THE WAITING INSTRUMENT.

I blame no man for failure here, for he Who wins no crown is like an in-

strument That silent waits the Master's touch to free

The noble numbers that within are pent.

Untouched, and unawake, and still it stands,

Despite the glorious measures it good." contains-Who knows but that in those diviner lands

"Twill swell the songs of Heaven with its strains? -Blakeney Gray, in Ainslee's.

THE

## AWAKENING.

By Burton Egbert Stevenson.

Bushnell threw down his pen so savagely that the ink splashed over the blotter.

"There," he said, pushing a sheet the other man, "you will find a full statement there of both assets and chair with a sigh of utter weariness. Rogers took the paper and ran his

eye down the columns with a rapidity | ped from his imperceptibly. gained by long practice. As he saw the totals, he glanced at Bushnell in a surprised way. "You will pay out dollar for dol-

lar." he remarked. "That is good." "Yes," said Bushnell, gloomily, "it is the one redeeming feature of the whole business."

The other hesitated a moment as though at a loss how to continue, and pulled nervously at his mustache. "The two amounts balance exactly, or nearly so," he said, at last. "There

will be nothing left for you." "I know it," snapped Bushnell, shortly. "You need not remind me of it, Rogers. Do you suppose I am an Idiat ?\*\*

The lawyer glanced at his friend from under his eyebrows, and hesitated again. Evidently what he bad to say was not easily said.

"I suppose you know," he continwed, finally, "that this is not necessary; but there are ways in which it could be avoided."

Bushuell stirred impatiently in his chair, but he did not meet the other's eres.

"Yes," he said, irritably, "I know it. I went over all that ground this afternoon. Don't remind me of it. I have fought that battle."

Rogers nodded gravely

"That's more than most men can say," he remarked. "It was my duty, as your lawyer, to remind you of every possibility. I am glad you chose the other way."

It was a great deal for the hardheaded man of business to say, and he turned back to the paper with pursed lips and a face slightly reddened by unaccustomed emotion.

"It is a good showing," he said at last. "Much better than the street has any reason to expect-or any right to expect for that matter. This nell for a moment as he struck off

what I made it out for," and then as of comprehension in his eyes. the other arose to go, "I want to get out of town for a few days, Rogers. ed here, will I?"

statement carefully and put it in his pocketbook. "Where can I reach you in case I need you?"

"At Lexington, Green Co." "In the Catskills?"

"Yes." "Born there, weren't you?" "Yes."

"All right," and the lawyer turned toward the door. "That's the best place to go, I'm sure. Good-by. 1

hope the rest will do you good." "Thanks;" and Bushnell pulled himself to his feet. The two men shook hands. "Good-by," he said.

Bushnell dropped back into his chair as the door closed. His head fell forward upon his hands, and the bitterness and futility of it all weighted him down. The rush and roar of the street drifted in through the windows and filled the room, but he did not hear it, for he was far away. He had left that little village in the Catskills full of hope and purposeit was not long ago in time, but how long in events-and for a space it seemed he was to win his battle against the street. For he had determined to win. It had come upon yours?" him suddenly-this fever to show the stuff that was in him-and he had anger in his voice. thought it all out one moonlight night sway up on the side of Vly Mountain. didn't lose a cent of any one else's He had laid his plans carefully and money-only all my own. Isn't that meet in the Bowery and he will tell had dreamed of millions. But the enough?" odds had been too great, and he had been caught in the ruins of the edi- in a great wave. fice which his own brain had built and crushed utterly. But the bitter glad," and she came close to him from the knee down as they are from est thought of all was that he must and clasped her arms about his neck. go back empty-handed, when he had and kissed him. The moon was sil- ing that when Jack is detailed to hoped to take so much. It was not vering the tree-tops and flooding the swab the decks of his ship he wants for himself alone he had hoped to valley with soft radiance. "Look

low, grimy structure, was almost degood world that you left-a sweet serted as Bushnell stepped off the world. It is worth living in. Now, train the next afternoon. Only the tell me, what does money matter?" stage was there, as it was every day, He looked about at the horizon and trousers were cut narrow at the botready for the ten-mile journey over back again into her eyes.

the hills to Lexington, and he grasped the hand of the old driver with real

warmth "I'm glad to see you, Jim," he said. 'How are all the folks?" "Oh, they're all right, I reckon. But

you look kind er peaked, Mr. Bushnell. Been workin' too hard, I 'spect." Bushnell laughed.

"That may be it," he said. "Any way, I decided that a week or two back here in the hills would do me

"So 'twill," nodded the driver, "an' the folks will be glad to see you, I reckon. Got any luggage?"

"Only this," and Bushnell held up the grip he carried in his hand. "All right. Pile in. You're the only

passenger." Bushnell "piled in" accordingly. Jim clambered to the front seat, clucked to the horses, and they were off. The road for the first few miles wound through a wood of stately pines, and Bushnell lay back in his seat and took great breaths of the fragrant air, and felt his pulse beating with renewed vigor. Up and up climbed the coach toward the "notch," a mere dent in the chain of mountains, and the air grew cool and bracing. A brook plashed along by the side of the road, and Bushnell remembered with peculiar vividness of paper covered with figures toward how many trout he had caught in it when he was a boy. He felt his hands itching to get hold of a pole liabilities," and he leaned back in his again, and the nostalgia of asphalt and crowded streets, which had been on him for the past two years, slip-

> The sun was dipping behind the range of hills in the west, as they reached the summit of the notch, and stopped to get a drink from the spring which bubbled from beneath a great rock at the roadside. An old fruit can was the only drinking vessel, but Bushnell took a long draught of the sparkling water. He felt his brain clearing, his nerves growing steadler, and the great city, with its crush of money-hunters, seemed very far away.

The horses felt their way cautiously down into the valley on the other side of the ridge, and sped through the dusk toward home. The noises of the night began to sound from the wood on either hand-the croaking of the frogs, the chirping of the crickets. How long it had been since he had heard them! It almost seemed as if they were welcoming him back. The air seemed charged with electricity. Now they were near the Schoharle, and its waters danced with phosphorescence as they plashed noisily over the stones. Surely this was better music than that of the ticker, and Bushnell breathed a sigh of thankfulness that he had left the up-

roar of the street far behind. At last he saw the twinkling lights hich told him that he was near his journey's end. They danced and brightened and grew larger. A dog barked, and two or three women came to the doors to see the coach go by But Bushnell was looking through the window up toward the hillside. His

heart leaped as he saw a light there. "Jim," he said, suddenly, "let me down here. Take my bag on to the house and tell them I'll be there in the course of half an hour."

The driver pulled up his horses without a word, and watched Bushis the statement you wish posted?" up the hillside. And when he clucked "Yes," answered Bushnell, "that's to his horses again, there was a light

Bushnell climbed steadily upward along the path. The unaccustomed I'm beginning to feel run down, with exercise made him breathe quickly, the accursed worry. I'll not be need- but in a moment he saw the house standing out against the sky, its windows warm and light. How well he "No. I can attend to everything, I knew the path. His throat contract think," and the lawyer folded the ed queerly as he went on toward it. and his heart leaped suddenly for he saw something white running toward him.

"Oh, Tom!" cried a girl's voice, and in an instant she was in his arms. For a moment he could not speak. He could only gaze down into her upturned eyes. And as she looked up at him, she saw the cloud upon his face and drew quickly away.

"What is it. Tom?" she asked. 'What has happened?" He dropped her hands, with a feel-

ing that he had no right to hold them. "The worst that could happen," he answered, bitterly. "I have playedand lost."

"Lost?" she echoed.

"Yes. lost." "Do you mean that you have failed?" she asked, coming closer to him, her face suddenly white.

"That's it. Failed. For every doltar I'm worth." She put her hands upon his arm and he could feel them trembling.

"Tom, tell me," she whispered, "did you lose it all-theirs as well as other lines could have no place on

He laughed, but with a touch of "It's not quite so bad as that. I brand.

The color came back into her face

"Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "So

"It doesn't matter," he said, "not

hera. Not a bit." Ant the teaves of the trees and the waters of the brook seemed to catch up the words and send them echoing up and down the varley.

"It doesn't matter, not here. Not a bit." For a moment she stood so, look-

ing at him. "It was a dream," she said, at last, very softly. "Only a dream. Forget it, dear. This is the awakening. Is it not a sweet one, Tom?"-New York Independent.

## OUR GREATEST BALLAD WRITER. Stephen Foster's Songs Have Stood the Test of Years.

"But one American writer of popular songs who made a business of writing songs for a living has ever succeeded in striking a chord that continues to vibrate irrespective of the passing of years," says the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine. That writer was Stephen Collins Foster.

"He has been in his grave for more than forty-five years, but 'Old Black Joe,' 'Old Uncle Ned' and the 'Old Folks at Home' appear to be immortal. These, like 'My Old Kentucky Home, 'Hard Times Come Again No More, 'We are Coming, Father Abraham,' and at least a score of others by the same author have become true folk songs-a part of the thought, sentiment and life of the people.

"Foster was born near Pittsburg July 4, 1826, and made his first attempt at composition just thirteen years later. When he was only 16 he published the song 'Open Thy Lattice, Love.' Returning to Pittsburg after a few years in Cincinnati he fell in with a musical club and one night sang a song of his own composition-Louisiana Belle'-for the entertainment of the club members. Its success in the clubroom was so great that the author next produced some of the songs he had composed while in Cincinnati, among them being 'Un-

cle Ned' and 'O Susanna.' "These were communicated by word of mouth throughout the city, and became general favorites. Encouraged by the measure of local success, he published 'Uncle Ned' in 1847, but received nothing for it. 'O Susanna' was published soon afterward, and

for it the author was paid \$100. "The check received for 'O Susanna' caused him to embark upon the rather precarious vocation of song writer, and for a time his productions were turned out with astonishing rapidity, meeting with a sale that at that period was unparalleled. Of the 'Old Folks at Home' 300,000 copies were sold, from which the author received \$15,000 in commissions.

"Many think that this was the most popular song that has ever been day as it was before it lost its novelty. Many of the songs were translated into all the languages of Europe and some of those of Asia and Africa.

"The last three years of his life were spent in New York, where he died in 1864. 'Old Folks at Home' was sung as his coffin was lowered into the grave."

Politicians as Playwrights.

That virile and versatile Frenchman, ex-Premier Clemenceau, seizes the opportunity of release from the shackles of office to indulge himself, and perhaps his people, by playwriting. The percentage of dramas on politics, by persons who know the political game from the inside, is small. In this country the process of making a playwright out of a statesman has not been tried, but Augustus Thomas and George Ade, who have used the art of writing for the stage as a stepping stone to political ambition, would like to reverse Clemen-

ceau's scheme. There is small doubt that Roosevelt or La Follette could have written a better political drama than George Broadhurst has turned out in "The Man of the Hour." La Follette has seen and felt so much of the contemporary strife that it is a pity his relaxation does not take the form of building a fine play out of his interesting knowledge. It would use up less of his time than the Chautauqua lecture tours, and if it was a success would quickly bring him into the fortune he has not had time to pursue. Like La Follette, Bryan has the dramatic instinct. He missed being an actor by a close margin, but he can still be a playwright.-New York Press.

Sailor's Trousers.

The American sailor's trousers are made on the baggy pattern for reasons of convenience and cleanliness. They are, in fact, a marine institution. A pair of trousers cut on any a warship. The ditty bag in which Jack carries his worldly possessions would have no room for any other

Ask any sallorman you chance to you that the wide-legged trousers stand not only for convenience and cleanliness, but comfort as well, They are est exactly the same width the knee up, the simple reason beto shed his footgear and turn up his about you, Tom," she said, still hold- trousers to the knee. The wide let The station at Shandakin, a long, ing him with one hand. "It is a is turned up evenly to the hip, and when turned down again the cloth will not be wrinkled or put out of shape, as would be the case if the tom.-New York Times.



A SUPPER DISH. A nice supper dish is one of potted peef and mashed sweet potatoes thoroughly mixed together, moulded in the form of croquettes and fried in outter. The mixture should be seasoned with salt and pepper and the mashed sweet potatoes entirely freed from lumps. Use about one-third potted beef to two-thirds sweet potato. Fry the croquettes until a rich brown and take care that they do not burn .- New York Tribune.

SHAD CROQUETTES. Flaks the remains of yesterday's fiah into bits; there should be about a cupful of this. Cream together a tablespoon of flour and one of butter, and stir into a cupful of hot milk; stir till this thickens, then pour gradually upon the beaten yolk of an egg. Mix well, add the flaked fish, season to taste and turn into a platter to cool and stiffen. When it is cold and firm mould into small croquettes, roll first in cracker dust, then in beaten egg, then again in cracker dust. Set in a cool place for two hours, then fry in deep lard brought slowly to a boil. Serve with sliced lemon.—Boston Post.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE. One-third box gelatine or one and one-third tablespoons of granulated gelatine, one-third cup cold water, one-third cup boiling water, one cup sugar three tablespoons lemon juice, one cup of orange juice and pulp. whites of three eggs, whip from two cups cream; soak the gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, strain and add sugar and fruit juices and pulp; chill in pan of ice water until quite thick, then beat with whisk until frothy. Then add the stiffly beaten egg whites and fold in the cream; line a melon mould with sections of oranges: turn in the mixture smooth, evenly and chill.-Boston Post.

MALVINA PUDDING. Put one-half pint of grated bread crumbs in a pudding dish, add the grated rind of one-half a lemon, mix the yolks of two eggs with one pint of milk, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and pour it over the bread crumbs. Let it stand thirty minutes. Then place it in the oven to bake until firm to the touch. In the meantime place one-half pint of cranberries in a saucepan, add one-half gill of water and boil until tender, thea add one gill of sugar, boil three miautes, then set aside to cool. When the pudding is done and cold, put the cranberries over the top, then beat written, and it is just as popular to the two whites of the eggs to a stiff froth spread it over the cranberries sprinkle over a little sugar and serve.-Boston Post.

INDIAN MEAL DISHES.

There has been quite a return to nourishing Indian meal as a food. The yellow Indian meal is the kind used. It is made into puddings of all kinds and served for luncheon or

dinner. One of the best of these baked puddings is as follows: Take one pint of yellow Indian meal and s'ir into it a quart of milk, which should be boiling hot. Melt slowly onequarter pound of butter and mix !t

with a pint of molasses. Stir this gradually into the meal, flavoring the mixture with nutmeg and the grated rind of a lemon.

Then let it stand until it is partly cool, when six eggs are stirred in which have already been well beaten. The batter is poured into a buttered pudding dish and baked for two used to.

calls for two cups of milk, two of and threw dozens of clothespins down cornmeal, two eggs, two tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of beaf suet rubbed fine.

suet. This is set aside to cool.

whipped egg are beaten in and stir- embrace also. red vigorously. This is boiled in a prownbread mold for four hours

One must be sure to leave room in the mold for the pudding to swell It is served with hard sauce,

posed to be more palatable than the other. It is made in the same man people who do brave deeds and who the boiled pudding, but raisins and currants are added.

cleaned currants well dredged with calm, and think what is the wisest flour is stirred into the pudding just thing to do and how to keep others before it is put in the mold .- American Cultivator.

HINTS.

custard, is boiled and cooled before San Francisco Call. adding it to the beaten eggs, the custard will never curdle.

To remove iodine, rub lard thoroughly into the spot and allow it to remain for several hours. Then wash in cold water and naphtha soap first and afterwards in hot water. The spot will disappear

entirely. When sewing silk is used on a machine it often becomes unwound and tightens about the spool spindle, causing the silk to break. This can be overcome by cutting a round hole in a small piece of flannel or felt and placing this shield on the spindle before putting on the spool

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A LESSON IN SELF-CONTROL. One day Janie was down in the yard helping mamma to hang out the clothes. To be sure, Janie wasn't big enough to help very much. She souldn't lift even one end of the heavy basket. But she could hand namma the towels and small pieces, one at a time, and pick up clothespins that dropped and be ready to run errands. She enjoyed helping mamma as much as she could, if she wasn't very big, and she meant to

help still more when she was older. Pretty soon they heard baby May aughing the merriest little laugh. They had left her asleen unstairs. and there were so many folks in the louse that they thought she would be well taken care of. But papa was ousy in the kitchen, thinking Polly would play with baby when she swoke, while Dear and Polly, thinking big sister was in charge, had zone off to carry out certain plans of their own.

So as often happens, what was verybody's business proved to be nobody's business, and here was baby May standing all by herself, away up at the head of the long, back stairs, throwing down clothespins as fast as she could. What fun the was having! Every time she threw one down she stood on her tip-toes and lurched forward until it seemed as though she would surely follow it down the long flight. How she laughed and crowed at the bouncing, rattling noise they made!

But mamma and Janie did not feel at all like laughing. Janie would have screamed out in terror when she saw the precious baby in such danger, but one look from mamma's white face made her stop before she began.

"Hush!" said mamma quietly. 'Not a word, not a sound of fear." Then, as fast as she could without startling baby, she hurried across the vard and up the stairs, talking cheerliy to little May all the while, calling ner all the pet names in the dictionary of baby talk, just as she was

Baby thought it was all a part of There is also another recipe which the game, and crowed and shouted, on her smiling mamma. She didn't know what a prayer there was behind that smile, nor that those arms To this is added a half teaspoon were opened wide to catch her if she each of sugar and ground cinnamon | should fall before the stair top was It is best to put a pinch of soda in reached. At last she was caught up the milk and heat it until it is boil and hugged close to a heart full of ing, then stir in the meal, salt and thanksgiving, and Janie, feeling rather limp after those moments of sus-When cold, the spice, sugar and pense, was glad to creep into that

"Little daughter," said mamma, 'learn self-control from this experience. If you or I had cried out of frightened baby by letting her see that we were frightened, she would The pudding with fruit in it is sup have started and fallen down those long stairs, without a doubt. . The ner and with the same ingredients as save lives are not the ones who scream the minute anything goes wrong. A man or woman, or even A cupful of seeded raisins and a little child, can stay brave and from becoming frightened, and so be very, very helpful. But one who screams and behaves foolishly does no good at all, and may do very great If the milk that is to be added to harm by frightening other people."-

> Average Death Age. Dr. Ray, the medical officer for the Dorchester rural district, has reported to the district council that the average age of death in the area of which he has charge is fifty-eight. The age is steadily rising, and people now on he average live fourteen years longer than they did in 1901, when the

tour .- London Standard. Remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle, that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune .- Marcus Aurelius.

average age at death was only forty-

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