

**WOMAN'S WAYS.**

A woman says she'll call on Sunday—  
You stay at home and wait all day  
And get a postal card on Monday  
That tells you why she staid away.

A woman says, "Do come to dinner!"  
I'll look for you on Tuesday night.  
You go—and how you'd like to skin  
her!

The house is closed up snug and tight.

A woman says, "I wish to give you  
A little token of esteem!"  
She'll let that wish of hers outlive  
you  
Or else 'twill vanish like a dream.

A woman says, "Yes, I play poker!"  
And when she loses forty cents!  
You feel as if you'd like to choke her  
For it's on you her rage she vents.

A woman hurries to the races  
And bets the smallest sum allowed.  
Her horse is last. Of all the faces!  
She simply weeps before the crowd.

A woman goes to do some shopping  
And sends the goods home C. O. D.  
They all go back—the man just stopping  
To hear her say, "No cash! Dear  
me!"

A woman is a curious creature—  
The riddle of the universe.  
A man is different—but the feature  
Of difference is—that he is worse.  
—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New  
York Times.

# AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE

Lovely Betty Stanley was deliciously unselfish and warmly impulsive. One always associated dainty Betty with the delicate fragrance of sweet May blossoms; this little woman was no paragon of goodness; indeed, she was too entirely feminine for that; but she was so charitable to one's shortcomings that her friends, the men especially, found it a great comfort to confide in her. The creed she taught them was this: "It is a bourgeois to be jealous."

With infinite tact at her command, a gift for reading character, Betty had learned that it is not what women say but what they refrain from saying that draws men to them—and holds them. Moreover, she could keep her friends' counsel and her own.

It had been a very gay season, and naturally winsome Betty had experienced several serious love affairs; but her conscience was an elastic pliable possession, and its "stiff small voice" was easily stifled amid the whirl and excitement.

One day a saddened Betty folded her tent, which in this case consisted of several trunks filled with the daintiest lingerie, a few smart frocks, together with the addenda inseparable from the wardrobe of a pampered beauty, and stole away as quietly as the proverbial Arab to her magnificent summer home at Point Pleasant, New Jersey.

Five years before her kind husband had died in this home, leaving his adored wife an immense fortune. He had been her guardian, and had loved her ever since she came into his keeping a tiny orphan. When his charming ward grew to womanhood she gave him the warmest feeling her heart had ever known, and the two brief years of married life which followed had been filled with content.

The passionate, ecstatic love of which her nature was capable still lay dormant. But one does not grieve for the bliss one has never known. It was one gloomy afternoon, the third day of Betty's voluntary exile, and the "stiff small voice" taking advantage of its peaceful surroundings, was making itself so obnoxious that its dear owner was filled with unrest, suffering from ennui, and longing for the delights of metropolitan life in order to try to ease the heartache that daily, hourly, grew harder to bear.

"Oh," whispered the little voice, "how you tortured him! how you trifled with him! You are only reaping what you have sown. You supposed yourself invulnerable, but you were mistaken, and are suffering even as you have caused suffering. Yes, verily, the way of the transgressor is hard."

Betty groaned in anguish of spirit as the vision of a big athletic fellow, all suppleness and slinky strength, came vividly before her.

Concentrating her magnetic forces, she sent this sub-conscious message:

"Oh, Bob, if there is anything in telepathy you must feel that I love you, and you must know that my heart is breaking in its loneliness. Come back to me, my darling! I will not live without you."

A severe thunderstorm was raging, and the broad Atlantic lashed itself against the cruel rocks in unison with her wildly-beating heart. With an uncontrollable impulse, the fair penitent threw herself, face downward, dangerously near the open, roaring fire.

Soon a long, shuddering sob came from the hearth rug as the still, small

voice continued to probe the aching heart by inquiring: "When you know in your inmost soul, dear, that you truly love Robert Hollings, although you have denied that love and sent him from you, do you think it is kind to encourage this young country parson, whom you care nothing for, even though you flirted with him so desperately last summer at Sayville, Long Island. When he came to dine last night, was it necessary to wear that tantalizing black gauze gown whose misty cloudiness only heightens the polished whiteness of your neck and arms? And was it Christian-like to encourage him by adding to your toilet that immense fragrant corsage bouquet of violets, remembering, as you did, that he once compared their violet blue hue to the color of your eyes and their fragrance to your sweet breath? And when you had intoxicated him with your coquetry, was it fair to sing 'How I Adore Thee!' in your most alluring manner, with only the softly-shaded lights and the dying fire as chaperons?"

"I have been very foolish and wicked!" wailed the culprit as she arose. Every movement of her lithe body showed the elasticity of her well-trained muscles. Standing, she laughed at a reflection she caught in an opposite mirror of her own woe-begone countenance.

Suddenly a vivid creepiness passed over her. It was a psychological moment. She felt the pulsation of another atmosphere, and turning quickly, was caught in a pair of strong arms, and for the first time received and returned with rapturous self-abandonment the kisses of the man she secretly loved. Lifting an adorably flushed face, she breathed:

"Robert, where did you come from?"

"I came down on the morning train, and told the maid that I would announce myself. Seeing you on the hearth rug, I supposed that you were asleep, and so waited. But why did you leave your many suitors and come to this lonesome place, Betty?"

"I supposed that you had sailed for Europe, and I was very, very lonely and miserable, Robert. And now explain to me—"

"After I left you I was desperate. I was taking this journey to forget you, and Betty, in spite of all your cruelty, I did not want to forget. So when John Haskell met me and asked me to visit him at Red Bank, I immediately decided to make him a brief call, and accepted his invitation."

"Bob, you sinner, I believe you begged that invitation! Have I not medicinal powers?"

"I cry peccavi," he answered, taking possession of the seat beside her and drawing her close. "I could not keep away. I was hungry for you, my darling. My arms ached to hold you, so I determined to ask you for the last time to be my wife. But I need no words. Actions speak louder than words." I surprised you, and you forgot to act a part. You are not the woman to give caresses without love. I need no other answer; but why did you trifle with me, sweetheart?"

"I did not know my own heart until I thought you were gone from me forever."

There were a few moments of complete silence as their lips met in a long, solemn kiss; then Betty raised a sweet, smiling face, saying, naively: "You were cruel to surprise me. One hates to be found en deshabille. Look on the rug for the hairpins, Bob; I must have lost them while literally groveling in the dust."

Revelling in that perfect health that brings unconsciousness of body, she stood before him clothed in the burnished, glistening gold of her wonderful hair. Looking roguishly from under her lashes as she made the tresses into one shining plait, she said, laughingly:

"You may dine with me, but you must take the train back to the city tonight. Things are different from what they were with us in the winter, dear," she added in a sweet, tremulous voice.

The twilight gradually deepened, and the big, pale moon came peeping in at the broad windows, her silver beams dancing merrily on the now peaceful waters. Each felt the intensity of the other.

"Bob, dear, I feel quite irresponsible tonight. Is one ever quite sane at the full of the moon? I have been thinking that you have borne with my perversity long enough, and I will make amends by sailing with you next week as Mrs. Robert Hollins. Spare my blushes by accepting the offer quickly, please," came in a soft, little muffled voice from behind two pink palms.

Gently removing the dimpled hands from the blushing face, Robert crushed her to his heart.

"Betty, you are the most generous woman in the world, and have made me the happiest of men!"

When on the following week, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hollings appeared in the published list of passengers sailing for Europe, their friends exclaimed:

"How like Betty!"—New York Weekly.

**ROESKE'S TRAINED TOADS.**

Truthful Tale From Watertown, Not From Winsted.

The "Waterbury American" has printed an article from Watertown which, by newspaper ethics, should come from Winsted. It relates to three trained toads which have been civilized, as it were, by A. H. Roeske,

a resident of Watertown. The "American" says:—

"These toads that make friends with Mr. Roeske have been in his greenhouse for three years, and although growing old are still doing good service for Mr. Roeske. They drive away insects and that is just what he trained them to do. A fly will be captured by the toads and eaten, and so will angle-worms, thousand legs, wood lice, and other insects that inhabit and do damage in all greenhouses. Let an angle-worm go prowling about Mr. Roeske's house and Roeske will tell the toads, it is not necessary for him to speak to them. Just giving a gesture serves for the Roeske toads are trained toads. They understand. Whenever the gardener discovers that the insects have been among his flowers, he takes the toads in his hands (he isn't afraid of warts), and gives them directions. Then he places the toads upon the floor, or ground, as it happens to be, and lets them go.

"They have accomplished much for this gardener, so he says, and if they should crawl away and die some day, he would be grieved. Not simply because they are dead, he says, the other day, but because I have grown quite used to the little fellows.

"The toads are expected to come back to the greenhouse this week. They don't hang around during the winter. They take a hike the latter part of the fall, not showing up until around the 15th of April. When they finally hop joyfully about Mr. Roeske's feet, he sets them right at work, and in a short space of time they get rid of more insects than all the patented insect powders could do in a year. When they make their annual departure in the fall, the toads find a convenient place in which to hide during the winter. They either dig down into the soil, like all toads, and remain there until the frost is out of the ground, and the sun is shining, or they may find a place among the rocks, and remain there during the cold months. No matter where they go, they always come back to Mr. Roeske's greenhouse.

"Roeske's toads, as they have become known all over Litchfield County, are the only trained toads so far as known, in the state. Mr. Roeske made an address before a Litchfield society a few weeks ago, and gave a talk on toads. He told of his intelligent three in Watertown, and explained how he always manages to have the toads obey him. Some of the members of the society kind of doubted some of the wonderful stories told of the toads, but were convinced after a talk with Roeske. It is not so very easy to train toads, Mr. Roeske says, but after being trained they will obey every command."

**MAKING CHANGE.**

**Way Money is Handed to Men a Momentous Matter.**

To be sure, the change we receive in these days of the high cost of most things does not burden our minds or our pockets overmuch, yet we should like to receive the little that is coming to us in a more orderly arrangement than is customary in the smaller business transactions of daily life. Usually our change is shot back in a little metal box via a miniature overhead railroad. The clerk pulls the crumpledwad hastily apart to verify the amount, and stuffs it into our hand. That is the system.

If the customer be a woman, well and good, for she stuffs the ball into her bag or pocketbook in very much the same way, and departs. At the end of the day's shopping she sits her down with a scrap of paper and a pencil, makes calculations that would bewilder a mathematical astronomer, talking to herself the while, pulls the wads apart, counts the bills, then her account made up, stuffs them back again in very much the same disorderly condition. The system suits her well; she can even carry pennies among her silver change without a feeling of irritating discomfort.

But with man it is different. He is methodical, fussy even, about the money he carries around with him. He carries his bills neatly folded, usually once lengthwise and once across. He has a finicky way of arranging them face upward, with the dominant in the upper right hand corner, and he keeps the bills of the same denomination together. The cashier in the wire cage of the retail business is not so particular. She—it usually is a she—can handle money upside down and face downward without discomfort or confusion. She apparently puts it away as it happens to come out of the carrier; she certainly takes no cognizance of these male peculiarities in the way in which she makes change. So bewildered man halts in the aisle, intent on bringing order from chaos, blocks up the passage, and is jostled. We know that the bulk of the retail trade of the country is carried on by women with women, who understand each other even in this, but has mere man no rights in the matter? Since society is so busy reforming everything it happens to think of, can it not start a movement for the orderly arrangement of our change? Provided, of course, that the movement gains the consent and the co-operation of the ladies on both sides of the counter and in the cashier's cage.—New York Tribune.

One virtue in this fast-fleeting pace of ours—nothing has time to become monotonous.

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## THE NATIONAL GAME.

Manager Stallings says Ed. Sweeney is the best catcher in the American League.

The way Joe Lake is pitching intensifies regret that he didn't remain a Highlander.

President Hostutler of the Kansas State League, has signed as umpire Walter B. McAtee, of Baltimore, Md.

The Atlanta (Southern League) Club has sold outfielder Seitz to the Waterbury Club, of the Connecticut League.

Now that the indications are that Reubach and Overall are all right again the Cubs look all the more formidable.

The Chicago American Club has turned outfielder Messenger over to the Birmingham Club, of the Southern League.

The Richmond Club, of the Virginia League, has secured outfielder Frank Burke from the Altoona Club, of the Tri-State League.

The trouble with some of these teams that are "going to be a great team next year" is that they are always going to be and never are.

The Cleveland Club closed a deal for the purchase of pitchers Panwell and Mayberry, of Danville, in the Virginia League, the price being \$2250.

Elmer Flick has finally passed out of the major league. The big league clubs all waived on the once star hitter, and Cleveland sold him to the Kansas City Club.

In Washington they say Henry, the Amherst College catcher, is the most promising player coraled there since Johnson was landed. Henry is playing first base for the Nationals.

The Baltimore Club sold Lefty Russell, its star pitcher, to Connie Mack, of Philadelphia, for \$12,000. Russell is the baseball find of the season. Pittsburgh and Cincinnati were after him.

**LABOR WORLD.**

A new State law of Rhode Island prevents children from working evenings.

A union of washerwomen has been formed at Orange, N. J., with a membership of 300.

Mr. Gompers advised striking cloak makers in New York City against disorder, predicting victory.

Fifty unions became affiliated with the California State Federation of Labor in the last seven months.

Telephone girls throughout the United States are to be organized by the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America.

Organized labor contemplates recommending a nine-hour day and a fifty-hour week for women at the next session of the Legislature of Washington.

The constitutionality of the law requiring railroad corporations to pay their employes semi-monthly has been upheld by the New York State Court of Appeals.

The General Assembly of Louisiana gave a decisive victory to the child labor law by refusing to entertain an amendment exempting theatres and nickel shows.

A new working agreement, which calls for a wage increase of twenty-five per cent., was adopted by the International Jewelry Workers' Convention in Boston.

According to the United States geological survey, 22,840 men have been killed in coal mines of this country in the last seventeen years, and nearly 50,000 have been seriously injured.

**HAYTIAN WOMAN CONFESSES.**

She is a Cannibal.

Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo.—The disappearance of Dominican children near the Haytian frontier has been explained by the horrible confession of a Haytian woman that she had murdered them, eating four. This African cult is prevalent in Hayti. Christianity appears there to be a failure. The Dominican press demands severe measures to prevent Haytian immigration and thus protect the higher civilization of this republic from relegation to savagery.

**FOUND WITH THE GOODS.**

Artist—"I'm going to do a picture of Whittier's Maud Muller."  
Friend—"How do you imagine she looked?"  
Artist—"Rakish."—Lippincott's.

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