

When You Go Away.
By Reginald Wright Kaufman.
[Sometimes think that, when you go away,
Though I am blinded by my love and fear,
So very much are you the world to me
That I shall ever, somehow, keep you near.

Though miles dis sever and though years divide,
My questing heart shall find you everywhere;
In every night the starlight of your eyes,
In every dawn the sunshine of your hair.

As all things that are beautiful and good
Must ever be a vital part of you,
So all good things and beautiful must hold
Your memory made mercifully true.

For them that love there is not time nor space;
And I shall see, in Love's lore learned and wise,
In every dawn the sunshine of your hair,
In every night the starlight of your eyes.

The Doctor's Boy

There was just one single reason why the boy came to Dr. Clyde Farrington, when the latter established himself in the village of Glendale. He wanted to study medicine. His name was Sammis, and he was freckled-faced and 14 years old. He put the office to rights, took down Jeffrey's "Anatomy," and began to read up. In the course of 15 minutes he had started on his career. By noon he was making frequent use of the terms "We," "Our office," "Our patients" etc., and at sundown he was prescribing for a boy with the earache.

Sammis also began at an early stage of his career to speak of the doctor as "Doc." This was to the doctor's face as well as behind his back. The graduate had been told as he was handed his diploma to grow whiskers as soon as possible, and to assume and maintain a certain dignity on all occasions. He, therefore resented Sammis' familiarity, but with poor success.

A month had passed and he had had no patients as yet, when one day, as he was returning from one of those deceptive drives in the country, he found Sammis in a state of great excitement. Mrs. Denton had called at the office to say that her niece feared she might be going to have a felon on one of her fingers, and that if the doctor happened that way he might stop and give his opinion on the matter. She was followed by Mrs. Carson, who stated that her daughter had taken to seeing queer things and hearing strange voices and it was her belief that the girl was going out of her head. Would the doctor call and talk with the daughter and then give the mother his opinion.

Sammis had received both callers with proper dignity, assuring them that "we would look into both cases without loss of time." He had taken copious notes for the benefit of his employer, and was left deep in the pages of "Smith on Stomach Troubles" while the physician hastened off to Mrs. Carson's. Now just where the belt ran off with Sammis was in mixing the two women up. That, of course, mixed the doctor. He called at the rich Mrs. Denton's manor house to talk with and carefully observe the daughter who was seeing strange things and hearing strang voices. He found her sitting on the veranda as he drove up, and he at once recognized her as a young lady he had met several times in his drives about the country to see imaginary patients. She was always driving an auto, sometimes alone and sometime in company, and on each occasion she had ruffled his dignity.

The doctor's old horse would stand a brass band, a locomotive or a Fourth of July hurrah, and never wink an eye, but he drew the line at autos. Whenever he had met the one driven by the young lady, he had stood on his feet, twisted himself and buggy into the ditch, and now then varied the program by knocking down rail fences and running away. The young lady had always smiled appreciatively and had now and then wrenched a "honk! honk!" from the machine by way of aided ginger to the occasion. Almost any one in the village could have told the doctor that the name of the young lady was Miss Eunice Seaforth, of New York, who was paying her aunt a visit. He had never inquired, however, and so was ignorant of her identity. As he left his buggy and walked up the path to make this professional call he was on his dignity. He was secretly glad that she was off her head. He would probably have to make such a report as would send her to an insane asylum and that honking auto to a garage.

"Word was left for one to call," observed the doctor as he raised his hat and left a bit awkward.

"Then this is Dr. Farrington?" he

queried the young lady. "Yes, I was expecting you. Please sit down."

As the doctor sat down beside her she extended her hand and observed that it was a fine day though she was hoping for rain to lay the dust. "Um!" replied the doctor as he took the hand and pulled out his watch and began to count the pulse. "Yes, I see. Have you had any trouble with your eyes or ears?"

"Not the slightest."

"But what strange voices do you hear and what about the things that dance before your eyes? Is it something new, or has it been going on for some time?"

Miss Eunice was surprised at his words. She expected him to call and look at the ailing finger and she had crooked it up when extending her hand and here he was intimating that he considered her crazy. It took her breath away at first, but her native wit saw the mistake and the opening, and after a moment she demurely replied:

"It's not a new thing. In fact, it has been going on for a year or two. Papa says I began to act queer two years ago."

"Um! I see. About the strange voices? What do they seem to say. Do they speak or only shout?"

"Ah, they speak. One very gruff voice calls out at intervals: 'Stop lively, please!' Then a tender voice follows with: 'Fresh roasted peanuts, five cents a bag!'"

The doctor gave a little start and looked hard at her, but she innocently continued: "Then I hear a voice calling out: 'Water! Water! Who wants the water!' That is followed by the voice of an old man crying: 'Any umbrella to mend?' You don't know how annoying it is, Doctor."

"Um! No? Now about seeing things. What are they?"

Why, sitting right here, and just before you came, I thought I saw two Teddy bears fighting out there on the grass. Sometimes I think I am followed around by a rag-doll and it dances and cuts up all sorts of antics. One night I thought I saw Satan himself. Again, I was coming in from the garage one evening when I saw a dromedary close at hand. A dromedary has two humps hasn't it?"

The doctor bowed with due gravity, but whether he was bowing to the two humps or to the situation in general could not be told.

"Well," continued Miss Eunice in the most artless manner and smiling into his eyes. "I was so sure that it was a real live dromedary that I ran after it to get the two humps. I wanted them for sofa pillows, you know. I had just reached out to catch the animal by the tail when he flew away with a scream and I fell over the lawn mower and almost broke my nose. Do you think you can do anything for me, Doctor?"

"I hope so—I hope so. Let me see your tongue, please."

The tongue was out and was being critically examined when Mrs. Denton made her appearance. As she stepped forward and bowed to her she asked if he really thought it was going to be a felon. An awful silence of 15 minutes followed. The doctor realized that he had mixed the two patients and the young lady had been "playing" him.

Like a Roman senator he wraped his toga, or what was left of it, around him and headed for the gate and his vehicle, and he wasn't sure whether he heard words and zizzles behind him or not.

"Well, doc, is that girl looney or do—"

The next instant he had been pushed into the office by a wild-eyed man, who backed him against the wall and choked him until 25 more freckles blossomed out on his face, and then he was battered with Thompson's Brain Lectures and Ponsonby on Hallucinations until the covers flew off. Sammis went away knowing that his medical career was ended, but he was a boy with a conscience and he determined to do the right thing. He started off and paid a visit to Mrs. Denton and explained that it was his mixing up of things, and he did not leave until the young lady who had heard voices and seen dromedaries agreed to call at the office and apologize. When he returned to the office he did not enter it. He stood in the door and said the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent and that he hoped the "surviving partner" would dwell long in the land and be overwhelmed with business. Then he went out and joined a baseball club.

Next day, when Mrs. Denton and her niece called, there was an embarrassing silence for a few seconds. Then there were smiles and laughter and apologies, and Dr. Farrington examined the finger and was happy to announce that there was no fear of a felon. From that day on until she returned to the city Miss Eunice didn't honk! at the doctor's horse when they met on the highway.

In her contrition she invited the gentleman to ride with her, and he was occasionally invited to the man-or-house to dinner, and the latest reports are to the effect that he makes an excuse to go up to the city once a week on some errand or other.

Sammis isn't saying a word. He knows that all those things generally have a happy ending and that when the doctor marries and goes to the city to establish a practice there will be an opening for a new man at Glendale and the new doctor may be a man who will overlook such a trifle as getting the names of two patients mixed up.—By James Morton, in the New Haven Register.

MARION CRAWFORD.
His Remarkable Facility in Acquiring Languages and Crafts.

Mr. Crawford as a young man was the envy of most of his circle of intimate friends and acquaintances; tall, straight, formed in perfect physical proportions, he was extremely handsome, and in addition he had a brain which could grasp giant tasks with ease—tasks which for the rest of us were either impossible or only attainable after months or years of effort. He had a special facility for acquiring languages, and he is the only man that I have ever known who has been taken for a Frenchman in France, for a native of Italy by the Italians, and for German in Berlin.

I remember that he was on one occasion thinking of spending a winter in one of the countries of Central Europe whose language was unknown to him, in order to obtain local color and atmosphere for one of his novels, and that in the short space of eight weeks he had acquired by constant study a mastery of the language, so that he was easily able to make himself understood when he afterward went there.

The same facility which he had for acquiring languages also extended to other things. He mastered, I remember, the difficult art of navigation in the course of a short winter season in New York, in spite of the calls of his regular literary work and his many social engagements, so that he was not only enabled to navigate his own yacht—an old New York pilot boat, partially rebuilt under his direction—across the ocean himself, but he worked out on a voyage that I made with him afterward the sights day by day independently of the officers and afterward compared them with the ship's record and the officers' came to talk over with him matters of navigation as with one of themselves, so impressed were they by his mastery of their craft.—George P. Brett, in Outlook.

LOST OKLAHOMA TOWN.
Once Headquarters of Chickasaw Nation—Supplied Salt to Confederates.

Twelve miles east of this place is one of the "lost" towns of Oklahoma, Boggy Depot, lying in the lowlands of Boggy Creek. Many years ago Boggy Depot was a noted place in Indian Territory.

When Col. James Boggy as an agent of the Federal Government brought the Chickasaw Indians from Mississippi in 1832 he pitched his tent on the ground where afterward stood Boggy Depot. The Chickasaws made a treaty with the Government wherein it was provided that all business with these Indians, including the payment of moneys, should be transacted at Boggy Depot, this place being chosen by the Indians because of the fact that all supplies for the Chickasaws were hauled in wagons to Boggy Depot from Fort Smith, Ark.

For years Boggy Depot was a Government post. When the lands held by the Choctaws and Chickasaws were divided between the two tribes the Chickasaws moved westward to their present home and Boggy Depot was abandoned as a Government post. The wealth of a number of Indian Territory families was acquired in trade at Boggy Depot.

Most of the commercial salt used in southern Indian Territory and northern Texas was manufactured from the waters of Salt Creek, a small stream that flowed near the town. Settlers came for miles on horseback and in wagons and carried the salt away in bags. At the beginning of the civil war the Confederate Government took charge of the salt works and manufactured salt for the Confederate army in this part of the country. One of the old kettles used at that time is owned by A. R. Frazier of this place.

Boggy Depot was the birthplace of a number of persons now of wide acquaintance in Oklahoma, among them being Mrs. Robert L. Owen, wife of United States Senator Owen and daughter of Capt. Heater, who became rich in merchandising; Charles D. Carter, Member of Congress from the Fourth Oklahoma district; Dr. E. N. Wright, for years business agent of the Choctaw Government in Washington, and his brother, the Rev. Frank Wright, a successful missionary of the Presbyterian Church among the plains Indians of western Oklahoma.—Atoka correspondence Kansas City Star.

Soap Tree in Florida.
Side by side grow the soap tree and the tallow tree. The soap tree yields a product from which is manufactured the purest article of soap that is possible to be made. Indeed, the pulp of the berry is a natural soap and will make a lather almost like the manufactured article. The soap berry tree is now creating wide-spread interest and the berries are being imported from Algiers and China.

It will pay to plant the trees and look after their cultivation. The product of the tallow tree also enters into the product of soap and the two together make a nice combination, and their cultivation should be looked after by those interested in new industries. Besides soap the soap berries make a very fine oil, and when the virtues of the tallow tree are fully known it may also yield a fine and profitable oil. The young man who now plants out a ten or twenty-acre orchard of these two trees may drop into an easy fortune.—Ocala Banner.

Household Notes

DELICIOUS COMESTIBLES.
Ripe olives imported from Greece and preserved in oil and vinegar are among the delicious comestibles with which foreign grocers are provided. The olives with bread and butter make entire luncheons for certain persons who know their wholesomeness and nourishing properties.—New Sun.

SANITARY DOORMAT.
"Sanitary doormat—the latest thing," said a salesman in a surgical shop. "The shoes are the worst germ carriers there are. If we gather germs on our hands, millions of times more do our shoes gather them. Now the Chinks and Japs do the right thing by leaving their shoes outside, but, since we have no such custom, we ought to have instead a sanitary mat on the front step. The mat is filled, you see, with germ killer. Every time you wipe your feet on it a generation of germs is destroyed, and you enter the house a walking pestilence no longer."—New Haven Register.

FROSTING GLASS.
To have a frosty appearance on glass use a paint made with sugar of lead mixed with oil, then apply like paint on glass; before it is dry pound with a piece of wadding, holding it between finger and thumb, and you will have a frosty appearance on the glass the same as winter. You can draw any design or make stripes on the glass. This frost is very pretty on a glass door of a china closet. I have also used this preparation on windows in a summer cottage, painting just the lower glass and making stripes as in muslin to represent short muslin curtain. The effect is very nice and save lots of washing.—Boston Post.

SAVE THE RICE WATER.
When the milk supply is limited for any reason or there has been any unusual drain upon it in the menu, save the water in which the rice is boiled. When this is allowed to stand until jellied, it makes an economical substitute for milk that can be used in many dishes, instead of the real thing.

In the making of cream soups, it can be substituted for the milk, and the trouble of thickening with butter and flour is obviated. In casseroles, patties and many other viands it adds to rather than detracts from the richness. A cup of rice will yield about a pint of jelly.—Indianapolis News.

MODERN WAY WITH INVALIDS.
It is quite the fashion nowadays to take invalids on their return home from abroad to some fashionable sanatorium, and they remain in these expensive retreats until quite cured. Instead of having the comfort of home life during the final days of recuperation. This greatly lessens the responsibility and duties of the members of the family, for entertaining can go on at the house, and if each of the nearest and dearest is scheduled for a certain time daily to attend the patient the others may be free in turn to keep their social engagements. And, then, too, there is the knowledge that under the surveillance of doctors and nurses no setbacks from carelessness or ignorance can occur. How the patient longs for the homely comfort of familiar surroundings and how that longing may retard recovery is a consideration quite eliminated from the situation, except where some thoughtful one brings a few knock-knacks to make the rooms look home-like.—New York Tribune.

RECIPES.
Porcupine Pudding—Make a plain cup cake. Pour in a round tin with a hole in centre. After baking remove. When cold spread jelly over it. Whip and sweeten a half pint of cream or one pint, according to size. Pour in centre or hole in cake. Blanch almonds and stick in all over the cake on top of the jelly. Serve.

Cocoanut Cake—One-half cup of butter, 1 cup of sugar 2 cups of flour, 1-2 cup of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda, 1 of cream of tartar. Bake in three tins. For filling, stir into 1-2 pint of boiling hot milk 1 egg, beaten, with 1-2 cup of sugar and 1-2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch, dissolved in a little milk, until it thickens. Flavor with vanilla and cocoanut to taste. Put fillings between each layer, and on top.

Potato Griddle Cakes—Four raw potatoes, grated, 2 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 saltspoon pepper, flour enough to hold together, about 1 tablespoon. Fry in hot butter.

Steamed Apple Dumpling—one egg, 1 cup of milk, 2 cups of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda, little salt. Butter 4 or 5 cups. Drop some batter in each cup, then your apples or berries, and cover with batter. Steam for 20 minutes. Serve with molasses sauce.

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SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT.
Two Vryburg men, Sidney Smith, a well known local farmer, and J. N. Brymer, have had a terrible experience in the Kalahari desert, where they were three days under a blazing sun, with neither food nor water, and hardly came through alive.

They left home together in a Cape cart drawn by six oxen to visit George Lennox, of Kingston, a farm some distance into the desert. The travelers were mainly relying for their water supply on the tarammas, a species of wild melon which grows abundantly on the sand dunes and conserves its water for months, but they found to their dismay that these had all been consumed by the flocks and herds of the nomadic natives of the Kalahari. The meagre stock of water they had brought with them soon gave out, and after trekking for two days without a drink the oxen collapsed. The travelers were still about fifty miles from their destination.

Abandoning the cart and oxen they determined to make the rest on the journey on foot. Eight miles' tramp through the heavy sand reduced Mr. Brymer to a state of exhaustion, and leaving him behind, Mr. Smith tolled on with his native servant in the teeth of a scorching wind to attempt to make the nearest water, Mr. Lennox's farm, which was his only hope. In six hours he had become quite deaf, one eye was almost blind, his tongue had shrivelled up and his palate and lips were coated with a thick skin. He had left Brymer at 9.30 at night. At dawn next morning his Kaffir boy threw up the sponge, and sad at heart Mr. Smith had to push on with his collie dog as his only companion.

An hour or two later he was overtaken by two young Transvaalers, Messrs. Gerber and Le Roux, on horseback. They had left a horse and mule from thirst, not far from the point where Mr. Brymer had been left lying on the veld. They had found Brymer still alive, but having no water themselves were unable to help, and had pushed on for the farm. Le Roux was in a state of collapse from thirst, having to be held on his horse by Gerber. The two mounted men went on ahead, promising to send back help to Smith and the others.

When still a long distance from Mr. Lennox's farm Mr. Smith met some Damara women (refugees from German Southwest Africa), carrying water in gourds on their heads. Incredible as it may seem, these inhuman people absolutely refused to give Mr. Smith either water or assistance. Eventually he managed to obtain a small cupful by force, but he was too exhausted to struggle for more. At this point his fine collie lay down and afterward succumbed to thirst.

Slightly invigorated by his meagre refreshment, Mr. Smith tolled on. The sun was now high overhead and the heat intense. He was following the course of an old river bed and fortunately was able to obtain some slight shelter from a few trees along the course. His method was to dash forward for a couple of hundred yards to the nearest tree and then lie down to recuperate for the next effort. So he held to his task until at length Mr. Lennox's farm came in sight. Here kind hands took him in charge and tended him so well that after a few hours he was able to talk rationally and walk about.

Mr. Henn, of the Camel Corps of the Cape Mounted Police, who happened to be at the farm with his camel, immediately saddled up and set out with the most commendable diligence to search for the poor fellows who had been forced to remain in the desert. Thanks to Mr. Henn's promptitude and energy the lives of Mr. Brymer and the native were saved, although they were in the last stages of exhaustion and presented a most deplorable sight when they were brought in.—London Telegraph.

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"Is he a young man of brains?"
"I really can't say. I've only met him in society."—Judge.

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