAINS ON TABLE LINEN.**  
Never having seen my way of removing stains from table linen I offer it for the benefit of the Post readers. For coffee, pour boiling hot water through the stain and then push it down in the water for a few minutes until the stain disappears, then rinse in clear water. Treat fruit stains the same, but for cocoa, as soon as the cocoa is spilled place in cold water and it will disappear in a few minutes; if dry it may take a few minutes more with a little rubbing.—Boston Post.

**EGGS TO PRESERVE.**  
Eggs can be bought cheaply in summer, and that is the best time to store them for winter use, when the price renders them a luxury. A very simple plan is to procure a large earthen jar with wide mouth, and some common salt. Put a layer of salt at bottom, then one of eggs, standing them upside down. Then more salt and eggs till the jar is full, the top layer being salt. The jar should have a stone cover and be kept in a dry place.—Boston Post.

**STOVE LINING.**  
Many stoves are not in good order to burn coal. I have a recipe that will help many housekeepers. To repair bricks which have been broken take 10 cents' worth of black cement, all prepared; 5 cents' worth of plaster. Mix plaster with water, then mix with the cement. Wash inside of stove with salted water to take the ashes away. Take broken pieces and adjust in stove; then fill in with the mixture. If pieces are missing fill in also. Then light stove. Do not mix the cement and plaster until ready to use, for it will dry. Once fixed with this mixture it will outlast three sets of new bricks. I have tried many ways and have had new bricks put in many times, but have not found anything so lasting.—New Haven Register.

**EMBROIDERY BAG.**  
A very nice little embroidery bag is made of cretonne covered with two embroidery hoops and finished at the ends with cardboard covered with cretonne just the size of the hoops. In other words, the bag is built like a barrel with an opening at the side. This opening is held together either by lacing with ribbon or by two buttons.

The bag is carried by ribbon loops, which are fastened at each end to the embroidery hoops. It is very pretty, and the sewing materials do not get lost when thus protected.—New Haven Register.

**TO MEND LACE.**  
To mend lace curtains is a very tedious task and all those to whose lot this has fallen know how hard it is. A new and novel way, and at the same time making a very much better appearance to the darn, is the following method: Draw together as much as possible the edges of the net under the torn place and then, instead of basting a bit of net between the torn place, baste a piece of light-weight paper on the wrong side and then begin the mending by stitching back and forth on the machine until the edges are caught and a net of stitches have filled up the broken place. When this is done remove carefully from the wrong side the paper which was basted on. You will find that you will have a far more durable and better darn than though you had done it by hand.—Margaret Sexton, in the Newark Call.

**HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.**  
New tins should be set over the fire with the boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

When a disagreeable odor remains after handling certain substances with the hands, a washing in mustard water will deodorize them.

Gelatine is usually put in two ounce packages, though some few brands are in packages that contain but one ounce. Two ounces of gelatine will jelly two quarts of liquid, scant measure; half a package, or one ounce, jellies one quart of liquid; and one-fourth of a package, or half an ounce, will jelly one pint of liquid.

Don't put salmon to boil with cold water, always have the water hot, because it retains the color of the fish.

One of the best ways to stop a mouse hole is to fill it with common laundry soap.

Table salt applied with a wet cloth will remove egg stains from silver.

A little vaseline rubbed into the finger nail and the skin about them at night will prevent them becoming brittle.

To prevent fabrics, such as tulle or crepe shawls, becoming yellow when packed away, sprinkle bits of white wax freely among the folds.

A few drops of oil of lavender scattered through a bookcase, in a closed room, will save a library from mould in damp weather.

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**AN UNNOTICED HERO.**  
Speaking of heroes, there is a Welshman at Macon, Mo., who might have been in the class of Binns had the scene of his exploit been nearer the footlights.

In the year 1880 Tom Francis, short, stout and active, was superintendent of Mine No. 1 of the Loomis & Snively Company. One day the men below were engaged in making a new furnace so as to afford better ventilation in the far end of the mine. Near where the men were at work was an old mine, long since abandoned and full of water. An unfortunate blast made an entrance into the mighty underground reservoir and the black water came pouring into the new works.

The miners scurried out of the dangerous place and told Tom Francis what had happened below. In the old country Francis had met similar emergencies and he knew what to do. Like the captain of a battery striving to save his pieces from an onrushing enemy, the boss picked out the men he wanted—Tim and Davy and Barney and Dan and others. Then he went to the door of the engine room and told the men in charge to get busy with the pumps. The little party went down in the cage, where a mule train waited. There was a John Gilpin ride to the cross entry, where the miners got out and scrambled along the black lane through mud and water above their ankles. The boss led the way, followed by the men carrying sacks of brick. Standing knee deep in water he placed the foundation brick in the cavity through which the black tide was sweeping. The brick had to be laid carefully, lengthwise in double and triple rows.

Working under forced draught, the engines on top did the best they could, but the water rose steadily. Sometimes the torrent pushed the brick aside and flowed with renewed energy. A stream of men passed the brick to the subterranean builder. When the water had risen above Francis' waist one of the owners of the mine, Mr. Loomis, sent down a peremptory order for the boss and his men to withdraw and let the mine go to smash.

But Francis kept on with his brick barricade. The water rushed fiercely against him, and once or twice he was swept off his feet. The black fluid dashed into his nose, ears and eyes. When his pit light went out a miner standing on higher ground waded in and handed him a new light.

The little boss went on with his job of bricklaying, playing his life against the dark sulphur water, and his wall grew higher. There was nothing spectacular about it—nothing you could photograph. It was just a dirty, disagreeable job in a darkness so thick that you could carve chunks of it with a butcher knife. Finally he had a wall that would stand. He had been at work twenty-four hours without eating or closing his eyes. The mine and its vast works below had been saved.

Francis staggered through the water to the higher ground, where he fell unconscious into the arms of the waiting men. He was laid up for several days. The owners of the mine thanked Mr. Francis and gave him a gold watch. There was not much talk of the affair. A paper at the county seat said that "Mine No. 1 was threatened with inundation the other day by a break into some abandoned works, but the superintendent and a force of men repaired the accident before serious damage was done."

**Putting on Style.**  
"I tell you, Mary Ann," said Mick Dolan, as he sat down to his supper, "it is not for me to be ocharitable to me felly-man, but when Dinna O'Brien wid his wood leg takes to carryin' a cane besides, it looks to me loike too much ahtoyle and extravagance, so it do."

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