

## THE HILLS.

By Wilson Jefferson.

The hills like giant soldiers stand  
In files against the sky,  
Flamed and battalioned and clothed  
In grace and majesty.

With trees as mighty bayonets  
To pat the clouds to flight,  
And grasses like spread nets to  
catch  
The dews and mists of night.

The stars are camp-lights gleaming  
far  
Above each rugged column,  
And leaves are epaulets astr  
Upon each shoulder solemn.

The streams that hasten to the  
plains  
With never-ceasing prattle  
Are scouts to tell the valley folk  
The hills will fight their battle;

For, when the winds arise and sweep  
From off far northern boulders,  
The faithful hill guard turns the blast  
With firm, defiant shoulders.

Through heat and cold or drenching  
rain,  
Through fair or cloudy weather,  
Though gume and epaulet are lost,  
They still stand bold together.  
—From the Christian Register.

## For Her.

By ANNA YORKE.

"Ah, she is a delight," Rand murmured, half aloud, as from the gate post he adoringly regarded little Margot. And she was indeed a delight to look upon, there in the old garden, her pale yellow gown contrasting with the green of the foliage, the sun shining full upon her dark, uncovered hair. She was gathering flowers. Across one shapely arm drooped a mass of long stemmed tea roses, which, beautiful as they were, looked almost colorless beside little Margot's cheeks, deeply flushed from stooping and from the many thorn pricks which her slender fingers were sustaining.

At last she had enough and stood erect. Rand smiled in anticipation of the moment when she would turn around and see him. How surprised she would be, thinking him hundreds of miles away! He was totally unprepared for what happened when she did see him. The roses dropped from her arm, the color vanished from her cheeks and there was no welcoming smile in her eyes. Instead there was an expression of dazed incredulity that perplexed Rand beyond measure. He hurried forward thinking her about to fall, but she waved him back.

"You—you—dared to come—here!" she gasped, angrily. "You mean to intrude yourself upon him now when you must know that he is helpless and—dying!" The last word came with difficulty. "Oh, you are much worse even than I thought you!"

"Why, little Margot, I am sure I don't understand—"

"Don't presume to address me!" She stamped one foot angrily upon the gravel path. "If my father dies, I shall hold you his murderer!" Rand shrank back aghast and lifted one hand appealingly. "Yes, his murderer! You are responsible for his condition. Not content with robbing him of his fortune, you could not even spare him his honor. Oh, I have heard all that was necessary to know what you are. My father trusted you and made you his partner, and in return for his kindness you squandered every cent of his money in that Dillingham affair, ruining him and even hinting that he had been dishonest in his dealings! But thank heaven he was able to show people how you lied. Oh, I've heard it all from his own lips! And to think of your having proposed marriage to me! Oh, I hate you!"

She turned and fled into the house unmindful of the roses strewn the path. Rand picked up one mechanically and placed it in his pocket, then followed her slowly. He was not perplexed now—little Margot had explained her attitude too well for that—but her denunciation staggered him and filled him with an overwhelming misery. He paused at the porch to gain control of himself, then rang the bell and gave his card to the servant who opened the door. She ushered him into the library, and bore his card up stairs, to return shortly with the announcement that "Mr. Wynne will see you, sir, but the nurse says you are to be very careful."

The old banker lay with his eyes closed as if in sleep, and Rand, looking at his wan face, was startled at the change in him. He tiptoed softly to the bedside and touched the withered hand lying outside the coverlet. At his touch the dying man's eyes opened wide. "Rand," he gasped feebly, "have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, Mr. Wynne, I have, indeed," Rand assured him, his voice trembling with pity. "Long ago." And then he went on, quickly: "I came to tell you that I have been left a fortune, which I offer you to pay off the debts which we—"

"Which I incurred," put in the old man, huskily. "Oh, Rand, why have you taken all the blame of this thing? Why should you shield a miserable wretch like me? Why did you do it, Rand?"

"I did it for little Margot, Mr. Wynne. I thought it would break her heart to know of your disgrace, as she would inevitably, since even this little house would have to be sacrificed, and in order to make an inventory of your property they would have to come here—to this dear place—and they might say something, and, oh, it would kill her! On the other hand, here in this little village, where she never sees a city newspaper, I thought it possible that she would never know anything about the affair at all, if I took the blame. It was the better way, and Mr. Wynne—I love little Margot very dearly."

"Good Heaven, what a cure I am!" The old man sat up quickly, then overcame with pain, sank back again. "Oh, Rand, I didn't know. She did hear something about it—God knows how—and she came to me for an explanation, and I told her—I couldn't do otherwise, with her honest, startled eyes on me—that you did it."

"Yes, I know," Rand said quietly. "I saw her—in the garden."

Suddenly the old man touched the bell which had been placed near him to call the nurse. The latter appeared almost instantly. "Miss Nelson, I wish to have my daughter sent here immediately." The nurse noted with alarm his unnaturally bright eyes and the increased pallor of his face, yet instinctively she went to obey him. He watched her go, then writhed suddenly in intense physical agony, after which he lay quite still. Little Margot came then and stood, hesitating, in the doorway. Rand said nothing, respecting her wish not to be spoken to by him, and she swiftly crossed the room to her father's side.

Suddenly she sobbed in terror, for a glance revealed the fact that he was dead. For a moment she stared in awful despair at the lifeless face, then turned, straggled calm, towards Rand, who longed to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"There is nothing else you can do to him now, murderer, so you had better go." Her tone was icy. Rand watched her dumbly as she turned again to her dead. For a wild moment he would have told her all—she was so very, very dear to him—then, without a word, he did her bidding.—Boston Post

## NOVELS, LONG AND SHORT.

English Plan for Shorter Stories—Length of Some Old Ones.

A plan to shorten novels to an average length of about fifty thousand words and to sell them to the general public mainly through the large department houses, for 50 cents apiece, is being put forward again both in this country and Great Britain.

The idea is bound to fail, as far as the length of novels is concerned. An arbitrary measure of fifty thousand words or of any other number can not be fixed for what should be a work of art. Novels differ as widely as pictures in scale, and nearly all that have lasted for many years are long.

"Don Quixote" has about 600,000 words; "Tom Jones" about 500,000; "Vanity Fair," esteemed by many the best novel in the English language, about 500,000, and all the other important Thackeray novels, except "Henry Esmond," are nearly as long. With a few exceptions the Dickens novels contain about 400,000 words apiece. Neither Thackeray nor Dickens was at heart a historical novelist, and when they undertook work of this kind they ran out quickly.

George Eliot needed at least 300,000 words to tell a story; George Sand used nearly a half million in her masterpiece, "Consuelo"; Dumas spent a quarter of a million on "The Three Musketeers" and three-quarters of a million on its two sequels, "Twenty Years After" and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne." "Les Misérables" stretches out to 650,000 words; Tolstoy tells the fall of "Anna Karenina" in 400,000, and he puts 700,000 in "War and Peace." The famous Polish trilogy of Sienkiewicz exceeds a million words.

Almost the only instance of a short novel of the very first rank is "The Scarlet Letter," which is but 75,000 words. However, there are only four or five characters in it and the action is brief. It may be that the novelists of the present day are not able to produce great effects because they must write for the passing moment, and by the time they get acquainted with their own characters they are compelled to bid them farewell.—New York World.

## The Right to Plunder.

If one is interested in the study of human nature, he may learn a great deal about it from a study of the trusts. He can see men who would not think of going into an alley and waiting for a man to pass, to knock him in the head and rob him, as cruelly taking people's money away from them through a trust. It is one way of making peace with your conscience and your God. There are lots of men in the churches who would be ashamed to look their fellows in the face if they were to rob them, yet by hiding behind a creature of the law, a trust, they can rob their fellows and still look those fellows in the face without blushing. It simply shows what men will do when they can do it without running any risk of getting in the penitentiary, and while still retaining the respect of their fellows.—Dayton News.



## WAISTLINES GO DOWN.

The waistline will come this season just where it belongs, writes Grace Margaret Gould in the Woman's Home Companion. The defining of the normal waistline is now a feature of the new fashions.

About the only exception to this is in the Russian blouse coats, where oftentimes the loose belt hangs well below the waist. The dresses in the Moyon Age effect will still appeal to the popular trade, but they are no longer high style. Among the good-looking dresses showing the Moyon Age effect are those made of a combination of heavy and sheer linen—the bodice portion of the heavy linen and the lower plaited skirt portion of sheer linen. In these dresses, which are made with a gümpe, the sleeves and gümpe are of the same sheer linen as the plaited skirt.

Sashes will be much worn, not only around the normal waist, but as a skirt trimming defining a flounce, or in-tance, and tying at the back just above the knees.

The sleeves, which were in our new gowns last spring, will only be presentable this year after remodeling. Sleeves are growing shorter and the tendencles, are all toward the banishing of the long sleeve for warm weather. For general everyday wear many odified bishop sleeves will be worn, these, of course, in the long length. But the majority of the new sleeves end just below the elbow, where they are finished with a fascinating little undersleeve, frequently in the form of a very small, filmy puff. Sleeves with a cap effect are in style, and they vary greatly in length, some are not more than two inches long and others reach half-way down the arm. The little white undersleeve is a most noticeable feature of the new sleeves. Sometimes it protrudes only for a couple of inches below an upper colored sleeve, both of which are finished with nothing more elaborate than a half-inch hem or a little bias self-facing. The majority of the sleeves are extremely plain and inconspicuous.

Perhaps that is the reason why the new braçets, many of them in antique design, are so very elaborate, making a striking contrast to the plain sleeves.

## THE WEDDING RING.

In the Isle of Man the wedding ring was formerly used as an instrument of torture. Cyril Davenport in his book on "Jewelry" remarks that there once existed a custom in that island according to which an unmarried girl who had been offended by a man could bring him to trial and if he were found guilty she would be presented with a sword, a rope, and a ring. With the sword she might cut off his head; with the rope she might hang him, or with the ring she might marry him. It is said that the latter punishment was that invariably inflicted.

The wedding ring, which was tolerated by the Methodists, was anathema to the early Puritans, who regarded personal adornment as one of the many snares of Satan. Wesley, who was a High Churchman, probably recognized its symbolical value. In the old English marriage service it was the custom for the bridegroom to put the ring on the thumb of his bride, saying, "In the name of the Father," then on the next finger, saying, "and the Son," then on the third finger, saying, "and of the Holy Ghost," finally on the fourth finger, with the word, "Amen."

The ring was left there because, as the Sarum rubric says, "a vein proceeds thence to the heart." In the modern marriage service the ring is placed at once upon the third finger, the invocation to the Trinity being understood.

The wedding ring was the only form of jewelry permitted to the early Methodists, and there are people still living who recall how no longer than forty years ago they were reproved by old Methodist ministers for breaking the rules of membership which forbade (and technically still forbid) Methodists to wear gold, jewels, or costly apparel; but with the courtesy John Wesley knew when to ignore breaches of his own regulations.

In visiting a house one of the preachers drew Wesley's attention to the host's daughter, who was wearing several jeweled rings; but instead of the rebuke which his preacher sought to evoke Wesley only gravely and gently remarked, "A very beautiful hand."—London Chronicle.

## FEMININE VANITIES.

Little ruffles to take the place of the deep flounce are one of the returns to ancient styles. They are used on the bottom of silk and gauze frocks.

Velvet and silk the color of the material are to be more used this winter than for years as trimmings in the way of collars, cuffs, girdles, waistcoats, etc., for wool dresses.

One clever girl buys two invisible hair nets, puts one over the fluffed out portion of her back hair, fastening it with a barrette, and the other over her front hair, and thus keeps her tresses from tossing untidily about. The nets are put on so loosely that their fine threads mingle with her hair and do not show.

Girls who wear their hair low

have taken to pinning the loose ends of their short chiffon veils on to the knot of hair at the back of their heads. They use pretty bar pins for this purpose.

Glass cases containing artificial hair are now a feature of some millinery parlors. The little curls, puffs and rolls are placed on the customer's head in the chinks left to be filled up by some of the queer hats we buy now.

Much tulle is used in the new millinery. Not a few youthful looking hats of the toque order have long folds to match, sweeping from the back and brought around like strings to tie under the chin in a huge fluffy bow.—Indianapolis News.

## THE OLD-TIME "BANG."

While the bang is back, it, like most revivals, would scarcely be recognized by its forerunners of the late eighties.

No longer does one make herself a fright with the severely plain fringe of hair completely concealing the forehead and looking as if it had been cut around a crock, says the Chicago Tribune.

The modern bang is a loose, frizzy fringe of curls worn along the top of the forehead to soften the effect of masses of braided hair. Sometimes it is worn under the ribbon fillet, indeed should be if the wearer consults becomingness.

As most women object to cutting their own hair to suit a passing fashion, no one should venture playfully to pull his lady love's curl that hangs in the middle of the forehead. To his mortification and her rage the fringe and the girl may part company.

For women with big foreheads and hair scant on the temples the bang is a boon, as it is undeniably becoming and softens the face.

## KEEP SENTIMENT.

Life without sentiment is as insipid as a savory without salt. Yet when people marry they usually "settle down," which means they endeavor to look at everything from the common-sense point of view, and forswear all the delightful nonsense which they indulged in when they were sweethearts.

Is it that rent, taxes, butcher, baker, and candlestick maker usurp the place given to romance? Or is it that people always grow staler as they grow older?

Is it possible that the wife cares less for love than the sweetheart used to do? Not in her heart of hearts, I believe. But once surrounded by it, she grows unconscious of it, and imagines it no longer of supreme importance, even making the blunder of fancying it can be done without. Familiarity breeds contempt, and so she lightly prizes love to her own undoing.

Stick fast to the high ideals of courting days; don't let yourself be persuaded they are foolish or old-fashioned; don't, when love becomes a daily certainty, fancy sentiment can be dispensed with, or you will wake up with a start one of these fine days and find to your cost that the future which promised to be so fair is stretching blank and desolate before you, and that your husband, or your wife, as the case may be, bears no resemblance to the sweetheart of years gone by.—New Haven Register.

## ONLY SEVENTEEN IN DOG ORDER.

The Brotherhood of Hero Dogs is a novel institution, but it already has an interesting history, which has been incorporated into the form of a book, to be sold for the benefit of the Animals' Hospital. Founded by Mrs. de Courcy Laffan, with her white Pomeranian, Royal Edward, as president, the order has an honor list of seventeen members, and while animal lovers in all parts of the country are submitting candidates for membership, due care is exercised to see that only worthy dogs are admitted to the brotherhood. Pedigree and breeding are worthless as qualifications for election, but any dog that is proved to have performed a conspicuously heroic act has his name inscribed in the records of the brotherhood without delay and is presented with a silver collar, which is the official badge of honorable membership. The first issue of Mrs. Laffan's book contains the life history and portrait of each of the seventeen charter members.—New York Press.

## RIBBON FOR MRS. VANDERBILT.

It is said on the best authority that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt will be decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honor by the French Government at the next announcement of enrollments and promotions. Some such recognition of the generous activity Mrs. Vanderbilt has shown in charitable works in Paris long has been urged by the more prominent philanthropists in the French capital, but hitherto the Government has shown persistent reluctance to extending its high honors to an American woman. Mrs. Vanderbilt permits social engagements to take up only a small proportion of her time, and her charitable interests are widespread. The most conspicuous of her good works probably is the new hospital she recently established in Paris, entirely at her own expense, which is said to be one of the most perfectly equipped in the world.—New York Press.

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## SIT IN THIS CHAIR, AND PRESTO! YOU'RE WED.

Miss Todd is Seventh Assistant Editor of the Express to Marry in Three Years.

Lydia Todd is married, says a dispatch from Winsted, Conn., to the New York World. Everybody knew she would be, as soon as she got a job as assistant editor on the Thomas Weekly Express, Frank Etheridge, editor and publisher.

There are only three chairs in the sanctum of the Weekly Express—the editor's chair, the chair that guests sit in when they come in to see the editor if he would not rather have cabbage instead of real money for last year's subscription, and the magic matrimonial chair.

Etheridge cannot keep an assistant editor because of the spell that chair throws over them. Seven occupants of it have up and married within three years. It is an arm-chair with arms that fit close around the waist and has a nice back cushion with a picture of a man handing flowers over a wall to a girl.

The editor-in-chief did not suspect the chair at first. He thought that his troubles were due to the fact that the assistant editors always had to read the spring poetry and the verses about love that were contributed by Thomaston poets.

But one week the editor broke his own chair by falling on the back of it suddenly when an old subscriber came in to pay for three years in advance. As there was a vacancy in the assistant editorship due to a recent marriage Etheridge took the vacant chair while his was being repaired. He had not sat in it three days before he went and got married himself. Then he knew what the trouble was and wrote a piece for his own paper about the chair.

Ever since the story of the chair became known many maids in Thomaston have been standing in line waiting for the next vacancy.

Miss Todd, the latest assistant editor, went to New York on Christmas Day and was married in the "Little Church Around the Corner" to William B. St. John, a foreman in the cloak factory in Thomaston.

## CASTAWAYS IN FROZEN LAND.

How the crew and passengers of the ship Farallon were saved is told by J. E. Thwaites, mail clerk of the wrecked steamer in a dispatch from Seward, Alaska. He says:

"We had one passenger to land at Hiamna Bay, where we arrived early on January 5. In a blinding snow-storm the steamer struck a reef a mile off shore. The Farallon hit the reef at high water. When the tide receded she was caught amidships on the rocks.

"Down the icy sides of the ship we lowered ourselves to the small boats. They were tossed about by cakes of ice. The shore could be seen dimly through the snow. We could hear the roar of the surf and the reports, as of cannon, when ice cakes were hurled against the rocks. It seemed for a time that we should be unable to land because of the high surf. At last we discovered a small cove that offered some shelter, and landed safely. A more desolate region could not have been imagined.

"The sailors put the passengers and supplies ashore, and then turned back to the Farallon, from which they took sails, tarpaulins, baggage, mails, provisions and mattresses. When night came the outlook was disheartening. The wind increased in bitterness. Fire was made from driftwood dug out of the ice and snow. We had no lights. We got water for the coffee by melting snow. We ate our meal of coffee, bacon and frozen bread in gloomy silence.

"On subsequent days we made trips to the wreck and brought off material with which we constructed stoves and other conveniences."

## MYSTERY.

"What kind of a story are you reading?"  
"It's a mystery story."  
"What's the mystery?"  
"The fact that anybody consented to publish it."—Washington Star.

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