

The Week-End.
(By Carlyle Smith.)
I love it when old Jonesey for the week-end visits me! He's such a brilliant chappy! He's as lively as can be. From Friday until Monday he will sit around the place. With just one set expression on his solemn face. He holds his tongue so fast you'd think somehow he'd got it glued. And never doth he open his mouth except to swallow food. And if perchance he stoops to smile it make you think with joy. Of melancholy little Blinks, the undertaker's boy.

He never learned the game of bridge. He doesn't care for cards. He seldom reads, so little knows about the nation's bards. The game of golf he does not play. I rather guess he thinks 'Tis foolish chasing rubber balls about a silly links. At billiards he's a duffer, and he always tears the cloth. As though he were descended from the Vandal and the Goth. He doesn't care for children, and despises phonographs. And elevates his eyebrows if some other fellow laughs.

For gardening he has no taste. He deems a rake a bore; If ever he wants flowers he can buy 'em at the store.

And when the thrush his early song at Jonesey's window sings He's apt to say he thinks that birds are best to be noisy things: And if the cricket starts to chirp his little evening twit Old Jonesey rises from his chair and tries to step on it. And if the kiddies try charades, with sacrificial air He sits and yawns and goes to sleep slumped in a rocking-chair!

Of horses he is much afraid—no horseback stunts for Jones! He doesn't care to risk his limbs or break his inner bones: And as for motors, goodness me! the things he's never tried. Because he really thinks they're tantamount to suicide. You couldn't get him in a car for all the cash in sight! And as for riding round the land, as some folks do, at night, He thinks it is a crime to run at any time of day. A locomotive without tracks along the public way!

He doesn't care for supper late. He seldom touches meat. For fish he has no liking, and "he doesn't live to eat." A little bit of spinach he allows is sometimes nice. But on the whole he much prefers boiled hominy or rice. And yet despite his funny ways I love to have him come. And spend a week-end with me down at my rural home. I don't enjoy him while he's there, but how my spirit glows. When Monday comes and Jonesey packs his suitcase "p-an" goes! —Harper's Weekly.

A Coward
BY ANN PORTER

Sophia Norris, spinster, stood before the door of her brother's house looking very warm and very much out of temper. "I don't believe there is a soul at home," she said angrily, giving the bell a last fierce push with her strong forefinger. The door suddenly opened and a maid appeared very red and quite out of breath, as if she had been running. "How many times do you expect to hear the bell before you see fit to answer?" Miss Sophia demanded.

The girl looked frightened. "Excuse me, mum," she said, "but I didn't hear the bell. I was out in the yard hanging out Miss Helen's white dress and—"

"Never mind," interrupted the irate lady as she entered the hall. "Are any of the family at home?"

"Yes, mum: Miss Helen is shampooing her hair on the back porch." Miss Sophia frowned. "I will go to her," she said.

As she approached the back porch a laughing voice called out, "Sally, was it a book agent? I saw an old lady's bonnet as I peeped around the corner and I knew it was either a book agent or an old lady with a tract." The girl turned her head to smile at Sally, but her expression quickly changed when she beheld her aunt gazing grimly at her. "Why Aunt Sophia," she said, as she rose with outstretched hand. "This is a surprise."

The old lady glared at her. "Helen Norris, you must have heard that bell. Why didn't you answer it?"

"Dear Aunt Sophia, I couldn't go to the door. Can't you see my streaming hair? The fact is while you were ringing the bell I was wringing my hair. Sally was wringing out my white dress; in fact, we were all w-ringing." She smiled mischievously into her aunt's face.

"Where is your father?" inquired her aunt.

"Father is in Boston on business and will not return tonight. Mildred is at a picnic down river and will be home at 5."

"Your father gone for the night?" gasped Aunt Sophia. She darted forward and whispered in Helen's ear. "Helen, dear, I have \$2000 in cash with me—it came too late to bank—and my diamond necklace. I was going to Boston tomorrow to have it mended. What shall we do? Not a man in the house!" Miss Norris groaned.

Helen turned a little pale. "Do not fear, Aunt Sophia," she said; "nothing ever happens in Cliffville and no one here ever burgles."

"Why didn't you go to the picnic?" demanded her aunt a little later as they sat together in the guest chamber.

"I did not want to. It was down river, you know, and I am afraid of boats."

Aunt Sophia snorted. "You always were a coward, Helen," she said. "Afraid of boats, afraid of mice, afraid of the dark—I wonder what makes you so timid?"

"I can't help it," returned Helen. "I am a coward; I know it, but it seems to be rooted too deeply to be overcome now, although I confess I am rather ashamed sometimes. Now, dear, I must make myself presentable and will leave you to take a little nap, as you must be pretty tired from your journey," and she slipped out of the room.

That night while the two girls sat talking together in their room Aunt Sophia entered in her nightgown. She was carrying a small red leather case, which she carefully deposited on the dressing table. "Girls," she said, "I wish I could sleep here tonight. I can't seem to get out of a draft in that room and I hate to sleep without the windows wide open."

Helen offered her bed to her aunt. "It will be conferring a favor on me," she said, "for I want to finish reading the most absorbing love story I have read for a long time, and Mildred hates to have the light burning after she is in bed."

An hour later Helen laid down the book she had been reading with a sigh of satisfaction. "Good story," she yawned. As she seated herself before the dressing table she was horrified to see reflected in the mirror a man's hand grasping the dark drapery which hung at the side of the east window. For a moment she thought she was going to faint, but by a heroic effort she controlled herself sufficiently to hum a little tune. She knew the man was covertly watching her, and she divined that he had come to rob and perhaps murder her aunt. In some way she must have discovered that her aunt had a large amount of money and jewels with her.

What should she do? She tried to think; but her brain seemed in a whirl. Slowly she began to take the pins from her hair. The moments dragged like hours, and still her brain refused to work. Just as she had taken the last pin out and had begun to braid her hair, she became possessed of sudden courage. The man did not know she had seen him and probably was only waiting until the room was quiet before he would act. She swiftly braided her hair and stepping over to the tall chiffoniere (which also had a mirror) she stood thoughtfully gazing at her reflection.

Then she lifted the small pitcher which stood on a small table near the bed and poured some of the water into a glass. After tasting its contents she said aloud: "How nasty! It's as warm as milk and I'm dying of thirst." She seized the pitcher and slipped out of the room. If she only dared to lock the door! Once in the hall she tiptoed quietly to the door of her room, opened it softly, and removing the key very gently locked it on the outside, then she sped down the wide stair case and darted into the library. Carefully she closed and locked the door, and after turning up one of the electric lights sped to the telephone. "Give me the police station," she breathed. "This is Mr. Norris' house 52 Chestnut street. There is a thief in the house. Hurry!"

After she had hung up the receiver another feeling of faintness seized her. "I must not faint," she said hastily, bathing her face with the cool water from the glass which she had placed on the table. She slipped into the embrasure of one of the windows and watched the street. After a few moments of anguished waiting she saw three policemen running swiftly up the street. Stumbling to the library door she managed to unlock it noiselessly. In a trice she was at the front door fumbling with the lock. Just then a pistol shot rang out from the top of the stairs and with a last violent effort she wrenched open the door and admitted the policemen. She then darted behind the door and pressed the electric button and there standing revealed by the brilliant light was the form of a rough looking man with a smoking revolver in his hand. A sound of rushing water filled her ears and she sank fainting to the floor.

As Helen slowly regained consciousness an hour later, she heard the voice of her aunt as from a great distance. "And to think I called her a coward. The darling, brave girl! I am ashamed of myself. I would have been robbed and murdered in my bed had it not been for her pluck. I always thought she was more like the Norrises than the Baileys. As soon as I get that neck-

lace mended I shall give it to her. She has earned it."—Boston Post.

WHY WOOD DECAYS.
Government Seeks Methods for Prolonging Life of Timber.
Piles driven by the hut dwellers of the Baltic centuries ago are as sound today as when first placed. The wooden coffins in which the Egyptians buried their dead are still preserved in perfect condition after thousands of years of service.

The longevity of timber under these two extremes of climate and moisture conditions has naturally made people ask—what causes wood decay? The answer is, fungi and bacteria, low forms of plant life which live in the wood and draw their nourishment from it. The little organisms are so little that a microscope is required to see them, yet their work results in the destruction of billions of feet of timber each year and the railroad corporation with its cross-tie bill running up into seven figures and the farmer who spends a hundred or so dollars a year for fence posts are alike drawing upon the knowledge of experts in all parts of the world in efforts to learn the most economical and most satisfactory method of preserving wood against the inroads of decay.

The small organisms can grow either in light or in total darkness; but all of them require air, food, moisture and heat. If one or more of these essential requirements is lacking they can not live, and the decay of timber will not take place. Wood constantly submerged in water never rots, simply because there is an insufficient supply of air. This condition accounts for the soundness of the old Baltic piles. On the other hand, if wood can be kept air dry it will not decay, because there will then be too little moisture. The timber used by the Egyptians will last indefinitely so long as it is bone-dry.

There are a great many cases, however, where it is impossible to keep wood submerged in water, or in an absolutely air-dry condition. Decay may be prevented by two general methods—by treating the wood with antiseptics, thus poisoning the food supply of the organisms which cause decay, and by treating it with oils which render it waterproof. A combination of these two methods is most commonly used, as when wood is treated with creosote, which fills up the pores in the timber and keeps out water, and is also a powerful antiseptic.

The United States Government considers the investigations of the preservative treatment of timber of such importance that the business of one branch of a bureau in the Department of Agriculture—the office of wood preservation in the forest service at Washington—is given over entirely to the work of experiments in co-operation with railroad companies and individuals, in prolonging the life of railroad ties, mine props, bridge timbers, fence posts and transmission poles.—United States Forester.

NEVADA'S IRRIGATION PLAN
More Wealth Will Come From the Soil Than From the Mines, It is Planned.

Nevada has two main sources of wealth—its soil and its mines—and the former will probably outstrip the latter when fully developed by irrigation. The old Comstock mines are practically dead unless good ore is found below the present working level, but in Tonopah and Goldfield mines are now being put in working shape which will pay good dividends for years. The new camps around Tonopah and Goldfield have been hurt by wildcat manipulators, but the new district is too rich to be injured permanently. The financial stringency seriously hurt the development of the mines, but this year promises great progress.

The Truckee-Carson irrigation project, on which the Government will spend \$9,000,000, promises to do more for Nevada than its mines. The soil is very rich and when water is brought upon it any crop may be grown profitably. More than 200,000 acres are brought under irrigation by canals from the Truckee River. Filings are now being made on this land. In addition to irrigation the canals, which drop 1,000 feet from the Truckee source, will furnish enormous electric power. Reno is the commercial center of Nevada and has more than doubled in population in two years. The Southern Pacific Railroad shops at Sparks employ 600 men all the time. The Western Pacific Railroad crosses the Nevada and the roadbed is being rapidly built.

Pulled Out on Potatoes.
"Irish potatoes have been the happy agency of keeping many of our truck growers from 'going broke' this year," said Mr. E. W. Brown, a business man, of Suffolk, Va., at the Rembert. "They were the only paying crop our farmers have connected with this season. In the Norfolk district thousands upon thousands of tons of cabbages have been plowed up because they were at too low a price to send to market. Lettuce, kale, spinach, tomatoes—everything in the vegetable line—has been a failure owing to bad weather conditions. Only in potatoes have the landowners obtained a decent return for all their toil and expense. A fair crop of the 'Murphys' was made and tolerably good prices were secured."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN, THEIR DOINGS AND THEIR SAVINGS

HOW TO SAVE CARPETS.
When laying down carpets put under them a layer of burlap. You need not buy a, but make it from the sacks which coffee, potatoes, etc., come in. Rip up and wash, then sew together with flat seams and make the same size as your carpet. First put a layer of paper, then the burlap, then the carpet. You will find that the dust that naturally works through the carpet will go through the burlap and will rest between that and the paper and cannot be disturbed in sweeping. In fact it acts as a sieve, taking the dust out of the carpet, and also prevents it wearing.

CLEANING BRASS.
Here is the government recipe for cleaning brass. It is used in all the United States arsenals, and is said to be the best in the world. This is the recipe: One quart of common nitric acid to 1-2 part of sulphuric acid. Keep the mixture in a stone jar, having ready a pailful of fresh water and a box of sawdust. Articles to be cleaned must first be dipped in the acid mixture, then into the water and dried with sawdust. This process of cleaning will change the brass immediately to a brilliant color. If the metal is greasy, as candlesticks would be, dip first in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water. This cuts the grease and permits the acid to work. This method of cleaning brass is entirely harmless, and is very satisfactory.—Boston Post.

NEW BATH ROOM FITTINGS.
Every up-to-date bathroom is fitted with the little shelf of plate glass over the wash basin, to hold the glass bottles which contain the necessary toilet preparations.

New sponge bags are of rubber, covered with plaid silk, and closed with a double ball fastening like a wrist bag.

They are long and full with a pocket inside, and hold everything in the way of necessary toilet articles.

For children there is a little manicure set containing two small jars of paste for polishing the nails, an emery board, and an orange stick. This comes in a compact little box.

Liquid soap has supplanted the cake variety in many homes, because it is tidier and more refreshing.

There are little brushes of all kinds, for the nails, eyebrows, hair, and teeth.

A rubber face brush is excellent to refresh one after a day of fatigue, and a jar of powdered pumice is another toilet essential.—Chicago Post.

THE ARTISTIC TABLE.
It is an added pleasure to eat at a table that has dainty touches in the fittings, and has a pretty floral decoration in the center.

The fern bowl is one of the most popular methods of introducing a touch of green on the table.

The fine asparagus ferns and the maiden hair variety are used a great deal for this.

Pansies are among the flowers that display to advantage on a table.

A novel way to arrange them is to mingle them with fancy moss in a flat dish.

This supports the flowers so that they look as erect as when they grew.

An odd decoration was seen the other evening on a dinner table which was cool and refreshing looking.

A rose bowl was filled with sparkling mineral water, and the stems of the nasturtiums and their leaves were immersed in it.

After a short time the flowers and the foliage became covered with a mass of frost-like moisture, which was decidedly pretty.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

RECIPES.
Shrimp Salad—To 1 can of shrimps take 1 head of lettuce and 2 sticks of celery cut up fine. Add 1-2 cup of salad dressing and mix thoroughly together. Garnish edges of platter with pickled beets and lettuce leaves.

Cherry Pudding—Two eggs, 1 cup milk, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1-2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt. Mix in order given. Turn into shallow, greased pan. Over top put 2 pounds cherries. Press into the batter. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons granulated sugar. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

Potted Ham—Use the scraps of ham, add a little melted butter and chop it fine. Season with cayenne pepper, put into glass jars and press it down smoothly. Pour a little melted butter over it and set away.

Currant Pie—Make a good pie crust, and line a deep plate with it. Fill partly full with ripe currants. Cover with a cupful of sugar and a spoonful of flour. Add a few bits of butter and fill the dish to the top with the currants. Cover with upper crust and bake.

Peach Marmalade—When canning peaches save the parings and soft, unshapely pieces. Cover with cold water, and simmer until soft. Press through a sieve, then boil again 20 minutes. Add 1-2 their weight in sugar and boil until it thickens.

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SANDWICH MEN HAVE THEIR 'GENTLEMEN.'

Pick of the Craft Dress in Frock Coats and Top Hats and Are "Swells."

There are two distinct grades of sandwich men—those who carry the ordinary boards, and those who belong to what is termed the "gentlemen's brigade." These latter are the pick of the men who follow sandwiching as a means of regular livelihood, according to Cassell's Magazine. They must be tall and of distinguished appearance, as it were, for they are required to dress up as "swells" and go about the streets giving out handbills. They are usually fitted out with frock coat, top hat and the usual paraphernalia befitting such attire.

Public sympathy seems to go out to those supposed "gentlemen in distress," and consequently the sandwich contractor does not hesitate to play up this impression for all it is worth. It is rather an advantage to get into the "gentlemen's brigade," for occasionally persons of wealth become interested in these men and try to give them an opportunity of improving their condition.

Thus the "gentlemen's brigade" has helped to elevate the sandwich man's "profession" somewhat. It need not longer be a fearsome, bedraggled, rag and tatter calling; but if a man go into the exclusive "gent's corps" he can at least always be dressed well, even though every night sees the supposed "gentleman" stripped of all his finery, like the wicked prince in the fairy tale.

A FISH STORY.
Nearly every Saturday morning at 5.30 o'clock I am awake and dressed, ready to get some fresh fish. I go to the beach where the fish boats land and get the size I would like to buy. There are many varieties, such as the bluefish, weakfish, porgies, butterfish, kingfish, horse mackerel and drumfish. Pen and ink fish and sea robins are no good to eat. There is a queer thing about a pen and ink fish, which I will tell you. When he is swimming in the water and sees something that does not take his eye he will pour a black substance from two sacks on the side of his body into the water, which does not clear for two or three hours. The pen is the backbone of the fish, which can be pulled out easy when the fish is dead, and which looks like a quill. And that is where the fish gets its name. A sea robin has a pair of wings in front of his fins, which makes the fish travel very swiftly through the water. Horse mackerel are of a large size, weighing 600 pounds apiece. Drumfish weigh 200 or 300 pounds. The fishermen are all Swedish, and are very strong. They go out to sea twice a day, 4 in the morning and 1 in the afternoon. —Woodruff Crane, in the Newark Call.

A BALLOON ASCENSION.
A large auction sale of property was held in our village this week. In order to draw a crowd there was a balloon ascension every evening at 6 o'clock. The first two evenings were successful. The balloonist would ascend about 500, and when a pistol shot was heard a parachute attached to the balloon would open and the balloonist would descend. The third night, the regular balloonist being ill, an amateur volunteered to take his place. The balloon ascended about 100 feet, and then started to come down, and the balloonist, fearing he would strike a near-by house, cut the rope. The parachute failed to work, and so the man fell to the ground. When the crowd reached him he was unconscious. Quickly calling an ambulance, he was taken to the South Shore Hospital, where the doctors found that he had broken his arm and received severe internal injuries. It made me feel so bad that I don't think I will ever attend another balloon ascension.—Eliabeth M. Taylor, in the New York Tribune.

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