

**Asleep at the Circus.**  
(By J. W. Foley.)

Now the last roasted peanut is swallowed,  
The last sugared pop-corn been followed,  
By sips of the last lemonade,  
His eyes, once so big, that shone brightly  
Through all of the glad afternoon,  
Are shut, and his fingers close tightly  
And cling to his gaudy balloon.

The last acrobat's been applauded,  
And shuffled his way from the mat;  
The last bareback rider's been lauded;  
The clown, with his sugar-loaf hat,  
Has gone with his powder and spangles;  
The diver has made his last leap;  
And here in my arms are brown tanglers  
Of curls, and a boy fast asleep.

One sticky hand rests on my shoulder,  
One holds fast the gaudy balloon,  
That shrinks, and before it's much older  
Will fade like the glad afternoon.  
His dreams, it may be, of the maddest  
Of somersaults, recklessly hurled;  
The trestled, sleepest, gladdest  
And stickiest lad in the world!

And oh, but the spangles were splendid!  
And oh, but the music was grand!  
The side-splitting clown laughter  
Nailed  
With soul-stirring airs by the band,  
Till naught of the glad marvel lingers  
Save what in his dreams he may keep,  
As he clasps his balloon with close fingers,  
And rests in my arms, fast asleep,  
And so from these joys without number,  
Ere aught of the glitter was gone,  
He went to his dream-land slumber,  
Where on plays the music, and on,  
For him all the revel is maddest,  
For him not a flag has been furled,  
The trestled, sleepest, gladdest  
And stickiest lad in the world!  
—Youth's Companion.

## Her One Essential

Wheaton frowned as Albright entered the car. He disliked a man who, like Albright, perpetually harped upon one subject, and, most of all, he detested the poker stories in which Albright delighted. He rose from his seat as though to leave the train and passed into the forward car.

The car into which he came was more crowded than the one he had left. But a single seat remained unoccupied, and in the adjoining place sat Bess Hartley. He was well into the car before he saw her, and now he turned his back to that side of the car and pretended not to notice the vacant seat.

But he was not to profit by this subterfuge, for an officious old lady, with kindly intention and a vigorous arm, prodded him in the back with the point of her umbrella to call his attention to the vacancy. With a polite smile upon his lips, but with black rage toward all meddlers in his heart, he made his way up the aisle and sank beside Miss Hartley. He could not, in courtesy, ignore her presence, even though she had refused his proposal of marriage the night before, and presently they were engaged in a conversation made up of the baldest platitudes, and ridgeley Wheaton's dissatisfaction with himself and the whole world increased as he realized how miserably puerile his remarks must sound.

The knowledge put him still further ill at ease, and he was sorry that he had not remained in the other car to listen to Albright's mythical stories of "the stiff game" of the night before.

"The next is my station," he announced, as he prepared to leave the car. He was still three miles from home, but he could wait for the next train.

Bess' face assumed a pleased expression. "Isn't that nice!" she cooed. "I am getting off here to see Nell Langley. You can go as far as the door if you wish."

Wheaton groaned inwardly as he thought of the fresh trouble his duplicity had brought upon him. If he walked with Bess as far as the Langleys' he would be late for dinner and his father, himself the soul of punctuality, was resentful of tardiness in others. He should have to telephone that he could not get home and make a dinner in lonesome solitude at some restaurant.

But he showed something of this in the gesture sent a pang to his mind, and assisted Bess down the aisle, sidlingly guiding her through the lane made by outstretched feet of the train hogs. Once on the street, she slipped her arm through his and something in the gesture sent a pang to his heart as he thought of the night before.

The knowledge that she did not return his love obsessed his thoughts, and if his conversation on the train had been puerile, now it became positively idiotic, and he was glad when they turned the corner of the street on which the Albrights lived.

At the corner Bess slipped her arm from his. "I will not further impose upon your good nature," she said pleasantly. "I can get along without escort from here."

"But look here," he argued, a sudden flash of sanity clearing his clouded brain. "You told me last night that the Langleys had all gone out of town for a couple of weeks. Old Mr. Langley is dying or something like that, wasn't it?"

"Did I?" asked Bess in sweet surprise. "I'm afraid that I said many things last night that were not quite right. You see, I was excited and I got mixed up."

"It did have a rather unsettling effect upon us both," she agreed dryly. "Are you going to the house or are you going home?"

"I suppose that I might as well go home," she said a little forlornly.

"How did you come to make that mistake?" demanded Wheaton.

"I suppose if I confessed that it was to enjoy the pleasure of your society a while longer you must feel too vain," she suggested airily. Wheaton's hand closed over hers with a grasp that made her wince. He was too much excited to notice the intensity of his grasp.

"Do you think it is fair to torment me like that?" he asked passionately. "You told me last night that you did not want me."

"And I have told you that I made many mistakes—last night," she reminded. "Perhaps I—"

"Perhaps you made a mistake when you told me 'No,'" he cried hoarsely.

"Bess, is it possible that after all you do care, dear?"

Wheaton caught the whispered admission.

"And you invented an engagement with Nell so that I might have another chance," he pressed.

"You don't deserve another chance," she scolded, "but after you went away I—I felt that—perhaps—I did care more than I was willing to admit."

"And like the darling that you are, you gave me a hint when I was too stupid to see it for myself," he cried jubilantly. "Bless that man Albright after all. I came into your car to avoid him. I owe him an apology."

"You can make him the best man," suggested Bess with a smile.

"Not Albright," protested Wheaton gaily. "He'd stop the ceremony to tell the minister a poker story. But you can have the old lady with the umbrella for a maid of honor if you want. We owe it to her after all I thought about her."

"Not that horrible old lady," protested Bess with mock shudder. "I guess you are the only essential, Ridge."

"And I'm going to make myself that for life" he promised as they headed again for the station.—By Lydia Brace, in New Haven Register.

**FALL OF FRANKFURTER.**

French Scientists Discover that German Meat Is Tainted.

Before rejoicing over a neighbor's shortcomings, it is well to examine one's own skeleton closet for peepholes. Snug reprobation of American meat and all other cis-Atlantic products and methods was the attitude of Germany after the exposure of the Chicago evils, now corrected. But the Teutonic complacency was short-lived. France has its muck-rakers, and the "revanche" arrives at last.

German canned goods partly supplanted the American manufactures in Parisian favor. But these have been examined at the municipal laboratory in Paris and, in every instance, a notable proportion of harmful preservatives was found.

Germany must look at home here after before maligning the American hog. The frankfurter no longer can stand in conscious recititude. Its rudeness is known now to be the bluish of guilt.

The American packer was never a monopolist in sin. The housecleaning that has been accomplished in this country is needed everywhere. English investigators have exposed the London butchers. South Europe's olive oil comes from our cotton fields. French wines are mostly frauds. And now we know the worst of the worst.

**SMALLEST PRISON**

That of Sark, Though Ancient, Contains but Two Cells.

Sark, the loveliest of the Channel Islands, possesses a quaint old prison of two cells, more as a matter of form than of necessity, for serious crime is almost unknown in the island, which has no paid police, but simply an elected constable.

It is some years since the prison was called into requisition, says the Strand, and on the last occasion the bolt was found to be so rusty that it had to be broken before the door could be opened. The prisoner was then put in, left all night with the door open, and made no attempt to escape.

On another occasion a young English servant who had stolen some clothes was sentenced to three days' imprisonment. The prospect so terrified her that the authorities took pity on her loneliness and considerably left the cell open. The little maid sat in the doorway and was consoled by kind-hearted Sark women, who came to keep her company.

A still more curious incident is told of a man who was convicted for neglecting his wife and children. He was ordered to betake himself to the prison and there wait for the arrival of the constable. That he did, sitting outside until the door was opened to let him in.—New York Sun.

**WOMAN RANCH OWNER.**

Success She Has Had in Making a Government Claim Profitable.

Mrs. Agnes M. Hart of Denver has refused an offer of \$3,500 for her ranch near Fort DuChesne, Utah, in the Uintah reservation.

Mrs. Hart almost alone and unaided has made the ranch what it is, says the Denver Post. In the summer of 1905, when the drawing for homesteaders took place, her name was among the first to come out—the exact number was 129. In a few weeks she went to Vernal, Utah, to file on her claim. She selected a quarter section about seven miles from Fort DuChesne, a few miles from Myton.

For a year and a half Mrs. Hart has resided on the property and improved it. She has built houses and fences, has dug ditches, milked cows, and in fact she has performed all the work on a ranch that a man usually does. For several weeks during the first winter she was there. Mrs. Hart slept in a tent when the thermometer registered 18 degrees below zero. The ranch is located 150 miles from a railroad, and for a year and six months Mrs. Hart never saw a railroad train.

Mrs. Hart, who is now in Denver, expects to return to her ranch in a few days. There she will again take up her work of planting and building.

**BLESSED LADY.**

A Tribute to the Distinguished Inventor of Ice Cream.

Dolly Madison was famous for her beauty, grace and social charm, but she has never been given due credit for her greatest achievement—the invention of ice cream. For the chroniclers tell us that she was the first to serve this national delicacy. The wife of the President must have been a wonderful woman, gifted in everything from diplomacy to cooking.

The men have long suspected that some woman invented both ice cream and matrimony, for men for generations have been inveigled into both. Let a boy and a girl go out walking, just anywhere, and suddenly the boy will find himself face to face with a soda fountain or an ice cream parlor. It's just like a man who starts along courting aimlessly who suddenly finds himself engaged. He doesn't understand just how it happened. But he usually marches up bravely and finds that he enjoys both matrimony and ice cream.

If every girl who eats a saucer of ice cream or a "sundae" would put a penny in the plate to erect a monument to the inventress of ice cream, they could build a tower so tall that it would make the Washington Monument look like a fencepost. While it was Dolly Madison who first made ice cream, they tell us it was the wife of a young naval officer, Nancy Johnson, who invented the ice cream freezer. She deserves as much credit as the President's wife. They were one in achievement; they should be one in fame and immortality.—Baltimore Sun.

**MADE DRUNK ON AIR.**

Alcoholic Atmosphere Has Disturbing Effects on Strangers.

There can be no doubt that the air of distilleries, wine and spirit vaults must contain appreciable quantities of alcohol. The stranger on his first visit to the great sherry bodegas in the south of Spain, experiences at first a decided sense of exhilaration with quickening of the pulse, followed by a narcotic effect, a feeling of languor and headache. In the great brandy stores of Cognac, again, to some people the air is sickening.

It might be naturally expected that the more volatile constituents of wines and spirits would be the first to evaporate into the air, and possibly the volatile ethers would thus prevail. It has been said that the effect of inhaling the air of the sherry vaults is more marked than when other spirituous liquids are kept in store.

Air, therefore, impregnated with the vapors of spirits and wines, must have a deteriorating effect on the health. And according to an examination made of the air of a distillery, it would appear that no less than an ounce of proof spirit, or one-half ounce of absolute alcohol may be present in five cubic feet of air. And since this alcohol would gain access to the circulation through the lungs it follows that special arrangements of ventilation are an absolute necessity.—Philadelphia Record.

**FUNERAL STREET CARS.**

"In a good many towns out West," said Harry J. Hill, of Omaha, at the Eutaw House, "the funeral car operated by street railways is getting to be very popular. I was in a town in Iowa lately, where the local street car company had established such a service, and was told that the idea was looked upon with much favor and, that a number of funerals had already been conducted in this way. There is no fear, however, that the lively stable people will suffer much loss of patronage in the near future, for mankind is more conservative as to the disposition of their dead than in nearly any other mundane affair."—Baltimore American.

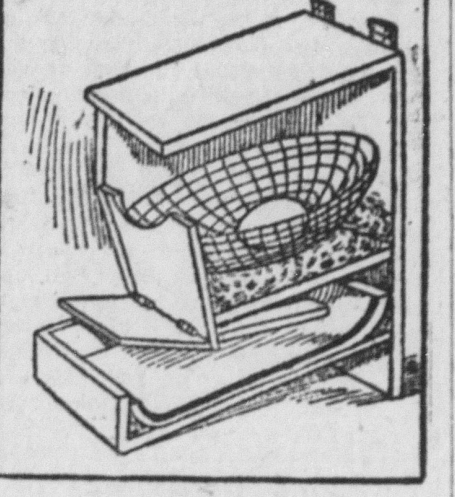
**IN 1832 FOUR INDIANS OF THE Flathead tribe, living on the Pacific Coast, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and, traversing 3,000 miles of intervening wilderness, appeared at St. Louis. They had been sent by their nation to inquire about the white man's God.**

**THE HOPEFULNESS TO THE HOG HANDLE,** urges the American Cultivator.

## Poultry for Profit

**Sanitary Poultry Nest.**

The present day tendency to employ sanitary measures in the dairy, the stable, the doghouse, etc., has at last extended to the poultry yard. The industrious hen is to be provided with a sanitary nest, which can be readily washed and scrubbed as occasion demands. This recent development is shown in the accompanying illustration. The nest is made of wire and is supported in a suitable



Easily Cleaned.

housing, both of which can be removed from the chicken house when cleaning is necessary. When thus removed they can be conveniently placed in a suitable receptacle containing boiling water and thoroughly cleaned of all impurities and undesirable insects.

**Care of Little Chicks.**

Quite an argument has been going on the rounds as to the length of time that should elapse before giving food to newly hatched chicks, some regarding twenty-four hours as time enough before feeding, others that to feed when two and a half days old was soon enough.

No doubt that more chicks are killed, or stunted from feeding too soon, than are hurt by a longer fast. Note the healthiness of chicks when a hen steals her nest, and is not discovered until the chicks are several days old.

Strong, healthy chicks, hatched in dry, warm weather, will require food sooner than puny ones hatched in a damp, cool time, because the first chicks will grow much faster. Make this an iron clad rule: Never feed sooner than twenty-four hours after hatching, and let the first feed by dry bread crumbs or oat meal sprinkled in sharp sand. Also let the bulk of the first few meals be of sharp sand.

Give water that has the chill taken off, for several days after hatching. This is not necessary in mid-day of the summer, but is a good rule for little chicks, of a morning, no matter what the month.

Have water vessels clean, and so arranged that the little chicks cannot get into them.

A teacup filled with water, then inverted in a saucer, makes a fine fountain, that is easily kept clean, where there is a small flock of chicks. A quart can be almost as good. If the water does not run out fast enough, place a nail under the edge of cup or can.

House the chicks in a weather proof coop, with enough clean dry litter and a good mother. Do not put more than two dozen chicks with one hen.

If bowel trouble appears, dissolve lime in water, pour the water off carefully, and stir corn meal in the lime water until it crumbles. The lime water should be strong enough to make the mass to look as if it had been poured on it. They will not relish this, but if given no other feed will eat it. Do not allow other food until they are recovered. Rice cooked tender and fed dry is good for bowel trouble in fowls of any age.

If chicks are not allowed to get chilled or wet from rain or dew, fed wholesome food, kept a little hungry all the time, never allowed to have any but wholesome water and milk to drink, have sizable grit, and are kept free from lice, there will be no bowel trouble, if they are healthy when hatched.—E. C., Vermilion Co.

**This and That.**

It isn't at all necessary to have a fine and fancy poultry house. Comfort is all a laying hen cares for. The best fowls are none too good. The medium fowls are only tolerable. The inferior fowls are a snare and a delusion.

Poultry should have access to green food if possible, and when they cannot, should be furnished with cabbage leaves or a vegetable of some kind.

Keep the fowls away from the barns, stables and carriage houses. In such places they are nuisances. Besides, they are more comfortable in a place by themselves.

Carelessness and laziness go hand in hand, and together are a fruitful source of failure.

**Notes of the Poultry Yard.**

The older the egg the less is that sweet, rich flavor noticeable.

Remove at once from flock any chick showing signs of sickness.

A woman who makes a success of poultry raising has the laugh on the man, who makes a failure at farming.

Hens that are expected to lay during the winter must be provided with a warm roosting place, warm enough to avoid danger of frost to comb and wattles, but well ventilated.

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**LABOR WORLD.**

Laundry workers at Ogden, Utah, have formed a union.

Newspaper solicitors in Idaho and Montana will organize.

A new union of cigarmakers has been organized at Red Wing, Minn.

Union egg inspectors at Chicago, Ill., demand a Saturday half holiday.

The average wage of painters in England is about \$10 a week; in this country \$15.

The Women's Trade Union League will hold a national convention in Chicago in September.

The Manitoba government will appoint a committee to investigate workmen's compensation.

Preliminary steps have been taken for the formation of State organization of union printers in Minnesota.

San Francisco (Cal.) Labor Council is considering a plan to send the unemployed in that city to work on farms.

Steps were taken recently by the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Central Labor Union for the formation of an independent municipal party.

The registered unions in England are accorded privileges under the labor union acts, one of which is the exemption from income tax.

There is a union of hatmakers at Le Mans, France, in which the offices of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer are held by one man.

In the north of England there has been a reduction of three pence a ton on pudding, and of two and a half per cent. on all other forge and mill wages.

Elizabeth Chester, who has been investigating the conditions of women prisoners in England, says that skilled workers are seldom found among them.

**BASEBALL NOTES.**

The veteran, Ted Sullivan, is scouting for Charley Comiskey.

Outfielder Jimmy Sebring has been released by the Brooklyn Club.

Doc White, of the Chicago team, is developing into a star outfielder.

Barney Rellly, the Yale second baseman, has joined the White Sox.

Pitcher Jake Bouhles has been placed on the market by the Boston Club.

The veteran, Joe Bean, late of the New England League, is scouting for the Boston Club.

George Schiel, of the Giants, is a greatly improved catcher over his early season form.

Pitcher Blaine Durbin has been loaned by Pittsburg to the Scranton (New York League) Club.

The Cincinnati Club has purchased catcher Laftie from the Macon Club, of the South Atlantic League.

The Cardinals have shown more ginger since Bresnahan took hold of them than they ever displayed.

The Pittsburg Club is believed to have secured an option on the sensational Providence shortstop, Blackburn.

President Farrell, of the New York Americans, announces his willingness to give \$10,000 for a first class pitcher.

The New York American League Club is not after catcher Currier, of Harvard. He doesn't look to be big league timber.

Jack Ryan, the veteran catcher of the Buffalo Eastern League team, has been purchased by Jersey City. He will undertake the job of managing the Skeeters.

Hans Wagner is said to have promised Dreyfuss long ago that he would not quit playing until his place had been filled. If that is so, the Dutchman will go on playing forever.

**A Valued Possession.**

My little sister, three years old, had a peach given her, which was the first she had ever seen.

When I saw it, I went up to her, and taking the peach from her took a bite out of it.

Immediately she began to cry, and I asked what she was crying for.

"I wanted to keep that little woolen apple," was her reply.—Delineator.

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