

Helene—A Mirage.
Far out upon a desert vast,
Sand-stained, wind-swept,
Where hope had died and fear had
passed
And clouds had never wept,
Athirst I stood and gasped for
breath,
Heart-sore and weary unto death
Across the waste to cruel skies,
Sun-dried and lean,
I strained my hot and heavy eyes
To see the green,
When clearly in some strange, new
light
A glorious rose blushed on my sight,
Like water to the crackling tongue,
Its fragrance fresh
Came to the spirit overstrung,
And to the flesh.
Ah, wonderful the power to bless,
Of rose-bloom in the wilderness!

I stretched my hands to take it there,
So good and bright,
The breath of life upon the air,
The morning light.
"Helene," I cried; "Helene, Helene!"
I laughed and ran across the plain
To fold it to my heart, and then—
The desert was the same again.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Wanted More Years

John was sitting on the old-fashioned horse-block in front of the gate, with his hands full of pink and green and blue cards which he was sorting into little piles, according to color. Different names were printed on different colors and a picture of the owner of the name filled one end of the card. It was Election Day in the town where John lived, and, of course, everyone was more or less excited, the boys rather more than less, for each one was trying to collect more election cards than the others. For days past no man could come anywhere near a group of boys without being surrounded and begged to give up all the pasteboards in his possession, and of course, the boys who could go farthest around the town collected the most cards. But small boys like John were prevented by their mothers' commands, as well as by their own short legs, from going far afield, so their little boards came chiefly from fathers and uncles, with sometimes a little help from some good-natured big boy who had a few cards to spare.

John had made a special effort to collect election cards, even going so far as to waylay the dignified principal of the high school, of whom he stood very much in awe, and who was obliging enough to give him three blue cards. But when he came to count his cards he was very much disappointed to find that they did not amount up into hundreds, as he had hoped they would. He sorted them into neat piles and surveyed them sadly, feeling that he was not such a very good citizen after all.

"Hello, John!" said a voice. "Going to vote today?" It was the big captain of the football team, who was walking with Miss Alice, John's Sunday school teacher.

"No, sir; I guess not," answered John, somewhat confused by the notice of two people whom he admired very much.

"No? How's that?" asked the captain, with a twinkle in his eye.

John hesitated; he had not thought of voting before, and it had never occurred to him to wonder why he couldn't. He shuffled the cards in much embarrassment.

"Why can't you vote, John?" asked Miss Alice, encouragingly.

John looked up. "I guess," he said, slowly, "I guess it's because I haven't enough election cards."

Miss Alice and the captain looked at each other and smiled, and the captain said as they passed on, "It isn't more election cards that you need, John, it's more years. You haven't quite enough of those, yet, to be able to vote."

John thought about this for a long time. It was true that he had wasted his time in collecting cards. But if people were willing to give him cards, perhaps he could find someone who would spare him a year or two. He remembered that the policeman who sometimes walked around the neighborhood had once caught a man who was trying to steal their horse, and that his father had said that the Judge had given the man six months; and six months, John knew, were half a year. So if the Judge gave part of a year to a man who tried to be bad, perhaps someone would give a whole year to a boy who usually tried to be good.

He picked up his cards and went into the house to find his mother, who was always the best person to ask for what anyone wanted. But she was out, so he wandered into the library where his sister was busy looking up something in a big encyclopedia.

"Say, Helen, I need some more years so I can vote. Can't I have one of yours?"

Helen glanced up, keeping her finger in the middle of the page to mark her place.

"You funny child! How can I possibly give you a year?" she said, laughing. Then, as her little brother

looked very much disappointed, she continued, seriously. "You see, Johnny-boy, if I should give you one of mine, I could graduate from the High School with my class, and that would put me a year behind them at college, too; so I really don't see how I can spare you one without upsetting all my plans. Now please run away, because I am very busy. Go and ask Gramamma for a year. She has more than anyone in the house, and she might be willing to give you one."

Grandamma, who was really Great-grandamma, only the name was too long for every-day use, was sitting in a sunny corner of the veranda reading a very old book with a brown cover and yellow pages, some of which were quite freckled.

"Could you give me a year, please, Nanna?" asked John.

"Give you a year? What do you mean, dearie?"

"I need more years, so I can vote, and Helen says you have lots of them, so I thought maybe you might give me one."

"Bless the child! I certainly have plenty, but I don't think I can give any of them away."

"I would give you an election card for one; I would give you two—three—four election cards. Please, Nanna!"

"I don't believe any of my years would help you to vote, dearie. They are not the right kind of years. I have eighty-five of them, and I have never been able to use any of them to vote with."

It was another disappointment; but the young voter was not discouraged. Perhaps someone else would have the proper kind of years. Bridget, the nurse, was tucking the baby in his perambulator, and the baby was trying to see how far away he could throw his rubber dog. The animal landed at John's feet as he came down the steps. He picked it up and held it teasingly just out of reach.

"Give it to him, now, John," pleaded Bridget, as the baby stretched out his hands with a loud cry.

"I'll give it to him if he'll give me a year," said John, pinching the dog so that it squeaked at the baby.

"And it's you that are the cruel boy, then," said Bridget, "to take away the only thing the darlin' hasn't got. It wouldn't be any little brother at all you'd be havin' if you took a year away from him. Now give him his dog, John, dear!"

John sighed as he laid the rubber dog across the baby's kicking feet. "Nobody seems to have any years they don't need."

"There comes your father. Now maybe he'll be having some for you," suggested Bridget, comfortingly, as she wheeled the perambulator down the garden walk.

John's father stopped a moment at the gate to play with the baby, and then came to the steps, where he halted at sight of his elder son's rueful face.

"What's wrong, Johnny-boy?" he asked.

"I want some years," said John.

"Some years?" said his father, looking puzzled. John explained, and his father nodded his head understandingly, as he sat down on the broad railing and drew the little boy on his knee.

"I'm sorry I can't help you out, John," he said, "but I need all the years I have for what we call 'reference,' to help me to be a good lawyer to earn enough money for us all. I have to use my years every day, and if I were to give any away I should miss them very much."

"But who gives them to you?" asked John. "Is it the judge?"

His father smiled. "No; it isn't the judge. It is Father Time, for he is really the only person who has many years to give away."

"Where is his office?" John's father had an office, so John supposed that anyone else called father must have one, too.

"Well," said his father, thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly where his office is. I know that he is still in business, for he is sending me years all the time; and, John, now that I think of it, I believe he is sending you some years, too. You have six whole ones, and a few days over, haven't you? That isn't such a bad beginning for a collection of years."

"But it isn't enough to vote with," objected John. "If you knew where his office was I could go and ask him for a lot more."

"I don't think he would let you have them. You will get the years in the end, but I'm afraid you will have to take them as Father Time gives them, a day at a time."

"It's about as hard to get years as it is to get election cards, isn't it?" said John, looking at his small packages of colored pasteboards.

"But you're sure of having enough some day," said his father encouragingly.

"So, although John did not vote at that election, he is going to vote some day, for he is a very busy collecting years, a day at a time.—Eunice Wold, in The Churchman."

INTENSE COLD IN THE TROPICS.
Recent Measurements at a Height of Eleven and Thirteen Miles.

The existence of a layer of air in which the temperature ceases to diminish with elevation has been observed in various parts of the world. It is about ten miles up, though its altitude varies somewhat. The temperatures are ascertained with "sounding balloons," which carry up self-registering thermometers and barometers. The latter give indications of the height attained. The balloons are

not accompanied by human beings, but the instruments are so cushioned that they cannot suffer from a fall and are labelled so that recovery is comparatively easy.

An expedition dispatched by A. Lawrence Rotch, of the United States, and a French expert, Teisserenc de Bort, last summer tried to make soundings of the atmosphere over the Atlantic near the equator at a considerable height. Though some of the balloons sent up by this party rose nearly ten miles, they failed to reach the "isothermal layer," where the cold would not increase. Their thermometers continued to register lower temperatures the higher they rose. Mr. Rotch was confident that the isothermal layer really existed, but suspected that it was at a greater elevation than was reached by the instruments. It now appears that a German expedition sent out to East Africa by Dr. Assmann found that at a level considerably above that to which balloons went over the Atlantic not only was almost unprecedented cold found, but above it there was a comparatively warm stratum. This was discovered last December over Lake Victoria, near the equator. The change from intense cold to moderate temperatures was observed twice—once at an elevation of 56,000 feet above (about eleven miles) and once at 65,000 feet (barely thirteen miles).

Especially remarkable, says Dr. Assmann, is the great average decrease of temperature with altitude found over Lake Victoria; the lowest temperature encountered at 65,000 feet was 119 below zero, Fahrenheit, with a temperature at the ground (3,809 feet above sea level) of 79 above zero, a difference of almost 200 degrees! The variability of the temperature at high levels is enormous in equatorial as well as in higher latitudes. Two ascents gave readings at 56,000 feet of 105 below zero, respectively.

In addition to the ascents of sounding balloons a number of small pilot balloons were sent up to great altitudes to explore the direction and velocity of the upper air currents, and these showed the presence of an uppermost current of air blowing nearly from due west, and flowing above the regular easterly current of the equatorial region. A similar discovery was made some time ago at Cairo, Egypt, by B. F. E. Keeling.

The ascents over Lake Victoria were made from a low powered launch, and would have yielded better results had a faster boat been available. It is stated that with a vessel having a speed of some twelve miles an hour this lake is the best place in the world for sounding balloon ascents.

CAROLINA TARANTULA.
Big Spider Caught by Boys and Its Odd Trap Door Nest.

Mr. A. W. Pickens of Garvin township brought to this office Saturday an enormous spider which he called a Carolina tarantula. It was captured by some boys on his plantation.

The spider was an inch and a half long and half an inch broad before having been killed and drawn to its smallest compass. Before being killed it was much larger. The animal was equipped with ten legs, four at the front and six at the stern, and a particularly wicked looking mouth. The bite of this spider, Mr. Pickens says, is as deadly as that of a rattlesnake.

Some boys on Mr. Pickens's plantation found a peculiar looking hole in the ground and decided to investigate. After digging for a while they came upon an odd looking nest. Prying it open they found the spider inside. The nest was provided with a trap door, which the spider could close after himself, as he went into the nest, and would be safe from intruders. Mr. Pickens brought the nest to the city with him. It was a very ingeniously contrived affair and was of almost as much interest as the spider itself.—From the Anderson Mail.

PLANK BLOWN THROUGH TREE.
Remarkable Testimony to the Force of the Recent Georgia Tornado.

Each day brings to light some new freak of the tornado which caused death and destruction in this part of the State a few days ago, says the Atlanta Georgian.

As an evidence of the freakish force of the wind a big pine tree and a large plank on the property of the Hon. S. M. Roberts, about twelve miles from here, are now joined as if done by an expert carpenter.

Although the tree was a large one the plank was picked and driven through the centre as neatly as if shot from a gun. Not only was the plank shot through the tree, but it went through without tearing the tree.

The plank was picked up in the yard of Mr. Roberts's sawmill and other planks in the pile were not molested by the wind. So singular does Mr. Roberts consider this action of the tornado that he has posted a notice telling how the plank was driven through the big pine and ordering that it shall not be cut down.

New York City has its average number of divorces as compared with the cities of the United States, Chicago is the only city that is proportionately ahead of it. In New York there are two persons divorced to every 26 married.

Even when a man stands on his dignity he sometimes puts his foot in it, mused the New York Times.

The number of automobiles registered in London is nearly 35,000.

Household Notes

ORANGE GLACES.
Peel 6 large oranges, removing carefully all the white part. Divide into sections and place in the oven until thoroughly dry. Put into an enamel pan 1 pound of sugar, juice of half a lemon and 3-4 cup of water; boil briskly for 5 minutes. The syrup should be light amber color. Remove from the fire, dip sections of orange in separately and spread on a marble slab or on buttered plates. Boston Post.

DELICIOUS GINGERBREAD.
One cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of boiling water, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves, cinnamon and soda and half a saltspoonful of salt. Put the melted butter into a bowl and add molasses and spices. Dissolve the soda in a little boiling water and put it in next; beat in the flour. Bake in shallow tins lined with buttered paper for half an hour.—New York World.

BISCUITS FOR LUNCH BOXES.
Sift together a cup of flour, a rounded teaspoon of baking powder and a few grains of salt. Rub in a tablespoon of lard and a tablespoon of sugar. Add about 1-2 cup of cold milk and mix into paste about the same as for tea biscuits. Turn out on floured board and roll about 1-4 inch thick. Cut out in rounds and lay on greased baking sheet, just so they will barely touch. Brush over with milk and bake in quick oven 15 minutes. When cold are nice split and spread with peanut butter, jam, minced ham or jelly.—Boston Post.

ORANGE MARMALADE.
Wash one dozen oranges and three lemons. Remove the rind in as thin pieces as possible and cut into thin strips; pare the white skin from the oranges and lemons, but do not use it; now cut the oranges and lemons into thin slices; remove seeds and thick, white centre; put skins and fruit into a jar with 5 pints of cold water and allow it to stand 24 hours; then put into preserving kettle and boil gently three hours. Add 10 cups of sugar and boil 45 minutes. Pour into glasses; cool them, cover. This makes 1 dozen glasses of marmalade.—Boston Post.

MUTTON, OLIVES AND SPINACH.
Take 4 ounces each of fat bacon and calf's liver; pepper both and fry till cooked; mince the meat, pound it and press through a sieve; then press into a basin and stand aside. (When possible, this should be done the day before the dish is required.) Next cut some slices from an undone leg of mutton and form into strips 2 inches wide and about 3 inches long. Rub each piece with a cut onion on one side and spread with the liver paste. Roll each piece up, brush over with beaten egg, dip into bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat until a good golden color. If liked, each roll may be secured in shape with a small wooden skewer. Have ready a mound of dressed spinach, set the olives in it and pour a good, thick gravy round.—Boston Post.

SPANISH OMELETTE.
Six eggs, one tomato or some canned tomatoes, one small onion, 3/4 tablespoonfuls milk, 5 mushrooms, 2 slices bacon, quarter teaspoonful salt, a dash of black pepper; cut bacon into small pieces and fry until brown, then add tomatoes, onion and mushrooms chopped fine; stir and cook for 15 minutes. Break eggs into a bowl and beat vigorously, adding a little salt and pepper. Put a teaspoonful of butter into a frying pan and let it melt, when the sides of the frying pan are well greased pour the eggs in and shake over a quick fire until they set. Now pour tomato mixture over omelette, fold over once, slide on hot platter and serve. Asparagus tips, green peas or string beans can be used instead of mushrooms if desired.—Boston Post.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
To cut warm bread or cake always heat the knife blade.
In canning time remember to hold a jar under hot water before filling with the hot syrup. If the jar is set on a folded wet cloth while being filled, it will be less apt to break.
A tablespoon of coal oil in a quart of warm water is excellent to remove fly specks from brass.
If you want to keep coffee from boiling over add a lump of butter about the size of a small marble.
To prevent the contents of a juicy pie running over wet the edges of the lower crust with white of egg or feed water.
To mix corn bread more easily warm the bowl that it is mixed in.
Bollid potatoes should be served as soon as they are cooked. To make them drier drain off the water quickly, shake them in a strong draft of air and do not put back the lid of pot.
CROUTONS for soup are most easily made by cutting stale bread about half an inch thick, buttering it thickly on both sides, cutting in half inch squares and baking in the oven until brown.
Pies will be soggy if set on top of a hot stove after being baked.

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THE THRILLS OF LION HUNTING.

In the last three months two men have lost arms, and almost their lives, riding lions. In both cases the same mistake was made. They pressed the beast too closely. No horse can turn or stop as can a cat. I have seen a cheetah I was riding—an animal very much faster than any lion—actually stop in its very stride. It was as though its claws were glued to the earth. It did not seem possible that such a sudden halt could be made by anything that ran. Nor can any other beast show the desperate speed of a cat for a few yards' distance. Mr. Percivale, the game warden of the Protectorate, who has probably ridden more lions than any other man in the country, tells me that he, though well mounted, was once almost pulled down by a lion that he had ridden into cover. He, too, on that occasion came too close, the lion for some reason or other dispensed with all the usual preliminaries and rushed at him. He turned his horse as quickly as he could and rode for his life. He had quite fifty yards' start, and yet he believes that, had he not fired his heavy revolver into the face of the lion when it was almost on his horse's hind quarters, both he and the horse would have been pulled down. Mr. Percivale was alone. There was no other horse or hunter near to divide the lion's attention. This, perhaps, may account for its very unusually rapid and deadly attack.

Hoey was attacked by three lionesses, near the Rock. The only provocation he had given them was that two hours before he had shot the lion of the band. He was riding back to his camp, unarmed, having left his rifle with his gunbearer, who was skinning the lion he had killed. The three saw him from a distance of quite two thousand yards, and pressed him hard for a quarter of a mile. He was riding the same fast mule that I rode, and so outran them. There are one or two things that any man riding lions would do well to remember.

First, it is not well to follow a lion or lions into cover if you are on horseback, not even into thin cover. Once you have chased a lion, it is very different from the beast that rapidly slinks away from you, when you are hunting on foot. In this last case it instinctively knows it can get away if it cares to. In the former it finds you have its pace, and, resenting that, will attack with determination. The second lion Hoey and I rode had every chance to walk into the impenetrable stronghold of the river grass if it had wanted to. The grass grew thickly not twenty yards from where the lion was first hit. But it did not want to do anything of the sort, and, angered by the long, hard chase, cast all idea of further retreat behind and came boldly away from the covert it had striven so strenuously to gain.

Secondly, the man who does the shooting must dismount without delay or hesitation. He must quickly choose his place, fixing it in his mind as he gallops up—if possible, a spot from which he can command the lion for a few yards every way, and on which he can plump down. If there is no such place, of course, he must stand up and shoot. All delay is dangerous. Get the beast before it lashes in. Any cool hunter can knock a standing lion out with one shot at one hundred yards or less. No living man can be sure of hitting a charging, snarling embodiment of death.—Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in The World's Work.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.
Meteors prove that the air is still dense enough to make those little bodies incandescent through friction at a height of 100 miles; but up to the present man has succeeded in exploring the atmosphere to a height of only sixteen miles.

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