

The March of Men.
(By Charles Buxton Going.)
If you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain
From all departed years;
If you could quite forget the sighs
And recollect the song—
What think you: would you be as
wise,
As helpful, or as strong?
If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head at whiles,
Shun everything that wears a frown,
And live a life of smiles—
Be happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care—
Would you appear to other men
More noble or more fair?
Ah, no! a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road.
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human kind.
—From Star Glow and Song.

At The Junction.

Julian Grove, burdened with a heavy suitcase and an humbled pride, descended the steps of the yellow day-coach that formed half of the only train on the Lindon Valley road. He sat himself on an unused baggage truck to await until the southbound train should come along.
The Junction train had run down to meet the northbound, and when that heavy express had gone tearing into the distance, and the Junction train had scuttled back up the valley toward Lindon, Julian had the station platform very much to himself. The few waiting passengers were huddled about the stove in the tiny shed that served at the Junction station.
Julian preferred the winter sunlight and the crisp air to the lifeless heat of the big stove and the reek of many bodies. He was going humbly to confess his faults, and he wanted to keep clear-headed that they might remain fresh in his mind.

He felt that he needed to be watched, for in his heart he believed the faults to be few. There was grave danger that he might forget again that he was the offender, and take the same attitude of injured dignity that had caused Lottie Maynard to go hurrying back to the city with the declaration that when he came to his senses she might be ready to talk to him again.

There was an accent on the "might" that left the matter in doubt, and Julian felt that it behooved him to keep vividly in mind what Lottie declared to be his offenses. Lottie was the dearest little woman in the world, but she had very decided notions. To run to those notions was to make rugged the course of true love.
Mentally Julian recited the catechism of his offenses, punctuating his self-examination with appropriate remarks concerning a train that was two hours late. He was still occupied with this task when a distant whistle sounded, and the waiting passengers hurried from the station to the platform. There was some grumbling when it was seen that this was only a slow train from the south, but they lined up along the platform to watch the arrival of the few passengers who were making a change. Then they hurried back to the warmth of the waiting room.

Only one girl remained behind to walk briskly up and down the platform. With a glad cry of surprise Julian hurried toward her.
"What are you doing here, Lottie?" he asked, as he took her hand in his.
"Where are you going?" she countered.

"I was running down to town to see you," he explained. "And to think of finding you here, on your way to Lindon."
"I was not going to Lindon," declared the girl. "I was going on, but somehow I stepped off the train through the habit, and the train went on without me."
"I was hoping that you were coming back—to me," he said tenderly, but Lottie tossed her head.
"I told you that when you were ready to admit that you were at fault that you might write, and that then perhaps I would come. You don't suppose that I would change my mind, do you?"

"No such luck," he admitted dismally. "That was why I was coming to you."
"To apologize," she demanded, and Julian nodded his head.
A gleam of triumph flashed into Lottie's eyes, but she was not to be won so easily. She had very pronounced ideas on the proper way of handling the man she proposed to marry, and now that he was penitent, she was in no hurry to make the sweet surrender that Julian sought.
"I suppose you are saying that just because you want to make up," she declared, judiciously, "I don't know that it should count."
"You said that when I would admit that I was in the wrong you would be friends again," reminded Julian.

"But what's the use of admitting that you are wrong, when you don't mean it?" argued Lottie. "You'll say the same thing again the first time that you want to be nasty."
Julian with convincing emphasis, "If you would only know how utterly miserable I have been since you went back to town! That was why I decided to come, instead of writing."

"And almost missed me," supplied Lottie. "I think, Julian, that I'll make my visit, and in the meantime think about coming to Lindon on the way back."
Julian's face darkened. "I wish you'd make up now," he pleaded. "The fact that we met each other here at the Junction proves that it was meant by fate that we should be friends again."
For a moment the girl hesitated. She had meant to keep Julian on the anxious seat for a few weeks, but now that he was coming penitent and conquered, she felt that perhaps it would be well to surrender before he should change his mind. The patent leather tip of her shoe dug into the snow banked against the edge of the platform.

"It does seem a little like the working of fate," she admitted. "Here I go out of town to visit in Peltonville and you are on your way to town to see me. You are waiting at the Junction for a train that is late, and I am left behind by my train."
"Then accept the omen and say that you will make up," he urged. "We can go back to town and pick out the ring and then we'll come back to Lindon and tell the folks."
For another tense moment Lottie hesitated, then she nodded and Julian gave a shout of joy.

"There's the whistle of our train," he cried. "I'll hurry in and get you a ticket back to town."
He hurried into the station wondering if he could not kiss Lottie even though the other waiting passengers might wonder. When he had gone Lottie dug into the snow bank with her shoe tip and presently some bits of pasteboard fluttered into the hole in the snow. Had they been placed together they would have proven to be a ticket reading "Lindon Junction to Lindon."
"I'm glad that he didn't know that I was on my way to give in," said Lottie half aloud. "It will be hard enough, anyway, to manage him without letting him know that."—Grace Kendrick, in the New Haven Register.

The Country's Resources
According to governmental statistics the area of this country, including Alaska, is equal to all Europe, approximately. In unappropriated lands we have 754,896,500 acres awaiting settlement or development, and our developed water power is 5,357,000 horsepower. Our coal supply is estimated at 3,135,708,000,000 tons, and on an annual consumptive basis of 429,000,000 tons—record output in 1907—there should be little cause for uneasiness over the fuel question. In iron ore we have a supply of 4,785,000,000 long tons, and the largest annual amount ever produced by us was only 52,000,000 tons. In pig iron production in 1907 we contributed 25,781,000 long tons to the world's total of 60,500,000 long tons. We have petroleum areas aggregating 8,850 square miles and gas areas 10,955 square miles. In 1907 wealth production on our farms totaled \$7,412,000,000 more than the total wealth of the entire country in 1850! No wonder J. P. Morgan's father told him that "the man who would become a bear on the future of this country would go broke."—Wall Street Summary.

Modesty of a Great Man.
The modesty of a great man of science is shown in the relations between Darwin and his publisher, John Murray. When he sent to his publisher the famous "Origin of Species," Darwin wrote: "It may be conceited but I believe the subject will interest the public, and I am sure that the views are original. If you think otherwise, I must repeat my request: that you will freely reject my work. I shall be a little disappointed; I shall be in no way injured." He was "astounded" at the fact that the trade ordered 1,493 copies before publication and delighted with Dr. Wilberforce's article in the Quarterly Review. "I am quizzed splendidly," he said. "I really believe that I enjoyed it as much as if I had not been the unfortunate butt." When he brought to Mr. Murray his book on earth worms of which seven editions were sold within a year, Darwin said: "I doubt very much whether it will interest the public, as the subject is not an attractive one."—Science Progress.

It Depended.
To illustrate the different view-point of manufacturers upon the question of tariff revision, Charles Heber Clark, a writer upon economic subjects, but better known as a humorist under the pen name of "Max Adeler," recently told this story to a gathering of Philadelphia manufacturers.
"There is a farmer neighbor of mine in Montgomery county who was the owner of a very good Alderney cow. One day a stranger, having admired the cow, met the farmer and asked, 'What will you take for that cow?'"
"My farmer friend scratched his head a minute, and then said, 'Look here, be you the tax assessor or has she been killed on the railroad?'"
—Circle.



THE WORSE BORE.

A woman's weekly paper denounces the male bore. He is, it asserts, worse than the female bore. She sometimes effaces herself. He goes on forever.
It seems a curious view. To most people the statement would appear truer if reversed. Surely it is the woman bore who "asserts herself" from early morn to dewy eve" far more often than the male.
The usual characteristic of the male bore is a dreary pomposity. The most frequent feature of the woman bore's conversation is an unquenchable garrulity.

How often do you hear it said of a man that he talks "19 to the dozen"? Very seldom. Among women it is a common reproach.
Everyone has known at least one, and probably a good many specimens of the woman who "will be talking." It is no exaggeration to say that there are some who literally never cease—except possibly when they are in bed. Even then they probably talk in their sleep.
Very often they are rather quick-witted, the women who suffer from this disease of the jaw. They are seldom fools. Their conversation in small doses would be found exhilarating. Poured out in "one weak, washy overlasting flood" it breaks the spirit of the bravest. It daunts the fearless even of their own sex.

The announcement that such a one has called and "is in the drawing room" produces upon a household an astonishing effect. Some fly to their rooms and lock themselves in. Some slide under tables or behind screens. One recalls that she has letters that must be written. Another recalls the doctor's injunction to "her to lie down—for an hour every day." Men bores are often very nearly as bad, but they are bad with a difference. They are not, like women bores, above the average of intelligence. They are always staid.
And they do not, as a rule, talk indiscriminately on every subject. They generally have one particular topic, which they dig into your dazed brain until you lose all recollection of the time before they began talking to you and all hope that they will ever leave off.

Still, there is a way to stop the male bore. You can pretend to be an idiot and to misunderstand everything he says. Or you can insist on changing the subject, in which case his talk dries up at once. Or you can simply flee whenever you see him on your social horizon.
No one has ever discovered how to stop the woman bore. She does not mind whether you understand what she is saying. She does not even mind much whether you listen.
Changing the subject has no effect upon her. She will talk with equal fluency on every subject under the sun.
And you cannot persistently avoid her without appearing either rude, if you are a man; or unkind, if you belong to her own sex.

Yet it is a mistake to be too tender with bores. They are victims of mistaken kindness. They ought never to have been allowed to become bores.
At the first symptoms they showed of developing into nuisances, their parents and guardians, their brothers and sisters, their cousins and aunts, their friends and acquaintances should have fallen upon them and said very loudly and emphatically, "Shut up."
It is not enough to ask yourself, as everyone ought to: "Am I a bore?" You should also consider whether you are allowing any of those you live with to become bores.—London Mirror.

TO ENJOY YOURSELF.
Put the accent on "yourself."
You may not be able to have the friends you like, the people who can talk over with you the books, the pictures, or the aims in life that are dear to you.
You may not be able to go to the entertainments you wish, the really good plays, the fine concerts.
You cannot afford, perhaps, the trips you want—that glorious one to Europe that is a haunting longing, the little jaunt into the mountains, the jolly camping expedition you have always hungered for.
You may just have to work, work, work, in a humdrum way, with common place people about you and never even a taste of those things you long for.
Don't sit down discouraged and blue and think the world is a dreary place.
Make of yourself the most enjoyable companion you know and then enjoy yourself.

Read the books you like. You can get them out of the libraries. Go to art exhibitions and galleries. They are free and on all sides. Have them to think about and to commune with yourself. They will always be an inward joy and inspiration. Don't lower your aims. Fine ideals are nice to live with.
If plays and concerts must be given up because of lack of means, there is many an enjoyable free lecture and organ recital, or a fine bit of music in some church that is an uplift and that will help give you that mental equipment to make you more enjoyable to yourself.
If trips cannot be taken, a walk always can be. And a walk is full of infinite enjoyment whether in the sky or country. There are always

wayside flowers or tiny spears of grass or the stars to talk to one and tell marvelous tales. The mere fact that those things are is food for thought as to how they are, that makes a walk almost a vision celestial.

You can be such a merry, jolly companion for yourself that the lack of the companionship you want need not be the dreary loss you imagine.
Stevenson enjoyed himself. As a child he had a wonderful time with the pirates and other interesting people of his imagination. As a young man he thoroughly enjoyed himself with only an obstinate donkey for a traveling companion. Had he been shut up on a desert island can one doubt that he would have had a good time with himself?

While you are a good companion for yourself, you need never be lonesome or find the world a dreary place.
And if you are not a good companion for yourself, start in to make yourself such a one.—New Haven Register.

FASHION NOTES.
The separate waist and skirt has almost disappeared from view. The one-piece princess dress is taking its place.
The new princess style means curves and a waist again.
Frocks may be buttoned down the front as well as the back.
There are more draperies than ever in the past.
Sliver is the latest fad of Parisians in jewelry.

The square velvet dot is the leader in veillings.
There is very little demand for silver slippers.
Double effect veils come in all sorts of modish colorings, green over brown being a smart combination.
There is a fad for making the color of the hat pins contribute to the trimming of the hat.
Metallic net bids fair to be much used for hats for more dressy occasions during the coming season.

Because of the demand for softly woven fabrics, many of the woollens are woven with a silk surface.
In spite of the rare for tones of lavender and purple there is more of it than ever on the new hats.
The new sailor has a low, broad crown, with a wide brim, a little wider at one side than the other, the sides curling up slightly.
Cravenette capes are being shown for young girls. They are made plain with four buttons down the front and a hood lined with a contrasting color.
The huge bows of the past season proved so universally becoming that the milliners are beginning to fashion them again for the season to come.

Don't wear a veil in the evening. Lots of women commit this blunder.
Forewear highly colored gloves. It is not good form to have your hands suggest purple eggs or green katepids. Tan or gray gloves are the thing for the street.
A new fashion of hairdressing is a flat braid made with a sort of bun at the nape of the neck, the hair full about the face but all drawn away from the top of the head.
Earrings of the old-fashioned long almond shape are being worn again and are becoming to some faces.

COLORADO GAME WARDENS.
Fish and Game Commissioner T. R. Holland will appoint a woman game warden in some part of the State where she will have full opportunity to give an illustration of her abilities. Commissioner Holland prefers to get one in Routt county or into Blanco—some place where she will have an opportunity to guard deer and other big game and prove once for all the value of a woman game warden. Many of the women in the deer sections know the movements and habits of game as well as the men and are as good marksmen, if that were necessary. A woman with influence who would take the proper interest in the preservation of game and obedience to the laws would have much more power than half a dozen wardens, as men in this position are often hated by the ranchers.
Should the experiment prove successful Commissioner Holland will duplicate it, and other States will doubtless follow the example. For instance, women game wardens around large cities like Denver who take an interest in birds would serve much more conscientiously than a man and would prevent the slaughter of many birds.—Denver Republican.

JAPAN'S WOMEN TOILERS.
Four-fifths of the operators in Japanese mills are women, probably due to the fact that they will work for less than men, who can do better outside. Men are only employed when absolutely necessary, such as for bosses, loom fixers, the heavier card-room work, etc. Weaving in Japan is almost entirely a woman's job, as spinning is with us. The fact that the looms are run almost entirely by women was of considerable advantage to the mills during the war, as they were not affected by the calling out of the reserves.—Consular Report by Clark.
The United States consumes more than half of the world's production of sugar. This means 6,000,000,000 pounds a year.

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A Remarkable Dog.
By FREEMAN TILDEN.
The New York City newspapers printed a "story" the other day about a three-week-old baby deserted in a hallway where the snow was three inches deep. A faithful dog stood on guard, and would not let the rescuers come near. Only after the beast had been overpowered by several policemen could the poor little infant be carried to safety.
It gives genuine pleasure to know that this dog is still alive, and at his old post of duty. He had been about given up for dead.
It was in 1836, according to the records, that this faithful animal came to the office of the New York Herald one night when the editors were short of copy. He became a great pet of the editors and reporters and for nearly two years, once a week, saved the life of a deserted child. Once he ran to the police station and brought the officers to the place where the babe lay; on another occasion he pulled in a general alarm; but usually he was satisfied to remain in charge until help came.
After leaving the Herald the dog traveled extensively in the Middle-Western and Southern States, being employed by the newspapers on sight. In several newspaper offices he could have had a life job, but he was of a nomadic disposition and refused an offer of the largest number of bones a week ever tendered.

We next hear of him working for the Youth's Companion. This was in 1873. His health was not of the best, and when the Companion demanded that he save two children in one issue he became dissatisfied and left, without a bone in the world, to seek his fortune abroad. In England, after a long rest, he worked successfully for Lloyd's Weekly, Tit-Bits and the Times.
When Ridgeway's Weekly began publication in New York, a splendid offer of twelve deserted children a year, and a mat to lie upon until the police came, was made to this sterling old animal. Passage-money was sent, but before he reached these shores, Ridgeway's had suspended. It is said that if the dog had arrived two weeks sooner, he could have saved the periodical.
The Boston Transcript has promised to give him a permanent home, but he prefers to be in New York, where he scored his first success, doing odd-rescues for the daily papers.
The dog learned his trade in Switzerland, with the St. Bernard's carrying beer and sandwiches to lost Alpinists on the Matterhorn. At the very least he is now eighty-five years old. He sees well, however, without glasses, and has a remarkable memory, recollecting clearly the time when the New York evening papers were printed in the evening.—From Puck.

Carpenters, blacksmiths, axmen, and others accustomed to the constant use of tools with long handles, know that if the tools are not so balanced that the force of a blow falls upon the centre of percussion an uncomfortable jar is felt. An ax or a hammer particularly well-balanced is regarded as a peculiar treasure. An unusual instance occurred recently in one of the tunnels now being driven under the Hudson River at New York. A workman had found a finely balanced pickax, and on leaving his work, he put a private mark upon it. The next morning another workman, who had had his eye on that particular pick, got possession of it first. The result was a fight that became so serious that the police had to be called into the tunnel to stop it.

Boys grow most rapidly in their seventeenth year; girls in their fifteenth.

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