

Grief.  
(By Zitella Cooke.)  
I know all is true you tell me,  
That God is wise and good,  
That the Hand which spreads the  
heavens  
Provides the sparrow's food.  
I know how sure is His promise.  
Better than you can say—  
But the dearest one on earth to me  
Was buried yesterday.

'Tis a sin, you say, to sorrow,  
God knows and does the best,  
'Tis a coward's faith that falters  
At trial's crucial test.  
True faith is ever a hero,  
I do not say you nay,  
But the dearest one on earth to me  
Was buried yesterday.

God loveth the soul He chastens,  
I know, is Holy Writ.  
Shall clay complain of the Potter  
Who molds and fashions it?  
I know that the heart of the faithful  
Will trust, although He slay,  
Yet the dearest one on earth to me  
Was buried yesterday.

Aye, what is the darkest sorrow  
That clouds life's little span,  
Compared with the weight of glory  
And joy undreamed by man?  
But leave me now in my anguish  
While to my God I pray:  
"Thou knowest, Lord, that my dearest  
one  
Was buried yesterday!"

## The End of The Story

BY MARY B. MACDERMOTT

Courtland sat quietly through the dinner as it troubled. Even the beautiful Miss Clairton, opposite him, who, rumor said, had refused both titles and riches in marriage, failed to move his strange reserve. He listened in a preoccupied manner as old Colonel Warburton related his time-honored war story. As Miss Priscilla Lee recalled her oft-repeated experience in a train wreck, and young Thornton related some new social gossip, Courtland vouchsafed no comment.

Not until Thornton mentioned the illness of Jack Strayer in the asphalt fields of Venezuela did Courtland raise his voice. The attention of the company was given him immediately, for Courtland, who had been a rather reckless young man eight years before, had recently returned from South Africa laden with honors as an engineer.

"I am sorry for him," he said. "You have no idea of the feeling of despair and loneliness that overcomes a man who is ill in a foreign country."

"Won't you tell us of some of your adventures in Africa?" asked Mrs. Winston, his hostess.

"Really, I had nothing worthy of the name," he answered. "Just a ceaseless round of work, digging and building, though occasionally our nights were enlivened by the howling of the animals in the jungle."

"But you must have had some extraordinary experience," persisted Mrs. Winthrop.

"Well!" said Courtland, after a moment of reflection and a glance at Miss Clairton, who was watching him intently. "I'll tell you of a young chap of whom I am reminded by Strayer's illness, but I must warn you that I cannot tell the end of the story."

"They were building the great stone bridge over the Luapula River when he turned up in the camp, and none of the men ever learned to a certainty how he found his way there. He was a white man, an American, by the way, and when he asked for work they put him in charge of a gang of Kaffirs. As it turned out, the fellow really wanted to work, and it wasn't long before the men under him understood they had a new kind of boss. He did not stand around giving orders, but when an extra pair of hands was needed he supplied it. Presently one of the superintendents noticed his energy, made a few inquiries and he was appointed a general overseer with half a dozen gangs under him. It wasn't long afterward that he was put on a surveying corps, for it developed that he was a college man and had taken his C. E. at Harvard.

"He did fairly good work with the transit; in fact, it was he who really made the new survey through the Lokinga Pass and saved the company so much money that he might have had almost any position he wanted, had he not fallen ill of tropic fever."

"By this time he was living in the barracks with the officials, and during the weeks he lay ill his story became known. I imagine there was mighty little of his past life that he did not reveal during his delirium."

"He had lived a pretty fast pace in the States and had managed to acquire a reputation as a worthless sort and a ne'er-do-well, when he met the girl, for of course there was a girl in this as in all other stories. She was the turning point for him. He braced up, tried to redeem his years of dissipation and make himself worthy of her."

"Women had not figured much in his life and this girl opened a new vista to him. She was very charming and very beautiful, the kind of woman who can make, or mar a man's future"—then Courtland continued as though he had momentarily lost the

thread of his narrative. "Her influence was ever for the good, but I fear he did not always realize it."

Miss Clairton made a half exclamation, then, recovering herself, leaned forward, not taking her eyes from Courtland.

"He fancied she was a bit vain," Courtland went on; "that she cared too much for the attention of many suitors and at times he despaired of ever winning her. Finally he had a foolish quarrel with her over another man, lost his temper and said things for which he was sorry. From his club he sent her a note of apology, but she did not notice it."

"He was broken-hearted and resolved to go far away, where there were no people or associations to remind him of the girl he had lost. He shipped aboard a sailing vessel and finally landed in the camp."

"His illness became serious, and during the long, hot nights when the fever set his blood on fire, he talked of her, of places he had been with her, of her prettiness. His mind would wander among the scenes of his college days, but the girl was always uppermost in his thoughts. During his violent outbursts, he clung to her picture which he carried in a small gold locket that she had given him. It was very like this," and Courtland held up an oddly shaped, old-fashioned locket for a moment.

Miss Clairton had listened attentively and at sight of the locket her color heightened perceptibly. As Courtland slowly restored it to his pocket, she caught her breath sharply and leaned back as though relieved.

"Poor fellow," said Mrs. Winston; "did he recover?"

"Yes," answered Courtland in a tone of finality.

"But what was the end of the romance?" persisted Mrs. Winston, quite puzzled.

"I cannot tell the end of it. You know I said at the beginning that it was an unfinished story."

The party left the table, and Courtland, who seemed depressed by his narrative, separated from the other guests and made his way to the conservatory. As he entered it, Miss Clairton rose from a seat in a corner.

"Oh!" she cried, "how could you? It was heartless; it was cruel."

Courtland made no reply and the girl continued passionately: "You did not tell the girl's story. You did not say that she had watched his every effort, had taken pride in his gaining each rung in the ladder of success, that his advancement meant as much to her as to him, for she believed in his manliness and his future. He could not, would not see that the girl loved him and the other man was nothing to her. You did not tell that the girl was out of town when your note came to her home, and when I—she returned, it was too late, for he had gone no one knew where."

Miss Clairton sobbed, then dropping all pretence, cried: "Oh! how miserably blind you were."

Courtland leaned forward and took both her hands in his.

"Louise," he said earnestly, "I did not know—I saw no hope. What a fool I was! But it is not too late. What I am now, my love for you has made me. You have been the inspiration of my work and it has been a labor of love. To you I owe whatever success I have won. Will you share it with me? May I atone for the lost years?"

"Yes," she answered; "let us regain those years together."

Colonel Warburton was heard approaching the conservatory and they returned to the drawing room as Miss Clairton's carriage was announced.

Courtland was one of the last to leave. As he bade good-night to his hostess, she said:

"Your story interested me, Mr. Courtland. Won't you tell me the end of it sometime?"

"Yes," he replied smiling and pressing her hand warmly. "I promise to do so very soon. I may say, however, that the story ended happily."—Boston Sunday Post.

### Museums of Safety.

Museums of safety and sanitation are becoming the means of saving thousands of lives and will lessen the economic waste of accident cases brought before the courts. A feature of such a museum will be an experimental laboratory in which safeguards may be perfected for dangers and processes now without any known device, and which may become an educational center for teaching the science and preservation of health, in preventing diseases due to impure foodstuffs, bad ventilation, occupational dusts and poisons, infection, tuberculosis and offensive trades.

There are ten European museums of safety and sanitation, located in Berlin, Munich, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Milan, Stockholm, Zurich, Moscow and Budapest. The Berlin Museum of Safety covers 24,000 feet of floor space, where are exhibited devices for the protection of the dangerous parts of machinery of processes in all trades and occupations. Germany realizes that every life saved is a national asset.—Century.

### Dark Philosophy.

"A man kin alius fix up arguments to quiet his conscience," said Uncle Eben, "but 'tain't no use. No matter how much you turns de clock back, sundown gwinter come jes' de same."—Washington Star.

### French Writer's Idea.

It is often woman who inspires us with the great things that she will prevent us from accomplishing.—Alexander Dumas.

## Household Notes

### SWEET MILK GRIDDLE CAKES.

Two cupfuls of flour, one level tablespoonful baking powder, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half level teaspoonful of salt, one and one-third cupfuls milk, one egg and two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Sift together the dry ingredients, add gradually the milk, then the egg well beaten and the melted butter. Beat thoroughly. Drop by spoonful on a greased hot griddle or frying pan.—New York Telegram.

### LEMON OMELET.

Put the yolks of four eggs into a bowl with a tablespoonful of sugar, beat until light, and add the grated rind of a lemon. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and mix lightly with the yolks. Then stir in a fourth of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Pour in the omelet pan in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted, and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. When done, cut the omelet in half, put on a hot platter, with the following lemon jelly between the layers, and it serves as quickly as possible.—New Haven Register.

### BOILED EGGS.

Have ready a saucepan containing boiling water. Carefully put in with a spoon as many eggs as are desired. Put on a cover and push the pan to the back of the range, where the water will not boil. For a soft boiled egg leave in the water from six to eight minutes. For hard boiled, thirty or forty minutes. Ten minutes is the usual time allowed. Serve in a warm egg cup with a teaspoonful of butter and salt and pepper to season.—New York Telegram.

### ORANGE CUSTARD.

Line a glass bowl with lady fingers split and stood on end. Then slice oranges, sprinkle with sugar; now bananas and nut meats. Repeat until your bowl is two thirds full. Then pour over all a custard made of one pint of sweet milk scalded, with the yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, and one tablespoon of cornstarch. Pour this over your fruit in dish and let cool. Beat whites of eggs with two tablespoons pulverized sugar and spread on top. Set in oven to brown. Serve with whipped cream cold.—New York World.

### CHOCOLATE ALMONDS.

Blanch the almond meats by pouring boiling water over them and letting them stand a few moments. Turn the hot water off and cover with cold, when the skin may easily be rubbed off between the thumb and forefinger. Break some sweet chocolate into small pieces, put into a dish and set in a large pan of hot water. When the chocolate is melted, put a blanched nut meat on the point of a skewer or darning needle, or use a candy dipper, and dip into the melted chocolate. Then lay on oiled paper to cool. When the chocolate coating becomes set dip a second time. Flavor the melted chocolate with vanilla, if desired.—New York Telegram.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Finely-chopped capers sprinkled over the top of the fish salad are an improvement.

A large pinch of salt put in the tank of a coal oil lamp will cause the lamp to give a better light.

The little china jars in which beef tea and other such products are packed should be saved, as they make excellent molds for jellies and pressed meats.

Photographs that have become soiled by greasy fingers may be cleaned with fine talcum powder.

To keep away moths, sprinkle black pepper in the bottom of the bureau drawers and then cover them with newspaper.

To wash off a price mark that sticks to china or bric-a-brac try a little lemon and salt mixed together.

To make a poached egg round put boiling water in deep saucepan into whirling motion by stirring round and round with a spoon, and drop the egg in the centre of the eddy.

For cream toast stir one tablespoonful of flour into one tablespoonful of melting butter, cook three minutes longer, add, little by little, two cups of milk just brought to a boil, stirring all the time and until smooth. Let simmer while toasting the bread. Soak the slices of toast thoroughly in salted boiling milk, put in a dish and pour the cream over.

Sugar is really a food rather than a condiment, but, as it stimulates the digestive organs, renders many watery vegetables, such as cucumbers, peas and spinach, more digestible, and gives a rich flavor to many sauces and dishes it should be used but sparingly; just enough to season, but not enough to sweeten.

If you cannot afford marron sauce for pouring over vanilla ice cream, did you ever try preserved tomatoes? It is as pretty as it is delicious.

Scalloped oysters are much better if cooked in individual dishes rather than in a pudding dish. Though somewhat troublesome to prepare they are best of all scalloped in their own shells, a half dozen being served on each plate.

## COMMERCIAL COLUMN

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

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

"Two developments of the week are of special significance. One is the distinct improvement in the iron and steel trade, on which the whole industrial situation so largely depends. The reduced prices have stimulated an active demand which, in turn, brought about this week a lifting of prices on a number of products. The demand is especially notable for construction and agricultural interests.

"The other development is the foreign commerce statement, which reveals extraordinary importations of crude materials for manufacturers' purposes, a clear proof of reviving industry."

Bradstreet's says: "Summed up, the situation may be said to be a current trade, wholesale and retail, better than last year, but disappointing as a whole, while the tone for the future is still quite markedly optimistic.

"Business failures in the United States for the week were 265 against 247 last week, 282 in the like week of 1908, 163 in 1907, 139 in 1906 and 193 in 1905.

"Wheat, including flour, exports from the United States and Canada for the week aggregate 896,312 bushels, against 1,585,778 last week and 1,620,589 this week last year."

### Wholesale Markets

New York. — Flour — Receipts, 22,212 bbls.; exports, 5,720; firm, with a quiet local trade. Rye flour firm; choice to fancy, \$4.70 @ 4.95. Cornmeal firm. Rye dull. Barley steady.

Wheat—Receipts, 106,800 bu. Spot firm; No. 2 red, 135 @ 140c. elevator and 1.40 nominal f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.27 1/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 1.27 1/2 f. o. b. afloat. Options opened 1/4c. easier, under overnight selling orders, rallied 1/4c. on cold weather. In spring wheat regions, and closed easy at 1/4c. net advance. May 1.26 1/2 @ 1.27c. closed 1.26 1/2; July 1.15 1/2 @ 1.17 1/2, closed 1.16 1/2; September 1.08 1/2 @ 1.09 1/2, closed 1.09.

Corn—Receipts, 11,250 bu. Spot firm; No. 2, 82c. elevator and 79 1/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 white, 80 1/2 nominal; No. 2 yellow, 79 1/2 f. o. b. afloat. Option market opened 1 1/2 @ 1 1/2c. higher, with wheat and cables, eased off with wheat and closed 1/4 @ 1 1/2c. net higher. May closed 80 1/2; July 77 1/2 @ 77 1/2, closed 77 1/2; September closed 75 1/2.

Oats—Receipts, 61,000 bu. Spot steady; mixed, 26 @ 32 lb., 58 @ 58 1/2c.; natural white, 26 @ 32 lb., 58 1/2 @ 61; clipped white, 34 @ 42 lb., 58 1/2 @ 63 1/2.

Potatoes steady and unchanged. Cabbage firm; Southern white, per crate, 75 @ 100c. Freights and peanuts unchanged.

Philadelphia—Wheat—1c. higher; contract grade, April, 135 @ 137c. Corn—2 1/2c. higher; April, 79 @ 79 1/2c.

Oats—Steady; No. 2 white natural, 60 1/2 @ 61c. Butter—Steady; extra Western creamery, 28c.; do., nearby prints, 29.

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

Cheese—Firm; New York full cream, choice, 15 1/2 @ 16c.; do., fair to good, 14 1/2 @ 15 1/2.

Live Poultry—Steady; fowls, 15 1/2 @ 16c.; old roosters, 10 1/2 @ 11; spring chickens, 32 @ 36; ducks, 14 @ 15.

Baltimore—Wheat—Spot, 138c.; May, 1.26; July, 1.09 1/2. The market ruled strong, but quiet and at the mid-day call spot was quoted at 140c.

Corn—Western opened firmer; spot, 79 @ 79 1/2c.; May, 78 1/2; July, 77. Settling prices; contract, 79c.; No. 2 white, 79 1/2; steamer mixed, 75. The closing was weak; spot and April, 78 1/2c.; May, 78 1/2; July, 75 1/2.

Oats—The quotations for oats on spot were: White, No. 2, 60 @ 60 1/2c.; do., No. 3, 58 1/2 @ 59 1/2c.; do., No. 4, 56 1/2 @ 57c.; mixed, No. 2, 57 1/2 @ 58c.; mixed, No. 3, 57 @ 57 1/2c.; mixed, No. 4, 55 @ 55 1/2c.

Butter—Creamery, separator, per lb., 30c.; imitation, per lb., 22 @ 23c.; prints, 1/4 lb., per lb., 30 @ 31c.; do. 1-lb., per lb., 30 @ 31c.; blocks, 2-lb., per lb., 30 @ 31c.; dairy prints, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, per lb., 16 @ 17c.; Virginia and West Virginia, store packed, per lb., 15 @ 16c.; Ohio, store packed, per lb., 16 @ 17c.; nearby rolls, per lb., 17 @ 18c.; Ohio, rolls, per lb., 17 @ 18c.; West Virginia, rolls, per lb., 16 @ 17c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, per doz., 20c.; Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, per doz., 20c.; Western firsts, per doz., 20c.; West Virginia, per doz., 20c. Cheese—Market steady. Jobbing lots, per lb., 16 1/2 @ 17c. Live Poultry—We quote, per lb.: Chickens—Old hens, heavy, 14c.; small to medium, 14; old roosters, each, 30 @ 40; young, large, per lb., 18 @ 20; winter, 1 1/4 to 2 1/2 lbs., 25 @ 28; spring, 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 lbs., 30 @ 33; do., 1 lb. and under, 28 @ 30. Ducks, 12c.; White Pekings, 13. Pigeons, per pair—Young, 20 @ 25; old, 25. Guinea fowl, each—Old, 25.

Live Stock. Chicago—Cattle—Market steady. Steers, \$5 @ 7; cows, \$4 @ 5.75; heifers, \$3.25 @ 6; bulls, \$3.75 @ 5.25; calves, \$3 @ 6; sockers and feeders, \$3.30 @ 5.35. Hogs—Market steady to 10c. higher. Choice heavy shipping, \$7.40 @ 7.52 1/2; butchers, \$7.30 @ 7.50; light mixed, \$7.10 @ 7.25; choice light, \$7.15 @ 7.35; packing, \$7.25 @ 7.35; pigs, \$5.25 @ 6.75; bulk of sales, \$7.20 @ 7.35. Sheep—Market strong to a shade higher; sheep, \$3.75 @ 6.60.

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### HIS HIGHNESS, THE BABY.

He started right in after breakfast with an acrobatic feat, trying to balance himself on one leg on the edge of his high chair, thereby getting a tumble, luckily without serious injury. After this, perceiving his sister's doll close by, he proceeded to insert a teaspoon into her mouth, destroying its beautiful curves forever. With the aid of a wooden nine-penny he hammered the spoon in so firmly that the bowl projected through her back hair, completely ruining her elaborate coiffure.

Then, to punish her dollship, he dug her head through a drum which Santa Claus had presented his brother. Not being able to extricate her head, he set up a dolorous howl and kicked the unoffending doll and drum across the floor. Tiring of this momentous amusement, he managed to secure a package of tacks. After sampling and finding them not quite to his taste, and, doubtless, also somewhat indigestible, he scattered the rest over the floor, then picked them up one by one, and deposited them in papa's rubber boots, which mamma, anticipating a storm and an early and hurried call for them, had placed there. Glancing about he saw the refrigerator door ajar; quick as a flash he caught up the syrup jug and emptied its contents over his head!

When perceived, he was calmly seated upon the upturned rug, his curly, sticky head thrown back, his rosy mouth wide open, catching the sweet and succulent drops as they fell.

After being thoroughly washed and scrubbed by mamma, he disappeared for a short space of time. Searching around, she discovered him standing upon the bread box in the pantry, the contents of a box of matches scattered about him. He was complacently making a meal of them, as his bestreaked and particled mouth attested. Again the process of scrubbing and also a dose of castor oil were resorted to. During the time consumed the biscuits in course of baking, for the hungry father's dinner, were ruined.

Again, while mamma's back was turned, he clutched at an open can of condensed milk, left too near the table's edge. After appeasing his abnormal appetite and describing milky hieroglyphics upon the floor, he poured the remainder into the rubber boots, and capped the climax by tugging at the table cloth in a fruitless endeavor to reach a dish of cranberries set upon the table. Finding himself unable to reach them by any other means, he clambered upon a chair, and thence upon the table, to meet his Waterloo. Over went the table, baby, and all. This was the last straw, and mamma just sat down, and, would you believe it, cried. The baby emerged one sticky mass of sweetness, trotted over to mamma and essayed to pat her with his dimpled little fist, gazing up into her face wonderingly, murmuring—"Wots—oo—tyin for, mamma? baby isn't hurted."

In the midst of all this chaos papa loomed into view, a trifle earlier than usual, for his belated meal, and incidentally his rubber boots, mamma's prophetic feeling having been verified by a heavy storm.

Finding the mother in tears, the kitchen in disorder, and no signs of dinner, he sentimentally remarked, with all the lofty unconsciousness of a mere man, "What utter foolishness to cry at the mischievous pranks of a dear little darling like this!"—Ray Tram Nathan, in the Home Herald.

### A MYSTERY HERE.

"I can't understand my wife," said the man with the worried eyes. "She vows she will break me of smoking." "Lots of women are that way," observed the other man.

"But she keeps on buying cigars by the box for me."—Judge.

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