

THE CRICKET SONG.

Japanese.

Here in my lonely cottage,
Now winter winds are coo
I hearken to the crickets,
And sigh that I am old.

I hear their small bells tinkle
Like beads of silver rain
That break on the brooks in summer,
And dream I am young again.

I see my native rice fields
Flushed with streams in spring
And I hear the frogs, so many
The waters seem to sing.

Sweet are the rivers of Settsu,
The rice-streams sweetest of all,
For there all day in the sunlight
The cherry-blossoms fall.

Nothing falls here save snow-flakes,
Blown from the wintry sky;
No light here save from embers
That sullenly smoldering die:

No sound save the bells of my crickets,
Somewhere in the darkness rung,
And the sigh of the poor old singer
For something that still is young!

—R. H. Stoddard in Scribner's.

His Extra Work

Hendrick certainly industriously," said Mr. Pickle, night city editor of the daily Whiff. "He's always writing Sunday stuff."

"Can't burn the candle at both ends," observed Tom Click, who was on the cable desk. "He'll blow up like they all do. He's young and eager, of course, but if he keeps this gait up it'll be tell the gang a fond good bye for his."

They gazed at Hendrick, who was beating out a story on his typewriter. Click sighed.

"I remember the biggest week's bill I ever made as a reporter," said he reflectively. "Time of the St. Louis cyclone. I wrote—"

Mere Mr. Pickle's phone rang and he answered it with glad haste, because he'd heard about that record bill. Click, having little to do at the moment, strolled about the city room. He halted at Hendrick's desk and greeted the young man amiably.

"Evenin', Joe," said he. "What you makin'?"

"Sunday story," replied Hendrick briefly.

Click remained beside him. Hendrick stopped work and hid the sheet upon his machine by carelessly laying one arm over it. He smiled coldly.

"Romance?" pursued Click, and he wondered why Hendrick flushed at the word. "Why don't you shoot out some more of that Bowery junk? It's good and you can't turn out too many of 'em. How you feeling?"

"Ah, I'm all right," said Hendrick. He sighed as if irritated.

"I tell you, better not try to do too much," Click warned. "I was just as gay as you are when I was a young fellow. There'll be reporters after we're dead—"

"Some one on your 'phone, sir," a small copy boy sought the speaker's attention.

"As you'll find out," ended Click, and scuttled to his desk.

Obviously relieved, Hendrick returned to his work. Sheet after sheet joined the neat pile beside the typewriter. In the middle of one, at which he stared with worried eyes, a boy announced that his services were required by the city desk.

"Man killed two, took gas himself and made a bloomer of it, now at the hospital. Wife caught him with affixity on the street. Here's the names." "We can't stand over three quarters to-night. Only a ten page paper," said Mr. Pickle. "Smith can take it on the 'phone if it looks like a late job. Gimme what you can for the first."

Hendrick rushed back to his copy, folded it into a big envelope and slid that into his coat pocket.

"Why does he lug a Sunday story around on this murder thing?" pondered Click, who saw the action. "That boy's head is just so full of space-grabbing in the magazine section that he can't think of anything else."

Hendrick, having garnered a story good enough for the first page, returned in time to pound out a third of a column for the first edition.

Then he rewrote the late and lengthened it to the full column, to which Mr. Pickle, being pleased with his young man's gleanings, graciously extended the space allowance.

It was 1 a. m. when Hendrick finished his night's assignment. Click, going home with all the morning papers under his arm, was shocked to see Hendrick take out an envelope, rapidly scan the typewritten pages it had held and then begin upon the "Sunday stuff." The toiler looked up and met Click's gaze.

"You better go home, get out of here and quit that ding-donging forever! Want any eyes or brains left for your old age?"

Hendrick smiled coldly.

"My eyes are all right," he retorted. "Good night!"

"Pickle," said Click, kicking his

way through the clutter of proofs upon the floor within a two-foot radius of his colleague, "you talk to that kid. He's daffy, my boy. Been writing since he got in at six, except for the time he was out on that shooting yarn. Make him beat it home."

Mr. Pickle also felt a very friendly interest in Hendrick. He crossed the room.

"I'd call this a day, if I were you," he said.

From Hendrick issued a hiss of exasperation.

"I—am—writing a Sunday story!" he said, distinctly. "Don't you wish me in the office?"

"Don't be absurd," said Mr. Pickle. "I hate to see you kill yourself, that's all. Nearly done?"

"I hope to be soon," said Hendrick, significantly; whereat they retreated.

Every member of the staff commented on Hendrick's love of work. Between news stories he turned out innumerable columns.

"I believe he's doing a book," said Charlie Clubb, the juvenile individual who did such chores for the Whiff as the older men declined to waste time upon, "he's so absorbed."

"He's been looking gloomy every night since he started on it," remarked Mr. McLemon, who covered Tenderloin police. "Ain't a bit like himself."

They speculated, but after one or two attempts the Whiff's staff ceased to ask questions, because Hendrick displayed a too savage temper when inquiries were made. Click publicly mourned over him.

"Hendrick must have six full pages in the magazine," he said to Snipper, the Sunday editor, on a Saturday afternoon. "You shouldn't let him work as he does. Bad."

"Why, I can't get him to write even a little human interest story—and I offered to run his name over it," said the Sunday editor. "They're all lazy. And he's the laziest."

"Hendrick hasn't anything in tomorrow?"

"Nary a line," said Snipper. "Mighty queer," ruminated Click. "Is he trying to bust the magazines?"

In the city room Hendrick was writing as usual, but he appeared dejected.

"Now what are you doing?" asked Click. "Sunday story?"

Hendrick nodded sadly.

"Won't the end come out right?" "Nothing's right," said Hendrick, wofully. "It's all wrong."

Click heard the swish of a silk gown. That was an infrequent sound in the city room. He looked. A pretty girl, in an olive green gown and a droopy sort of hat with a plume, of which Click approved, followed a pug-nosed copy boy toward Hendrick's desk. She carried a sheath of big envelope with the New York Whiff printed in one corner.

"Oh, Joey," she cried, rushing past and the boy: "we moved two weeks ago and I just happened to go into the old place and there I found all this letters together! What must you have thought?"

"Is—is it all right?" Hendrick scorned to wait for Click to absent himself. "Is it?"

"Of course, you silly," said the pretty girl, she blushed redly.

"I just couldn't wait, and so walked in here," she added.

Click sneaked away.—N. Y. Telegraph.

THE MODOCS.

Fifty of the Tribe Now Living in Indian Territory.

Placidly smoking the pipe of peace, apparently forgetful of the eventful past, about fifty Indians, relatives and survivors of the renowned Modocs, who took part in the most interesting Indian rebellion in American history, are living on allotments near Miami, I. T. These fifty are perhaps the only survivors or relatives of the once powerful tribe.

The Modocs, it will be remembered, were an Indian tribe of northern California and southern Oregon. In 1872 they became turbulent and refused to remain on their reservations. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, a veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, was sent against them, but they, after firing on the United States forces, retreated to the lava beds. The advance of the United States troops was greatly impeded by the peculiar topography of the country, and a good many of them were picked off by Indian sharpshooters concealed behind the rocks and crags of the lava beds. Efforts were then made to negotiate with them, and a conference was held between Gen. Canby and two peace commissioners on the one hand and a number of Modocs, including their chief, Capt. Jack, on the other. While Gen. Canby and his aides were seated on stones around a small fire two Indians who were concealed in the bushes rushed from their hiding place with guns and shot to death the General and one of his companions. A vigorous campaign was then begun against the treacherous Indians, and in the following summer Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, who succeeded Gen. Canby, captured the Modoc band. Capt. Jack and three other leaders were tried by a military commission and hanged, while two others were imprisoned for life. About 100 who had not followed Capt. Jack were permitted to remain in California. The remainder, about 145, of whom the fifty are either survivors or descendants, were transferred to the Indian Territory. Altogether the war cost \$500,000. Sixty-odd soldiers and Indian allies were killed and nearly as many wounded.

Little Man, who is said to be a nephew of Capt. Jack, is the only known relative of the famous warrior. Chief Scarecrow, now bent with age and infirmity, is one of the survivors of the rebellion. Besides him are two or three others who were transported from California. The others now in the Territory are all descendants of the old warriors. If the tribe continues to dwindle as rapidly during the next few years as it has in the past another decade will mark the death of the last Modoc Indian in America.—Kansas City Star.

WHY MEAT IS SO HIGH.

A Few Expressions that Don't Clarify Matters at All.

By this time, summing up the varied statements of those in the business, it is possible to form remarkably clear ideas of why we are paying more for meat than the residents of most other places. The patient and lucid explanations of the retail dealers lead us to these definite conclusions:

The prices of meat are no higher in Providence than they are in Boston or in any other community in this part of New England.

The prices of meat are noticeably lower in Providence than they are in Boston.

The reason why meat is higher in Providence than in Boston and other cities is because the people of Providence eat more meat than anybody else.

Meat is higher in Providence because of the greedy farmers. The farmer gets all the money.

The high price of meat in Providence is due to the high price of live.

It is all on account of a sharp advance in the price of cleavers, and a deterioration in the quality of steel. A cleaver does not last as long as it used to. Some markets are compelled to get six new cleavers a year, where four were an ample supply five years ago.

The weather isn't what it used to be, and so meat is higher.

Meat is high in Providence because Providence people have a habit of not paying for it.

The reason is the high freight rates. The railroads charge a higher rate from Chicago to Providence than from Pascoag to Woonsocket.

Meat is high because of the gradual disappearance of the clam and the lobster.

Providence people pay more for meat than is paid by any other people because they love the market-men and realize that the latter always give them a square deal.

The price of meat in Providence is higher than in Boston because it is better meat.

The Providence price is no higher than the Boston price.

The Providence price is lower than Boston.

The farmer gets all the money. After these clear explanations any one who is unable to understand the whole situation must be dull of comprehension.—Providence Journal.

EUROPE'S RIVERS.

Governments There Far Ahead in Waterway Improvements.

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire and Senator Simmons of North Carolina have returned, after a two-months' inspection of the waterways of Europe, on behalf of the United States Waterways Commission.

Senator Gallinger refused to discuss the commission's conclusions.

"We will assemble in Washington prior to the opening of Congress," he said, and make up our report. I may say that the foreign Governments we are now supposed to be fighting in a commercial way pay more attention to one of their little streams than we do to the Mississippi. In Austria, Great Britain, Spain, in Austria, Great Britain, Norway and Sweden the tiniest river is looked after. One may see dredge boats everywhere. It has been proved that water transportation is cheaper and sometimes swifter than the railroads. Besides, the waterways keep open territories that would be closed if the railroads had their way.

The United States is entering upon a new era. We have discovered that if a policy is good for one part of our country it is good for the balance of the nation. Thus, if we improve our rivers of the West, they will help our fortunes in the East; if we deepen our harbors of the East and West, bringing in more commerce, anchoring more ships, we correspondingly increase the benefits in other parts of the nation.

"President Taft struck a happy vein, as did former President Roosevelt, when he said that the American people and the American Congress were committed to a broad system of waterway extension. A more popular agitation could not be thought of."—New York American.

Can't Please Everybody.

Mrs. Asquith came in for a good criticism for inviting Maud Allen to a luncheon party. Smarting under it, she invited next time the great Parisian artist in clothing, M. Poiret.

"This time," she said, "there will be no mistake. As the only objection to Miss Allen was that she was the artist who had reduced clothing to the minimum, I have invited the artist who has raised clothing to the maximum. Now there can be no criticism."

But, strange to say, there was a

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

It was hardly to be expected that the industrial and trade revival would continue all the time at the recent high rate of speed. Some slowing up, if only for a breathing spell, was natural, and this apparently is what is occurring, although it makes no material impression upon the great volume of transactions.

The unseasonable weather and the approach of the holiday season, and the time for settlements and taking of stock, incident to the ending of the year, are in considerable part responsible for the slightly more quiet aspect of business. The railroad strike in the Northwest is an unpleasant development and its immediate effects are chiefly felt in the flour trade.

No uneasiness is felt regarding the lull now manifest in some branches of iron and steel, as it is recognized that recovery from past depression has been phenomenally rapid. Moreover, mills and furnaces have enough orders on their books to assure full activity for months to come and producers generally scan specifications on future business closely.

Wholesale Markets.

New York.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 125¢ nominal, domestic elevator; No. 2 red, 1.24 1/2, nominal f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.16 1/2, nominal f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 1.17 1/2, nominal f. o. b. afloat.

Corn—Spot easy; No. 2, 72¢ asked, elevator, domestic; 72 1/2, nominal, delivered; No. 2, 66 1/2, nominal f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 yellow, nominal. Option market was without transactions, closing 1/2 to 1 1/2 c. net lower. December closed 69 1/2 c.; May closed 69 1/2 c.

Oats—Spot steady; mixed, 26¢ to 32 lbs., nominal; natural white, 26¢ to 32 lbs., 44 1/2¢ to 46¢; clipped white, 34¢ to 42 lbs., 45 1/2¢ to 48 1/2¢. Option market was without transactions, closing 1/2 c. net higher. May closed 47 1/2 c.

Eggs—Weak; receipts, 7,465 cases. State, Pennsylvania and nearby, gathered, white, 45¢ to 50¢; do., gathered, white, 35¢ to 40¢; do., gathered, brown, fair to prime, 30¢ to 37¢; Western, extra first, 31¢ to 33¢; first, 28¢ to 30¢; seconds, 25¢ to 27¢.

Poultry—Alive, dull; Western chickens, 12c.; fowls, 14c.; turkeys, 12¢ to 17¢. Dressed easier; Western chickens, broilers, 16¢ to 22¢; fowls, 13¢ to 17 1/2¢; turkeys, 18¢ to 22¢.

Philadelphia.—Wheat—Quiet but steady; contract grade, December, 112¢ to 114¢.

Corn—Firm and December 1/2 c. higher; December, 63 1/2¢ to 63 3/4¢; January, 63¢ to 63 1/2¢.

Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, natural, 46 1/2 c.

Butter—Firm; extra Western creamery, 35c.; do., nearby prints, 35¢.

Eggs—Weak and 3c. lower; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, free cases, 32c. at mark; do., current receipts in returnable cases, 30c. at mark; Western firsts, free cases, 32¢ at mark; do. current receipts, free cases, 29¢ to 30¢ at mark.

Cheese—Firm; New York full cream, choice, 17c.; do., fair to good, 16 1/2¢ to 16 3/4¢.

Live Poultry—Firm; fowls, 14¢ to 16c.; old roosters, 11c.; chickens, 14¢ to 16c.; ducks, 14¢ to 15¢; turkeys, 18¢ to 19c.; geese, 12¢ to 13¢.

Baltimore.—Wheat—Receipts, 40,753 bush., including 1,958 bush. Southern. Shipments from elevators, 22,628 bush. Stock in elevators, 762,448 bush. Southern is in good demand, but the light receipts restrict trading. Sales of cargoes on grade were made at 116c. for No. 2 red, 1.12 for No. 3 red, 1.09 for steamer No. 2 red, 1.05 for steamer No. 3 red, No. 4 red and stock rejected, and 1.01 for "can't use" rejected.

Corn—Spot, 63 1/2¢ to 64 1/2¢; year, 63 1/2¢; January, 63 1/2¢; March, 64¢.

Oats—No. 2, 26¢ to 27¢ per bush.; White, as to weight—No. 2, 45 1/2¢ to 46¢; No. 3, 43 1/2¢ to 45¢; No. 4, 42 1/2¢ to 44¢. Mixed—No. 2, 43¢ to 43 1/2¢; No. 3, 42¢ to 42 1/2¢.

Hay—We quote, per ton: Timothy—No. 1, large bales, \$17.50 to 18; do., small blocks, \$17.50 to 18; No. 2, as to location, \$16.50 to 17; No. 3, \$14.50 to 15.50. Clover Mixed—Choice, \$17 to 17.50; No. 1, \$16.50 to 17; No. 2, \$14.50 to 15.50.

Butter—We quote, per lb.: Creamery fancy, 33 1/2¢ to 34¢; creamery choice, 32¢ to 33¢; creamery good, 29¢ to 31¢; creamery imitation, 22¢ to 25¢; creamery prints, 33¢ to 35¢.

Eggs—We quote, per dozen, loss off: Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 34c.; Western firsts, 34¢; West Virginia firsts, 34¢; Southern firsts, 33¢; guinea, 16¢ to 17¢.

Live Poultry—Market is steady on choice stock and demand for such is fairly good. We quote, per lb.: Chickens—Old hens, heavy, 14c.; do., small to medium, 13¢ to 13 1/2¢; old roosters, 9¢; young choice, 15¢; do., rough and poor, 13¢. Ducks—Large, 13¢; small, 12¢; Muscovy and mongrel, 11¢ to 12¢. Geese—Western and Southern, 12c.; Maryland and Virginia, 12¢; Kent Island, 13¢. Pigeons—Young, per pair, 20¢; old, do., 20¢. Guinea Fowl—Old, each, 25¢; young, 1 1/2 lbs. and over, do., 40¢ to 45¢; young, smaller, 25¢ to 30¢. Turkeys—Choice, 17c.; old toms, 16¢; rough and poor, 11¢ to 12¢.

Live Stock.

Chicago.—Cattle—Market steady. Steers, \$5.60 to 9.50; cows, \$3.50 to 5; heifers, \$3 to 6; bulls, \$3 to 4.75; calves, \$3 to 8.75; stockers and feeders, \$3.75 to 5.25.

Hogs—Market strong to 10c. higher. Choice heavy, \$8.30 to 8.40; butchers, \$8.25 to 8.35; light mixed, \$7.85 to 8.05; choice light, \$7.90 to 8.10; packing, \$8.10 to 8.35; pigs, \$5.75 to 7.60; bulk of sales, \$3 to 8.30.

Sheep—Market steady. Sheep, \$4 to 5.25; lambs, \$6.75 to 7.75.

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RUTH'S NOVEMBER APRIL-FOOL.

"This is your third guess, Aunt Helen; you can't guess why I'm so happy," and Ruth nestled farther down into her little white bed. No one needed to guess that she was happy—her dancing eyes told that; but why—that was what Aunt Helen had made two wrong guesses on already.

She had guessed that it was because she was staying a week with her grandmother and aunt, but Ruth had shaken her curly head vigorously.

"Partly that, of course," she said; "but that's not it."

The next thing Aunt Helen guessed was the new ring with three tiny pearls in it which Uncle Jack had given her.

Ruth told her that guess was more wrong even than the first one. There was one more chance, but Aunt Helen knew so many things which might make such a merry little girl as Ruth happy that she gave up trying to guess any particular one.

"I give it up," she said.

"Well," Ruth began, "you never could have guessed if you tried all night, so I'll tell you. It's because I played an April-Fool on somebody to-day."

"April-Fool!" Aunt Helen certainly was surprised.

"Why, my dear, this is November." "I know it," Ruth giggled softly. "You know Mr. Dobbs."

Yes, Aunt Helen knew, and she looked very grave. She had known Mr. Dobbs when he was a tall, strong man, before the accident which had crippled him for life. She did not think that Ruth could have been doing anything that might bother him.

"You know he goes past here every day, making his wheel-chair go with that handle he works back and forth."

Yes, Aunt Helen knew. "Well, when I see him coming I hide behind the little tree in the corner of the yard. Just as soon as he is past I slip out behind him and begin to push, and I push till he's clear up that little hill."

Aunt Helen put her arms around Ruth. "I think that is a splendid April-Fool," she said.

"But wait, let me tell you the rest," Ruth went on, squirming from her aunt's embrace.

"The funniest part is to hear him wonder why his chair goes so easy. He talks to himself, and I almost laugh out loud to hear him."

"What ails my chair?" he'll say. "It acts as if it had feet instead of wheels," and pretty soon he'll say, "Dear me, am I going crazy? It looks to me as if this was up-hill, but from the way I'm going it must be down-hill! Oh! it's more fun than anything I ever did, and when I go home Harold Tompkins is going to keep on fooling him. Wouldn't he be the most surprised man in the world if he ever did find it out?"

Aunt Helen tucked the covers around the happy little girl.

"I wish all April-Fools could be as splendid as that, dear," she said—Annie Louise Bopray, in Sunday-School Times.

NOT HER FAULT.

It is a very backward child that does not know how to lay the blame on somebody else's shoulders. Little Katharine, of whom the New York Tribune has a story, does not belong in that class.

Her grandmother had gone downstairs for a few minutes, leaving Katharine sailing some tin ducks with a magnet in a bowl of water. Pretty soon her grandfather looked up from his book. The little girl had succeeded in drenching herself from head to foot.

"Why! why!" he exclaimed in dismay. "What will grandma say now?" "Oh," said the little girl, instantly, "she will scold you for letting me do it!"

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