By Albert Bigelow Paine Beyond the last horizon's rim, . . Beyond adventure's farthest quest, Somewhere they rise, serene and dim, The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift The castles we have built in Spain-While fair amid the Summer drift Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by To soothing note, on scented wing; in golden-lettered volumes lie The songs we tried in vain to sing

They all are there; the days of dream That build the inner lives of men; The silent, sacred years we deem The might be, and the might have

Some evening when the sky is gold I'll follow day into the west; Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold The happy, happy Hills of Rest. -From Harper's Magazine.

Simpson's Stand.

BY JAMES WILLIAM JACKSON.

"Stand right up to him, son! Don't let him scare you!" The mate of the civer steamer Wave spoke with laughing encouragement. A score of menoontime fun.

stood with a grin on his face and a firm grip on a folded horse-blanket. Facing him, with an equally determined hold on the blanket, was another young fellow with flery red hair.

The red-haired Simpson had been engaged only two days before as teamster on Thorn's stone-wagon. He | hat." was mild-mannered, blue-eyed and inoffensive. As a stranger to the river the noon hour while Peterson, the fun-loving young deck-hand, wandered restlessly about in search of an

Simpson's big horses, with bridles off and heads bent were munching their oats. On the seat of the wagon behind lay the new blanket. It caught the boatman's eye.

"T'll take that down and see if it will fit my bunk, Reddy," he nonchal-

antly announced. As Peterson pulled down the blanket and started toward the Wave, Simpson interposed his tall figure. The "wrastling" match which suddenly developed was hailed with cheers.

The young deck-hand was no match for the lithe Simpson, who for the sake of amusement allowed his antagonist some advantage, but turned the tide of battle as he pleased. The loud laughter and the prospect

of defeat seemed to have a bad effect on Peterson. Simpson saw that he was growing angry, and quickly broke the boatman's hold.

Peterson advanced belligerently, and Simpson retreated. The next moment the teamster was in full flight. Pursued by the sailor, he sprinted away from the river, the blanket streaming out behind.

Dodging in and out of the piled freight, Simpson turned up the steep street which led directly away from the Wave. At the head of the block he circled a huge boiler waiting to be installed in an adjacent factory, and came back on the run.

The chase continued along the bulkhead, in view of the amused watchers. Simpson heard the boatman, who grew more irritable every minute, muttering threats as he ran close behind. Simpson took his choice between temporary defeat and making an enemy. Dropping the blanket suddenly, he sped on. Peterson tumbled headlong over the unexpected obstacle; and as he picked himself up, a peremptory whistle blew for the resumption of work.

"You're not much of a fighter, boy, are you?" the mate teasingly quizzed, as Simpson passed on the way to his horses. "The fellow that runs away," he added, sententiously and significantly, "lives to fight another day. You've got a dangerous gift in those long legs of yours; but one good, square, up-and-down stand along the front here."

He spoke in a friendly tone. Simpson looked at him without, however, venturing a defense. He was out of breath, anyway,

Tied up next to the Wave, which lay across the foot of the street, was he could back up his team. A couspeaking distance.

of them audibly commented, with a of laughing girls were in the lead: jerk of his thumb toward Simpson. "I guess all the fire escapes out of the top of his head."

"Don't be hard on him, mate," the other gently chided, with mock sympathy. "He's ashamed of running away. Don't you see he is blushing to the roots of his hair?"

Simpson smiled, and continued to toss in the cobblestones with an ease that indicated ability to stand up for himself when necessary.

steepness taxed his splendid horses. Their flanks flattened out and their legs stiffened with the strain as the load inched its way upward.

Some of the hillside streets were so sharply graded that life-lines were necessary in winter for the use of pedestrians. Simpson was obliged to rest his horses frequently in the climb. At such times, after blocking the wheels, he stroked the soft noses of his helpers and encouraged

The worst place in the short pull was at the factory gates, where the new boiler eight feet high are thirty in length, blocked half the street. In the narrow, furrowed lane, past that and a pile of building materials, Simpson was obliged to haul his load straight. But he observed now, with much satisfaction, that a crew of laborers was getting ready to shift the boiler through the mill yard into a new engine-house.

The load of cobbles was delivered a couple of blocks beyond the next

"Now, boys," Simpson said to the horses, "we'll go back for another load." He always kept Prince and Sager informed in regard to his movements.

On the return journey he was delayed a few minutes, where the chattering laborers were making ready with planks to turn the boiler endwise through the gates.

Simpson could see straight down the few hundred intervening yards to the Wave nestling in the freight piles at the foot of the street. A clear passage showed between the chanics repairing the river bulkhead heaped boxes and bales to the gangkept him company in watching the plank of the little craft; and as Simpson recognized Peterson in blue shirt One of the crew of the Wave, and rakish cap boarding the vessel, young, robust and full of mischief, a humorous notion popped into his head.

"I'd like to give that boiler a little push while Peterson is in line," the teamster mused. "He'd be so everlastingly scared when that big rackety thing came loping after him that he'd run right out from under his

The tugging laborers had cleared a way now. Chuckling in the enfront he had been quietlyy enjoying joyment of his fancy, Simpson lifted the reins, spoke to his horses, and left the workmen to the difficult task of moving the big boiler.

Passengers for the afternoon trip of the Wave were going aboard as Simpson began throwing in another load of cobblestones. The steamer was due to leav in an hour, and of Prince and Sager jerked up cruelwith groups of passengers in passing up the plank.

"Watch out for Peterson there, Reddy!" a voice suddenly shouted. The warning sounded so genuine that, somewhat startled, Simpson bellowing cylinder. turned quickly about. A laugh of appreciation for the success of the ruse | the plunging boiler struck, broadside greeted him. One of the crew was

passing by on an errand. "'Fraid of our man, aren't you?" the deckhand queried, with teasing good nature. "To-morrow noon you've got to stand up to him and take that blanket back, or else we are going to chip in and hire you to get a job somewhere else. We're pretty sensitive about the kind of people we have

around." A stentorian hail summoned the loquacious sailor to the Wave. Simpson continued to heave in cobblestones thoughtfully. He fully intend- to whisper, "I'll bring your blanket up ed to get his blanket back; but if possible he wanted to do it without shaming the redoubtable Peterson, who had a reputation to maintain in wrestling.

Another load was on before starting-time for the Wave. In a straggling line passengers were still wending their way toward the steamer, and the freight trucks rattled more quickly and merrily on and off the plank. As was his custom, Simpson mounted the seat to thread his way diagonally across the river street to the corner where he mounted the grade. There was just room enough to pass between a line of cotton bales on one side and a carpenter at work on the

"Wouldn't you like a blanket to sit on?" the carpenter chuckled, as he squinted an eye to set his jackplane, "I understand Peterson is go-

ing to take the seat, too, to-morrow." Simpson's only answer was a wave of his hand and a smile. He was more concerned just at present lest he should guide Prince carelessly and will be necessary to give you a status scratch his sleek side on the metal straps of a cotton bale.

> "I'll have to convince Peterson somehow that I have a little sand," he mused, smacking his lips to urge

on the horses a bit. A quick tug on the rein at that moment was all that saved Sager, the a barge-load of cobblestones. Simploff horse, from being grazed by a son set to work loading as soon as sick of timber which some careless hand had left protruding from be ple of the crew of the Wave loltered | tween two bales. Simpson's eyes had at the stern of the steamer, within been turned momentarily from his duty toward a gay young party bound "He hasn't much spunk, Tom," one for the steamer. A charming couple and behind them, weighted down with baggage, a young man gallantly escorted a stout old lady. The party joined a waiting crowd at the gangway, where the breaking of an over-

loaded truck had caused a blockade. Simpson was just starting his horses off again when a bocming clang! struck his ear. He heard it necessary. Did his honor take into again, a fierce, exultant cling-clung! With a startled glance toward the hillside street he understood. In the Times.

With a heaped load, Simpson process of being turned end on toward mounted the wagon. When he was the factory gates the monster boiler clear of the littering freight, he turn- had broken loose! Now it was hured up the street leading from the tling noisily down the street, bang-Wave. The weight of his load and the ing the cobbles furiously, while the voices of the workmen were raised in frantic warnings.

Instinctively Simpson turned his eyes toward the Wave. The operation of repairing and repaving a section of the wharf had caused a congestion of freight in her vicinity. The steamer lay, as it were, at the end of a street built high on both sides with boxes and bales-a sreet down which, in a moment more, would come bounding that terrible mass of charging steel. And the two hundred feet were thronged with workmen and passengers.

In imagination Simpson saw the freight-lined alley swept clear, the deckhouse of the Wave torn away, and the boiler plunging overboard. He gasped as he pictured the trapped people crushed beneath the rolling cylinder, or tossed against the side of the steamer.

One or two men scrambled in wild panic over the abandoned truck to the deck; but for the most part the throng seemed paralyzed by the imminence of the danger and the knowledge that they were hemmed in directly in its course.

Springing erect on top of the cobblestone load. Simpson snatched up his blacksnake whip. He had never yet struck Prince or Sager with that thing. But now, with the reins firmly grasped in one strong hand, he swung it savagely.

It whistled through the air and struck hard on the flanks of the horses. There was a snort of pain from the astonished creatures. The boiler clanged once more with the noise of a thousand fire-bells, and the terrified horses gave a mighty leap-

Instantly dropping the whip, Simpson caught the reins in both hands. With eyes flashing, muscles corded and his under lip bitten nearly through, he poised himself like a charioteer behind his galloping

He was headed diagonally from the water to strike the car-tracks which the boiler must cross before it bounded between the piles of freight. A hundred pairs of eyes turned and watched him thundering on to what seemed like instant annihilation.

A second later Simpson saw the boiler loom above him. His heart swelled into his throat when he found how close the thing was.

Another leap of the horses; and then Simpson suddenly threw back his whole weight. The tossing heads rattling trucks of freight alternated ly. Their jaws opened wide, their lips, curling back, showed white teeth; and frantic, futile hoof-beats struck fire from the pavement as Simpson brought the wagon to a standstill exactly in the path of the

> With the crash of a falling house on. To Simpson it seemed as if the universe were smashing beneath him. The impact hurled him into the air. The wagon collapsed, the bulk of steel recoiled. Then the boiler sprung forward again, dealt the heap of wheels and cobbles a final, twanging blow, and settled into stillness. Simp-

> son fell into a pile of paving sand. While the trembling horses were being soothed, the mate of the Wave pushed through the crowd to shake Simpson's hand. Peterson, following for the same purpose, found a chance to the stable first chance I get."-Youth's Companion,

Joys of Houseboat Life.

Of all the ways to take in ozone with the least expenditure of energy, that by means of a houseboat is the easiest. The houseboat is a camp on water. I know of one built to order that was so big that it could not be floated through a lock; it was doomed forever to float in the open water with a supplying auxiliary force of motor boats. Some of the houseboats are made foolish with screwed-down chairs, like those in the smoking room of a liner. I know of another one in which a piano takes up all of the cabin; another I visited had art other, shaping a new bulkhead timsquares, crossed fans, fret-work furniture, and other offenses against good 'taste. A Pittsburg millionaire fitted out his floating house as the Turkish room of the Waldorf is fitted out-with heavy-piled rugs, draped upholstered walls of red, cozy-corners with spear-headed canopies, beatenbrass lamps, incense, and with an ebony card table and carved teakwood furniture. And he exhibited this salon with great pride! The table was furnished with cut glass, the silverware was heavy and monogrammed; linen embroidered with the name of the boat. His houseboat attracted much attention, but it is well that he did not know Just what kind. -Delineator.

Big Head.

"At Yale university there is a skull of a prehistoric animal which mensures nine feet long and six feet broad," said the man with the blue hat band.

"Oh, weil," replied the other, wearing a crimson hat band, "that's not the only thing in Yale with a big

The Avordupois Complication.

A Michigan judge has ruled that a man may spank his wife when it is consideration 115-pound men who have 215-pound wives -Los Angeles

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

R. G. Dunn & Co.'s weekly review

From every large business center throughout the country come reports of progressive improvement in trade. In most instances the reports are more than satisfactory; they speak of a present and prospective increase in activity that is indicative of a return to even more than normal conditions. In some cases the volume of trade is described as equal to or in excess of previous records.

The wholesale dry good markets have broadened, with some large operations in staples, especially cottons. Several sharp advances are announced and many important lines are withdrawn or placed "at value." Bradstreet's says:

Favorable reports are the rule in nearly all lines of trade and industry, with conservatism, bred by high prices of raw and manufactured products, and full order books of manufacturers the only apparent bars to an even wider distribution in most wholesale lines. Wholesale trade in staple lines is good beyond question, even the South, which faces a short yield of cotton, showing a better and more cheerful tone be cause of the high price offered for its leading staple at a period of nearly record crop movement. On the other hand, cotton manufacturers here, at the South and abroad are discussing curtailment of output in an effort to readjust prices of goods. which are strong and tending upward to the advanced cost of the raw material, which is 50 per cent. higher than a year ago.

Wholesale Markets.

New York .- Wheat-No. 2 red 118c. asked, elevator; No. 2 red nominal, f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.10 %; No. 2 hard winter, 1.16%, nominal, f. o. b. afloat. Corn-Spot easy; No. 2, 681/2 c

elevator, domestic, and 69, delivered; No. 2, 69c. nominal, afloat; No. 2 yellow, 69 1/2, nominal, f. o. b. afloat Oats-Spot market steady; mixed 26@32 lbs., 42\\@43c.; natural white, 26@32 lbs., 43@45\\; clipped white, 34@32 lbs., 43 1/2 @48.

Butter-Firmer; receipts, 5,598 pkgs. Creamery special, 31@ 31½c.; extras, 30@31½; third to first, 25 1/2 @ 29.

Poultry-Alive easier; Western chickens, 16 1/2c.; fowls, 16 1/2; turkoys, 15. Dressed irregular; Western chickens. 14@19c.; fowls, 131/2@

Potatoes—Easy: Maine, per bag, \$1@1.85; state, \$1.50@2; Long Island, \$2.25@2.50.

Philadelephia. - Wheat - Quiet; contract grade, October, 111@112c. Corn-Steady; No. 2 yellow, for local trade, 68 1/2 @ 69c.

Oats-Firm; No. 2 yellow, for local trade, 45 %c. Butter-Steady: extra Western creamery, 32 1/2 c.; do., nearby prints,

Eggs-Firm; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, free cases, at mark; do., current receipts, in returnable cases, 25 at mark; Western firsts, free cases, 27 at mark; do. current receipts, free cases, 23@26

at mark. Cheese-Steady: New York full creams, choice, 15 %c.; do., fair to good, 15@15 1/2.

Poultry-Live steady; fowls, 15@ 16c.; old roosters, 11 1/2 @ 12; spring ckickens, 15@16; ducks, old, 13@ 14; do., spring, 14@15.

Dressed poultry firm; fresh killed fowls, choice 17 1/2 c.; do., fair to good, 16@17; old roosters, 12; broiling chickens, nearby, 16@20; Western, 15@19; do., Jersey, 22@24.

Baltimore.-Wheat -- Spot 117c.; October, 1.09%; December, 1.09 Demand was fair for nearby deliveries, but not much wheat changed Sales, 10,000 bush. December, 109c.

Corn — Western opened quiet; year, 62 % @ 62 % c.; January, 61 % @ 62 %. Oats-The quotations for new oats on spot were: White, No. 2, as to weight, 44@44%c.; do., No. 3, 42@ 43 1/2; do., No. 4, 40 @ 40 1/2; do., mixed, No. 2, 42@421/2; do., No. 3, 401/2

Butter—Creamery separator, per lb., 31@32c.; imitation, per lb., 23 @24; prints, ½-lb., 32@33; do., 1-lb., per lb., 32@33; blocks, 2-lb., per lb., 31@32; dairy prints, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, per 1b., 22@23; Virginia and West ginia, store-packed, per 1b., 22; Ohio. store-packed, per lb., 22; nearby rolls, per lb., 22; West Virginia, rolls, per lb., 22; Ohio, rolls, per lb.,

Eggs - Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, per dozen, 27c.; Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, per doz., 27; Western firsts, per dozen, 27; West Virginia, per dozen, 27; North Carolina, per dozen, 26.

Cheese-The market is steady. We quote, jobbing lots, per lb., 17 1/4 @17%c.

Live Poultry-We quote, per lb.: Chickens-Old hens, heavy, 15c.; do., small to medium, 14 1/2; do., young, 16; old roosters, 10. Ducks -Old, 12c.; white Pekings, old, 13; do., spring, 3 lbs. and over, 13@14; do., small, 12. Geese-Western and Southern. 11@12c.; Maryland and Pennsylvania, 12@13; Kent Island,

Live Stock.

Chicago.-Cattle-Market strong. Steers, \$5.60@8.80; cows, \$3.50@ 5.25; heifers, \$3.50@6; bulls, \$3@ 4.85; calves, \$3@9; stockers and feeders, \$3.75@5.50.

Hogs-Market 10c. lower. Choice heavy, \$7.90@8.05; butchers, \$7.85 @ 8; light mixed, \$7.40@7.60; choice light, \$7.65@7.80; packing, \$7.65@7.75; pigs, \$5@7; bulk of sales, \$7.60@7.85. Sheep-Market 10@15c. lower. Sheep, \$4@5.50; lambs, \$6@7.15; yearlings, \$5.25@5.50.

AS VAIN AS A PEACOCK.

I venture to send you some particulars about the behavior of a young peacock that is kept here. The bird began by sedulously frequenting the stable yard; and, whenever the carriage was brought out of the coach

house, he would take his stand by 14 and gaze at his reflection in the panels. He then took to accompanying the carriage up to the house, and, standing beside it at the front door, engaged in self contemplation. He now runs behind the carriage, when it starts from the house, down to a certain point of the drive, apparently in the hope that it may stop and allow him to continue his favorite occupation, but he seems to conclude at a certain place that the case is hope-

less, though, if the carriage halts fur-

ther down the drive he will rejoin it

and resume his observations.

It occurred to us to wonder what he would do if a looking glass were placed on the lawn. This was accordingly done, and he at once found it out. Nothing will induce him to quit it. He will stand by it for hours together. At first, he occasionally looked inquisitively behind the glass at intervals to see if a bird was actually present, but he has given this up now. He stands in front of it entirely absorbed, often motionless for a long time, occasionally moving his head gently up and down, and sometimes softly touching the glass with his bill, appearing slightly bewildered by the contact. If food is thrown to him he takes no notice, unless it is close to the glass, when he will hurriedly gobble it up and return to his more congenial employment in haste. as though vexed at being interrupted. If the glass is taken into the drawing room, which is on the ground floor looking into the garden, he will enter the room by door or window, find the glass, and continue his favorite pursuit; and he spends the greater part of the day at the door that leads from the drawing room into the garden, in the hope that some one may

Meanwhile the peahen is sitting on a nest of eggs in a hedge close at hand. He never goes near her, his only idea being to find opportunities for contemplating hisown perfections. I suppose that the proverb, "As vain as a peacock," refers to the bird's habit of spreading his tail and strutting about; but it is curious to find that this instinctive vanity lies deeper still, and is not confined to the desire to arouse the admiration of his mate, as is generally taken for granted, but is based upon a genuine complacency and an almost morbid consciousness of his personal attractions .- Arthur C. Benson, in the Spectator.

bring out his glass for him.

A Hair Famine Predicted.

Hair has considerably risen in price. In the city of Limoges, the principal market for hair, a kilo of hair worth £2 a few years ago now fetches £4 10s. This rise has been caused by the increased size of hats, which necessitates an extra supply of hair so as to offer a proper basis to the new structures. Moreover, the young French peasant girls are less anxious to part with their tresses; and the dealers in hair are unable to cope with the demand made upon them. The crisis is attaining huge proportions, and wearers of false hair would do well to lay in a stock or they will be compelled to pay famine prices.-Gentlewoman.

PAT'S APPRECIATION.

An artist had finished a landscape; on looking up, he beheld an Irish navvy gazing at his canvas.

"Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead

a moment. "Şure, a man c'n do anything if he's druv to ut," he replied. -Philadelphia Inquirer.

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