Seize the President.

Why should you live? The answer's plain, With all its woe And mede of pain.

Life's not so bad As it might be For you and yours And mine and me

The sun will chase Away the clouds And melt the gloom That now enshrouds.

The buds will burst And bloom in spring, And in the dawn, The birds will sing.

And smiling, silver Streamlets flow And love will mark The roses blow.

A lough is good. The air is free, Be quit of pride And you may see

The simple joys That strew your way, That sweeten toil And light the day.

And still, you ask, Why should live, And to the task Your efforts give?

One further plea We shall advance. My friend, this is Your only chance. -Paul Cook in Bermingham Age-Her-

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"Mr. Arundale would like to see you, sir."

Jack Lindsay sprang at once to his When they reached the sickroom

he went up to the bedside. "I hope you are better, sir," he said

gently, "and that the pain is easier." The sick man's eyes flashed open. "Who told you I was suffering pain?" he asked sharply. "What do you know about my illness?"

"Nothing, sir," Lindsay answered in some surprise. "Watson's telegram merely said that you were ill and wished to see me. I have heard nothing further, except that Watson told me he believed you had been suffering very great pain."

Mr. Arundale gave a faint sigh. "You'd better get a rest; nurse," he suggested; "my nephew will give me the medicine if I require it."

Mr. Arundale lay still until the sound of her footsteps had died away down the corridor.

"Bring up a coair, Jack," he comto ask a favor of you."

"Anything I can do"-Lindsay began, but his uncle interrupted him. "People always say that," he returned impatiently, "but directly you

they are full of excuses. Still, perhaps you mean it. The truth is, Jack, I'm played out, come to the end of my tether. I may live a month, I can't | him. live longer."

"I'm very sorry, sir," Lindsay said earnestly.

His uncle looked at him keenly. "I'm sure I don't know why you should be," he said, coldly; "you'll be a good deal better off when I'm dead than you are now. And, please, don't interrupt me again.

"I was telling you," Mr. Arundale resumed after a second's pause, "that I have got, at the outside, a month to live. I have had to endure a good deal of pain the last few days, and I expect it will mean a good deal more before the end, and I-well, to cut it short, I'd sooner die at once and be nurse won't help me-their professonal credit is at stake, you see, they've got to keep me alive to the last possible moment-but you'll help out waiting to think, Lindsay dashed me, won't you, Jack?

Lindsay sprang to his feet, his face whiter than the sick man's.

"I don't understand," he stammered: "you can't mean"---"It's easy enough," Mr. Arundle

went on quietly. "In that cupboard there, with the glass doors, you will find a tiny bottle with no label on it; | ing." pour the contents into a glass and the property to-night."

"Merciful heaven!" Lindsay excan't be serious. I couldn't do itit would be murder."

"Nonsense," the sick man answercover. It's now or a month later. I've left you the property; it will be yours to-morrow if you do as I ask. You needn't be afraid, no one will ever suspect anything. The stuff will go to sleep, and not wake again. The shook in spite of his effort to control cleaning."-New York Sun.

might occur. You are quite safe, I tell you."

"I couldn't do it," he said desperately. "I couldn't. I'm more sorry than I can say for you sir, but surely they can dull the pain with drugs, and you may not have to suffer"-

Mr. Arundale pulled himself up on his pillows. "Listen to me," he said, coldly. "I do not ask anything of you as a favor, but your future depends on your falling in with my whim. I don't choose to lie here waiting for death, with the possibility of to me to-night, and you get Lynwood; refuse, and you shan't have a penny. goes to Eric, under my former will. Perhaps that'll cure you of your fine scruples," he added with a sneer.

Lindsay's head was whirling. He put his hand over his eyes to try and steady himself. That such a choice could be put to him in cold blood seemed incredible; yet his uncle seemed in deadly earnest. Let him put it plainly to himself. If he-if he killed his uncle to-night, he would be master of Lynwood; if he refused he would not have a penny, not even the allowance he now had. All the consequences of refusal flashed before him. He would have to leave his regiment for another, or perhaps to leave the army altogether. And Evelynhe could not ask Evelyn to marry a penniless soldier. After all, was he too scrupulous-would it really be murder? To-night or a month hence his uncle must die, why should Lindsay not spare him the month of waiting, the possibilities of agonizing pain? Could he not do it?

put a wounded animal out of its pain Lynwcod to the right man." -but to do it in cold blood just to shudder-"it would be too hideous." lips.

"You can go," Mr. Arundale said | His uncle glanced at him dispaspresently without opening his eyes: | sionately. 'go, and send Watson to me. Go, I Lindsay made an attempt to speak.

Fearing to excite the sick man by ler on the stairs, told him to go to his master: then, turning into the 11the chair he had occupied when he was summoned to his uncle's room.

terly, "to be told he had left me the property, and then to lose it all because I wouldn't help him commit sui-

Lindsay and his cousin, Eric Wyn-Arundale. He had always led them | Arank just now?" to believe that he intended to divide | 'Nothing more deadly than that at his death they would be, if not rich men, at least well-to-do. He had of you." given both boys an expensive education, and made them a handsome al-

"But he isn't even just," Lindsay murmured to himself; "it isn't just to to visit Lynwood again," he said, bring us up as he has and then to thoughtfully, "and I don't think he leave the whole property to one, and the other without a fathing. Of course, if I had got it all I should have offered Eric a fair share, but manded, "close to the bed. I'm going | Eric"-Lindsay laughed bitterly as he reflected that Eric was not likely to be generous-"ah, well, it couldn't be done." He stood up and pulled himself together. "I suppose if the old man doesn't relent I must exchange ask them to do anything particular | into another regiment, and try to live on my pay. As for Evelyn-poor lit-

tle girl-that's hopeless now." The opening of the door startled

"What time would you wish to dine, sir?" the old butler inquired. "Mr. Eric said he'd leave it to you to settle."

'Oh, has he arrived?" Lindsay asked in some surprise.

"Yes, sir; just after you went up to the master's room. Directly I told Mr. Arundale that Mr. Eric was here he told me to fetch him up to his room, and he's up there now, sir. Mr. Arundale said he wouldn't want me, and that Mr. Eric would give him his medicine if he required it."

Lindsay started. His uncle had used the very same words in sending the nurse from the room. Was he done with it. The doctor and the even now making the same horrible suggestion to Eric? He sprang to his

feet with a sudden exclamation. Eric-could Eric be trusted? Withfrom the room, up the wide staircase, "Help me to end it now," Mr. Arun- and along the corridor to his uncle's dale said, catching at his nephew's room. He knocked lightly, and, hearing no answer, turned the handle softly, and entered the room.

Eric stood by the bedside, a glass in his hand, which Mr. Arundale was reaching forward to take. Neither

man had heard Lindsay enter. "Eric," he cried, sharply, "for God's sake, man, think what you are do-

Eric Wynford started violently, and give it to me, and you will succeed to | made a sudden movement as if to recover possession of the glass, but Mr. Arundale held it tightly in his grasp. claimed, recoiling in horror; "you He looked from one nephew to the other. "Eric does not share your fooiish scruples," he said, calmly, and before Lindsay could reach the bedside ed, angrily. "I tell you I can't re- he had emptied the glass and set it back on the little table by his side.

"Eric." Lindsay cried in horror, "what have you done? It's murder!" Eric Wynford turned a livid face toward his cousin. "What are you talkjust lower the heart's action, I shall ing about?" he said in a voice that but they never like to see any house

doctor will say I died in my sleep of it. "Uncle asked me to give him his failure of the heart-he told me that medicine. What's all the fuss about?" "You've given him the stuff from the little bottle, he cried, "and you

know it means death." "Something must be, done before it's too late." Lindsay said quickly. "I'll call the nurse."

He moved toward the bell, but Eric Wynford sprang across the room and stood in the way.

"Confound you," he muttered furiously, "can't you leave well enough alone? He asked me himself to give it to him, and he couldn't have lived more than a month. Hold your tongue intense pain to endure. Put an end and I'll give you a fair share, I swear He clutched his cousin by the arm. took effect at once."

cousin's grip.

lazing eyes. "You fool!" he shricked: "you fool!

You were alone with him first." "Tell what story you please," he said curtly. "It may be too late, but a harsh voice arrested him.

"Don't trouble," it said quietly. With a simultaneous cry both men faced round toward the bed.

Mr. Arundale nad raised himself on his pillows and was watching his nephews with wide open eyes. As he met their herrified stare he began to chuckle softly.

"It's been very amusing to listen to "I can't do it, sir," he said, looking you both," he continued "and very inhis uncle frankly in the face. "If I structive, too," he added dryly. "You had nothing to gain by it-if I had see, I could not bring myself to divide seen you in terrible pain, and you the property, so I decided one of you had asked me, I might have done it, should have Lynwood, while the I think I'd have risked it-I should other got an increased allowance. have felt it no more wrong than to had a fancy to make sure I had left

Eric Wynford made an attempt to get Lynwood"-he broke off with a speak, but no sound issued from his

"Yes, I admit it was rather hard to tell you," he added impatiently, as put you to such a severe test," he said coldly, "and I shall leave you something as a slight compensation further argument, Lindsay reluctant for having played this little comedy ly left the room and, meeting the but- at your expense. You see, a dying food has a large crop, is usually a man has so few diversions."

He paused, but his nephews conbrary, he flung himself down again in issued to stare at him is if spell-

"It's hard luck," he muttered bit I really can't live more than a produce a large milk yield. month," Mr. Arundale added indifferearly, "but that I purpose to await the purpose. By examining the lay bones natural course of events in the mat the amateur knows which bird is

ford, had been brought up by Mr. say gasped at last, "the stuff you tent of about three fingers (closed)

his property equally between them, so water," , said Mr. Arundale softly, but so much depends on the time of interest is it to have good service?" "You see, I wasn't quite sure of either year one wishes to sell table fowls .--

> With a cry of inarticulate fury Eric Wynford dashed out of the room. Mr. Arundale looked after him.

'I don't suppose he will ever wish will be missed."-New York Evening Journal.

MEN EASILY UPSET AT HOME. ites of those who fancy a solid col-How Mrs. Billtops Dusts Mr. B.'s

Desk Without Touching Anything.

"I think the attitude of men toword housekeeping," said Mrs. Billtops, "is the most remarkable thing." Mrs. Billtops was at that moment engaged in terring the parlor apart and moving everything out into the adjoining dining room, preparatory to what she calls a thorough sweeping and dusting, and her remark had been prompted, by Mr. Billtops' exclaiming when he looked into the room and saw what she was doing:

"You men are so easily upset. I suppose you like things clean, but it always upsets you completely to have any cleaning done. If men could have their way I don't suppose there'd ever be a carpet taken up or a rug shaken. You'd just wallow in the dust, and I'm not certain either that you'd even know it was there; but you would rather have it there than have it taken up. Now, wouldn't you really. Ezra?

"You do so dislike to be disturbed. I don't suppose that men would ever clean house, but that is what women are loing all the time. What sort of a house do you suppose it would be to live in if it wasn't dusted and cleaned?

"I guess it would be something like your desk used to be before I got at it. Why, Ezra, your desk used to have dust on it an inch thick, and I don't believe you even knew it; and then you used to say to me, 'Elizabeth, whatever else you do around here don't ever touch my desk,' and I never did till the dust got so thick on it that I couldn't stand it any longer; and then-oh, you needn't start like that-I never moved any of the papers, I put weights on them, and then I blew the dust off with the beliews; and I've been dusting it that was ever since.

"You Mke things better that way don't you-clean? Why, of course you dor and still it always drives you distracted when you see me doing any housecleaning. I do not, Ezra," said Mrs. Billtops, as she picked up another chair and lugged it into the dining room, "I do not understand the attitude of men toward housekeeping. They may like to see thingy clean



Choosing Best Layers.

There are a great many methods advertised in various pamphlets and papers stating that, if you will practice this or that method of selecting "Besides, it's too late," he mut- as laid down in the paper, you will I'll tear up the will, and everything tered hurriedly. "He-he told me it be able to determine the drones from the workers. The writer has tried a Involuntarily Lindsay paused and few of these so-called certainties, and looked at the bed. Indeed, Mr. Arun- has come to the conclusion the trap dale might well be dead, so still and nest is the only accurate test. It is stiff he looked. "I must call the by selection and keeping records that nurse," he said, firmly, flinging off his advancement is made along this line.

Each hen has her own individual-Eric Wynford glared at him with ity; certain hens lay eggs that are in nine cases out of ten hatchable. Some hens lay well, but although 'Who's to prove I gave him anything? their eggs are usually fertile, they will not hatch, whether set under a hen or placed in the best incubator. The chicks develop to a certain size, I intend to call the nurse." He turned in many cases being fully formed, but determinedly toward the door, when die in the shell. Again, many hens lay eggs that are seldom fertile.

In selecting birds one has several objects. The saying "that the hen that lays is the hen that pays" is often heard. The majority engaged in the poultry business consider egg production the best end of the business. It is often the surest. There is not the same amount of risk attached to it. At the same time, if people are foolish enough to believe that Mr. So-and-So can supply eggs from hens, tested by the so-called new system. which have produced 300 eggs per annum, they have more faith in the advertiser and the hen than the writer has.

There is no doubt that certain characters should be looked for in a good laying hen. She should be low set, and stand on a pair of shanks set fairly wide apart. The head should be nice and clean cut, with a full bright eye.' In other words, hens should show feminine character, and not wrinkled features. Hens of the latter type should be discarded; in short, masculinity in the hen is a bad sign. A hen with a large capacity for payable bird to feed. The smaller the sack of food she takes to roost at night the fewer eggs will she produce. Dairymen know that a cow must have "It may interest you to know that plenty of room for food in order to

The advertised systems serve one about to lay, or is laying. Should "But the stuff in the bottle," Lind the lay bones be relaxed to the ex-H. V. Hawkins.

White Plymouth Rocks.

White fowls, because of their striking appearance and the ease with which they are bred to a high state of perfection, have become very popular during the past few years.

The White Rocks and White Wyandottes especially are the favorored fowl. White Rocks, except in color, are counterparts of the Barred



branch of the family, and like them, they are ideal fowls for family or market. They are large and are good layers, and always find a ready sale. Their eggs are large and have dark shells, and always attract attention.

Altogether White Plymouth Rocks have enough merit to keep them in the front ranks of America's best breed of poultry.

Ryc and Alfalfa.

Doors for fowls to go into yards should be so placed that a good yard, sown to rye or alfalfa, is available for each pen. Where ground for yards and raising grain is limited, the same yards may be planted in late organic life.-London Chronicle. corn, then sown in rye; it should be sown very thick, to allow the fowls to have the run of it while it is still small, and yet not destroy it. Corn can be planted early in July, after hatching season is over and all fowls thrown into one yard, if not out on free range.

To the Discouraged.

Those who become discouraged by mistakes are not very progressive. Instead of being stumbling blocks, mistakes are object lessons that arouse one to a sense of closer observation and point out facts. However, the man who makes the same mistake twice is not a very observing per-

Feeding is important, but the her house needs constant care, too.

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The Traction.

By ELLIS O. JONES.

"I have great difficulty in understanding your traction system," said the Man from Mars.

"It is a little complex. What seems to bother you the most?" replied the Upright Citizen.

"Well, for instance, in whose interest is it conducted?" "In the interest of the people, of course," answered the Upright Citi-

"Then why are the people not treated with greater courtesy and supplied with greater comforts?" "Because it is not to the interest of

those who conduct it to do so." "But I thought you said it was conducted in the interest of the people?" "In a way it is. That is to say, the people, in their own interest, intrust the traction business to selected members of the community, to whose interest it is to conduct it in the inter-

est of the people. Understand?" "Perhaps I am a numskull," vouchthe bird is laying; if they are almost safed the Man from Mars, "but I do in contact, that is the hen to market, not understand yet. Now to whose

"To the interest of the people, of course; but then you could not expect the traction officials to give good service when it is not to their interest, could you?"

"I do not expect anything," explained the Man from Mars. "I am trying to understand it. As near as I can determine there are two conflicting interests. Now, in such a conflict, which gives way?"

"The people, of course. You could not expect individuals to give service which was not to their interest. Have you ever studied the question of vested rights?"

"No; but I suppose vested rights are those which authorize the few to

make the many uncomfortable?" "You talk like a dangerous man," rejoined the Upright Citizen .- From

Poor America.

The American novelist of the newer order is apt to write, as the American young woman talks, at the top of his voice. There is something in the atmosphere of the United States, partly natural, partly artificial, and the effect of an inveterate spirit of rivalry which stimulates the organs of expression to an excessive, often a strident, pitch of energy. The itching national desire to be thought original, to have "snap and go," in season and out of season, leads inevitably to freakishness, irrelevance, slang and

grievous maltreatment of language. The literary ideals of Hawthorne are evidently obsolete. Even those of Mr. Henry James and Mr. W. D. Howells are contemned or forgotten. The ambition of the younger school of transatlantic novelists is, as we are frequently told, to produce "real live" stories. Assuredly that is one of the most laudable of ambitions, but it miscarries sorely when it results in a fussy effort to galvanize inert matter to a semblance of vigor and gayety. Not thus is the novel endowed with

Sparrow Blood as Medicine. The manufacture of a cough mixture from the blood of a sparrow got a coolle into trouble the other day. Sunday he was found in the Sinza district with a couple of poles, a tin of bird lime and ten sparrows in his possession. The man was brought up at the mixed court charged with having cruelly illtreated the birds, and in the course of the case it transpired that the coolie was catching the sparrows in order to sell them to medical dealers. The reason he wished to keep them alive was that the medicine shops, who made a sort of cough mixture out of their blood, would not buy them if they were dead. The coolie was cautioned and his gear confiscated .- Shanghai Mercury.

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