

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

(By Nancy Byrd Turner.)

Sent up to bed in the dark, alone,
Where all of the corners were weird
and dim
And the shapes and the shadows
waited him
At every turning—my little son,
Sent for some childish mischief done
At the hour when childish hearts
are high
With joy of the evening's revelry—
And his fault at worst was a tiny
one!

A wistful moment his feet delayed,
Waiting to let my face relent,
And then, a pitiful penitent,
His faltering, frightened way he
made;
But up in the stairway's deepest
shade
I heard him pause where the shadows
crowd
And whisper, "Father," and sob
aloud,
"Father, go with me. I am afraid!"
Quick as his calling my answer
leapt,
Strong as his terror my shielding
arms
Folded him close from the night's
alarms,
Sheltered and comforted while he
wept;

And up in the nursery's light I kept
A tender watch till he smiled again,
Till the sobs of his half-remembered
pain
Lessened and hushed, and the baby
slept.

Father of love, when my day is done
And all of my trespasses written in,
Not for a thoughtless or wilful sin
Send me out in the dark alone;
But so as I answered my little son,
Come to the prayer of my pleading
breath
And lead me safe through the night
of death,
Father of light, when my light is
gone!

—Youth's Companion.

On Friendship's Altar.

By Sadie Marie Stull.

"Twelve!" proclaimed the silver-toned Dresden clock. The same hour—the same clock—but what marvelous changes in five short years!

The woman's glance swept the richly appointed room—the abode of one on whom Fortune had smiled her brightest.

The scene which memory presented was not so attractive to the eye. A small room poorly and scantily furnished; yet in that room she beheld a girl scarcely out of her teens whom she, the petted idol of the hour, secretly envied.

As in a tantalizing dream she watched the color surge into the girl's pretty face as she read the message which accompanied her first offering. Only a few words of praise and encouragement—the earnest, kind-ly tribute of a fellow artist—but it proved the beginning of a romance which was the boast of one struggling road company for many days.

For an instant the woman turned from the mystic lure of the electric logs.

When she looked again the dancing flames disclosed a scene of rare beauty. True, it was a mimic scene—the painted pomp and tinsel grandeur of *Thespis*—but the woman's heart thrilled as she noted every detail. Down a brilliantly-lighted staircase, a dazzling white-robed figure came slowly with the regal grace of a queen. The woman leaned forward, her jeweled hands tightly clasped. Could this superb creature be the shy girl of the poorly furnished room?

Yes, for as she paused at the foot of the stairs her glance rested full on the watcher by the fire. In their limpid depths the latter beheld the same quenchless ambition, now enhanced three-fold by the pride of achievement as she pointed to the ladder of Fame and triumphantly bade the woman note the high round to which she had climbed.

And she had not missed happiness on the tollsome journey. From behind an artificial palm on the right a man's tall figure appeared. A strikingly handsome figure in conventional evening dress; to those in front the typical man of the world, who trampled ruthlessly on the hearts of trusting maidens, and whose persecution of the "lovely heroine" called forth dire hisses from the gallery gods.

The woman by the fire smiled in unison with the "lovely heroine" as she recalled the ineffable scorn with which she had listened to his ardent protestations of love, while all the time his flowers nestled against her throbbing heart and her flashing eyes saw only the true, kindly gentleman of real life.

Slowly the smile faded from the red lips as a dark shadow hovered over the shimmering flames. In and out it wound its unwelcome way until the whole bright scene was tinged with the sinister gloom.

The woman shivered slightly, for well she knew with the brightness went hope and happiness; that even though the darkness might be suc-

ceeded by a more brilliant dawn it could offer naught save satisfied ambition and unrest. A mist gathered before her eyes, but she resolutely brushed it away and gazed steadily at the next scene.

Like the unfolding of an exquisite Watteau fan, the miniature pageant passed in review—treading the stately measures of the minut. Unconsciously the woman found herself humming the quaint old tune, the while her glance followed the most graceful couple.

The belle of the modern ballroom looked even more beautiful, if that were possible, in the powder and brocades of the 18th century, while her present partner was the ideal courtier in his rich costume of erise and black.

A tender light softened the shadows in the watcher's eyes as she heard again the heroic sentiments which flowed so eloquently from the courtier's lips. Then, with mingled pain and pleasure, she wondered what their public would say could they have witnessed another scene, almost magnificent compared with the splendid ones nightly enacted before their critical gaze, yet one in which the man had acted a far nobler part than he ever did on the mimic stage, and the woman—ah! She had acted nobly, too—only no one knew.

John Esmond was smoking by the fire in his "den" when Richard Lorimer entered unannounced.

"I know I come uninvited," the latter began with well feigned nonchalance, "but I think before I go you will bless the motive which prompted me." Striding over to the buffet he poured a glass of wine from the decanter, and with the grace which marked his every movement faced the man by the fire: "For 'Auld Lang Syne,' Jack—will you join me?"

"No," Esmond returned, shortly. "It would recall too many sacred memories—for the past was mine, you know. The present is yours, Dick, so drink to the present—the world's most popular toast!"

"Stop, Jack! Such words are as unjust to me as they are unworthy your own noble self. Oh, I know how it is. I overheard a little conversation between old Masters and a bunch of his cronies today. It ran something like: 'They tell me it was Jack Esmond who gave this Lorimer chap his first start. True, eh? Then Fortune is, indeed, a fickle jade. Dick Lorimer is now a star on Broadway, and Jack Esmond his leading man.'" Lorimer crossed the room and laid one hand gently on the other's arm. "Then came the part that cut the deepest. Miss Vernon's rise has been almost as meteoric and, by the way, how considerate of Jack Esmond to withdraw in favor of the knight whose shield bears the magic insignia of stardom!"

"Stop, Dick—you will drive me mad! I was thoroughly disheartened—I even imagined she had deserted to care. I gloried in her success, but, my God, man—don't you understand? I feared when she reached the heights she might forget to look back—his voice wavered, and he turned aside abruptly.

"She did not forget to look, Jack," Lorimer said very gently. "But she did not find you waiting. Ah, boy, tonight when everyone else seemed bent on showing their admiration and esteem, could you not have spared one small floral token?"

A sudden light gleamed in Jack's agonized eyes. "You think she expected them?" he queried, eagerly.

Dick stifled a sigh. "The best answer I can make to that question is to tell you why I never drank that toast I proposed four years ago. You remember that night at the Netherlands, after our first big hit together—how I told you the next time we met I should have a new toast for you—The dearest girl in the world?"

Ah, I see you remember. Then, do you also remember how at our next supper I parried your every allusion to the delicate subject—and at last, in desperation, I told you I should never ask you to drink it?" Lorimer paused an instant. When he continued his voice was a trifle husky: "The explanation is very simple. 'The dearest little girl in the world' was Rose Vernon and—when I asked her to be my wife I discovered that she had already given her heart to the man I regarded as my best friend—whom I loved as a brother—"

"Dick!"

Lorimer silenced him with a gesture.

"That is why I smile pityingly when I hear them comparing our relative positions today. They do not know—never shall know—but the knowledge should nerve you to the highest endeavor. I put it up to you, now, Jack. Take my name—fortune—every bright favor from ambition's store that you can pile into the scales. Then, on the other side, place simply her love and trust—with your name in glowing letters. Does it not easily outweigh all the others?"

Jack's hand closed tightly on the speaker's, but he dared not trust his voice.

"And now," Lorimer concluded with his old winning smile, "I will drink that long-deferred toast; drink it with you, boy, as a final sacred pledge on the altar of our friendship: 'To your little girl, Jack—the dearest little girl in the world!'"

Esmond squared his broad shoulders and his eyes flashed proudly as their glasses touched lightly—almost reverently.

"God bless you, Dick!" was all the response he could make.

The following evening many in the audience at the Theatre declared the acting of the "heavy" man excelled that of the "star," while Miss Vernon had never appeared so pleased as when a huge bunch of violets was handed over the footlights. As her radiant glance sped from Lorimer to Esmond the light in both men's eyes was good to see.—Boston Post.

ELECTRIC FANS IN WINTER.

They Can Be Made to Help to Heat a House as Well as to Cool It.

Even though it's winter electric fans should not be relegated to the storeroom, says the Edison Monthly, as they may serve many purposes during the winter months. They may be used to advantage for obtaining a forced draught in the furnace, which materially aids in the time required to heat the rooms of a house. The breeze from an electric fan blowing through a radiator circulates the heated air and give a more even distribution. Fans are also largely used in show windows to prevent the accumulation of frost. There are many other purposes, including ventilation, for which electric fans can be used in cold weather, and they should not be considered merely a hot weather necessity.

When quick additional heat is wanted in a room it can be obtained by means of electric radiators. They are clean, convenient and economical in operation. They may be carried from room to room, as convenience dictates, and it is only necessary to attach a cord to the nearest lamp socket.

In cold winter nights an electric heating pad in the bed adds greatly to the comfort of the sleeper. If properly managed no accidental burning of bedding, such as has been known to occur, need be feared.

Strangest of Plaster Casts.

In the museum of Algiers there is one object which is unique in the world's list of curiosities. It is a plaster cast of the martyr Geronimo in the agony of death. The Algerians put Geronimo alive into a soft mass of concrete, which presently hardened into a block and was built into a fort.

This was in 1569, and about forty years later a Spanish writer described the event and told exactly how that particular block could be located. The fort stood for nearly three hundred years. Then in 1863 it was torn down, the block was identified and broken open and an almost perfect mold of the dead martyr was found within.

They filled the mold with plaster, and the result, a wonderful cast, lies there in the museum today, face down as he died, hands and feet bound and straining, head twisted to one side in the supreme torture of that terrible martyrdom.

It is a gruesome, fascinating thing, and you go back to look at it more than once and you slip out between times for a breath of fresh air. If I lived in Algiers and at any time should sprout a little bud of discontent with the present state of affairs—a little sympathy with the subjugated population—I would go and take a look at Geronimo, and forthwith all the discontent and the sympathy would pass away and I would come out glowing in the fact that France can crack the whip and that we of the west can ride them down.—Outing.

Old Wedgwood Cream Ware.

Josiah Wedgwood was eclipsed by his own greatness. His world renowned Jasperware, his greatest triumph and has overshadowed all his other work. His Egyptian black ware, or basalt, in itself would have won renown for any other English potter. His marbled wares are distinctive enough to have placed him high on the list of ceramic inventors.

So it has come to pass that his earthenware, the very English cream ware, or Queen's Ware, as he termed it after 1765, when Queen Charlotte gave him her patronage and commanded him to call himself "Potter to her Majesty," has suffered by being regarded as the poorer relation of his other work.

It cannot be too strongly urged upon collectors to pay particular attention to three classes of cream ware. First, the undecorated or plain, representing the most perfect symmetry and rivaling the work of the silversmith. There are delightful teapots of bold design and exquisite dishes of pierced work without equal in English earthenware. Secondly, the transfer printed ware of the early days, when the cream ware was sent to Liverpool to Sadler and Green. Lastly, the painted or enamelled cream ware of which the recently found Catherine II, service stands as the greatest triumph.—Lady's Pictorial.

Story of the Recovery of a Ring.

A peculiar instance is reported by Leon Chapin, a nearby farmer, who had the good luck to kill the fowl that had so long concealed his infant son's gold ring. This valuable little article, a gift from the child's grandmother, disappeared two months ago.

Although it had been much sought for no trace of it could be had until last Sunday, when it was brought to light at a chicken pie dinner held at their family residence. It was discovered by a member of the family at the bottom of the pan which held the chicken pie.—Perry correspondence Rochester Post-Express.



TO CLEAN BLACK CLOTH.

To a pint of warm water add two tablespoonfuls of alcohol and carefully sponge the goods. Then press and it will look like new. If there are mud stains, they should first be removed by sponging with slices of raw potato.—Jeanette Jordan.

TO WASH SILK STOCKINGS.

In washing silk stockings they should be first soaked in borax water, afterward washed quickly in soapsuds that are no more than blood warm. If the water is hot, the result is that the silk becomes harsh and crinkly. Instead of wringing the stockings out, simply squeeze them well, afterward rinsing in two waters the same temperature, hanging out to dry without wringing. A little bluing should be added to the water if the silk stockings are white, but not if colored.—Everyday Housekeeping.

SAVE THE ENGRAVED PLATE.

Not every bride knows that the copper plate on which is inscribed the lettering for her engraved wedding invitations or announcements may be preserved all through her married life in the shape of an attractive card tray. The edges of the plate are skillfully shaped to form the edge of the tray, the inscription remaining on the copper in the center. A fair divorcee, who too truly has discovered that marriage is a failure in the first attempt, has had her engraved plate turned into a receptacle for cigar ashes for the use of her second matrimonial experiment.—Washington Star.

TO CLEAN SHEEPSKIN RUGS.

Dissolve one bar of soap in two gallons of boiling water. Put two quarts of this into a pan containing about two gallons of warm water. First rub out the dirt and grease spots with strong soap liquor, using Fuller's earth if necessary. Then put the rug or mat into the weaker soap liquor, well washing and punching it. Next put into a tub of warm water into which has been dissolved a packet of powder, rinse again to take out all soap; and for white mats add a little blue to the last water. Wring out, shake well, and hang to dry. Don't put near the fire or in a scorching sun, or the skin will become hard and brittle. Shake frequently while drying. Treated in this way skins become like new.—Woman's Life.

TO WASH GLOVES.

Among the most useful articles of a girl's toilet are chamols gloves. Besides adding a great deal to the appearance, they are comfortable, and one does not have to think always about keeping them clean, because, with very little effort, they can be washed at a minute's notice and look just as good as new; that is, if one knows how. There is a great art in washing gloves, and like everything else, it is easy, when one knows all about it.

Put the gloves on, then rub thoroughly with white soap, just as if the hands were being washed and the gloves were not there. Rinse them out in cold water in which there is a little bluing; this prevents them from turning yellow.

When they are thoroughly cleaned, rub ivory soap into them before removing them from the hands. This keeps them from becoming fuzzy and looking as though they were made of flannel. Hang the gloves up to dry in a cool place in the shade, as the sun discolors them and heat stiffens the chamols.

When they are dry put them on again and press into shape. In this way chamols gloves will last a long time and look well after a great many washings.—New Haven Register.

RECIPES.

Ginger Nuts.—One pound flour, quarter pound butter, quarter pound treacle, half ounce ginger. Melt the butter in a pan, add the treacle, and when quite hot mix with a wooden spoon to the flour and ginger. Roll between the hands into nuts, and bake on a greased tin for twenty minutes.

Scones.—Two pounds of flour, five ounces of butter, one ounce of cream of tartar, half ounce of carbonate of soda, a little salt. Mix with milk, roll to about half an inch in thickness, and bake in a hot oven.

Rich Plum Cake.—Half pound butter, half pound sugar, half pound currants, quarter pound stoned and chopped raisins, half pound flour, four eggs, three ounces mixed peel, half a grated nutmeg. When the cake is in the tin push in a few thick pieces of citron. Bake two hours.

Chocolate Cake.—Quarter pound butter, quarter pound sugar, half teaspoonful baking powder, quarter pound flour, quarter pound chocolate, one tablespoonful ground rice, two eggs, essence vanilla. Beat the butter to a cream, mix in the sugar, add the chocolate, melted over the fire in three tablespoonfuls of water; mix in the yolks of the eggs separately; then add the flour, baking powder and ground rice (well mixed); drop in the vanilla, and lastly, the whites of eggs, beaten till quite stiff. Bake from three-quarters to an hour.

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"TELLING THE BEES."
Whittier's poem, "Telling the Bees," and Eugene Field's on the same subject, have puzzled many readers not familiar with the quaint customs of old England and that are still in existence not only there, but in New England. Of these, the practice of telling the bees is one. Should a member of the family die, some one must go and knock lightly upon each beehive and tell the little workers, else, according to the superstition, they will either fly away or die. In some localities it is the custom to put a tiny piece of funeral biscuit in each hive. The hive is also draped with a strip of crepe. In some of the rural districts of England the bees are formally invited to funerals, and in Devonshire the hives are turned around if it was the owner who died.

In England there is an almost universal belief that it is unlucky to sell bees. They must be "given," the recipient making return of a bushel of corn, a pig, or other equivalent. Stolen bees will not thrive, and it is unlucky for a straying swarm to settle upon one's land unless they are ultimately claimed by the owner.

It is an ancient custom to ring bells, beat upon tin pans and otherwise create an unharmonious clamor when bees swarm—this usage being universal in the United States and England, as well as in various Continental States of Europe.

The idea is that the bees will like the "music" and pitch upon a nearby tree—an idea which clashes with the well accepted contention that bees have no sense of hearing.

As a matter of fact, the practice probably originated in the legend of Jupiter as given in Virgil. When the infant Jupiter lay hidden in the Cretan caves the bees fed him with honey, while the Cretans, to drown the infant's cries, which might have attracted his father's attention to the spot, danced about and clashed together brazen cymbals. Or, perhaps, the original intent of the racket was to notify the neighbors that your bees had swarmed and that you would duly claim them if they settled on another's land.—New York Times.

ROPING A COUGAR.
I went out recently for a beef steer and followed a course up Cougar Canon. What did I find but a lion track in the snow, the snow being six inches to two feet in the drifts, so I could easily track the lion. Then I began to wish for my gun, but I followed along the track, and in about a mile I came to a calf he had killed about three days ago.

He had just left this calf, I could see, on the run, so I went on after him at a gallop. It was a very rough country, but in a mile I got sight of Mr. Lion. He was leaping along, seeming to go about thirty feet to a jump. Then down came my lasso and I began to flank my horse with it.

He had scented the lion and did not want to face the music, but the lasso and my spurs made him go on up toward the lion. When within about thirty feet of the lion I made a throw with the lasso and caught him fair around the neck, then took my turns. The lion grabbed the rope in his teeth, but the horse was wild with fright, and with me giving him the rein and the spur he made such a hot pace that lion never gained his feet, and was turned end over end so he let loose of the lasso and I never let him get his feet again until he was dead.

The lasso has the teeth marks where he grabbed it. Any one can search his hide for a bullet hole. If any one thinks I shot the animal I will hold this hide to let him examine it. Then I want to sell it. The head is on, and the feet up to its knees. The lion was seven feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, and stood three feet high.—M. Pulsipher, in the Salt Lake City Evening News.

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