

THE COMMON FATE OF ALL THINGS RARE.

(By Harriet Prescott Spofford.)
What is it to grow old? To fare
With gathering silver in the hair,

To see each morning in the glass
A gray and weary specter pass
Across the face of youth—ah me,

What is it, being old? To feel
Slow faltering through the footsteps
steal;

To note the faint obscuring sense
Make daylight dull and darkness
dense.

When sunsets glow, when stars burn
cold,
When purple mists the woodland fold,

The heart with ancient memory break,
When waves sing up the shore, to
know

That these were joys long, long ago;
To see the parent passing by,
To long for death, and dread to die!

The compensation? 'Tis to wait
Close, close upon the outer gate
That tops the last and utmost heights

And guards the country of delight,
The land already seen in gleams,
The land of all our lovely dreams,

Between us and the vast unknown.
Grown old, to feel more warmly shine
Love that can only be divine;

To be no more a leaf wind-driven,
But daily drawing nearer heaven!
—Youth's Companion.

THE SCISSORS OF FATE

BY Lora Winsor Freeman

Gorham James looked at his watch
while his team halted at the foot of
the last hill they must traverse be-
fore reaching home.

"There's no use in trying to buck
against bad luck," said the success-
ful gambler as he sat down his glass
of vichy and milk.

"Are you hurt badly?" Gorham
asked, "for I've got to life you into
the wagon and take you home with
me."

"Hur-rt! oh, very badly; it was the
automobile of the mad people who
raced; yes, I am hurt very badly!"

"Such a get-up," she exclaimed,
"why it looks as if he might have
borrowed or stolen from everyone
he came across—nothing matches."

"They decided that unless he grew
worse they would keep his presence a
secret, so doubtful were his antec-
edents, and for the next week Rosa
Miranda parried questions about the
queer smell of antiseptics and her big
washing on the line, and why she
couldn't go to the meeting of the Re-
bekahs. Gorham finally persuaded her
to drive down with some neighbors,

for his mind was heavy with fore-
bodings, and he wanted to ask his
strange guest, who was now mending
rapidly, just what manner of man he
might be. Gorham had found un-
known to Rosa Miranda a little
chamois bag of jewels and some queer
tools of fine steel among the man's
effects and he thought that they had
a professional burglar under their
roof without much doubt.

According to Rules.
The monotony of the postal of-
ficial's daily routine is frequently
broken by the peculiar whims and
caprices of eccentric members of the
public with whom he is from time to
time brought in contact.

A lady once sent to her son a pair
of trousers by book post, which is,
of course, cheaper than parcel post.
The postal officials wrote to her,
"Clothes cannot be sent by book post.
If you will refer to the 'Post-office
Guide' you will see under what con-
ditions articles may be sent by book
post." After a few days, the lady re-
plied: "I have looked in the 'Post-
office Guide' and find that articles
which are open at both ends may be
sent by book post. And if trousers
are not open at both ends, I should
like to know what is."—London An-
swers.

A GOOD WORK.
A subscriber tells of what one wom-
an did to improve the life of the wom-
en in her village. She says:
"A newly married couple both col-
lege bred, sought a home in Montana
in a tiny railroad town. They had
books and papers, youth and love. This

she would leave the house she made
Gorham pack up grandmother James'
silver and her own little trinkets and
go with her to hide them in the
cellar.

"You never can tell," was all she
said, but the truth of this one re-
mark Gorham hadn't the grit to deny.

"You must tell me what I can do
to repay you for all your kindness,"
he said at once. "I must get away
from here as soon as possible now,
for there are people looking for me—
they would give much to get
hold of me just now!" He eyed Gor-
ham to see if that stolid individual
was impressed.

"You can go as soon as you're able,"
Gorham answered shortly, "but why
should you run away from people—
what have you done anyway?"

"Done!" demanded the little
Frenchman rising up in bed, his hair
and mustache bristling indignantly,
"done—I have disappointed the ladies,
who thought me a king among
men, a genius, the only one who
can create what they want!"

Gorham looked at him dazedly. "Lit-
tle prig," he thought. "What can
woman see in him?" But he said
nothing, and the little Frenchman
went on excitedly:

"I had promised to design Miss Van-
dermint's trousseau, and there is a
leading woman at one of the theat-
res who relies on me for something
startling—original—for her next pro-
duction. Why, even the Wickershams
who were entertaining me at their
house on Ocean avenue are no doubt
driven frantic by my continued ab-
sence. Yet what can we do but bow
gracefully to Fate?"

While he smirked and preened him-
self, Gorham's mind reverted swiftly
to the night he had picked up the
stranger, to his own thought of Rosa
Miranda's sagging skirt, and it occur-
ed to him that Fate or Providence
or whatever you might wish to call
it, had played a happy prank in bring-
ing this man to his door and placing
in his way the means to make Rosa
Miranda look like the women he saw
promenading the city streets when he
made his weekly trip. He vowed she
would outshine them all if she had a
fair show.

"Then you're a man dressmaker!"
he ejaculated at last, when his dazed
senses comprehended that he was
expected to speak.

"Without waiting for a reply he dart-
ed from the room, only to return in a
moment with Rosa Miranda's best
black silk dress dangling from his
arms. He threw it on the bed.

"For mercy's sake then," he im-
plored, "just see what you can do
with that! You must have seen it all
along—the sag, I mean—and if you'll
make her look just right there won't
be any talk of debt between us."

"Good!" said the little Frenchman.
"It shall be done—and now scissors!"

Just before midnight Gorham pre-
ceded Rosa Miranda sheepishly down
the cellar stairs while she held the
lamp that he might bring up the sil-
ver and restate it. Then peace set-
tled over the house of James.—Bos-
ton Post.

Philosophy of Luck.
"There's no use in trying to buck
against bad luck," said the success-
ful gambler as he sat down his glass
of vichy and milk.

"I've been gambling all my life,
and I rarely lose. Why? Because
I never take a chance against bad
luck. Luck is bound to be either
with you or against you. You win
or you lose. The chances of break-
ing even are mighty slim. And who
wants to break even, anyhow?"

"Luck always runs in streaks. I
can generally dope out whether I am
going to be lucky or not, and when I
know it isn't my time to win I sim-
ply don't play. How do I know?"

Well, I have a little system of my
own, and I don't mind letting you in
on it. Before I sit into a game I try
out my luck in the seclusion of my
apartment. I take a deck of
cards and start to play solitaire. Can-
field against an imaginary banker. In
five or six deals I can get an idea
whether luck is with me at that par-
ticular time or not. If the cards are
running consistently against me I
stop and spend the evening at the
theatre, or chinning around the ho-
tel lobbies. No game for me that
night. On the other hand, if I see
the cards are running my way I get
into a game, and seldom quit a loser.

It may sound foolish, but take my
word for it, it's a pretty good dope to
go by.—New York Times.

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WOMAN

PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

The time was when a woman knew
so little of business, and was, in ad-
dition, supposed to have a mind so in-
capable of grasping its details, that a
man rarely thought of talking over
business matters with her. Such
things were supposed to be outside of
her realm.

But this conditions has changed.
Women have shown today that they
are quite capable of mastering busi-
ness. Indeed, in some lines they are
proving better than men. So that this
objection is largely removed.

But this does not decide the ques-
tion however, whether it is wise for
a man to consult his wife about his
business affairs. For this is an indi-
vidual matter and the rule that ap-
plies generally will not always hold
good for the individual case.

Despite the fact that there is a host
of successful women in almost all
lines of business, there is still the
woman who knows almost nothing
about business and is incapable of
grasping its details or absolutely in-
different to them. The man who is
married to this sort of woman will find
it of little use to talk over his busi-
ness affairs with her. She could not
give him advice or suggestions that
would be of any value. All she cares
about his business, as a rule, is that
it shall make enough money for him
to be able to gratify her needs and
whims.

Again, some women there are who
might be capable of giving good,
sound, helpful suggestions, yet who
would be really incapable of keeping
their husbands' business matters sec-
ret. It would be impossible for them
not to tell at least something of them
to their best friend, if to nobody else.
This might do no harm and again it
might. The man with a wife of this
sort needs to be careful as to how he
consults her about his business.

Again, a man, especially if he is em-
ployed by another, may not be at li-
berty to tell business affairs, no matter
how much he may desire his wife's
help and advice.

But when a man has a practical,
sensible woman for a wife who has a
good business head and can keep a
secret if necessary, he is wise indeed
to share all his business plans with
her. Such a woman can be most help-
ful.

Not only are two heads better than
one, but a woman has an entirely dif-
ferent viewpoint of life and the world
from a man's. She can tell him things
and give him ideas of which he knows
nothing. She speaks from a realm of
which he has no cognizance. A woman,
too, has a head for details, for econ-
omy, for little things that seem too
trifling to a man often to consider, yet
which may be the very things that
will count most for his success. All
her training for generations has been
in this direction and these things
come to her almost intuitively.

The right kind of a woman can be of
the utmost help to a man in his busi-
ness. And it adds much to the happi-
ness of a wife of this sort to be con-
sulted. She feels that they are indeed
partners. She rejoices in being of
help to him in this field, in being con-
sidered as his equal in such matters.
It makes her feel more truly a help-
meet, and the more a true woman can
be of service to her husband, the hap-
pier she is.—Barbara Boyd in the New
York Herald.

TO GIRLS WHO SING.
Harper's Bazar persuaded Mary
Garden, the great singer of the Man-
hattan Opera Company, to write an
article for girls who sing. Miss Gar-
den says among other things:

"I say to girls who come to me for
advice, face the situation squarely and
know that there is no end to your
work. So long as an artist is actively
engaged in her art she must still be
learning and working, for there is al-
ways something more that one can
learn. And she must be able to dis-
cover for herself what she needs for
her own case as she goes on. Last
summer I studied with a vocal teacher
in Paris who, I felt, could give me
something that I needed, something
that my voice required, and he did.
But I feel that I did not get all that
that particular teacher can give, and
so I shall go to him again next sum-
mer."

"The vocal student must find the
teacher for her individual needs. Of
course, in the very beginning she
must have every possible assurance
that she has selected one who will not
injure her voice, for the world on
both sides of the Atlantic is full of
teachers who not only hold out false
inducements and promises, but actual-
ly injure and even ruin a voice by in-
correct methods. But even among the
legitimate teachers there is a differ-
ence, and the individual voice requires
a certain amount of individual treat-
ment. What I mean is that an organ
correctly used for its own kind is not
necessarily used in precisely the same
way as another voice of a different
kind. There is not just one way that
is the right way for every one, as
some enthusiasts insist."

FASHION NOTES.
Wreaths of jeweled flowers are the
most favored for the bandeau form of
head dress.

Tulle and net are much used to
trim hats, forming the crowns of some
and huge bows upon others.

Linen coats made entirely of em-
brodery will be worn with the gown
or skirt of plain material.

Many of the collarless lingerie
blouses have delicate colorings of
mauve and blue added by hand.

Pearl-gray, apricot and tan-colored
gloves are fast favorites, white for
dressy afternoon wear.

Skirts with adaptations of the over-
skirt are in evidence among the new
styles.

Marquise will be as popular as
ever this season. It may be had plain
as well as figured, and in all shades
and colors.

young woman looked around her. She
saw the farmers' wives far from neigh-
bors, without means to procure books
and papers, passing weeks and some-
times months without any relief from
drudgery. They hailed with delight
the call of the dance and went many
miles with their husbands and little
ones to attend it. They had no church,
but the ever present saloon was there
and it bore its fruit. This young wom-
an did not wish to pose as a teacher
or missionary, for the people's train-
ing would have made them shy of her.
She posted notices in public places for
the effect that she had important news
for all the country women, and they
should meet her in the school house
Saturday evening. They met. She
found many of them, children in
knowledge. She read them simple
beautiful stories, and in a delicate way
she taught them how to care for
their children and homes. She gave
them seeds for flowers and vines. She
rejoiced in the work. The result? In a
few years, in the place of care-worn, sad
and hopeless faced women, she saw
them contented surrounded by happy
children and sober industrious hus-
bands.—Indiana Farmer.

MISS MOROSINI MAY RETRENCH.
Miss Giulia Morosini will not be
able to live in the same luxurious
style she affected when, about two
years ago, she calmly informed an in-
terviewer that a woman needed at
least \$200,000 a year to dress prop-
erly. On the death of her father, Gio-
vanni P. Morosini, the banker, it was
reported that the fortune he left was
far smaller than had been popularly
supposed, and the formal approval of
the trustee's accounting of his estate
by the Surrogate shows Miss Moro-
sini can count on the income from no
more than \$1,500,000. Snug little com-
petence though this might be to many
an unmarried woman, it cannot go far
with one who expects to spend \$200,
000 yearly on clothes alone. Miss Moro-
sini fares better than the other mem-
bers of her family, however, for her
two brothers get only the interest of
\$150,000 each; her sister, Victoria,
that of \$75,000, while Miss Ama-
lia Morosini was cut off with nothing.
Morosini quarreled with all his chil-
dren except Giulia because they mar-
ried according to their fancy instead
of following his advice in their love
affairs.—New York Press.

SCHOOLGIRLS IN SOCIETY.
A new variety of social affairs has
attained great favor in Washington
this winter—luncheons, receptions,
even dinners, for girls still in school.
The capital attracts girls from every
part of the United States through its
finishing schools. In New York it never
is considered proper to initiate a
schoolgirl into the mysteries of grown-
up society. But Washington looks on
the question much more leniently. It
has been entirely acceptable for wives
of Senators or members of the lower
house to ask all the girls from their
States to attend to social occasions. Some
schoolgirls have sat at table with
President Taft, and to be asked to
meet wives of Cabinet officials is no
uncommon event. Part of the latter-
day education in the capital seems to
take in social opportunities. This
phase appears to justify the remark of
Lady Durand, wife of a former British
Ambassador, that American girls come
out at six years old and remain belles
until they are past 60 years.—New
York Press.

HAPPY WITHOUT MONEY.
If you have learned to be rich with-
out money; if you have, by the cul-
tivation of your mental powers, gath-
ered to yourself a treasure of inde-
structible wealth; if, like the bee, you
have learned the secret of extracting
honey from the thistle as well as from
the rose, you will look upon your losses
as a mere incident, not so very im-
portant to the larger and fuller life.

It gives a sense of immense satisfac-
tion to think that there is some-
thing within us greater than the
wealth we acquire or our material pur-
suits; that there is something about
us better than our career, better than
living-getting money-getting, fame-
getting; that there is something which
will survive the fire, the flood, or the
tornado which sweeps away our
property, which will survive detrac-
tion, persecution, calumny; something
that will outlast even the dissolution
of the body itself—that is, nobility of
character, the sweetness and light
which have helped people, which have
made the world a little better place to
live in.—Indianapolis News.

THE BOSS OF THE PLACE.
"Yes," said the determined man,
"when that waiter resented the small-
ness of my tip I took the case to the
proprietor of the restaurant."

"And what did the proprietor do?"
"He gave the waiter some money
out of his own pocket and apologized
to him for having such a customer."
—Washington Star.

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HUNTED TURKEYS FOR LIVING.
Henry Garis and Bill Tilghman in
the '70s and early '80s supplied the
Northern and Eastern markets with
deer and wild turkeys. In time they
dealt mostly in turkeys, for the re-
ason that a deer, usually weighing
more than 100 pounds, brought only
\$5 a carcass, while turkeys, averaging
from ten to twelve pounds each, al-
ways sold readily at \$1 apiece.

"It was our rule," Garis said, "never
to fire into a drove of turkeys in
daylight, as to do so would frighten
them and cause them to leave that
part of the country. The result of
this kind of hunting was that we al-
ways had an abundance of turkeys
within reach—we often rode within
forty feet of a big drove of turkeys
without their taking flight."

"Persons who never hunted in the
Southwest in the old days scarcely
can imagine the enormous number of
turkeys that ranged the country. I
believe the greatest turkey range on
earth was in what we called the Red
Hill country, now embraced in Woods
Majors and Alfalfa counties, Oklaho-
ma. I have seen ten and twelve acres
at a time black with turkeys; actual-
ly the ground itself seemed to be
alive. After the turkeys had passed
their scratching made the ground
look as if it had been gone over with
rakes. The turkeys fed on small
acorns and often flew into the hack-
berry trees for berries, their weight
stripping the trees of their smaller
limbs. I know of one gobbler sold at
Dodge City that weighed forty-five
pounds, and we killed many that
weighed thirty-five or forty pounds."

"The worst scare I ever got in the
west country was while hunting tur-
keys one night, even though we had
an occasional brush with the Chey-
enne Indians. Tilghman and I
though partners, always hunted alone.
We started out one night in search
of a roost, Tilghman going down a big
canyon, while I went up the canon.
Our reconnoitring finally led both of
us into a heavily timbered creek bot-
tom. Each was moving stealthily
along with gun cocked, taking a step
at a time, doing our best to penetrate
the darkness and locate turkeys or
their roosts."

"The wind was blowing from the
south and it was difficult to hear foot-
steps or the breaking of twigs. Sud-
denly we backed squarely into each
other in the darkness, neither sus-
pecting the presence of the other. I
am confident that I jumped ten feet
into the air, my hair on end and my
finger on the trigger of my gun. By
the time I came down Tilghman had
regained his composure—he had been
too startled to shoot me on the wing,
while I couldn't shoot with my feet
off the ground. Both of us lay down
and panted a while to get our breath
and then each cursed the other for
scaring him."—Guthrie Correspond-
ence Kansas City Times.

Demand For Servants.
During the last thirty years the
demand for servants has doubled,
while the supply has increased only
by half—in the last decade only by
five per cent. In 1870 there was one
to every twelve; even in the recent
crisis, when the cities were filled with
unemployed, the demand still outran
the supply. And yet, during the
thirty years past, the number of self-
supporting women—that is, the
actual labor market—has more than
trebled. Forty years ago a woman
thrown upon her own resources would
tend to select housework for a living;
in fact, one woman in two did so
select. Thirty years ago only every
third woman entered domestic ser-
vice. Ten years ago only one in four
rapped at the kitchen door. The
other three applied—where? Every
one knows; at the shop, the factory,
the store.—McClure's Magazine.

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ness of my tip I took the case to the
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—Washington Star.

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