

The Meadow.
I know a way—will you go, my dear,
Will you follow the path with me—
The path that leads from the Now
and Here
Forth into Arcady?
Where always the rose is red and
sweet,
Where always the skies are blue,
Where there is rest for wandering
feet
In the Meadow Where Dreams Come
True.

Bid farewell to your bitter grief,
Laugh at your haunting care;
Loose the fetters of unbelief—
Arcady's flowers are fair.
Make you a garland of daffodils,
With never a sprig of rue,
And we'll follow the path o'er the
happy hills,
To the Meadow Where Dreams
Come True.

We will dream our dreams as the
hours go,
We will fashion them fair and fine,
And all of my dreams will be yours,
you know,
And all of your dreams be mine.
Dear, will you follow the path with
me?
I'm waiting for you, for you!
Take the path into Arcady,
To the Meadow Where Dreams
Come True.
—Blanche Allyn Bane, in "Success
Magazine."

A Fight at Zero

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

The junior clerk in Ford & Hanscom's wholesale meat house, Charley Corey, was arguing with the bookkeeper at Pollard Brothers' refrigerating-plant on Commercial Wharf.

"Mr. Remy"—Remy was Ford & Hanscom's manager—"says the express left those five boxes of chickens here Saturday."

"Well, I'm sure it d'n't!" snapped the bookkeeper. He was tired with adding figures through the long, hot August day.

"No objection to my looking round a bit?"

"Go ahead if you think your Mr. Remy knows our business better than we do. But you'll find it a shivery job. Better get into this overcoat."

"No, thank you. My blood's pretty good, and I'll keep moving."

"All right. Only remember we close at six sharp, and it's past five now."

Charley went out to the wharf through the ammonia-scented engine-room, with its red-lettered danger placards and frosty wall pipes, barely noticing the little steamer from which nets of silver herring were being hoisted to the loft over the freezing-floor, he unspooled the double-thick door and entered the refrigerator.

Br-r-r! It was chilly! His teeth chattered as, with a familiarity born of previous trips, he threaded the narrow, electric-lighted alleys between boxes piled ceiling-high, and soon was climbing the first stairway, slippery with frost and grease. Another flight took him to floor three. Remy had told him to rummage the plant from top to bottom for that poultry.

"How cold today?" he asked a man in thick reefer and mittens, spreading fish on boards between fuzzy white layers of ammonia pipes.

"Just zero."

"Only eighty degrees lower than it is outside," commented Corey, as he began exploring for the chickens.

A careful search discovered nothing with Ford & Hanscom's mark. The story below yielded no better results. Returning to the ground floor, he found the street door open, and several men hustling in boxes and barrels from a newly arrived car, and stacking them everywhere for the night, even in the passages. By the time he had convinced himself that the missing birds were not there, it was fourteen minutes to six, and he was nearly frozen.

"I'll look over a little of the cellar, and finish tomorrow morning," he decided.

Lifting a trap-door, and pushing its edge under a notched stick fastened to the wall, he descended a short flight of steps. At the dimly illumined end of the first alley he came upon a case stenciled "Ford & Hanscom." Close by he found the four others.

Corey waited for nothing more. His watch said five minutes to six. A tremendous banging and thumping overhead told that the men were making haste. He hurried toward the scuttle.

Springing up the stairs, he slipped, and caught at the edge of the door. Down it crashed on his straw what, and he knew nothing further.

It was absolutely black and still and cold when the clerk came to himself. He ran his hand along the cement, hard and smooth as ice, and touched the stairs. Gradually he realized where he was. A big lump on his head under his crushed straw hat told that the falling door must have struck him senseless.

Charley stood up the stairs, he pushed against the door. To his alarm

it did not yield. A step higher he braced his shoulders under it, and lifted with all his strength; but it would not give a millimeter.

Why was it so deathly still? Where were those men unloading the car? With tingling fists he hammered the frozen wood; he shouted, he screamed, but not even an echo came back.

Dazed and shaking, Corey leaned against the ice-cold wall. He understood it all now. The man had been piling their cases temporarily on every available inch of floor. Amid so much noise they had paid no attention to the slamming of the trap-door, and finding it closed, had covered it with goods until the next morning. But what would be his own condition then. Twelve hours in that atmosphere would freeze him.

Could he not make the night engineer hear? Again he pounded and shouted; but after several minutes of racket, he stopped from sheer weariness. The cellar floor lay several feet below high tide, and no sound could penetrate its waterproofed cement wall. Upstairs it was no better. The walls were fourteen inches thick, including ten inches of ground shavings. Besides, the engineer's ears would be filled with the sound of his machinery.

If he could only find and turn on an electric light, he might discover some way of getting out. Dropping to the floor, he found that on tiptoe he could reach the low ceiling. His hands ran across the beams, and soon brushed a wire. Then, joy! his fingers touched a bulb.

Trembling with hope, he snapped the button; there was no light. Corey sickened with disappointment. A switch in the engine-room, he recollected, controlled the entire circuit.

Suddenly he remembered that in the middle of each floor were large double trap-doors. Perhaps he might be able to find the first pair, and push them open.

To save time and strength, he must make his search systematic. Beginning at the stairs, he walked fourteen steps to the right, till his hands touched a pile of boxes against the wall. This gave him a starting-point. Turning, he paced back, past the stairs, thirty steps in all, till he reached another barrier. He now knew the width of the cellar. Again turning, he walked back half that distance, fifteen steps. If his calculations were correct, there should be a middle passage at right angles toward the trap-doors. He stretched out his hands, and found such a passage. Twelve steps along this he stumbled up a heap of frozen herring. The doors must be right overhead.

Crawling up the cold, slippery pile he felt the seam between the doors. He tried to lift them, but could not. His fingers, pushed up through the crack, touched the bottom of a box. The goods had been piled there, as well as above the stairs.

Charley slid down off the herring, almost hopeless. He was trapped. If he stood motionless, he would soon freeze; yet he could not keep uninterruptedly active the next twelve hours. To set his blood moving, he began boxing vigorously with an imaginary foe. An incautious step ahead, and he skinned his knuckles against a box.

Then he began traversing the narrow passages, hands over his head, exploring the ceiling. He touched all sorts of frozen things—barrels and sacks of fish, beeves and lambs, hanging fowl.

At last a damper, icier current descended on his head, and his fingers scraped a wire screen. It was what he had been hunting for, the channel by which the cold, radiating from the upper pipes, reached the cellar.

Building with fresh hope a pyramid of boxes, he climbed up, and tried to lift the screen. It was fastened down. But the wire was small, and he had a stout knife. The strands, brittle with cold, snapped one by one, and at last the opening was large enough. A moment later he stood on the first floor.

Exultation warmed Corey a little. It was, if anything, slightly colder than below; but he felt infinitely freer than in that terrible cellar.

Yet what had he actually gained? His strength and courage were ebbing fast. He had done all he could. What for him now but to yield to the drowsiness stealing over him?

Was there any other exit but the doors? No. The windows were insulated like the walls. It was the same on the second floor. But the third—

He began an agonizing hunt for the stairs. He found them at last, and started to crawl up. Right over him was a faint patch of grayish light, almost bright by contrast with the absolute black below.

It was not so dark on the second floor. Charley could not stand up. Clinging to his one idea, he crept to the foot of the next flight.

That was a terrible climb. He seemed to have on a lead-weighted diving-suit. Each step he thought would be the last. When finally he sprawled along the floor boards, his body was almost stiff. Rousing for a last effort, he began to creep toward the front of the building.

It was a tremendous change from sooty darkness to pallid light. The clerk's very brain seemed frozen; his thinking was slow and painful. He felt himself an old, old man, feeble, tottering, his eyes dim, his blood thin and icy. It seemed years ago that he was in the cellar.

Snail-like, agonizingly, he crawled by those terrible pipes. He felt as if he were using somebody else's hands and feet. The cold seemed to hold him back, closing round him like a thick, clogging garment. He

moved as if stemming an invisible current. The chill could have been no deeper in the sunless heart of a glacier. Beams and posts were lichened deep with frost flowers, white and ghostly.

The dim light grew brighter. He rounded a corner, and a window appeared, the goal for which he had been striving. Had he strength left now to grasp his only hope of safety?

There were three windows, one outside the other, with a screen of coarse wire before them to keep the panes from being broken. Pushing his fingers through the screen, Charley pulled himself to his feet. Beyond the ice panes he caught a dim glimpse of the street. An electric car flashed by. On the opposite corner stood a policeman, swinging his night-stick, his badge glittering. The clerk must tear off the screen, smash the window, and attract the officer's attention. He shook the wire with all his might. It seemed immovable. He shook it again with a sudden access of strength; but still it resisted. Hooking his fingers deeper through the coarse meshes, he sagged back with his whole weight, until the screen loosened. With one final mad wrench, he tore it clear, tumbling over backward.

Corey was at the far-end of his powers of body and mind. He clawed himself upright by grasping the sill. Only three thicknesses of glass separated him from the summer night.

It was all he could do to restrain himself from battering blindly at the panes with his unprotected hands; but a glimmer of prudence restrained him. From a barrel near by projected the head of a frozen salmon. He dragged it out. It was over a yard long, and stiff as cord-wood.

Pulling himself together and staggering back a step, he swung his fishy mace aloft; and with a fiery spurt of energy, the last in his long battle with silence and loneliness and gloom and deathly cold, he hurled the dregs of his strength into one crashing, splintering blow.

Sash and panes gave way in a tinkling rain of glass. In gushed the hot air, as if a furnace door had been suddenly flung open. Corey saw the policeman start and look up, and he knew his fight was won. He dropped limply back, unconscious.

He came to in the engine-room, with the officer and the night engineer bending over him. For a while he lay drowsily, basking in the welcome heat. Then he remembered something.

"What time is it?" he whispered.

"Quarter past nine," replied the policeman. Corey felt relieved. They were working overtime that night at Ford & Hanscom's, and the manager would still be there. Again he whispered, and the officer stooped to catch his words:

"Telephone Mr. Remy that I've found those chickens."—Youth's Companion.

FLIES STOPPED A TRAIN.

Peculiar Cause That Brought an Engine in Canada to a Standstill.

A few days ago the Grand Trunk flyer going East was in hard luck. At Napanee the steam box on the big engine got overworked, or something, and refused to continue the journey. The timely arrival of a freight train helped. The cars were shunted to a siding and the freight engine brought into commission on the express, taking it as far as Brockville, when another large engine was secured.

Now comes the peculiar part of the troubles of that train. When about twenty miles out of Cornwall it ran into a sea of peculiar flies. There were millions of them—perhaps billions, but the train was going so fast it was impossible to count them. The cars became quite dark as the train ploughed through the mass of insects, and then the train came to another sudden stop. The engine was full of flies. The little things were ground into a mass in the driving rod. They were in everything on the engine.

The train had been ploughing through the flies at a mile a minute for several miles. The track was covered with crushed insects and the engine wheels balked at going round on it. After a little persuasion and a lot of cleaning up the train went upon its way again.

On arrival at Montreal the engine presented a truly curious spectacle. The bars of the cowcatcher were filled right up with flies. On the front of the engine they were several inches thick.—Toronto correspondence Ottawa Citizen.

Swinburne.

Down at Harper's a group of literary men were discussing the death of Swinburne. "His wit was of the subtlest kind," said Colonel Harvey, who had met the poet on various occasions in London. "I attended a dinner once at which Swinburne was present. Seated next to him was a titled Briton of the type we are so fond of caricaturing—a drawing, fat-headed noodle. With an air of great condescension he turned to Swinburne and said:

"Aw, Mr. Swinburne, I passed your house the other day."

"Did you, indeed?" replied the poet, with just the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "I am delighted to hear it. Thank you, so much!"

—The Wasp.

Geographical Note.

"Angus," said Clerk McClure to the court house potentate, "if we bored a hole right through the earth what would we find on the other side?"

"I don't know, sah," said Angus who is a little shy on grammaric, "de odder end of de hole, I spect."

POULTRY DEPARTMENT

Exercise For Fowls.

There is no doubt that exercise is very beneficial to fowls. Among humans the lack of exercise combined with high feeding causes most troublesome diseases, such as dropsy. The same laws govern the animal world. There are several things that exercise does. One of these is, it prevents the birds becoming too fat, which in turn destroys their usefulness. No matter how much a bird eats, if it exercises it will keep the fat from accumulating, as the muscular exertion causes the lungs to work excessively, and in doing this they burn up a large amount of carbon, which comes from the food. Being burned up in this way, it does not accumulate on the body and around the intestines in the form of fat.

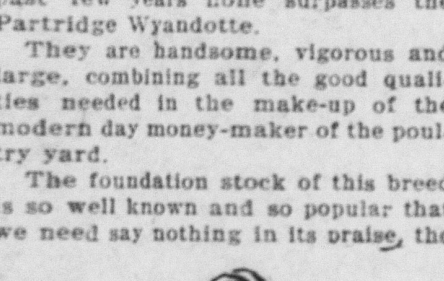
In the poultry house, whole grain should be fed in cut straw or chaff spread thickly. If it is fed in hay or whole straw the task of uncovering it is too light. The finer the straw the more perfectly will it cover the grain that is sown in it, and the more difficult will be the task of getting it out, which the hens must do kernel by kernel. If poultry keepers would follow this plan their fowls would lay more eggs for the reason that they would not be over-fat and would be in generally good health. The mere fact of exercise does not cause the production of eggs.

A Pair of Partridge Wyandottes.

Among the many beautiful and useful breeds of poultry which have made their appearance during the past few years none surpasses the Partridge Wyandotte.

They are handsome, vigorous and large, combining all the good qualities needed in the make-up of the modern day money-maker of the poultry yard.

The foundation stock of this breed is so well known and so popular that we need say nothing in its praise, the



Originals, the Silver Laced, the Buff and the Golden Laced being recognized as among the best of all our standard breeds.

As can be seen the Partridge Wyandottes have compact bodies, clean, yellow shanks and beaks, long rose combs and scarcely any wattles. They are ideal fowls for cold climates, and cannot be excelled in mild or warm localities. They are good foragers, but will stand confinement in close quarters and are splendid layers during the cold season.

Beef Scrap For Fowls.

Beef scrap is indispensable for yarded fowls, and for range fowls also in winter. They only eat a small quantity after gradually feeding it to them, even when kept in their reach all the time, but this little they must have to be profitable as layers or breeders. It, like the alfalfa, may either be fed dry, and kept in their reach all the time, or fed in the mash. Two heaped tablespoons to a dozen fowls per day, if fed in mash, produce good results. When giving a mash feed give all that will be eaten up clean, but none to be left.

—Mrs. J. C. Deaton, in Progressive Farmer.

An Important Appurtenance.

An important article of furniture for the poultry house is a shallow box of four compartments, for oyster shells, grit, mash and charcoal. This should also be so placed that litter is not thrown into it. Also have a box of road dust, with a sprinkling of ashes, and occasionally a dust of sulphur or insect powder. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

A Handsome Living.

Col. Rossie once said there may not be any very large fortunes made in poultry raising, but there is a handsome living for any one who has the love for the pursuit, the ability to raise and care for the stock, and a small capital to start with. These three things must go hand in hand; separately they cannot bring success.

Moist Mash.

If moist mash is used—and we think best to use it where fowls are confined to small yards, and have access to no fresh green food—it may be fed at noon to advantage. Two pounds of shredded alfalfa, scalded, and one pound of bran added to make it a crumbly mash, is good.

If an egg is allowed to remain in one position too long, the yolk adheres to the membrane of the shell.

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CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS.

Reuter's correspondent at Uskub gives some additional particulars with reference to the recent kidnapping of Mr. Robert Abbott, a British subject, in Salonika. When returning home at about 10 o'clock in the evening of March 21 he had just entered the garden and was within a few steps of his father's door when he was attacked by five or six men. One of these he partially stunned with a blow on the side of the head; another he put "hors du combat" by a kick in the stomach; while a third of the assailants had one of his fingers severely bitten while trying to force a gag into Mr. Abbott's mouth. But the victim was speedily overpowered; one of the brigands sat upon his head, and at this moment they seem to have administered chloroform, as Mr. Abbott lost consciousness, and continued in a half-dazed condition, suffering from nausea for two days afterward.

He recalls being half carried and half walking, gagged and blindfolded, for some distance, two men supporting him under the armpits, after which he was thrown into a house, where he immediately fell into a deep sleep. The following night he was removed to another house. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he could see that he was in a room the floor and walls of which were concealed by rush matting, as if to render identification difficult, while the windows were hermetically closed, the only light coming from a lamp which was kept burning day and night. In this room he remained for thirty-six days and nights, constantly watched by two of the band. His guards were quite kind to him, and, except for retaining him as their prisoner, did all they could to meet his wishes.

Immediately after the capture Mr. Alfred Abbott, the father of the victim, sent a trusty servant to scour all the villages in the neighborhood of Salonika; the Vall of Salonika also sent out four secret agents to try to get on the track of the brigands. But these measures were without effect, and communication with the band was at last opened by a letter found on April 6 in Mr. Abbott's garden at Salonika. In this letter Mr. Robert Abbott informed his father that he was in the hands of a brigand band, who demanded for him a ransom of £15,000 Turkish. A postscript, which the brigand chief added in pencil and in an evidently disguised handwriting, threatened that the death or mutilation of the prisoner would be the consequence of any refusal to pay or of any attempt to play false with the band by putting the authorities on their track. The letter also named a rendezvous where an agent of Mr. Abbott's might meet with representatives of the band to arrange details.

The money was sent from Salonika on the evening of April 25 under an escort of four armed men, and was handed over to the brigands at a point among the hills four or five miles from Salonika. More than twenty brigands were seen on this occasion. In conversation with Mr. Abbott's messenger, the brigand chief said that the money would in no sense be thrown away, as it would insure lifelong happiness to a score of honest families.—London Standard.

The electric lighting industry is represented in the United States by 5264 companies and municipal plants and in Canada, Mexico and the West Indies by 476. These figures compare with 5015 and 449 April 1, 1909, showing a gain in the United States of 249 and in the other countries of twenty-seven in the year. Of the total of 5740 plants covered by the statistics 3193 carry electrical supplies. The spread of alternating current methods is commented on, as many as 4154 of the plants having alternating current.

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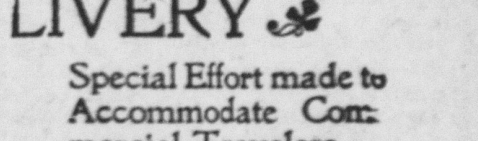
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