

The Harvesters.
The rippling fields of ripened grain
Stretch out, like lakes of shimmering gold.
To where the cloudless skies unfold
The sunlit plain.
With ceaseless clash and clang and hum
The blinders their long circuits take,
Tireless and strong; and in their wake
The shockers come.
Patient they follow in the way,
Grasping the sheaves with eager hands;
They may not pause—so wide the lands,
So short the day.
Perspiring, tired, no idle glance
They backward cast; aside none turns,
Tho' all around the sun-glare burns,
And heat waves dance.
Hard are their tasks, and yet they give
A joy that sloth or ease ne'er yields;
And by the harvest from these fields
The nations live.
—E. E. Miller, in Farmers' Voice.

The Unlucky Dress

BY FLORENCE GADDIS PIPER.

"Well, I suppose I must wear that white silk of mine, and I do hate to," said Janet Winton.
"What's the matter with your white silk? I think it's the prettiest dress you have," spoke up Margaret. "I know it's pretty enough," replied Janet, "but something unlucky always happens to me when I have it on. The very first thing, it didn't come home in time to wear to your dance, you know, Clara; then the first time I did wear it that clumsy Dr. Natling whirled a cup of coffee in my lap and none of us could think of the right thing to remove coffee stains. I tried all the sure cures, but the skirt had to be made over again. And then only last week when Mr. Wells called to take us to the Stein Club concert I again put it on and in going through the hallway from my room to the stairs in the dark I dashed against a cupboard door that was ajar and my poor pug nose was nearly smashed flat for a minute or two and then it became the size of three noses and I had to stay home."
Janet Winton was relating her troubles with a lugubrious countenance to some of the girls of the afternoon sewing club. The members were talking over a dance at which they were to be hostesses.
"Why don't you wear that pretty dotted muslin?" suggested Margaret Field.
"Oh, because Dr. Natling stepped on the flounce of that and tore it; besides, it's soiled and dingy now, as are all my frocks," replied Janet.
"Dr. Natling seems bent on mutilating all your dresses. Why do you have him around if he is so destructive?" asked one of the girls.
Janet blushed rosily as she answered, "I don't have him around, as you put it, Nellie. It just happens whenever I see him he seems to be all feet and hands."
"And heart, too," added Margaret. The night of the dance arrived and there could not have been a daintier, disastrous white silk. It was a prettier little maid than Janet in the dress, all tucks and ruffles and chiffon. A deep red rose tucked in the belt gave the color it needed and Janet tripped up and down the drawing room waiting for her mother.
"I wonder if Dr. Natling will really call on me with you. I don't care if he doesn't—yes, I do care," mused Janet. "I know that he is awkward and shy and is afraid to ask any of the girls to dance with him because he steps on their toes more than the floor, but then, most clever men are ungraceful. What was it Margaret said about his heart? There's the bell—maybe it's the doctor," and Janet stopped her pacing and sat decorously in a low chair by the fireplace. The ruddy glow of the burning wood flashing brightly on her and then flickering down, made a very pretty picture. So, thought Dr. Natling, any how, as he entered the room.
Janet arose and held out a welcoming hand, which the doctor took in his timidly.
"I thought, Miss Janet, I would stop in on my way to the Leonard School, where I address the class tonight," said the doctor.
"Why, are you not going to Mrs. Nelson's dance?" asked Janet.
"No, but I suppose you are," replied the doctor. "Won't you sit where you were when I came in?" he continued. "I don't want to disturb you." The fact was he wanted the chance to further admire the cooey picture the girl made, though he didn't think of telling her so.
Janet turned towards the fire again. Not for the world would she let him see the tears that threatened to overflow, but the fire had partially burned down by now and the light was rather dull.

"It's just as well I'm not going, Miss Janet, for you know how clumsy I am. It's an affliction to ask anyone to dance with me. My feet don't seem to propel as they should."
"Well, doctor, I must confess that I have known better dancers, but you should not become discouraged," said Janet.
"That's comforting, and I might have tried again tonight," the doctor said good naturedly, "but the boys are rather backward on a certain branch of surgery, so you and your friends will be spared a boarish partner."
"Don't excuse yourself, doctor. We all know you'd rather be shut up all night in a stuffy lecture room telling the students things about their anatomy that they are too sleepy to listen to than to dance or to talk to the wittiest or the prettiest girl in Durville."
Janet smiled merrily as she said this, for she was still striving, to hide the pain and disappointment that was in her heart because the doctor would not be one of the guests at the dance.
"I wonder why mother doesn't come down? It's time she was ready. I'll poke up the fire a bit and then I will call her," and then she seized the tongs, gave one log a vigorous pull, lifted another, but her vision was blurred or her hand unsteady. The log suddenly dropped on the burning one underneath. Sparks flew up the chimney and over the fenders and one glowing one nestled itself in the gauze flounce of Janet's dress and in a second her frock was ablaze.
Dr. Natling may have been slow and awkward on a waxed floor, but he was quick enough in emergencies, though Janet's peril almost terrified his senses. He rushed to the window seat, grasped an armful of cushions and by the time Janet's screams had brought in all the family he had thrown her on the floor, smothering the flames and the girl, too, with the cushions and a heavy rug that was near. Then he carried poor Janet, who by this time had fainted, to the nearest couch, the unlucky white silk black and charred and hanging on in shreds.
Janet, scarcely conscious, heard a voice.
"Oh, Janet, speak to me."
Surely it was not her father's voice or her mother's! She felt something being forced down her throat. Then two shining gray eyes gazed eagerly into hers and in a moment she was gathered up in Dr. Natling's strong arms, careless of the fright and bewildered family.
"Janet, my dear, thank God you are safe!"
Dr. Natling did not go to his clinic that night and Janet did not go to the dance, but the next morning Margaret, who had heard of the accident, called to find a very rosy, happy Janet, none the worse for the conflagration.
"Now, Janet, I suppose it was all on account of having on that unlucky white silk dress," said Margaret.
"I don't know that it is so unlucky, after all," replied Janet, "and I shall keep the fragments forever."—Boston Post.

Marvels About a Watch.
A watch is the smallest, most delicate machine that was ever constructed of the same number of parts. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upward of 2,400 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture.
Some of the facts connected with its performance are simply incredible, when considered in total. A blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day, and is right glad when Sunday comes around; but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day, and day after day, 432,000 impacts against the fork, or 157,680,000 blows in a year without a stop or rest, or 3,153,600,000 in the short space of twenty years, says a watchmaker in the Chicago News.
These figures are beyond the grasp of our feeble intellects, but the marvel does not stop here. It has been estimated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump; consequently it might be called a four-flea power. One horse-power would suffice to run 270,000,000 watches.
Now the balance of a watch is moved by this four-flea power one and forty-three-one-hundredths inches with each vibration—3.553% miles continuously in one year.
If you would preserve the time-keeping qualities of your watch you should take it to a competent watchmaker once every eighteen months.—New York World.

An Artful Pleader.
"Look here," said the lawyer, "I enjoy a ball game as much as anybody. But the next time you get off you mustn't tell me you are going to some body's funeral. Nobody can have so many grandmothers and aunts and other near relations."
"Our family isn't like the general run," answered the office boy. "Father was a Mormon."—Washington Star.

A Straight Tip.
Customer—Quick shave, please.
Barber—Close, sir?
Customer—See here; what business is it of yours whether I'm close or not? I'll tell you one thing, young man—I don't tip, if that's what you want to know.—Puck.

An owl with a nest of young will gather about forty mice a day for her offspring.



IN THE PARIS SHOPS.

With the shorter, more simple dinners that have become the mode, writes the Paris correspondent of Vogue, the luxury and the variety of the table decorations and fittings have increased. As table decorations flowers are, I believe, far less used in Paris than in New York. Their place here is taken by groups of Saxe or other rare porcelain, bits of fine old crystal, rare silver, or the dainty Tanagra statuettes.
These little plaster statuettes or biscuit groups ornament the centre of the table, posed on the crystal lake. They stand at the corners or surround the flat glass, relieved by tiny vases holding an odd flower or two.
At a shop where the finest table decorations are sold I was shown a quite large, called the Triumph of Bacchus. Beautifully designed and full of an airy grace, it was pictorially decorative. The price is 150 francs.
A smaller biscuit group, a Faun and Bacchante, designed for the same purpose, is 85 francs. A temple of Trianon of bronze and crystal, with the mirror foundation, is 800 francs.
Of splendid old Saxe is a Temple costing 950 francs. There are vases of veritable Saxe for 35 and 55 francs, and fascinating boudoir lamps ready to be fitted to oil, gas or electricity. In lovely porcelain, with shades matching exactly in color and design the porcelain of the lamps.
To mark a place at table are silver plated vases. Two small vases are held together by winding silver wire that forms initials. Single vases are arranged to support the name card, or a menu.
At a smart novelty shop I saw exquisitely fine, hand embroidered and hemstitched glove handkerchiefs with a narrow border composed of flying birds or odd insects mingled with pretty flowers and leaves. A tiny initial lurks in one corner.
I saw here attractive new belts for tailored gowns in dull suete, showing particularly well against cloth. In charming colors they are soft and in crushable widths fastening in front with a clasp, appropriately tinted of silver gilt.
From each side of the clasp fall lengths of the suete cut into narrow strips that reach nearly to the knees. Others have narrow strips of the leather showing plain spaces, alternating with slashes, to finally end in a slashed fringe ten inches long. Still others had a square flat pocket, just below the clasp, with its single flap held by a small colored stone.

WOMEN IN TROUSERS.
The idea of a woman in trousers seems to be the most horrible that the modern civilized mind can conjure up, but there are parts of the world where women wear these garments as a matter of course and the heavens have not yet fallen. They even contrive to look charming in them, too, as in one of the cantons of Switzerland, where the bifurcated garment is worn on dress occasions as well as for work. Not even at the altar are the trousers discarded. The bride wears white ones, with a white bodice and white flowers in her hair, and many a bride in a court train is less shy and sweet. In spite of their trousers, which are necessitated by the work that they do in the fields, these women do not ride astride, but use a side-saddle just like the woman who is trammelled by skirts.
The trousers of Switzerland are loose, baggy affairs, sometimes almost as cumbersome as skirts, but the peasant maids of the Austrian Tyrol wear short, close-fitting small clothes, which cannot impede their movements in any way, and which are not particularly becoming, to judge by the pictures which have reached civilization. The socks do not meet the trousers and the knee is left bare, like a Highlander's. The upper part of the costume has some feminine touches, and over the trousers is a short drapery, which may be the remains of a skirt. These women work in the fields and stables, and are compelled by their life to dispense with superfluous draperies.
French and Belgian fisherwomen wear trousers. They wade through the water, pushing their nets before them, and the heavy waves would soon sweep them off their feet if they wore skirts. Even without them they are obliged to go out in little porties for mutual protection.
In China, where they do most things differently from the rest of the world, the women wear trousers and the men do not disdain skirts. The women also smoke. In Turkey, before Paris fashions invaded the harem, trousers were worn by the women, while the cigarette is an indispensable part of their lives.—New York Tribune.

COMFORT IN TRAVELING.
It is amid the difficulties and inconveniences of a long railway journey that one appreciates to the full the luxury known as the dry wash, and, fortunately, the materials needed to enjoy it are simple and occupy but little space. First of all, the face must be wiped with a soft linen cloth to remove the particles of dust and dirt that inevitably fall upon it on a journey. After a trace of ones accustomed cold cream or skin food has been rubbed in, the face is again wiped, and those to whom this method

of washing is new will be horrified at the revelations of dirt removed thereby. Next a soft handkerchief is moistened with some tonic lotion and the face is carefully wiped with this, when it is ready for the powder.
Powder is soothing and helps to keep the face clean, but if used without a preparatory wash, wet or dry, is apt to stop up the pores and produce a feeling of dryness and discomfort. As to the care of the hands, it is well not to yield to the temptation to remove the gloves when busy with ticket buying, change counting and so on. To select gloves that are comfortable and interfere as little as may be with the use of the hands and then keep them on religiously, is perhaps the most comfortable thing after all, even in the warmest weather.—New York Tribune.

CARE OF CHILDREN.
Mrs. Charles H. Isaacs is chairman of a committee on amusements and vacation resources in New York city for working girls. Miss Julia Schoenfeld, who investigated the city's summer amusement facilities for the committee, believes that the girls who frequent the out of door resorts are usually between the ages of 14 and 18. As a rule they prefer soft drinks, but they are often persuaded to take liquor.
The committee wrote to more than a thousand churches and synagogues for information as to their vacation facilities for young working girls and found only seven that were doing any thing along this line. The committee will prepare a white list of safe resorts to be sent to the various settlements and will try to abolish some of the amusements at Fort George. It has already written to companies running excursion boats in reference to undesirable conditions and has received a promise of cooperation from nearly all of them.—New York Sun.

STUDENTS CLIMB MOUNTAINS.
Six young women of the Middle West have returned from a novel mountain climbing trip in Europe. They are Ida May Swift, Florence Updike, Irene Carr and Marion Gates of Chicago; Louise Pattee of Evans-ton, Ill., and Lillian Weaver of Des Moines, Iowa. The girls are students in a Chicago seminary, and they went abroad with two of their teachers. They planned the trip as a climax to their first year in the school, and they climbed mountains in Switzerland, in the Tyrol and in Italy. Miss Swift is a member of the Swift family of packing-house fame and millions, and she says the trip was so successful that another will be made next year.—New York Press.

AMERICAN WOMEN THE BEST.
Mrs. M. Le Reine Baker of Spokane, who waved the Stars and Stripes at a Suffragette parade in London, has returned to her home, and says she has twenty reasons for thinking the American woman is the best in the world. Mrs. Baker was a delegate to the convention of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance in London, and there she observed women from twenty nations. There were women from Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the two Americas, and Mrs. Baker says she is convinced the daughters of Uncle Sam are on a higher plane than any of their foreign sisters.—New York Press.

DOCTOR TO CHINESE COURT.
Dr. Isaac Taylor Headland is physician to the Manchu princesses and the other women in the court at Peking. Her husband is professor of science in the Peking University. She did not intend to practice when she went to Peking, but the opportunity came when one of the princesses at court was stricken with fever. The native doctors could not give her relief, and Mrs. Headland was requested to take up the case. She wrought a speedy cure, and now has a large and remunerative practice. In addition she treats the wives and daughters of many of the leading Peking merchants and Government officials.—New York Press.

ACTIVE AS PHYSICIANS.
Dr. Dora Martin of Oklahoma, national organizer of the Anti-Cigarette League, has returned from Panama, where her work is said to have been highly commended by the Government authorities. Dr. Lucy Waite of Chicago has resigned her place as head surgeon in the Mary Thompson Hospital for Women and Children. Dr. Mary Dennon of Manchester has been appointed assistant physician at the Norristown (Pa.) State Hospital for the Insane.—New York Sun.

ART OF PERFUMERY.
The cult of perfumes has so advanced that a woman with a rose tinted gown now demands as a matter of course a haunting rose odor; and a violet costume must correspondingly have a violet perfume. In short, perfumery has risen to be an art.—From the World and His Wife.

FASHION NOTES.
New silk parasols have handles to match, made of enameled or lacquered wood.
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EXPERTS SAY THIS NATION IS WASTEFUL.
Engineers Meet and Discuss Measures for Preserving Natural Resources.
Four National engineering societies, having a membership of 20,000 distributed throughout the country, have undertaken to forward the movement to conserve the natural resources of this country, which are "the means of life and welfare"—soil, waters, minerals and forests. These societies believe that adapting the forces of nature to the use of man is engineering, and the problem of conserving them a duty of the engineer.

Holding to this view, the different engineering societies are represented in the National Conservation Commission, and each separate society maintains a Conservation Committee. Recently the Geological Survey made careful estimates as to quantity of coal remaining easily accessible and available and found that the supply was 1,382,750,000,000 tons. At the growing rate of consumption, and allowing for the annual waste of almost half the product in uneconomical methods of mining and burning and non-utilization of culm, this supply would be exhausted in 106 years or less. There are annual wastes in forests, not counting fire losses, equaling three and one-half times their annual growth. Half the natural gas escaping into the air would light all the great cities of the United States. The waste of certain base and precious metals is a million dollars a day in value.

THE DEADLY CROQUET.
It seems strange that in a country so cold as Northern Russia the sport of croquet should not be more developed. The tropics, even, adopt football, baseball and other athletic games, but the land of the white bear seems to hibernate under its covering of ice and snow. An article in Chambers' Journal speaks of this fact and tells of the suspicion aroused, a number of years ago, by the introduction of an innocent form of diversion.

Unfortunately, the Russian schoolboy has not the faintest knowledge of the practice, even of the existence of football, cricket, fours, golf, hockey, and so forth. Most of his time is loafed away. He skates a little in the winter if he lives near the ice, but he will not go far for it in summer he walks up and down the village street, plays cup and ball in the garden, fishes a little, and lazily away his time without exertion. Lawn tennis is slightly attempted, but not really liked.

Many years ago, when I was a schoolboy, I arrived from England to spend a summer in Russia. I brought with me a box of croquet, a game at the time unknown by the Russians.

When the box was opened at the custom house the authorities retreated in horror at its awe inspiring contents. Bombs, mysterious weapons! It was an awful box.
I drew forth one of the bombs and placed it on the floor, to the accompaniment of cries of consternation and terror. I took one of the mallets and to the inexpressible alarm of all I began a little exhibition of the game. As I could not use the hoops on the floor, the custom house officials grimly suspected them to be boomerangs of novel description. The box was seized and examined. I got the croquet set after a while, but it bore marks of severe testing.

A SQUATTER.
"Hey, you!" yelled the first humorist.
"Well?" said the second humorist.
"You've been using one of my witticisms as your own."
"Excuse me, I thought it was an abandoned joke."—Washington Herald.

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