

### MY LITTLE BUNGAOAFER.

A little bungalower is a-snuggling close to me.  
His little face is sticky as a little face can be;  
There's jam upon each rosy cheek and on his chin and nose,  
His arms are brown as beechnuts and there's mud upon his toes;  
He, barefoot, wades the brook near by, whenever it pleases him,  
His eyes are bright as dew drops and he's full of life and vim;  
His hat is ragged on the edge, his hair sticks through the crown,  
There's grass stains on his rompers and perhaps I ought to frown;  
But, oh! how can I when he laughs, so happy, glad, and free,  
And snuggles up all jam and mud and loves and kisses me.

—M. Winchester Adams, in the New York Times.

# The Transfiguration of Agricola

BY ADELAIDE NEWELL

Two girls sat beneath the broad shade of an ash tree by the bank of a pleasant stream. One was sketching the lovely piece of nature before them, and the other sat with her back against the tree trunk with a writing pad on her knee, even and anon sighing heavily. Beyond the gurgling waters stretched a sunny hay field, whose sweet fragrance was wafted gently across by the summer breeze. A tall young farmer was making hay.

An especially disconsolate sigh from the girl with the writing pad fetched a rebuke from the artist.

"Go to work, Constance, and earn your week's board money."

"Can't," complained the other. "The plot I had worked out in my mind falls flat on paper. I haven't done a thing for days. Do suggest something, Sophie."

"Where is your romantic eye?" demanded Sophie. "See yonder clodhopper blithely mowing the green-sward. Make a story about him. He looks every inch a hero with those shoulders and muscles. If he'd come near I'd like to paint him. There is no need of succumbing to writers' cramp with all this raw material lying around loose waiting to be manufactured into a finished product. Now, go to work and tell us about young Agricola."

There was a long silence after this. The artist looked around once and was amused to see her friend levelling the field glasses upon the unconscious young farmer.

"How near he seems," thought Constance. "I can see the color of his eyes. He does look a hero, to be sure. What a magnificent head for a farmer!"

She abruptly dropped the glasses. Agricola had seemed to look straight through the lenses and into her eyes. But before she could drop her glasses she had smiled. In embarrassment she raised her glasses again, looking ostentatiously at every point of the landscape but where the handsome young haymaker worked. When Sophie next looked at her she was assiduously plying her fountain pen.

The authoress, a novice in the field of literature, described the scene, the brook, the warm, green fields with the hills rising softly beyond, and in detail she described the farmer. She wore into the tale the episode of the field glasses, elaborating upon the meeting of the eyes, and causing the heroine to succumb to the charms of the countryman, who turns out to be a rusticating minister, by name Horace Blinn, and after somewhat original experiences the pair fall upon each other's necks in a rather backneyed style, and are presumably happy ever afterwards.

She called the story "The Transfiguration of Agricola" and sent it to *The Daily Gallop*, a newspaper published in her own distant city, and, the spell of inertia being broken, straightway reeled off other stories which she despatched to various periodicals.

When Sophie was not looking for fresh scenes to transfer to her canvas, the girls spent their time under the favorite tree. As long as the haying in the meadow over the stream lasted, Constance surreptitiously studied the young farmer through the field glasses. But all things temporal must end, especially grass, and the hay field soon was stubble and knew the young Agricola no more.

In a few weeks the story appeared. Almost simultaneously with the receipt of the paper containing it, the girls were startled by seeing the unmistakable figure of Agricola, handsome as Adonis but arrayed in a clerical-looking garb, crossing the stubble field toward the stream. A mischievous whiff of wind suddenly caught his Panama hat and whisked it into the water, where it proceeded to float down stream. The girls almost involuntarily sprang to assist in the rescue. The wind had borne it toward their side, and as they reached the edge of the water the hat was lodged temporarily against a

rock. Constance impulsively seized from rock to rock and seized the runaway just as it was slipping from its mooring. Here was now a dilemma: How was she to get the hat to this troublesome person who was with difficulty repressing his laughter? But he was soon making his way to her side by means of other rocks. It was a perilous trip as the rocks were far apart and slippery, but he finally reached her, when she straightway lost her footing and slipped into the brook. The clerical-looking person, of course, could not do less than fish her out and escort the ladies to their boarding place, a near-by farmhouse. As he uncovered his shapely head in parting, he said with extreme gravity, "I am the Rev. Horace Blinn. May I have the pleasure of calling?"

Constance turned the color of a poppy, and without causing her the embarrassment of a reply, the reverend gentleman departed.

The situation was confided to the good lady where they boarded. She laughed till tears stood in her eyes. "You needn't be afraid of him," she assured them. "I know him well. His folks live about here. But he has the joke on you and I shan't tell any tales about him. You never thought a farmer boy would be reading your stories, did you?" And she continued to laughed immoderately.

The next morning Constance and her friend were sitting in their favorite spot under the ash tree when the Rev. Horace Blinn, in an appropriate outfit, suit came swinging across the field, gracefully skipping over the rocks unimpeded by ministerial raiment, and joined them where they sat.

With a murmur of apology and an agreeable smile, he handed each of the girls a card. They read, "Mr. Herbert Deland." And in one corner, "The Daily Gallop."

As they stared at the name with dawning comprehension, he said, "I edit the fiction department. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction; don't you think so, Miss Constance?"

The fiction department of the *Gallop* was left much in the hands of assistants that summer. The editor had urgent business in the vicinity of his father's farm. He and Constance spent their honeymoon there the following summer, and he played *Agricola* again in the hay field by the gurgling stream.—Boston Post.

# State of Pennsylvania

### Fire Drills For Schools.

Darby.—At a meeting of the Darby School Board, a special committee was appointed to perfect a fire drill for the Darby schools and to introduce it to the pupils at the opening of the fall term. The committee, which is composed of Herbert Leitzart, Alonzo H. Yocum and William E. Buchanan, will secure data from the principal schools throughout the country and will formulate a fire drill, second to none in the country. The Darby schools will open September 6, with one session for the first week.

### License Not Excessive.

Colwyn.—Borough Solicitor V. Gilpin Robinson, of Colwyn, has handed an opinion to Councils that be regards the license of \$1 per pole for telegraph or telephone purposes not excessive, despite the contention of William I. Shafer, solicitor of a telephone company, that it was illegal to charge more than a fair rate, based upon the bare cost of the inspection of the poles.

### Robbers Strip Stable.

Darby.—For the third time within the past year, thieves broke into the stable of the Griswold Worsted Company, Darby, and cleaned out the place of harness and other equipment. Not satisfied with this, they also threw feed and grain over the floor, after which they made their escape.

### Foul Ball Kills Player.

Wilkes-Barre.—John Roski, catcher for a local baseball club, while suffering from an ulcerated tooth, was struck by a foul ball. The injury affected the heart, a physician said, and the victim died.

### Register Trade Marks.

In an opinion rendered to Secretary of the Commonwealth McAfee, Assistant Deputy Attorney General Harges decides that labels, trade marks, etc., must be registered at the State Department, when application is used in proper form, whether the corporation applying is doing business in Pennsylvania or not. Mr. Harges also decides, in an opinion rendered to State Treasurer Sheatz, that interest on corporation tax due the State ceases when the corporation makes an assignment.

### Woman's Plea Releases Prisoner.

Pottsville.—Through the efforts of Mrs. Eckley B. Cox, widow of the millionaire coal operator from the upper region, Mike Polax was released from the Schuylkill County Prison, where he had been awaiting trial for drunkenness and attempting to commit suicide. Polax worked for seventeen years for the Cox family.

### Say Cuff Is Not Cuff.

Pottsville.—With both Governors Stuart and Hughes having signed the extradition papers for Cuff, the fugitive Shenandoah election officer, who is jailed in the Tombs at New York City, the attorneys for the accused man put up a plea of mistaken identity. For this reason William Wilhelm and David R. James left for New York to identify Cuff.

### Injured Chopping Trees.

Carlisle.—Daniel F. Miller, a well known farmer, living near Green Spring, west of Carlisle, was probably fatally injured while chopping away the limb of a tree which had fallen against some telephone wires near his home. The limb, when nearly severed, rebounded from the wires and fractured the base of Miller's skull. Miller, who is 64 years old and unmarried, cannot survive the injury.

### Serick By Train.

Pottstown.—His foot catching in the guard rail while he was walking across the crossing of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company, Arthur Kulp, aged 16, was unable to extricate himself and was run down by the wreck train, which was on its way to Bridgeport. Kulp's right foot was so badly crushed that it had to be amputated.

### Wife Gone, Suicides.

Reading.—Albert H. Rauenzahn, aged 39 years, a prominent Republican politician, committed suicide. He drank cyanide of potassium. Two weeks ago his wife left him following some domestic trouble.

### Ten Injured In Train Wreck.

Wilkes-Barre.—An excursion train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad carrying the members of a brewery workers' organization of this city to Lake Carey, was partially wrecked two miles east of the lake. The two rear coaches left the track, but were prevented from turning turtle by a high embankment. Ten persons were slightly injured. It is said the accident was caused by spreading rails.

### Masked Men Hold Up Train.

Corry.—At the point of revolvers, trainmen on a Pennsylvania freight were driven into the caboose near Erie by two masked men. They locked the doors and tossed off a message for aid at Jackson's. The police here surrounded the caboose on arrival of the train, but the men had disappeared. The orders are to get the men at any cost. Just what the men were after is not known.

### Bible Reveals Will.

Washington.—Turning the pages of the family Bible, Mrs. Mira Wonseller discovered her husband's will covering an estate valued at \$55,000 over which two branches of the family have bitterly fought since the death of Mr. Wonseller in 1907. A will made several days before the man's death was set aside by the Court and one made earlier, in which a daughter was the chief beneficiary, was declared valid. If the new will is upheld by the Court, the wife will receive the entire estate.

### \$5,000 Heart Balm.

Allentown.—Through her attorneys, Miss Anna Scarver, of Bethlehem, began a suit to recover \$5,000 damages for breach of promise from Joseph Keiser, also of Bethlehem. Miss Scarver is the young woman to whose home William Meekes, sentenced to a term in the county jail for burglary, went after his second escape from prison several weeks ago. The girl induced Meekes to surrender and, at that time, it was understood that they were sweethearts. Keiser is a well known resident of Bethlehem and is reputed to own considerable property.

### 100 Feet To Death.

Allentown.—Alfred Hutton, a boiler-maker, was instantly killed at the Crane Iron Company's plant at Catauquaga. He was at the top of a stack one hundred feet high when he lost his balance and fell off. He landed on the ground a few feet from other workmen, who rushed to his side to find that life had been snuffed out instantly. Hutton was about 29 years old and single.

### Capitol Chairs Hot.

Some of the heavy leather covered chairs, which the State bought from the late John H. Sanderson, at astonishing prices under the per foot schedule, are being replaced by light bent wood cane seated chairs for use of clerks in the Capitol, who have been complaining that the specially designed furniture is too hot for comfort in summer time.

### Boy Saves Man.

Bethlehem.—Allen Dorn, while on his way home from work at the Mineral Spring ice plant, took a short cut along the canal tow path. When opposite the station of the Jersey Central, he deliberately jumped into the canal, clothes and all. William Pfeifer, a 12-year-old boy, who was fishing, ran to the man's assistance and managed to hold him above the water until other help came. It is believed Dorn had a "brain storm."

### Fell From Hoist.

Allentown.—While being raised in a hoist to the top of one of the furnaces of the Crane Iron Company, at Catauquaga, Alfred Hutton, aged 30, of this city, fell from the hoist, landing on his head, and sustained injuries which resulted in his death a few minutes later. Hutton was a boiler maker.

### Clergyman Carpenter.

Trevorton.—The Rev. J. E. Heyer, the deposed Lutheran minister of this place, who insisted on remaining in the church parsonage awaiting for a divine call to leave, and who was finally evicted, has gone to work at the North Franklin colliery. He is now a carpenter, and is making good.

### Hurled Fifty Feet.

Chester.—Plegel Francesco, a young Italian workman, was struck by a New York express train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad near Ridley Station and killed. His body was thrown fifty feet. He was working some distance ahead of the regular gang of track repairs and had his pick raised above his head when struck. One hundred workmen witnessed the tragedy.

### Fish And Forestry.

The new digest of the game, fish and forestry laws of Pennsylvania, prepared by Chief Game Protector Joseph Kalfbus, is ready for free distribution. It is of pocket size, with 279 pages. Each set of laws is treated separately, with a separate index. One hundred thousand copies have been printed for distribution and they may be obtained through members of the Legislature.

### Robbed Benefactors.

Mahanoy City.—State police are scouring the woods for twenty-year-old William Jones, of New Boston, who, it is alleged, after being granted permission to ride in a baker wagon, held up the drivers, John Hassel and William Kanute, at the point of a revolver and robbed them of the day's collections. The hold-up occurred at a lonely spot on the mountain.

### Shoots Himself.

Lansdowne.—While walking to believed Dorn had a "brain storm." Lansdowne, John White, a young man, accidentally shot himself through the left hand. In order to reach his home he has to walk through a dark section and he carried the revolver as a protection. He had taken the revolver from his pocket to examine it, when it went off.

### Murder And Arson.

Pittsburg.—The body of Robert Staub, 45 years old, a wealthy dairy farmer of Wilkins Township, was found at his home with a bullet wound in the head and the legs badly burned. It is believed the man was murdered and the house fired to hide a probable robbery.

### Kills Snake In Mine.

Shamokin.—Frank Delbaugh was mining coal 800 feet under ground at the Burnside colliery, when he saw two bright eyes glistening in the dark. Moving forward, he discovered a five-foot blacksnake, which sprang at him. He met the reptile with a shovel and killed the snake, which had in an unknown manner crawled down into the mine.

### Police May Weigh Coal.

York.—If the ordinance of Common Councilman H. Y. Fleck, of this city, now before Council becomes a law, the police of the city will be privileged to take in coal delivery wagons and weigh the quantity of coal on them. The city will pay for the weighing of the wagon and the coal except when it is of short weight. Many people have been complaining to their Councilmen believing that such an ordinance is necessary.

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### CANOE CAPERS.

Water sports, during the past few years, have come to be among the chief "events" on the holiday programs of many seaside and yacht clubs. Some of these sports call for no small amount of skill and strength.

The "tilting" on canoes is familiar to most young folks; but I want to tell you of some novel "stunts" done by a clever member of a lakeside club, a trained canoeist and expert swimmer. As every boy knows, or ought to know, no one, young or old, has any business in a canoe who is not a skillful and powerful swimmer, and quite able to take care of himself in the water under any and all circumstances.

Moreover, no canoe tricks should ever be attempted by any one, except in comparatively shallow water, not far from shore; and even then there should be companions close at hand, in a boat, ready and alert to give immediate aid in any emergency.

The canoeist began his tricks by falling out of the canoe sidewise, overturning the canoe with him. This was easy enough, or seemed to be, although the knack of falling out of a canoe so that the craft tilts after you, instead of capsizing in clumsy fashion, is only acquired by practice. Next the young man climbed back into the canoe, after getting it on an even keel. This was not so easy. It required some skill, a lot of agility and a practical acquaintance with the eccentricities of a boat of the lightness and delicacy of build of a canoe. It was not difficult to capsize the boat again in climbing back. If this was done too many times the performer was not unlikely to become exhausted. For this reason he was careful not to go too far from the banks when attempting his aquatic practice, for it might have been necessary to swim ashore, towing the canoe, to rest for a while before making another attempt. When the difficult knack of righting the canoe, climbing back again, and falling overboard once more had been thoroughly acquired and the wobbly tendencies of the little craft had been overcome, then the real feat was attempted.

The feat was to take a back flip from the side of the canoe, holding the hands on one side of the boat and balancing with the feet on the other. As the canoeist went over backward into the water he still retained his firm hold on the side of the boat with his hands and kept his feet firmly planted in the original position.

In this way he went into the water with the canoe turning with him. At first it was found essential to comfort to release the hold on the canoe as the water closed over the canoeist. It was sufficient for a time to turn the canoe completely over until it was resting on the water immediately over the head of the performer. When this lesson had been learned, then a step further was attempted. The object to be ultimately gamed was to keep the boat turning, emptied of it of water during the process, until it had turned completely over again to its original position. It will be seen at once that this feat was not an easy one.

The impetus of the first backward fall went far toward carrying the boat into the position where it could be righted. But the performer had to be skillful and quick if every advantage was to be taken of the initial start in the direction desired. When the canoeist came to the surface again he was still clinging to the side of the boat, pulling that side toward him and kicking the other side toward the place it would assume when the canoe was once more in its right position in the water. As the canoeist came up he gave the boat a twist with his shoulder that emptied the water from it, and then he turned it on its side with a dexterous twirl that dropped it right side up, ready for occupancy once more. It was very skillfully done.—H. D. Jones, in St. Nicholas.

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