And cool the warm day so."

In winter the wind comes howling, And hurrying on he goes: "A coverlet white I will spread to

night, Made out of the drifting snows."

In autumn the wind comes moaning And crying about the eaves: "Old Earth, you'll be gray when I strip away

Your red and yellow leaves."

In springtime the wind comes laugh-When the days are long and bright:

"Oh, the earth is new and the sky is

blue, And living is pure delight!"

And I love the four winds blowing, As over the world they roam, For, noisy or mild, they sing to the child

Who listens and dreams at home. -Annie W. McCullough.

B-9-9-0-0-0-0-9-9-9-9-9-9

The True Story of Trapsy, a Massachusetts Fox

RY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON

(By Mrs. Annie A. Preston.)

"Well, I must say," said Uncle Zeke as he came in to breakfast, "that I don't fancy marketing my chickens to Mother Fox up at Foxboro on the side hill. I never shall get rich raising poultry at this rate, something will have to be done about it." "Set a trap," suggested Aunt Sarah as she poured the coffee.

"And catch a cat? If I was a boy I would dig the varmint out."

"S'pose you'd find the hole first." grinned John Henry with his mouth full of griddle cake. "Dick and I haven't been smart enough, but if you say so we'll spend two or three more days up in the wood lot."

"I don't say so, young feller," grinned Uncle Zeke in turn. "You may go trap borrowing instead. And be sure to tell all the neighbors to shut in all their cats and dogs until after sunrise to-morrow morning."

The neighborhood lads were all interested sufficiently to accept the invitation to bring their traps "about sundown," and assist in the baiting and setting and they were still chatting in the well-house as to whose trap was most likely to catch and hold the thief when a succession of sharp barks over behind the poultry houses assured them that the cunning marauder was already caught.

"Now, what shall be done?" cried Uncle Zeke. "Leave him and let him bark all night as a melancholy example to his neighbors, or shall we made an end of him with a gun? It always did seem blamed mean to me to catch a critter in a trip an then kill it."

'It's that little light trap of Eugene's," shouted John Henry, who had darted away at the first yelp of the prisoner and was now returning with the information. "He's caught by one foot and he's running away with the trap. Come on, boys!"

What a race that was by the bright. white light of the full June moon. The fleet, cunning wild creature had the start but her infrequent barks of pain gave her pursuers the clue, and, impeded by the painful burden of the trap clinging like an angry thing to her poor maimed foot, she was soon over-

"Let her go home," said John Henry. "Give her time enough, we're in no hurry."

"There, the trap is caught in the brush!" some one shouted, and the pathetic whining cry that rang out through the woodland made Uncle Zeke who, very much out of breadth, had come up, declare that he wished he had never complained but had let the poor mother go into the chicken yard and help herself, unmolested. "I'm sorry for her, blamed if I ain't. What can we do to end this racket, kill her, set her free, or what?"

"Please be quiet a minute," whispered Dick. "There comes her young ones through the shadows. Can't you

see them?" "To be sure," cried John Henry, making a sudden dive, "and I've got

one of them." Boy-like they all rushed to see the

bright eyes and pointed nose protruding from the breast of John Henry's thin jacket. "He's a lively one to hold, and don't

you forget it," cried the lad. "I don't and John Henry held his breath. want to lose him and I'm going home."

Uncle Zeke. "Here's the trap and until within a rod of the train he here's that blamed thief's foot, poor bounded to one side and escaped while thing. Guess she must think she's the huge locomotive hit poor Junket, this coach has been approved by the paying a pretty high price for chicken knocked him down and ground him to railway board as the standard type

"She will when she counts her babies," chuckled John Henry. "We'll Henry. "Doubtless he thinks he has tether this fellow with a trace-chain gotten the better of us all for keeping under the old butternut tree back of him so long a prisoner." the barn and we shan't have to worry Trapsy was never captured and statistics show a considerable in-

for neither a fox nor a hawk will come | more poultry was missed and the quiet near."

The baby fox, named by the boys Trapsy, soon became a neighborhood attraction, and helped to keep things lively. He set the example, keeping continually busy and seeming hardly to realize that he was a prisoner at the end of a long, light-weight chain.

With John Henry's fox terrior puppy Junket he would frolic for hours until the puppy, growing the faster and being the heavier, would tire his playfellow out.

At such times Trapsy would retire into the hole he had dug for himself near the trunk of the big butternut tree, but if John Henry strolled along and whistled to Junket he would peer out with a peculiar expression in his shrewd little eyes that the observant lad attributed to envy for the dog that had his liberty.

"Trapsy must be pretty nearly ful! grown now," said John Henry one day along toward autumn. "He knows me just as well as Junket does. He appreciates that I have brought him up. He knows this is his home and if let loose would stay about with the dogs and kittens I have no doubt."

"Stay around? Not much he wouldn't," said Uncle Zeke emphatically "Should he slip that chain you'd find he'd make pretty short business of saying good-bye to civilization. A fox ain't a dog. No, not much he ain't. If he was free he would show you pretty quick what a fox would do."

"He's showing us now, right along what a fox can do," laughed Aunt Sarah, "Hiding everything he can get hold of in that hole he has dug. We shan't have a butternut. He has carried every one into his storehouse although what he wants of them I have no idea. He is always doing something, barking, running in a circle at the end of his chain until it fairly makes me dizzy to watch him-and until he has worn a path in that thick turf like a circus ring. If he lies down in the sun and pretends to go to sleep he is listening with both cocked up ears ready to spring upon any unsuspecting cat or fowl that comes near, and he is doing his best to make us believe that he is fond of us and that he would stay with us if he was free from that clinking chain. If I believed that he would go away and stay away I would give him his liberty for I am tired of his noise. I would be glad to give myself a rest and him a run."

A few days later as the family were at dinner what was their astonishment to have Junket and Trapsy come trotting in to the room together through the open outside door.

"Collar's broke," said Uncle Zeke. "I thought about putting on a larger and stronger one yesterday. Who can catch him?"

"Any of us," replied John Henry. a mistake. He didn't run away, but he kept just out of reach.

That night there were fowls missing from the neighbors' roosts, as well as from their own and every night for some time the same thing happened.

"Cunning as a fox," was Trapsy, indeed, and there seemed no end to his mischievous pranks. Burrowing under the walls of the coops, opening the chicken house doors, climbing over enclosures, frightening the pigs nearly out of their few wits. "What won't he do next?" was the oft repeated question.

The traps were set repeatedly, but the vessel's progress. the active little creature was not to be caught that way, nor was there any artifice successful in beguiling him

Day after day he came to the farm yard for his frolic with Junket, and having regained the use of his legs now, and being free, the dog could not weary him out.

For hours the two would race about the pasture side and orchard and although tempted to shoot Trapsy they dared not for fear of wounding Junket Every day he would seem to entice

Junket away to the woodland but when they reached the point of the hill Trapsy would go and Junket came trotting back home.

"Bite him Junket," John Henry would shout. "Hold hm fast, Junk et!" but it was of no use, they had been playfellows too long.

One day, however, they quarreled over a piece of liver that had been thrown to Junket and then it was dog and fox; the playmate business was ended. Junket's blood was up and away he ran after the delectable morsel that Trapsy carried in his mouth The voice of his master was unheeded as he followed the wily fox around the broad meadow and through the orchard, the fox keeping easily well in

From his position on a high ston? fence John Henry could watch them and every time they came near-for Trapsy never got over his early habit of running in a circle—the boy would shout the dog's name, but without venience.

At length as the express passenger train hove in sight, the fox took to the railroad track that divided the meadow from the pastureland, runexcited dog following.

There was no use in calling now,

Down the straight track they raced the fox only a little in advance of the "We might all as well go," said dog as if to encourage him to follow, powder.

'Cunning as a fox!" choked John

about the chickens any more this year | must have removed his quarters as no | crease.

of the country-side was never again broken by foxes, stealing the poultry or barking on the hill-side.

DANGOTS NEW MINESAND

In the next town, a year or two later, a hunter out with dogs and gun after foxes, shot one with a beautiful coat that had but three feet and Uncle Zeke said:

"Of course it was Trapsy's mother. Gritty little varmint. Too bad!"

"I wish it had been Trapsy," said John Henry, "but probably the mark worn on his neck by the collar is outgrown now so we never shall know if he is caught. Anyway if foxes will let me alone I will let them alone. I would not shoot one nor trap one nor advocate a bounty but if I could outwit one I should think it worth my while. It seems like murder to me to kill any of God's little wild creatures that know so much."-Hartford Cour-

CUSTOM HOUSE DOPED.

Cause Traced to a Cocoanut Shell of Smuggled Oplum.

Officers, clerks and janitors employed by Brownsville custom house have for the last few days been suffering from a strange attack resembling the dreaded sleeping sickness, and the symptoms were becoming so accentuated that the matter was getting to be serious, until this morning a sack of cocoanuts addressed to a Chinaman at San Antonio, Tex., was hauled out into the corral of the custom house for more convenient keeping.

The sack of cocoanuts arrived by express from Tampico by way of Monterey several days ago and had not been called for.

The express messenger, baggage master and postal clerk, all of whom occupy the same car, were fast asleep when the train pulled into the station. The express messenger was lying with his head upon the sack and was the

most difficult of the three to awaken. When it was found that they were not drunk examination of the contents of the sack was made and it was found that one of the cocoanuts was merely the shell, the space within containing opium. The sack was seized by the authorities on the Texas side of the river and was thrown carelessly into a corner of the office room. It will from now on, however, be stored in the yard until it is disposed of through the usual methods.-Mexican

DIDN'T HAVE TO SEE HER.

When Peary Waved His Hat He Knew Mrs. Peary Was Watching for Him.

Mrs. Peary has occupied the same rooms on each occasion that she has been in Sydney to await her husband's return. They command a fine view of "Give him something that he likes to the bay and from them she is able to eat and then grab him," but that was see vessels entering the harbor long before she will get the news in any other way. When she was there awaiting his arrival from the last trip she awoke early in the morning and saw the Roosevelt poking her nose around the head of the harbor entrance. She was so fascinated by the sight that she did not dress but sat at the window watching the steamer's progress.

About fifteen minutes later a heavy rap came at the door and she was informed that the Roosevelt was in sight. She replied: "I know it." From that time on people continued to send her words of information concerning

Some time later Mr. Peary came ashore. There was no one on the dock when he landed but he looked toward the hotel and waved his hat three times around his head and then hurried to the hotel as rapidly as possible and up to his wife's room. Mrs. Peary asked him who he waved at and he said, "Why, at you."

Mrs. Peary was astonished that he could see her, as the lace curtains were drawn. "I could not see you, but I knew that you would be there to watch my landing.

LUXURIOUS SLEEPING CARS.

Those in India to Have Bathrooms and Other Conveniences.

The latest sleeping cars in India are fitted luxuriously. Like most foreign cars they are divided into compart ments, but a corridor runs from end to end of the car. Each compartment contains two berths. The upper berth is of peculiarly ingenious design, so compactly constructed that a casual observer would fail to see how it can

The compartments are large enough to accommodate the luggage that any two persons can require, and are fitted up with all kinds of conveniences. Every compartment has an electric fan under the control of the passengers, and of the three electric lamps one is a small night lamp that can be kept burning all night without incon-

If a party is too large for a single compartment, says the Railroad Man's Magazine, a sliding door connecting with the adjoining compartment can be thrown open. On the other hand, ning directly to meet the train the if the passenger desires he can lock his door, pull down his Venetian blinds and be secure from intrusion.

At each end of the coach is a roomy bathroom, with a large bath half sunk in the floor, the walls lined with mirrors, and equipped with every imaginable sanitary device. There is also a servant's compartment. It is said for Indian rolling stock.

Has the French birth rates taken a turn upward at last? For the first time for very many years the last

PENNSYLVANIA

Teach, Not Boss, Pupils.

Twitmyer, superintendent of schools at Wilmington, Del., addressed the teachers at the fifty-fifth annual iastitute of Montgomery County.

"Do not punish your pupils by keeping them in after school for un-prepared lessons," he said. "Let it be a part of their education to be prepared. Let it be understood that the child has an engagement with the teacher at a certain hour, and once they become accustomed to it it will become a habit which will be of inestimable benefit all through

By a vote of 300 to 130 the teackers decided to discontinue the publication of institute proceedings, for which they were taxed 25 cents each.

Drill Sergeants.

art announced the assignment of the nine sergeants detailed from the regular army to assist in instruction of the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers of the National Guard of Pennsylvania under War Department orders.

lows: One each to First, Second, Third and Sixth Regiments, at Philadelphia; one each to Fourteenth and Eighteenth, Pittsburg; one to Twelfth, Williamsport; one to Thirteenth, Scranton, and one to Ninth, Wilkes-Barre.

The Fourth, Fifth, Eighth, Tenth and Sixteenth Regiments, which have companies scattered over large territory, will not have any of the sergeants assigned to them. Should any more be detailed they will be cared for.

New Castle. - Without fear and expressing his forgiveness for all the officials, Rocco Racco, a wellknown Italian, alleged leader of a Black Hand organization, and convicted of the murder of Selee Houk. a State game warden, a year ago, was hanged in the county jail yard here. On the gallows Racco said:

Wilkes-Barre,-One of the many subsidences of the surface over the old mine workings which have been doing much damage at Edwardsville, near here, engulfed 10-year-old Hugh Hughes, while several other children had a narrow escape. While playing on Center Street the youngsters felt the ground giving away beneath their feet and ran. Young Hughes was swalloped up, however, the heel of his Some miners risked their lives by jumping into the hole and effected a remarkable rescue, getting the boy out alive, but unconscious. As he was injured internally by the weight of the earth which covered him, he is in a critical condition. The subsidences at Courtdale and Edwardsville extended still further and much damage is expected.

Shamokin.-A daughter of Josiah Shaffer, the latter being 82 years, residing at Manadata, went out into the yard early in the morning and found his body lying on the boardwalk directly under his bedroom window. He had frequently walked in his sleep and invariably made an attempt to get out of a window.

Attacks Blind Wife,

were fruitless.

York .- Lewis Swemly is in jail charged with assault and intent to kill his blind wife, children and his sister-in-law. The prosecution is brought by the Humane Society. Swemly, it is alleged, had trouble with his sister-in-law, when his wife interfered. He is said to have struck her on the back of the head with an earthen cuspidor.

Chauffeur Nearly Killed. cranking his machine. John Yarrihead in a pool of blood. The blow had nearly scalped him.

aged 18 years, stooped to pick up his falling cap, while riding on some cars at Lincoln colliery, his leg was caught between the bumpers. member was pinched off. He died shortly after the accident.

Reading Veteran Dies. known Civil War veteran, who participated in the battles of Winches-Gettysburg, besides many skirmishes. died of a complication of diseases, aged 70 years.

Berks County Man Dies. Reading.—William Schaeffer, the oldest resident of Jefferson, died of apoplexy, aged 82 years. He was a veterinary surgeon and was the owner of several of the finest farms in Berks County.

Bars School Dances.

School, have been taboged by Prof. G. D. Robb, dean of the faculty. He informed the students at "chapel" that hereafter no pupil would be permitted to conduct a dancing class using the name of the school.

Norristown. - Prof. George F.

GIVES A MALIGN TO

Prof. A. N. Palmer, of New York, and Prof. C. A. Kirkpatrick, of the Fitchburg State Normal School, also

Adjutant General Thomas J. Stew-

The men will be assigned as fol-

Forgives All Officials.

'Gentlemen, I didn't see Selee Houk killed. I didn't see any one kill him and I have no suspicion of any person. I pardon everybody and expect to go to Jesus right now. Good-by."

Engulfed In Mine.

Walks From Window.

C. E. Blocher Ends Life. Gettysburg .- Clarence E. Blocher. one of the best known residents of Adams County, committed suicide in Littlestown by hanging. found his body before life was ex-

tinct, but efforts at reviving him

Williamsport.-George Kohn, a chauffeur, was nearly killed by a blow on the head, sustained when son, with whom he was about to start out, found Kohn unconscious, his

Loses Life Ta Save Cap. Pottsville .- When Harry Shadle,

Reading .- John A. Grenier, a well both battles of Bull Run and

Altoona .- Dancing classes, carryng the name of the Altoona High ****** Jno. F. Gray & Son D. P. FORTHEY

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Bonds For National Improvements. ********* Congressman Richard Bartholdt, in the North American Review, con-

tributes an important article upon Bond Issues For Permanent National Improvements." Congressman Bartholdt has the matter of waterways very much at heart, and he shows in his article how feasible it would be for the United States Government to perfect a wonderful system. He remarks:

"Is the cause of a system of waterways worthy? Outside of those interested it may not be thoroughly comprehended; but it is a fact that the great rivers of the West are doomed to complete abandonment, and that in the near future as means of commercial intercourse, unless a national loan for their improvement makes their redemption possible. If the actual situation were generally known, nothing short of a bond issue would satisfy the people of the nation. The chances for all the great projects of permanent betterment of the country, now so alive in the hearts of the people, are hopeless and will remain so as long as we must content ourselves with the crumbs which fall from the Government table. In fact, it becomes better and better apparent that there will be no crumbs at all. Our expeditures are already exceeding our revenues by many millions of dollars, and the public economy which is promised by Congress for the future simply means the cutting off of what little has been received heretofore for the permanent benefit and progress sought

THROUGH HEART AND BRAIN.

along these lines."

A woman's first experience of killing an innocent animal is a disheartening thing of which to read. Yet it is somewhat consolatory to know that she felt the sadness of it, as well as the emptiness of the glory. Let us hope that other women will not be moved to engage in similar "sport." This is how Mrs. Grace Seton-Thompson shot her first elk:

He was drinking from the lake. Now was the time. I crawled a few feet nearer, and raised the gun. The stag turned partly away from me. I sighted along the barrel, and a terrible bang went booming through the

The elk raised his antiered head and gazed in my direction, Another shot, and the animal dropped where he stood. He lay as still as the stones beside him. I sat on the ground, and made no attempt to go near him. One instant, a magnificent breathing

thing; the next, nothing. I had no regret, no triumph, only a sort of wonder at what I had done. I felt surprise that the breath of life could be taken away so easily.

Meanwhile, Nimrod had become alarmed at the long silence, and followed me down the mountain. He had nearly reached me, when he heard the two shots and came

rushing up.

"I have done it," I said, in a dull tone, pointing to the dark, still thing on the bank. "You surely have." As we went up to the elk, Nimrod paced the distance, a hundred and thirty-five yards. How beautiful the creature's coat was, glossy and shaded

in browns! And those great horns,

with eleven points! They did not

look so big now. Nimrod examined the carcass. "You are an apt pupil," he said. You put a bullet through his heart and another through his brain." "Yes," I said, "he never knew what

killed him." I felt no glory in the achievement.

Nearly one-third of all the children orn in New York City die before they ecome three years old.

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