

THE OLD PORCH.

By William Hervey Woods.

We did not ask in those old days... If it looked east or west...

The little wild things loved it, too... The pewee and the wren...

The slim, unpainted pillars gray... The roof where mosses met...

There father's home-made chair all day... Its waiting arms outspread...

And if at times our glances caught... A glimpse of marble pale...

For even our vanished ones, we felt... Were still not far away...

They say the house is haunted now... But if the tale were true...

Not all the gain nor ease nor power... That cheats a world of men...

—Youth's Companion.

Her Beautiful Rival.

"You got awfully sunburned today, Jim," said Jim Lancaster's nice little wife...

"I guess I have. My hat blew off just before quitting time, and I would not come down from the rocks for it."

"Why, Nan Farrell—Nan Lancaster, I should say!" Molly cried, embracing her ecstatically...

"Has she? Who?" Nan looked eager. "You can't guess." He was teasing her.

"No, I can't. I'm not good at guessing. Tell me, do!" "Well, it's Mrs. Abner McClure."

"Nan sank back in her chair. 'You mean Molly Stewart,' she asked. Jim nodded.

"When did she come?" Her voice had changed. "This morning. She brought a trunk, so I judge she is going to stay quite a spell."

Nan caught her breath and looked at her husband, eating his supper and apparently all unconscious of the strife which he had suddenly renewed in her heart...

She was a rare beauty, one of those to whom nature has given and given until it seems she can add not one thing more. And she had ways. No other girl could charm as she could, or dance or sing or laugh.

could not. She lay looking out of the window at a certain star which struggled wearily to free itself from a cobweb of cloud in which it had become entangled.

Molly had come back a widow. Nan could see her in her black things with her vivid face and coppery hair. It was said Abner McClure had money, and Molly always would dress well anyway.

Nan had heard of what a beautiful widow may do, and tomorrow, Jim, her Jim, was going back to Holman's, straight into the old net that had emmeshed him. She clinched her hands in the darkness and prayed.

Toward morning he fell asleep. At 6 Jim aroused her. He had been up an hour. "I let you sleep as long as I could," he said. "Don't fuss over the breakfast. Just make me a cup of coffee and give me some bread and butter. I'm in a hurry today, dear."

Nan got breakfast. She did not eat any herself. She kissed Jim passively at the door. "What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well this morning, Nan?" he asked anxiously.

Nan watched him up the hill. Then she lay down on the lounge and had her cry out. Noon came. She made tea and drank it. It braced her up wonderfully. Indeed, she felt almost feverish. It came to her that she would not endure it a moment longer.

Jim was there and he was her husband. She would go there, too. After noon a breeze sprang up which relieved the hot day. Nan dressed carefully in a white lawn with pinkish spots, a dress her husband admired. She loosened her hair about her face and let it drop a little lower toward the nape of the neck.

She felt that she was girding herself for battle and she meant to have no weak spots in her armor. Then she locked the door, called Shep to follow her and, raising her umbrella above her bare head, set forth.

The walk put heart into her. She felt ready for anything as she crossed the last field before the Holman house. Mrs. Holman greeted her with a kiss.

"Why, Nan, how do you do? I'm right glad to see you. I suppose you know Molly McClure's here? Jim told you? Yes, well, sit right down in this chair. We'll stay on the veranda, for it's cooler than in the house."

She stepped to the door. "Molly!" she called. "She'll be down in a minute. She's most through dressing," she said, coming back to Nan. "How nice you look in that dress! You're one of the few women I ever knew who could wear pink and keep their complexion in it."

That did Nan good. She was cool and her heart had steeled down when a great rustling of skirts on the stairs announced Mrs. McClure. Nan rose to meet her.

"Why, Nan Farrell—Nan Lancaster, I should say!" Molly cried, embracing her ecstatically. "I am perfectly delighted to see you!"

She held Nan off and looked at her. And Nan looked at Molly. In that moment her doubts, her long fear, her jealousy, blew away like a pluck of thistle down in a strong breeze. She found herself sitting beside her talking volubly. It was all over.

"You haven't changed a bit, Nan," Molly was saying. "I asked Jim if you had yesterday and he wouldn't say. He said I should judge for myself. What have you done to keep your complexion like that, and your figure?"

Nan laughed. She could laugh now. Molly's young glory had faded sadly. Her wonderful hair was thin and dull; her cheeks coarse; her teeth had unmistakably been replaced; her double chin rested on her full bosom, and she wheezed as she talked.

Presently Jim came striding up with Mr. Holman. From afar he waved his hand toward his wife. "Just as much in love with you as ever, isn't he?" Molly said, seeing him. She disposed her handsome skirt carefully, so as best to display its cut and finish. But Nan did not notice. She was thinking of Jim. Molly had been an illusion, and the illusion was dispelled.

FIRST PATENT IN AMERICA. Granted to Joseph Jenks, who Established Iron Works in New England.

WORTH QUOTING

Says the Pittsburg Dispatch: To hold an automobile owner responsible for the recklessness of his chauffeur, as in New York sounds like rather tart doctrine, but to make automobile owners employ none but reliable chauffeurs looks like care for the public safety.

The Reef of Norman's Wood, mentioned to every schoolboy through Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," is but a short distance off the shore from Rafe's chasm, near Gloucester, on the north shore of Massachusetts, explains the Argonaut.

A Chicago judge sentenced Joseph Masterson, accused of stealing a pair of trousers, to "return to Cleveland and read Dicken's 'David Copperfield.'" A stay of judgment might have asked, comments the New York Evening Post, on the ground of the imposition of a cruel and unusual punishment—for Joseph.

"Right here in this country," James J. Hill says, "we are consuming five to seven times as much lumber as we are producing. Conservation of our lumber supply, in common with all natural resources, is necessary. For instance, land in some sections of this country is worth less than it was 40 years ago, simply because its condition has deteriorated."

Says the Providence Journal: Since Great Britain has assumed so friendly an attitude and the Chinese government is seemingly disposed to regard our request favorably, American bankers will come in for their share of the loan, despite the effort of Germany to prevent an issue so injurious to the furtherance of German plans for quietly getting control of a large proportion of the Chinese railway lines.

Pleading for a national crusade against flies in England, the Lancet writes a strong indictment against the little winged nuisance and suggests a home exterminator. "In our experience," says the Lancet, "the best exterminating agent is a weak solution of weak formaldehyde in water (say two teaspoonfuls to the pint) and this experience has been confirmed by others. It would appear that flies are attracted by a weak solution of formaldehyde, which they drink. Some die in the water, others get as far only as the immediate vicinity of the plate of water, but all ultimately succumb, and where they occur in large numbers, hundreds may be swept up from the floor."

The bishop of Ripon, who lately attained his sixty-eighth birthday, was one of the most popular of London preachers for many years before he was elevated to the bishopric in 1884. Queen Victoria, to whom he was honorary chaplain, was very fond of his sermons. Some one once asked Dr. Carpenter if he felt nervous when preaching before the queen. "I never address the queen," was the reply. "I know there will be present the queen, the prince, the royal household and the servants down to the scullery maid—and I preach to the scullery maid."

It is a curious fact—one all at variance with the doctrines of heredity, but borne out by police records—that the children of crooks, of all classes, rarely turn out to be crooks themselves, propounds the Argonaut. Deeper study of the subject might reveal that they are possessed of the criminal instincts, but that the tragically close example of the punishment and wretchedness that attend a criminal career has been a terrifying deterrent. The fact, at any rate, remains. The "Rogues' Galleries" of Scotland Yard, New York City, and Chicago may be studied in vain for the photographs of a father and a son.

Reputations. "The Autocrat," remarked the Recordite Person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said: 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the Practical Person, "but my son—just out of college, you know, and in the habit of thinking humpbacked thoughts, as it were—said something only this morning that appealed to me: 'Some men,' he said, 'get a reputation and keep it; other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'"—New York Times.

Breaking Things. A certain well-known member of Congress has a house down in Washington. One of the fixtures of the place is an old negro servant named Sally Ann. In the Congressman's presence one Sunday morning she broke a big cut glass dish at the sideboard.

"What have you broken now, you—black mashingers?" yelled the member, who possesses a very expensive vocabulary. Sally Ann was quite unnerred, but she replied, very humbly: "Taint de F'oth Commandment, Bress de Lawd!"—New York Times.

COMMERCIAL Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "With the disturbing tariff question soon to be out of the way and with crops that give promise of satisfactory dimensions and of an aggregate value of hundreds of millions of dollars in excess of the best previous record business confidence is developing rapidly, although it is noticeable that enterprise is not yet out-running conservatism in buying for the distant future."

"Prices continue to advance in several branches of the iron and steel trade and higher quotations are expected on some products that have ruled on a very low basis. It is believed that the leading interest will shortly follow the action of independent producers in asking better terms for steel bars, plates and shapes, which have been in active demand since the general recovery set in."

Bradstreet's says: "Improvements in the crops, rather better advances as to ultimate outcome of the leading cereals, causing in prices of breadstuffs consequent thereon or because of a larger wheat crop movement, a good distribution at retail under the stimulus of clearance sales and a slight enlargement of fall trade with jobbers and wholesalers are the leading features this week. Connected therewith in some degree are the advances from leading industries of enlargement of output, of a continuance of the upward tendency in values of manufactured goods, a larger demand for money for crop-moving purposes and a perceptible increase in the friction visible between employers and employes in a number of lines. This latter is a natural phenomenon of the industrial situation, possibly made more noticeable this year by reason of the high level of prices of commodities and the consequent cost of living."

"Business failures in the United States for the week were 239, against 206 last week, 263 in the like week of 1908, 155 in 1907, 171 in 1906 and 197 in 1905."

Wholesale Markets. New York—Wheat—Receipts, 23,900 bu. Spot barely steady; No. 2 old, 142c, nominal, in elevator, and f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 red, 120 1/2c, f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 141 1/2c, nominal, f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 133 1/2c, nominal, f. o. b. afloat.

Corn—Spot firm; No. 2, old, 73 1/2c, elevator and 78 1/2c, f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 new, 65c, winter shipment, f. o. b. afloat. Oats—Receipts, 38,125 bu. Spot quiet; mixed, 26 1/2c @ 32 lbs., 56c, nominal; natural white, 26 1/2c @ 32 lbs., 53 1/2c @ 57 1/2c, clipped white, 34 @ 42 lbs., 57 @ 62.

Butter—Creamery specials, 27 1/2c, (official price, 27 1/2c). Eggs—Irregular; receipts, 13,883 cases. State, Pennsylvania and nearby fancy, selected, white, 29 @ 32c, do., fair to choice, 24 @ 29.

Philadelphia—Wheat—Weak 2c, lower; contract grade, July, 117 @ 118c; August, 115 @ 116c. Corn—Quiet but steady; July, 76 @ 77c; August, 75 @ 76c. Oats—Quiet, unchanged.

Butter—Firm; solid, 14c, higher; extra Western creamery, 29c, do., nearby prints, 30c. Eggs—Firm, good demand; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, 29c, cases, 24c, at mark; do., current receipts, in return cases, 22 at mark; Western firsts, free cases, 24 at mark; do., current receipts, free cases, 21 @ 23 at mark.

Cheese—Firm, fair demand. New York full cream, choice, 14 1/2c @ 14 3/4c, do., fair to good, 13 1/2c @ 14 1/4c. Live Poultry—Dull and lower; fowls, 15 1/2 @ 16c; old roosters, 10 1/2 @ 11; spring chickens, 17 @ 21; ducks, old, 12 @ 13; do., spring, 14 @ 16.

Baltimore—Wheat—The market for Southern was about two cents per bushel lower on graded lots, and demand active for all offerings. Sales of cargoes on grade were made at 119c for No. 2 red; 114 1/4c for No. 3 red; 114 1/4c for special bin steamer No. 2 red; 114 for stock steamer No. 2 red; 110 for special bin rejected; 108 for stock rejected, and 103 for regular rejected for the drier. Steamer No. 3 red sold at 119c per bu., the same price as special bin rejected. Irregular rejected for the drier sold at 98c. Small bag lots, as to quality and condition sold at 105 to 117c per bu.

Corn—Western; July, 76 1/2c. The market remains sluggish. At the midway call July was quoted at 77c. Sales, car yellow, domestic, in No. 2 elevator, 73 1/2c. Oats—Stock in elevators, 139,874 bushels; shipments from elevators, 5,640 bushels. The quotations for oats on spot were: White, No. 2, 56 1/2 @ 57c; do., No. 3, 54 @ 55c; mixed, No. 2, 53 1/2 @ 54c. Cheese—We quote, per lb., 15 1/2 @ 16c.

Butter—Creamery separator, per pound, 27 1/2 @ 28c; imitation, pound, 22 @ 24c; prints, 1/2-pound, per pound, 27 @ 29c; do., 1-pound, per pound, 27 @ 29c; blocks, 2-pound per pound, 26 @ 28c; dairy prints Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, per pound, 16 @ 17c; Virginia and West Virginia, store packed, per pound, 18 1/2c; Ohio, store packed per pound, 18 1/2c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, per dozen, 21 1/2c; Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, per dozen, 21 1/2c; Western firsts, per dozen, 21 1/2c; West Virginia, per dozen, 21 1/2c.

Live Stock. Chicago—Cattle—Market steady. Steers, \$5.60 @ 7.65; cows, \$4.50 @ 6.50; heifers, \$3.60 @ 6.50; bulls, \$3.40 @ 4.85; calves, \$2.80 @ 5.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.75 @ 4.70. Hogs—Market 10c, lower. Choice heavy, \$8.15 @ 8.20; butchers, \$8.05 @ 8.20; light mixed, \$7.60 @ 7.70; choice light, \$7.80 @ 8.05; packing, \$7.75 @ 7.85; pigs, \$5.60 @ 7.65; bulk of sales, \$7.90 @ 8.10. Sheep—Market steady to strong. Sheep, \$4 @ 5.40; lambs, \$6.50 @ 8.25; yearlings, \$4.50 @ 6.

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Give the Boy His Chance By E. RUSSELL.

There is one particular point in which the average farmer is contemptibly mean with his boy. He sets himself up as a standard. If he didn't want so and so, why should his boy?

If he had to turn out of bed at 4 o'clock a. m. and work until dark, why should his boy be spared? He did not have a decent suit, or fine boots, or any spending money; why should his offspring go into such extravagance?

The farmer who reasons that way has a selfish motive under it. He knows as well as other people that the boys of to-day cannot be and are not treated like the boys of fifty years ago.

He will admit that his father wore a hickory shirt without collar, to meeting, while he must have a white one, well starched and adorned with collar and necktie, but he won't admit that his son has any right to improve on him.

If a boy feels enthusiastic to learn to be a printer, harness-maker, or wood engraver, no father with any sense will command the boy to learn the trade of a stone mason.

Why, then, should a farmer decide that his son who has exhibited a taste for mechanics, spoil his whole life by ordering him to stick to the farm?

If a boy, who wanted to learn the carpenter's trade, is made to learn to be a harness-maker, and thereby become a botch workman, why should not a farmer's son, who ought to be an architect, make a poor farmer?

He certainly will, figure as you may. Let the farmer seek to discover what his son's taste runs to. If to agriculture, he should be given a fair show. He should have the best of agricultural papers and every chance to improve the system his father has worked under.

Some of the land and live stock should be his and he should be to a certain extent a partner. No man will dig and delve for you without pay as an incentive.

A boy who is expected to put his best efforts on the farm, because the law says his father is entitled to his services, will certainly disappoint you.

If his taste runs to a trade or profession the father must argue the matter as a reasonable man would. He has no right to encumber the earth with another botch farmer. He has no right to condemn his son to poverty when he might be rich by his own exertion. If he is wise he will even encourage the boy to follow out the bent of his inclinations.

Nine times out of ten where you hear of a farmer boy being set down as "a hard case" you find his father to blame for it.

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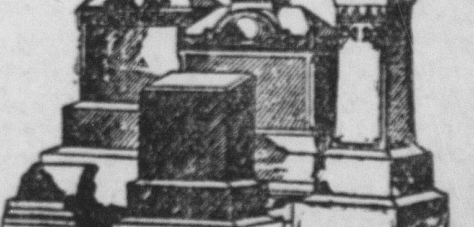
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