

**SING ON, OH HEART!**

By Richard Wightman.

Oh Heart, sing on! the drought is long,  
The birds are panting—stilled their song;  
The typhoon marshalls in the plain,  
The air is hot, no sign of rain,  
But still, Oh Heart, sing on!

Oh Heart, sing on! somewhere bides  
She  
Who lives, and hopes, and waits for thee.  
I know not when nor where thy quest  
Shall end, and thou shalt find thy rest,  
But still, Oh Heart, sing on!

Sing on, Oh Heart! the summit far  
Is topped by light of yonder star;  
The climb is sheer, nor paved with ease,  
The wind is mournful in the trees,  
But still, Oh Heart, sing on!

Sing on, Oh Heart! that thou canst sing  
Holds sure the promise of the spring,  
And love's fruition full and long,  
And thine own height above the throng—  
And so, Oh Heart, sing on!

—From Success Magazine.

## My Silent Partner

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN

"I never see a deaf and dumb man," said the engineer of the dredge, retrospectively, "without thinking of Charley Casslear. In thirty years I've had to do with all sorts of men and machinery, good, bad and indifferent. About some things my memory's pretty hazy, but I'll never forget the scrape I got into when I was master mechanic of the Record King hematite-mine in the Marquette region, with Charley as assistant.

"Charley was just turned twenty-one; he was literally a 'silent partner,' being, as I have said, deaf and dumb. 'Twas a bad handicap, but he had brains and grit for a dozen. He knew more about boilers and steam-pumps than any two ordinary mechanics. I guess he put into study and thought the hours men with ears and tongues waste in talk that doesn't amount to anything. He was quick, too; drop him into a hard place, and he always fell on his feet.

"Well, Charley and I slid along comfortably for two years. We had our signal-code, and understood each other perfectly. When a man's working about machinery, actually working, mind you, not loafing, it's surprising how little real need he has of his tongue.

"One cool Saturday night late in September the Number 6 Knowles pump in Shaft 3 wuz went on strike. It was a hurry call for the doctor; so just before midnight Ferguson, the engineer, shot Charley and me to the bottom of the shaft in the ore-bucket.

"A hundred yards along the main drift, a right-angled turn, forty more through a cross-drift, and we hit the winze.

"At its end lay the well, ten feet square and twenty deep, half-full of black water, with a plank running over it to a niche where the pump was placed. I started across, Charley close behind.

"Now accidents happen five hundred feet underground as well as at the surface. I could almost put my hand on the pump when a little rock slipped out from under the plank end, and the plank tilted a bit. Of course I didn't want to be dumped into the pit, so I jumped for the ledge, forgetting for a second that the top of the winze was lower than that of the niche. I was reminded of it pretty quick.

"Bang! It seemed as if a pile-driver had hit me. I tumbled backward in a rain of fireworks, and went down into the water.

"I caught a sidewise glimpse of the pump jumping for the roof. In the polished black mirror leaping to meet me were two men, candles in caps, tool-bags round necks, arms outstretched. Then with a mighty splash the glass shivered into a million pieces, and I plunged through it into icy ink.

"For a little I thrashed about under the surface, almost stunned. Soon, however, the cold water brought me to; and I realized that the stars I saw were in my head, and not outside. I threw the tool-bag off my neck, began to paddle, and came quickly up. My hands touched iron; it was the three-inch suction-pipe of the pump.

"My skull was splitting. What had hit me? At first I thought I had been struck from behind. But I felt a bump on my temple instead of on the back of my head. Then I understood.

"Beside me rose a wheezing and splashing; Charley had fallen in, too. I reached out, clutched a shoulder, and dragged him to the pipe. There we clung silently, neck-deep, fingers locked round the chill iron. I never knew before that it could be so utterly dark.

"Drip-drip-drip! Save for that, absolute stillness. Drip-drip-drip! It was no place for warmblooded mortals. We must bestir ourselves.

"The pump was but ten feet above. We must climb the pipe. I groped for Charley's fingers and put them on my lips; he could read the words as I shaped them, though he could not hear.

"I'm going to climb the pipe. Follow me."

"He tapped my arm three times in sign that he understood. Then he pushed off to give me free space for climbing.

"Twisting my legs round the pipe, I took hold high above, and partly raised my body. A few efforts should bring me to the elbow, where the tube turned at right angles and ran in horizontally toward the pump. But the iron was oily, and had, besides, that greasiness which hematite imparts to everything round it. I was just clear of the water when back I swam.

"Again I tried; and again and again. I was like the frog in the well that slipped back two steps for every three he took. Only I was doing worse than he, for I was making no gain whatever.

"I gave it up, exhausted. Then Charley took his turn, and succeeded no better. Things began to look serious.

"In that pitchy little pocket a tenth of a mile under the tree roots, with the engine-room so far off that our loudest shout was as helpless as the faintest whisper to reach Ferguson, we were absolutely dependent on ourselves. We could not remain there long. The cold water would numb and drown us.

"Might not the walls afford some rough place up which we could climb? Charley started paddling round the pit to the right and I to the left, pawing at the hard ore. But the miners had done their work too well; the sides were smooth. We passed each other, and met again at the pipe, disappointed and discouraged.

"But it wouldn't do to give up. The pipe was too slippery to support my entire weight; but perhaps I could climb by holding on to it with my hands and bracing my feet against the wall, only eighteen inches off. At any rate, it was worth trying.

"About two feet above the water my fingers found a slight ledge. Grasping the pipe firmly with both hands, I rested my right boot heel on this little shelf. It was not more than half an inch wide, but I hoped to keep my foot pressed hard enough against the rock to hold myself up. Bracing away, I took a higher hold. My entire body rose, dripping. I shifted my grasp; off slipped my heel and back I dropped.

"Four times I tried, and failed. My soaked boots were so slippery that I could not get a firm purchase.

"Could I do better barefoot?"

"It was a hard job to get those boots off. They stuck as if they were glued. Charley helped, as with both hands I tugged and wrestled, part of the time under water. At last, strangling and exhausted, I kicked myself free.

"By this time we knew what a tight place we were in. If we didn't get out pretty soon, we should drown like rats. And safety was only three yards away! It was maddening! Setting my teeth, I stuck the tips of my bare toes on the ledge, and lifted myself once more.

"It was a bitter climb, hard and deadly slow. The pipe seemed a hundred feet high. Just as my fingers touched the elbow, off slipped my feet, and down I slid. It was a terrible disappointment. I hadn't the strength to try it again.

"Numbness was creeping over me. I felt we had exhausted every resource. But it seemed ridiculous for two able-bodied men to drown in a hole like that. I had seen some tough steam-boating on the Lakes, and here I was in deadly peril from a few hogheads of water.

"As I hung there in the gloom, feeling pretty blue, Charley clawed my sleeve excitedly. He had a plan. What could it be?

"Patting my arm in sign that I should wait, he pushed away from the pipe. He could swim like a pike. I heard a splash; then silence. Charley had gone down. Why?

"I waited. Seconds passed, unbroken save for that drip-drip-drip! What could he be doing? I imagined I could feel water-currents against my body. Still he stayed down. I began to grow anxious. Something must have happened to him. What if he never came up? I should go stark mad alone in that blackness.

"Suddenly I heard the low bursting of air-bubbles. Wavelets lapped the walls. Charley was coming up. There was a little splash, like a fish breaking water, and I heard him puffing. A moment later he had hold of the pipe. He pressed my arm twice; whatever it was he wanted, he hadn't got it yet.

"For a while he clung there, breathing hard. Then down he went again. What in the world could there be at the bottom that would help us to escape? I hoped he hadn't gone crazy. "He stayed longer than before. Exploring ten feet under water couldn't be much fun. But at any rate it couldn't be any darker there than it was at the top. The deepest spot was right under the pipe. I felt something strike against it, and knew he was fumbling round there. Then his head touched my foot, and up he popped, gasping.

"He was almost played out, but he pressed my arm three times, and chuckled. So I knew he'd got it. He pressed my hand against something, and I saw what he had been after—his tool-kit.

"Fingers had to take the place of eyes, ears and tongue. He hung the bag round my neck, and began fumbling in it. Pretty soon he let me feel a monkey-wrench tied on the end of a coil of small rope. He made motions, as if throwing the wrench up in the air; and at last I understood his scheme, and grew as excited as he.

"If that wrench could be tossed over the elbow of the pipe, so that the rope would hang down on each side, we could easily pull ourselves up.

"But it wasn't the easiest thing to do in that pitchiness. The wrench, too, if it dropped on a man's skull, would crack it like crockery. So when Charley got ready to make his cast, he motioned me away, and I swam over to the other side of the pit.

"Swish! went the rope, and then killing! rang the wrench on the pipe; a second later it splashed into the water. Failed!

"Charley tried it seven times, and seven times it fell back. I heard it go up the eighth, and then the rope began to brush softly. Presently, tick! tick! tick! Charley snapped his finger against the pipe, to signal that it had caught.

"You can guess it didn't take me long to get across the pit. Charley insisted that I should go up first. So squeezing the ropes together between both hands and twisting my legs round the pipe, I hoisted myself carefully. I was close to the elbow when the rope suddenly slipped off.

"Back I fell, striking Charley on the shoulders and driving him under water. It was a wonder I didn't break his neck. As it was, it hurt his arm so he couldn't throw, and I had to see what I could do.

"I don't know how many times I tried before the wrench went over. But at last it did, and I paid out the rope inch by inch till I had both parts on my hands. This time I worked it well back toward the pump, and went up very carefully. Soon I was safe on the ledge, and it wasn't long before Charley stood beside me.

"You may guess we didn't try to cross that plank until we had made it perfectly solid by putting rocks under its end. Then we crawled over in the dark, one at a time, felt our way back to the shaft, and rang for Ferguson. After he had hoisted us up, and we'd dried off in the engine-room, we went down again and fixed the pump.

"That time we were mighty careful not to tumble into the well."—Youth's Companion.

### POPULAR NOVELS AT PAR.

France and England Offer Modern Fiction at 50 Cents.

Uncle Sam, despite our national bragging, doesn't always carry the banner at the head of the procession. Sometimes he's at the back, toting the water.

Perhaps he isn't quite so much in the rear in the matter of book publishing, but John Bull certainly leads him there. The British publishers have taken at tip from those in Paris and have improved upon it.

The Frenchman loves good fiction, but he's thrifty. It seems foolish to him to spend a big sum on a mere story that's read and thrown away. So the Paris publishers get out novels—large in type, excellent in paper, and sufficiently well bound—for four francs or so. The best men write them, and they make just as much on the extra large sales as they would on smaller at a higher price.

A prominent English house started out a year ago with a 75-cent book, and has had such phenomenal sales with it that it is going to knock off another 25 cents and double its present output, it hopes. These publishers are wise enough to know that mere cheapness will not do. They must have attractive matter. So they have contracted with a number of the leading English novelists, given them thumping retaining fees, and promised them even greater profits than under the old three-volume system, with its almost prohibitive prices.

The American publisher who will do likewise is likely to be rich before he knows it. But he will have to go about it the right way. One man has sent out a book of stories of French life, made up in the French way, and selling at the French price of 75 cents. But it's fiction by an unknown writer, and it is making no sensation.

But if one of the big houses were to take the favored author on its list, the man who sells 100,000 copies at the regulation price, and issue his next and his best novel at 50 cents, the sales might balloon to a million. This is the greatest nation of novel readers in the world, even though they are constantly charged high prices. Given a good sound business transaction of this sort, the imagination can play legitimately on the result.—Cleveland Leader.

### Penitence.

"I suppose you're sorry now?" asked the prison visitor, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The young man who had stolen \$17,000 and spent it in sixteen weeks at the seashore sighed through the bars. "Oh, yes," he answered. "I tried to cut too much of a spurge. The money ought to have lasted me a week longer."

Half of Colombia's miners are women, working in the hydraulic operations up to their waists in water beside the men.

## Household Notes

**FRUIT SALAD.**

This can be made of almost any fruits, such as bananas, peeled and sliced; fresh or preserved cherries, oranges broken up into quarters; strawberries, raspberries, apricots, etc. Stone and cut up the fruit with a silver knife, and let it all soak for an hour or so in a syrup flavored with liquor and a little sugar. Serve in a china or glass bowl, with whipped cream.—Boston Post.

**LUNCHEON DISH.**

Coldslaw served in green pepper shells makes a tasty and attractive luncheon dish. Take a small firm head of cabbage and shred fine with a sharp knife. Add to this chopped hard-boiled eggs. Mix with a dressing made of a cup of sour cream, a tablespoon of sugar, salt and pepper, and a cup of vinegar. Stuff the green pepper shells and serve on individual plates with hot buttered toast.—New York Times.

**POTATOES AND ONIONS SAUTED.**

Take an equal amount of small raw potatoes and onions of equal size, peel them, place them in a frying pan with a good sized lump of butter, tossing them over the fire for a quarter of an hour, being careful they do not burn; put them in water to about half the height of the vegetables, add a little salt and pepper, place the lid over pan, stew gently half an hour, then squeeze in a little lemon juice, turn on to a hot dish and serve.—Boston Post.

**RICE AND PLUMS.**

Two cupsful of milk, 2 ounces of rice, 1 heaping tablespoonful of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Put the milk into a saucepan on the fire and when it boils add the rice, well washed, sprinkling it into the boiling milk. Add the sugar and vanilla.

The mixture should be just thick enough to pour into a wet mould. Leave it in the mould till cold, then loosen round the edge, shake gently, and turn it on to a pretty dish. Arrange some nicely stewed plums round the rice, adding also the syrup from the fruit.—Boston Post.

**TOMATOES WITH PEAS.**

Select tomatoes of equal size and shape and remove the skin. Cut a small piece from the top of each, scoop out a portion of the inside and lay on a sieve to drain.

Brush the outside of the tomatoes with liquid aspic jelly and leave them until the latter is set.

Season some whipped cream with salt, paprika, tarragon vinegar, and a dust of sugar. Add carefully some cooked peas.

Place on ice for a short time, then fill the tomatoes with the mixture. Decorate with nasturtium leaves and blocks of aspic jelly.—New York Press.

**STUFFED MUSHROOMS.**

Scrape out the inside of the caps, chop the stems that are too long to be left standing, and also the mushrooms that are too small to fill. Mash with a potato masher and fill into the mushrooms, which should have been arranged in a buttered earthen baking dish, stems up. Then cover with the glass bells that come on purpose for holding in the delicate aroma and juices of the mushrooms, or, lacking these, with paper and an inverted pan. Cook on the back of the stove or in an oven for about half an hour, or until brown and tender. They will cook in their own juices. Serve on rounds of toast with a seasoning of butter, salt, and paprika.—New York Times.

**HINTS.**

An ordinary white pin held between the teeth while paring onions will do away with forced weeping.

If you want only a little bread crumbs and are not a provident housekeeper, with a jarful ever ready, rub two stale bread, crusts together over a bowl until enough is rubbed off. This saves trouble of getting out board and rolling pin.

Keeping vegetables in the cooking water after they are "done" spoils both looks and taste. After pouring water off return to fire for a minute to dry off before dressing.

Mashed potatoes should be run through a vegetable press as soon as boiled. After dressing they should be beaten with a fork until light.

Some housekeepers add a tiny pinch of salt to cream before whipping to hasten the work. Both cream and churn should be ice cold before starting. In summer it is well to put them in a bowl of cracked ice while whipping. Use egg beater rather than fork.

To test beef press it down with thumb. If it rises quickly the meat is good.

A good cut of meat should be fine grained, bright red in color with streaks of white-looking fat. Unless there is an abundance of fat the meat is apt to be tough.

When pouring medicine or any liquid from a bottle always pour from the side opposite to that upon which the label is pasted. The label will then be kept free from unsightly stains and discolorations. If it is a medicine bottle, the number and date of the prescription will not be destroyed.

**GLORIOUS PIG STICKING.**

Of all sports the most exciting, the most wildly exhilarating, says a writer in Bailey's Magazine, is surely pig sticking. While waiting for the beaters to come up when driving for deer or bison or tiger the pulses gallop, time flies and excitement quivers in every nerve and muscle, but it is nothing to the tension attendant on the wait at the edge of the jungle for the break of the old gray boar as he comes out, usually in a reluctant, surly manner, and proceeds to cross the open toward the next bit of clover.

Then the gathering up of your reins and the fresh grasp of your spear as you look with straining eyes—now in the direction of the captain of the hunt for the signal to go, now to the animal itself, inwardly praying that he may not turn back into cover. And then when the word "Ride!" is given—the mad rush, the utter inability to see anything to stop you, the overpowering anxiety to beat every one, be it your greatest friend or greatest enemy, and get first spear.

Your heart is in your head. There is nothing in the world to you but your lanky gray monster striding away in front and your frantic desire to run him through. Hours are lived in moments. Your horse and you are one animal, with but one unfulfilled wish in the world, a wish you are both doing your very utmost to gratify.

In no other sport perhaps is there so much real danger, yet, strange to say, accidents are really very few. I have ridden in cold blood—very carefully—over ground that I and my comrades have ridden over helter skelter after pig previously, and to say that I have been astonished is but to describe my feelings in the very feeblest way. How the horses kept their footing it is impossible to say. All I know is that they did.

**WHISTLE CORD SAVES HIM.**

Headed by deputy sheriffs, several posses of farmers and employees of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line are searching the Western and Southern part of Laporte County and the Eastern part of Porter County for two white men and one negro who beat into insensibility Gus Wiseman, a watchman on the steam shovel at Camp Four, and then chucked him into the fire-box of the boiler, believing he was dead, and hoping thereby to destroy all evidence of their crime.

Wiseman is in a critical condition, but the attending physicians believe that he will recover.

Wiseman is twenty-two years old, and was in charge of the steam shovel during the night, when two well-dressed white men and a negro appeared and demanded a drink of whisky. He had none, and so told them. They then wanted money. He refused this, whereupon the men attacked him and beat him until he was insensible. Then they opened the door of the firebox and shoved him in. The fires had been banked, but they set fire to his clothing.

Wiseman must have come to in a few minutes, for he was able to push the door open by shoving up the bolt which came through. He was unable to climb out, but he was able to reach out and pull the whistle cord, which blew the whistle and brought to the scene the members of the camp, a quarter of a mile away.

Wiseman was almost enveloped in flames when the rescuers appeared and brought him out. He then became unconscious again, and it was an hour later before it was possible to learn the story. Then the search for the assailants was commenced. Rewards have been offered for their arrest.—St. Louis Republic.

Milk is now sterilized by exposing it to the ultra violet rays of a mercury vapor lamp. The chemical composition of the milk is unchanged by the treatment.

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