

SIDNEY JARVIS,

Ginger and Actor, Values Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Jarvis, who is one of America's leading baritones, played the part of the "Old-Grad" in the Fair Co-Ed Company with Elsie Janis. He writes: "For a long time I was troubled with backache. I consulted some of the most prominent physicians with unsatisfactory results. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and felt benefited soon after beginning to take them. Continued use cured me completely. I cheerfully recommend them to any one suffering with kidney trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTHING DOING.



Tramp—Help me, kind sir. I have seen better days than this. Mr. Jinks—So have I. This weather is awful.

Tough Luck.

"I thought you said this was a young chicken," remarked Newed, as he sawed away at a portion of the bird.

"And I thought it was," rejoined his better half. "I looked in its mouth and it showed no indication of having cut a single tooth yet. The dealer must have imposed upon me."

"Did he tell you it was a young chicken?" queried her husband.

"No," replied Mrs. Newed. "But I'm sure he must have extracted its teeth before offering it for sale."

A Wise Old Owl.

In her trim little bathing suit she sat on the white sand. "I adore intelligence," she cried. "So do I," said he. "All the same, though, beauty and intellect never go together."

"And do you think me intellectual?" she faltered.

"No," he confessed, frankly. "With a faint blush she murmured, 'Flatterer!'"

English as She Is Spoke.

Chinatown Visitor—John, sabee, see screen—how much sabee want for him?

The Chinaman—What's the matter with you? Can't you speak English?—Judge.

There Are Reasons

Why so many people have ready-at-hand a package of

Post Toasties

The DISTINCTIVE FLAVOUR delights the palate.

The quick, easy serving right from the package—requiring only the addition of cream or good milk is an important consideration when breakfast must be ready "on time."

The sweet, crisp food is universally liked by children, and is a great help to Mothers who must give to the youngsters something wholesome that they relish.

The economical feature appeals to everyone—particularly those who wish to keep living expenses within a limit.

Post Toasties are especially pleasing served with fresh sliced peaches.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

A Season's Folly

By BRYANT C. ROGERS

The man looked at his companion wonderingly. "So," he said at last, almost to himself, "it's only a joke to you?"

For answer she smiled at him a little uncertainly, but still sheltered with a touch of the triumphant assurance which had first attracted him.

High up on the slope of the foothills they sat under the shade of some scrub cedars.

Below them, over a descending vista of 30 miles of pale greens and lavenders and blues of the land under the California sun, the ocean shimmered in the distance. It was very still about them, for the bordered path behind led to a fountain in ruins and beyond that a deserted mansion faded under the sunlight, desolate.

They had climbed there because he had wanted to show her the view, one of the finest in that part of the state. She had come with her mother among the swarms of winter visitors flocking to the southern coast, and when he had first seen her Dr. Duval had stepped inside a magic circle from which there was no escape.

He was used to the winter visitors, inured to the sparkling, pretty girls from the east, always healthy, unemotionally amused by their girlish flirtations, their guileless smiles at him, one of the few bachelors at the hotel.

He could not explain why, when he had met Gertrude Whitcomb that first night he had been so immediately enthralled. She had regarded him disinterestedly, rather coldly, until he had exerted himself to bring forth a smile of interest—and when Dr. Duval chose to talk one listened. He had watched the faint blush rise to the pale oval of her face and seen her great eyes darken and soften; he had brought a ripple of laughter to her lips—and her laugh was music.

From that evening he was much in her company, and she permitted it, in-



The Girl's Face Grew Serious.

dolently, graciously and amused. So they had drifted through the weeks and the winter was nearing its close.

She regarded him a little speculatively, as though surprised at the feeling in his voice. "I had no idea," she said, slowly, "that you really cared. I thought it was just—"

"You did not think at all!" Dr. Duval interrupted her brusquely. "It never entered your head to wonder whether I were falling in love with you—whether it meant anything serious to me. You are so used to admiration that one man more or less means little to you and, besides, you did not care for me. If you had—tell me, Gertrude, haven't you ever met any one you cared about?"

The girl's face grew serious and she looked out over the valley. "No," she said carelessly. "I'm afraid not. I don't want to—life is too full of interesting things!" She turned and laughed at him again, and he noticed for the first time that her smile was unfeeling. Then she sprang to her feet lightly. "Come, let's walk on," she ordered. "And we won't talk of this again."

"No," said Dr. Duval bitterly, "never again!"

All the way down the winding trail Gertrude was a sparkle with laughter and fun, but the man did not hear her. At one turn he had a glimpse, far in the distance below, of a rambling structure buried in vines and flowers and again his conscience reproached him. The rambling cottage had seen little of him this winter, and Dr. Duval was not a man to desert old friends for new.

Ever since he was a boy the Morgan place had been a second home to him and Mrs. Morgan and Carlotta his chums, advisers and confidants. He could see Carlotta's rapt little face, pale, yet glowing like a white flower under her tawny hair, and her odd brown eyes with the light in them like sunlight through water as she sat listening to his tale of a baseball game, on his entry into the medical college, of his first real case, of most things which had ever happened to him.

And now in the turmoil of this tragedy which he felt had come to him he had a sudden desire for the long, cool living room down there with Mrs. Morgan placidly sewing by the open window and Carlotta leaning forward in the old mahogany divan listening intently to whatever he had to say, her face reflecting her interest.

For a grown man, Dr. Duval was very boyishly homesick and heart-sick. Gertrude Whitcomb parted from him at the hotel with some irritation. The trip home had been dull. She had exerted herself for a man so adroitly that he had scarcely answered. Still, she comforted herself, it was because of his disappointment. She really did not imagine he had been so desperately devoted to her! It was rather pleasing on the whole. And in a very satisfied frame of mind she turned to the question of what gown she should wear down to dinner for the delectation of the other guests.

Dr. Duval at the same time was on a car speeding out toward the rambling cottage. It was almost like old times to be so welcomed and fussed over and graciously forgiven for his winter's desertion.

"You are so busy with your work, we understand," Mrs. Morgan had said as she got out his favorite preserves. And Carlotta, the wistfulness of whose face was hidden from him by its joy in his presence, was like some graceful white wreath in the shadows of the big room.

"I had forgotten," he told her with the privilege of life-long acquaintance, "how wonderfully pretty you were, Carlotta! What have you been doing with yourself? You seem to shine." "Don't talk about me," begged the girl, nervously. A great fear was hers lest this stupid, blundering man should discover it was her happiness in seeing him again that had transformed her. "Tell me of yourself, of what has happened to you this winter!"

He had come to tell them—selfishly to demand comfort for his wounds—yet he held his tongue. A dim sense that he had no right to appropriate this sweet understanding and ready sympathy so ruthlessly was struggling to consciousness, a realization brought to light by absence that Carlotta was a personality, not merely a haven of refuge.

It was a comfort just to watch the curves of her face, the brooding light in her eyes. By contrast his memory of Gertrude Whitcomb's face showed it brilliantly taunting, a little cold and hard.

He stayed late at the Morgans, and when he left he felt oddly contented and at peace for a man whose heart had only that afternoon been broken. He was surprised when next he saw Miss Whitcomb that he felt none of the bitter resentment which had at first been his at her refusal. In some strange way that fever had burned itself out as though a cool hand had banished it utterly. He simply did not care. She was just as beautiful and fascinating as ever, but his romance had crashed that afternoon in the foothills and he had no desire to pick up the broken pieces. She was too glittering for comfort, and she had hurt his pride by her carelessness. Nothing cures a man's devotion as does a stab at his pride. Besides, Carlotta's smile stayed in his memory. It was not, as he argued to himself some weeks later in a sort of horrified dismay, that he was fickle and a man of unstable affections—it was simply that he had been under a spell, luckily now broken, and had gone back to where he belonged.

Having once found his welcome in the rambling cottage, he found himself drawn there irresistibly oftener than in the years before. It was absence, he told himself, that had awakened him and shown him Carlotta's real loveliness, her sweetness and womanly sympathy. And when, half tearfully, before the summer was over and when Gertrude Whitcomb was only a vague memory, Dr. Duval told Carlotta Morgan he loved her, he realized he had always loved her and always should.

"I don't deserve anything so wonderful," he told her, "as that you should care about me, Carlotta! I've been stupid in many ways—but I'm in my right mind now!"

"I've always cared," she told him simply. For a moment she hesitated. The previous winter, when he had deserted the cottage, often troubled her. But with all her sweetness Carlotta Morgan had clever instincts. That winter was past and he was hers now for always, and she was the rare woman who knows when not to question.

The night fragrance of roses floated in through the open window as they talked of the future in serene happiness. In the man's heart was a thankful and wondering content that things were as they were, and in Carlotta's nothing except that she loved him.

Useful.

"May I escort you to the swimming party tomorrow, Miss Ethel?" "Why, yes, I'd like to go, thank you, but mother will have to chaperon me."

"Do—do you think that's necessary?"

"Of course I do. I'm never afraid when mother's along. Mother knows just what to do for cramps, and she can swim like a champion duck!"

WAS ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND

"There's Lots of Horses, But There is Only One Judge Kinne," Says Judge.

During the second Cleveland campaign, Col John P. Irish, the golden-tongued orator, and Judge Kinne of Waterloo, Ia., the man with lungs of brass, were stumping Iowa in behalf of the Democratic candidate.

They were driving in a buggy on the road to Sidney, a young city in the southwestern part of the state, when they came to a fork of the road where there was no sign board. Which turn to take was a question, as they had barely time to make the town anyway.

"There's a farmhouse over there a bit. You sit still and I'll go over and ask questions," said Irish, and climbing out he started for the desired information. He got it, and on his return saw the horse, evidently frightened at something, tearing down the road at runaway speed. Instead of trying to stop the horse, Judge Kinne dropped the reins, climbed over the seat and dropped off the back of the buggy into the road.

When Irish caught up to him, the judge was busily dusting himself off after his roll in the roadway, not in the least disfigured by his acrobatic stunt.

"You're on the right fork of the road, all right, judge, but why didn't you hang on to the horse?" asked Irish, laughing heartily. "Why didn't I hang on to him?" rumbled Kinne in his deep sub-cellular voice. "I'll tell you why I didn't, my Christian friend. There's lots of horses in this world, but there is but one Judge Kinne."

THOSE WHO SCOLD 'CENTRAL'

No Greater Boor Than Man Who is Always Raising Row With Telephone Girl.

There surely exists no greater boor pup than the man who is always raising a row with the telephone girl, writes Tip in the New York Press. All over, everywhere, in Europe and this country, come reports of nervous breakdowns of "hello girls." Lots of men, and whole scuds of women, seem to think these girls are trained talking devils, with a special spite reserved for the "phoner" alone. It is silly, not to say brutish, to scold the operator for something she cannot help. No matter how well trained the nerves are, it is impossible for the strongest nerves to be quarreled and yelled at month in and month out without some nervous string being worn or broken.

There are probably more low-browed, low-flying scolders, drivers and browbeaters of women in this country than were ever seen here before. There is one blessed thing Tip must say of Texas. If any dog tries to browbeat or run over a woman down there, the first man that hears him is liable to entertain him by punching gun wads out of his face, and pushing his teeth down his throat with the end of a six-shooter gun.

No Plated Stuff Wanted.

There was a small crowd at the soda counter when the tall man rushed in and pushed an empty bottle over the drug scales.

"Acid!" he whispered, excitedly. "Ten cents' worth of acid, and quick!" The soda-water crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"What's he going to do with that acid?" demanded one.

"It's a secret," answered the drug clerk.

"Nothing unusual, I hope?"

"Well, rather."

"What! You mean to say he is going to take that acid?"

"Oh, no. Listen. There is a silver wedding at his house tonight and he is going to test the presents as fast as his friends bring them."

And then and there they voted him the meanest man in town.

Chinese Death Penalties.

China has just received from France its first guillotine. It will be set up inside the new prison, as, according to recent regulations, executions will no longer be public. The penalty of death, as laid down in the old code, had six degrees—death by torture, immediate decapitation and exhibition of the head; immediate decapitation without exhibition of the head, decapitation after some months, immediate hanging and hanging after some months. According to the new code the death penalty is in four degrees—immediate decapitation, deferred decapitation, immediate hanging and deferred hanging.

What They Intended to Do.

"I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mr. Goodman intends to leave his fortune for the purpose of founding some kind of an eleemosynary institution."

"My good gracious!" exclaimed her hostess, as she tried to pick a chunk of paint from a genuine Rembrandt, "why should he want to do that? I think if he didn't want to leave it to his family he'd give it to charity. That's what we and Josiah intend to do with ours."

Warning to Flies.

Atlantic City has begun war on the flies by posting official bulletins relative to the subject in all the markets and stores. Even now we can see a flutter among the flies, and after reading the bulletins they will undoubtedly hike across the meadows to Pleasantville and disappear into the woods.

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Superstition About Clock.

The famous clock of Hampton Court palace, England, is said by many superstitious people to stop when a person long a resident in the castle dies. The first instance recorded is that of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I. The clock, which was striking four at the moment, immediately stopped. Other instances are cited.

How Did He Know?

On the first night of a new piece, a pretty young actress advanced to the front of the stage flaunting in an exquisite new costume. "That must have cost 3,000 francs," said, audibly, a lady who sat with her husband in the front row. "No, no—only 2,500," he said, mechanically. Then he found her eye fixed on him, and was silent.

Women Church Officers.

A woman has just been appointed church warden at Walsgram-on-Sowe in Warwickshire, England. She is the ninth woman to hold such an office in England. There is also one woman sexton in a small church in Lincolnshire. The office is hereditary and has been in her family for more than two hundred years.

Scottish Banking Arrangement.

A farmer or small trader in any part of Scotland, with one or two of his neighbors as guarantors, can establish a banking credit for a fixed sum. The bank honors his drafts for any amount within this limit, and the customer pays interest only upon the sums actually drawn.

Where Appetite Is Keen.

A day's rations for one man on a sledge journey across the Polar sea consists of four ounces of condensed milk, one-half ounce condensed tea, one pound pemmican, three ounces (liquid) petroleum oil, three ounces (liquid) pure alcohol, one pound ship's biscuit.

Labor.

If it were not for labor men could neither eat so much nor relish so pleasantly nor sleep so soundly nor be so healthful nor so useful, so strong nor so patient, so noble or so untempered.—Jeremy Taylor.

His Penalty.

Gertrude—"What did pa say when you asked for my hand?" Gerald—"He said that he wouldn't stand in the way of my unhappiness if I needed the money badly."

Daily Thought.

We are apt to measure ourselves by our aspiration instead of our performance. But, in truth, the conduct of our lives is only the proof of the sincerity of our hearts.—George Elliot.

And Neither Means It.

A man who has kept accurate count says that of ten men you meet eight will say something disagreeable, while nine out ten woman will say something agreeable.

Scarce.

We have heard of the man who thinks more of a good lecture, or of a good book, than he thinks of his stomach, but we never knew him.—Aitchison Globe.

Must Be Original.

There is nothing very good to be done with ready-made clothing for the mind.

Better Plan of Education.

It is better to teach children what they should do than what they should not.

Ahead of His Times.

A crank is a man who is thinking now what the world will think in a quarter of a century.

Fashion and Happiness.

Only those women whom fashion does not affect can be truly happy.—Exchange.

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