

THE LITTLE SPARROW.
I am only a tiny sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.
I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.
If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.
I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world they are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.
Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.
I fly to the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass
But I never lose my way.
And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.
—Our Four-footed Friends.

has brought thousands of young bees into life. The hive is getting overcrowded. Sooner or later one of two things must happen—either the increase of population must be checked or a great party must be formed to leave the old home and go out to establish another.
“Then it is that the mother bee seems to prove beyond a doubt her wisdom and queenliness. She decides for the emigration, but as a leader must be found for the party and none is at hand she forms the resolve to lead it herself.
“A new ruler for the old realm must be provided to take her place when she has gone forever, and now you see a party of bees set to work on something that fairly beggars your curiosity.
“At first it looks exactly like an acorn cup in wax hanging from the under edge of the comb. Perhaps the next time you look the cup has grown to twice its original size and now you see it is half full of a glistening white jelly.
“The next time, maybe, you open the hive the acorn has been added to the cup, the queen cell is sealed over and finished, and about a week later there comes out a full grown queen bee twice the size of the ordinary worker and quite different in shape and often different in color.
“If the mother bee really brought all this about queen would not be good enough name for her, but the truth is throughout all the wonder workings of the hive the queen is little more than an instrument, a kind of an automaton, merely doing what the workers compel her to do.
“They are the real queens in the hive and the mother bee is the one and only subject. The birth of a queen is simply a question of where the eggs are laid.
“Thousands and thousands of worker eggs are laid in a hive during the season, and each of those who would be made into a queen if the workers chose; but the worker egg is laid in a small cell and the larva is bred on a bare minimum of food at the least possible cost in time, trouble and space to the hive, while when a new queen in wanted a cell as big as your finger tip is built and the larva is stuffed like a prize pig through all its five days of active life until, with unlimited food and time and room to grow in, it comes out at last a perfect mother bee.

Sunbeam Conquered A Giant

By JOHN S. REMY.
Ages ago there lived in a province in India the most powerful giant the world has ever known. Not only was he stronger than ten other giants together, but there was nothing in the world he could not do. He wandered up and down the land, commanding people to give him tasks to perform, and he had never failed, no matter how difficult was the thing asked, to at once accomplish it. He was a harsh and cruel giant, for, as soon as he had done a person's bidding, he immediately carried that person off to his great palace in the mountains, where he was held a prisoner.
At last the ruler of this province said he would give up his throne to anyone who could ask this giant something he would fail to do. All the wise and great men of the kingdom racked their brains to think of some impossible task, and many curious things were asked of the giant. For instance, it was in the middle of the winter season, when no fruit, not even buds, were on the trees, and a great land-owner came to the giant, and said, "Make my hundreds of trees at once full of ripe and luscious fruits." Hardly had the words left his mouth when a flush of color ran over the trees, and buds and blossoms burst into beauty, and then the branches were bending under their load of fruit; and off went the wealthy land-owner to the giant's castle.
Then came a great physician. "I need," said he, "many herbs and drugs that India does not produce. Get them for me at once,—one of every herb that grows in every land in the world, or you shall drink a drug that will put an end to your wicked power."
"Ah! ha!" chuckled the giant. "You are just the man I need in my castle. There are hundreds of slaves there. You shall take your drugs with you, and make a deadly drink for the lazy ones."
At once the physician was almost buried beneath the herbs and drugs that he had ordered, and he, too, went off to the castle.
The ruler of the kingdom now came to the giant. He was a kind and tender-hearted man, and a wise one also; and he thought to himself, "Well, this may be my last day in my kingdom, so I'll ask the giant something which, if he can do it, will at least leave my people comfortable, and happy after I am gone."
So he said to the giant: "For once you shall use this magic power of yours for good, or else leave this land forever. There are many poor, many sick people in my country. If you can make every one wealthy, healthy, and happy, I shall be quite content to go to your castle, and be your slave forever."
The giant hated to do a kindly deed, so he roared with rage, and said to the ruler: "For this you shall work in the mines of my rock-bound home. You shall never again see a ray of sunlight or know any other pleasure in life. Solitary work in the darkest corners of the gold mines shall be your portion."
"After you have made all my subjects wealthy and healthy," taunted the ruler, "I shall return to my home in my power. And, as the prince was taken from his palace by the giant, and fairly dragged along the streets, crowds of healthy, happy people thronged the way, and cried, "We will come for you, Your Royal Mightiness: you shall not long remain in the giant's power."
The vast army of people went to

The typewritten news sheet that has had to be issued in Stockholm because of the general strike to take the place of the regular printed newspaper suggests a quaint echo from the earliest days of English journalism. It was in 1696 that Icha-bod Dawks, a "London correspondent" of the original sort, hit upon the idea of issuing his news letter printed in type to imitate writing, the first number being thus announced: "This letter will be done upon good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the written news, contains double the quantity, is read with abundance more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand." Dawks proudly held in after years that he thus enabled his readers to know "the Occurrences of the Day, and the Heads of the Foreign Mails, which come in many times after the Publication of the Printed Papers, so that they may have the chiefest news stirring."

The Expense of Being Careless. A prominent business man, according to Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine, says that the carelessness, inaccuracy, and blundering of employees cost Chicago one million dollars a day. The manager of a large Chicago house says that he has to station pickets here and there through the establishment in order to neutralize the evils of inaccuracies and the blundering habit. Blunders and inaccuracies cost a New York concern twenty-five thousand dollars a year.
Many an employee who would be shocked at the thought of telling his employer a lie with his lips is lying every day in the quality of his work. In his dishonest service, in the rotten hours he is slipping into it, in shirking, in his indifference to his employer's interests. It is just as dishonest to express it with the lips, yet I have known office boys, who could not be induced to tell their employer a direct lie, to steal his time when on an errand, to hide away during working hours to smoke a cigarette or take a nap, not realizing, perhaps, that lies can be acted as well as told, and that acting a lie may be even worse than telling one.

Germany's Squadron. The squadron which Germany sent to the Hudson-Pulitzer Celebration consisted of Germany's latest armored cruiser, the 11,500-ton 22.5-knot "Gneisenau"; the protected cruisers "Hortha" and "Victoria Louise" of 5,660 tons and 19 knots speed; the "Bremen," 3,250 tons and 23.3 knots, and the "Dresden," one of the new 2,800-ton fast scouts of which Germany is building so many, of 24.5 knots speed.—Scientific American.
New Yorkers drink tea as well as other things, and it is estimated that one pound of the herb is consumed by each inhabitant yearly.
Hollow Horn Boar, chief of all the Sioux, is the first living man to have his portrait on the national currency.
Every day of summer sunshine

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:
"Renewed buying of rolling stock by the railroads is the conspicuous development of the week in the iron and steel trade. Reports indicate that orders are being placed with some urgency and that considerable new business is under negotiation. Activity at steel works is reflected in continued heavy purchases of pig iron at many points and further advances in prices are announced. One contract for 20,000 tons of Bessemer at \$19 is reported. The structural shops are receiving a moderate amount of new business.
"Trade in dry goods shows steady gains and the higher prices in the primary markets, forced by the sustained high cost of raw material, are now quite freely paid. Trading in white cloths continues active and prices are fully on a level with the cotton market. Export trade is limited by the higher prices.
"Bradstreet's says: "Improvement is the order of the day in trade, collections and industry. Colder weather, freezing temperature, light snows or killing frosts, coupled with freer crop movement, have helped retail trade and collections at the West and North-west, while lower temperatures and high prices and free marketing of cotton have helped distribution at the South. Jobbing trade has been coincidentally benefited by reordering to fill broken stocks, and the distributive trade side accordingly presents a very favorable appearance."

Wholesale Markets.

New York.—Wheat—Spot strong; No. 2 red, 127 1/2c. asked elevator; No. 2 red nominal f. o. b. float; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.15 nominal f. o. b. float; No. 2 hard winter, 1.23 nominal f. o. b. float.
Corn—Spot firm; No. 2, 69¢ elevator domestic and 69 1/2¢ delivered; No. 2, 69 1/2¢ f. o. b. New York; No. 2 yellow, 70 1/4¢ nominal. Option market without transactions, closing 1/2c. net higher. December closed 68 1/2c.
Oats—Spot; mixed, 26@32 lbs., 42 1/2@43; natural white, 26@32 lbs., 43@45 1/2; clipped white, 34@42 lbs., 43 1/2@48.
Philadelphia.—Wheat—Firm, 1c. higher; contract grade October, 117@118c.
Corn—Quiet but steady; No. 2 yellow for local trade, 68 1/2@69.
Oats—Firm; good demand; No. 2 white natural, 45 1/2c.
Butter—Quiet but steady; extra Western creamery, 22 1/2c; do., nearby prints, 24.
Eggs—Steady; good demand; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, f. c., 27c. at mark; do., current receipts, in return cases, 25c. at mark; Western firsts, f. c., 27c. at mark; do., current receipts, f. c., 22@26 at mark.
Cheese—Firm; good demand; New York full creams, choice, 16c.; do., fair to good, 15 1/2@15 3/4.
Live Poultry—Quiet but steady; fowls, 14@15c.; old roosters, 10 1/2@11; spring chickens, 14@14 1/2; ducks, old, 12@13; do., spring, 13@14.
Dressed Poultry—Steady; fresh killed fowls, choice, 16 1/2c.; do., fair to good, 15 1/2@16; old roosters, 12; broiling chickens, nearby, 16@20; do., Western, 15@18; do., Jersey, 22@24.
Baltimore.—Wheat—Small bag lots, by sample, brought from 97 to 120c. per bush. A cargo of 1,050 bush. of No. 3 red sold at 1.16.
The market for Western opened easier. Spot, 119 1/4c.; October, 1.11 1/2; December, 1.10 1/2. A firmer tone was noticed at the mid-day call. Spot, 119 1/4c.; October, 1.13; December, 1.11 1/2.
Corn—Contract opened easier; year, 62@62 1/2c.; January, 61 1/2@61 1/2c.; February, 61 1/2c. Mid-day call found prices firmer. Spot, 67c.; year, 62 1/2@62 1/2c.; January, 62 1/2@62 1/2c.; February, 62c. The closing was strong. Year, 62 1/2@63 1/2c.; January, 62 1/2@62 1/2c.; February, 62c. Sales, 5,000 bush. year, 62c.; car yellow (domestic), in elevator, 65; two cars yellow (domestic), 68 1/2c.; car spot (export) 67.
Wheat—Choice No. 3 white, heavy, in elevator, 44c.; car No. 3 white medium, in elevator, 42c.; car choice No. 3 white, medium, in elevator, 43 1/2c.
Hay—We quote, per ton: No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$17.50; do., small blocks, \$17.50; No. 2 timothy, as to location, \$16.50@17; No. 3 timothy, \$14.50@15.50; choice clover mixed, \$17@17.50; No. 1 clover mixed, \$16.50@17; No. 2 clover mixed, \$14.50@15.50.
Butter—We quote, per lb.: Creamery fancy, 31@32; creamery choice, 29@30; creamery good, 27@28; creamery imitation, 22@25; creamery prints, 31@35; creamery blocks, 29@32.
Eggs—We quote, per dozen, loss off: Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 26c.; Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, 26; Western firsts, 26; West Virginia, 26; Southern (North Carolina), 25; guinea, 18.
Live Poultry—Quote: Chickens—Old hens, heavy, per lb., 14c.; young, old, 14 1/2@15; light, 13 1/2. Ducks—Old, per lb., 12c.; white Pekings, old, 13; spring, 3 lbs. and over, 13c.; do., small, do., 11@12. Geese—Western and Southern, per lb., 11@12c.; Maryland and Virginia, do., 12; Kent Island, do., 13@14.
Live Stock. Chicago.—Cattle—Market slow and dull. Steers, \$5.03@8.90; cows, \$3.50@5.25; heifers, \$3.50@6; bulls, \$2@4.25; calves, \$3@9.75; stockers and feeders, \$3.75@5.50.
Hogs—Market steady. Choice heavy, \$7.70@7.80; butchers, \$7.70@7.80; light mixed, \$7.15@7.35; choice light, \$7.50@7.60; heavy, \$7.45@7.55; pigs, \$5@7; bulk of sales, \$7.40@7.60.
Sheep—Market steady. Sheep, \$4@5.50; lambs, \$6@7.35; yearlings, \$5@6.50.

MISLED BY THE LIGHT.

The mullet that figure in the following story from Outing eventually went the way of all fish, but the account of their passage from their native element to the frying-pan is marked by some interesting and spectacular features.
"How would you like to catch fish without hook, line, net or seine?" "Shoot them, you mean?" "No."
"How, then?" "Let them jump into the boat."
"Oh, that's preposterous!"
For reply, the first speaker, a Virginian living near Cherrytown Inlet, north of Cape Charles, called to a passing negro and asked him if the "fatbacks" were running.
"Reasonable, sub, reasonable," was the answer. "Dey hez been better, en dey hez been wuss."
"Be ready to take us to shore after supper," the Virginian said to the negro. To his visitor's eager questions he returned the uniform reply: "Wait until nightfall."
It was dark when they finished supper, and there were clouds in the sky—conditions pronounced "ideal" for the sport. Within an hour they were on the soft, smooth beach of one of the inlets on the Chesapeake side. There was the fishing-boat, a long canoe or dugout. At the stern was a platform, on which was a basin half-full of earth. Behind the stern seat was a pile of wood knots. The negroes had long poles.
"Now," said the Virginian to his visitor, "all we ask of you is to keep as still as you can!"
In a few minutes the canoe was shoved gently through the water. By this time a bonfire had been started on the soil in the basin, and as the flames got hold on the resin of the pine knots, the glare lighted up the big trees that lined the shore.
"They're jumpin'!" announced the negro in the bow, in a very hoarse whisper.
The negro in the stern gave a more vigorous shove with the pole, and before anybody could say "Jack Robinson" plump! plump! plump! the fish came jumping into the boat, over the boat, on laps, and even up sleeves!
There were thousands of them, but the sportsmen got only the smallest fraction of those they saw; for when they counted their catch, at the end of an hour or so, by the light of the bonfire, they found that there were one hundred and forty-three.
"That is very ordinary," was the Virginian's comment. "Three hundred is a good catch."
Fatback is the local name for the small mullet which abound in these waters. And there is no mystery about the ease with which they are caught. On the flood-tides after dark they get into the shallows in the streams for food. They have great leaping ability, and when surprised make for deep water by leaps and bounds. The glare from a boat startles them. The body of the boat being dark, they do not see it, and when they jump into it they think they are going through space into deep water.

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