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**MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.**

Her pity was also for a purpose. Matrimony was the goal she would reach. The attorney with the ordinary name treated all the damsels with politeness, steadily declined any invitations and spent most of his time reading decisions of the higher courts.

Then Betty Sloan came to town. She was visiting the Turners, up on the pike road. Blairville at once became interesting to the barrister, and he pondered on a way to get acquainted.

Betty was a typical summer girl. When Smith first saw her she was dressed in a fluffy pink gown.

'Tis at once scored for Miss Betty, for Webster Smith had a decided liking for pink. It had been his favorite color at college, and some had gone so far as to call him Pinkey.

It was a hot, duty August morning. Seeking a cool nook the young lawyer had espoused himself in a hammock on the porch of his office, a fan in one hand and a magazine in the other.

Evidently the story had not proved very interesting, for he was aroused from his slumber by a knock on one of the porch posts, while a voice, rather timidly, was saying: "I beg pardon, is this Mr. Smith?"

Smith hastily leaped from the hammock and bowed low to the vision in pink before him, and whom he at once recognized at Betty Sloan.

"Webster Smith, at your service!" he exclaimed. "Won't you step into the office?"

"I would much prefer to sit out here where it is cool and shady, Mr. Smith," she replied. "You see I have come to consult you on legal business."

Her words brought him back to earth. She had come to consult him on legal business. His first case! Smith could not bring his senses together to figure out what kind of a case she could have for him.

He brought out his large office chair.

"A client must confide in her lawyer, I have been told," commenced Betty, with an arch glance at the attorney before her, "so first of all I have a confession to make."

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# The Court of Last Resort

By LAWRENCE T. BERLINER

(Copyright, 1919, by Associated Literary Press.)

When Webster Smith placed his sign outside the door of the cottage he had chosen for an office and living room, he gave a sigh of relief. The first step in his career had been taken.

Smith was a lawyer. An indulgent parent, a leading member of the bar of a nearby city, was responsible for Smith's residence in the suburban village.

"What the deuce will they want of a lawyer out there, dad?" he had asked his father.

"Never mind, Webb," had been his reply. "We are overrun with budding lights and diploma-bred attorneys here. You get out where no one ever heard of a lawyer named Smith and let's see what's in you."

So the newly admitted member of the bar had come to the little place, more to satisfy his father than to practise the arts of one Blackstone.

Blairville had never had a full-blooded attorney-at-law before. There was 'Squire Brown, a kindly old magistrate, who dispensed justice and warrants at so much per head. No thought of ever questioning a decision of the 'squire ever entered the heads of the simple country folk.

The advent of Webster Smith, Attorney-at-Law, as the sign read, was duly noted in the weekly Telegraph, commented on around the cracker barrel at Deacon Jones' grocery and then forgotten.

Time went on as it has a habit of doing and the attorney still waited his first client.

Repeatedly, he had traveled to town to inform his father that the simple life was too wearisome for him to bear longer.

Webster had become acquainted. What good-looking young man, a stranger in a small town, could avoid it?

There was Sadie Brown, the squire's only daughter, a miss of long standing, who always kept a watch out for strangers, in hopes of annexing a husband, despite her advancing years. Theresa Perkins was another kind-soul who took it upon herself to

"Miss Sloan, is it necessary—" interrupted the young man.

The young woman waved her hand for him to stop, and said slowly: "That's just it, every one here calls me 'Miss Sloan,' when they should say, 'Mrs.'"

"What!" gasped the astounded man. All his day dreams had slipped away in that explanation. Betty was a married woman. Time and again he had thought of her, a plink slip of a girl, and now she told him she was—married.

"You see, Mr. Smith, I have been living up here with the Turners for some time; in fact, long enough to establish a residence with them for an express purpose. I want a divorce." As she said the last word, she lowered her voice to a whisper, and looked young Smith straight in the eyes.

What she saw seemed to please Betty Sloan greatly, for she would have been accused of laughing if Smith's eyes had their usual shrewdness, which was lacking at this moment.

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I want a divorce. I have tolerated his abuse and cruelty as long as human endurance can, and I am tired of it. My folks and his relatives have interposed, but they have failed. Therefore, I have come to the court of last resort, you, a lawyer," she said.

Webster Smith was coming to himself. It was not so bad as it might have been. Even though she were married, he might be able to secure a divorce and wed her himself.

Such evil thoughts could not dwell in the mind of an honest person, and the lawyer put them away. He would treat the case as he had planned. Personalities must not count.

He requested her to explain fully all the facts of the case, residence of her husband, his full name and everything necessary.

As Betty leaned over, her flushed face near his own, Smith felt great pity for her wrongs and vowed that he would save her from such a brute as John Sloan.

He learned that she had married Sloan to save her father from some financial difficulty. She had not understood it herself, but her parents' appeal could not be refused, and thus she had become a partner in an unhappy marriage.

Smith promised to prepare the papers. He required more information and this compelled frequent calls to the big house on the hill.

He drove the young woman about in his big racing car. As he learned to love her he tried to stifle the feeling.

No trace of the husband could be obtained. The law required advertisement. Smith shrunk from this. He dreaded to post her name in the papers.

How to get around this was more than he could figure out. It compelled him to go out to see Betty once more.

Turner informed him that Betty was not well and was preparing to return to the city.

Stunned with the information, he insisted on seeing her.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed; "what has brought about this change? Have you heard from Sloan?"

"No, Mr. Smith, I have not heard from Mr. Sloan, and that is what has made me feel so miserable," she said.

"You see, there is no Mr. Sloan, and never was."

"What!" shouted the astounded lawyer.

What a relief those words meant to him!

"You see, Mr. Smith," she said, between sobs, "I had not been here long before I heard every one speaking of the new lawyer, who never had a case. I felt so sorry for any one who had to remain here always and not even have any business, so I—I invented a case for you."

"And well, indeed, did you fool me," said young Smith.

"And you will forgive me?" she asked, brightening a little, as she saw him smile.

"Forgive you, Betty. There is nothing to forgive." His happiness had forced him to speak her name.

"The time we have spent together, Betty dear, has shown me that I need a partner. I love you, little girl, I love you and want you to be my wife," he told her.

As Betty looked up his happiness was complete, for he knew she loved him. "Tell me, girl, let me hear you say it."

"Webster, I am glad I came to the 'Court of Last Resort,'" she whispered.

**Priceless Memento.**

"And this," says the proud man, "is one of my most priceless possessions. I would not sell it at any price."

"Why, it's simply a queer photograph. What does it symbolize?" asks the interested caller.

"That is a picture of my left ear, taken on the day the president whispered in it 'Please pass the salt' at a dinner given in his honor."

**Not Disposed to Draw It Out.**

"To read a Bible through, at the rate of a chapter a day, would take three years and three months."

"Well, I should read more than a chapter a day and get it over with."



THUSFORE I HAVE CHIEF TO THE SEVERAL OF LAST RESORT, YOU A LAWYER

# FARM AND BEES

## SUCCESS IN BEE MANAGEMENT

Profit Not Now Measured by Increase by Swarming as Formerly—Various Methods.

(By E. F. PHILLIPS, PH. D.)

The excessive rearing of brood at the wrong season or increase in the number of colonies greatly reduces the surplus honey crop by consumption. The ideal to which all progressive bee keepers work, when operating simply for honey, is to stimulate brood rearing to prepare bees for gathering, to retard breeding when it is less desirable, and to prevent swarming. Very few succeed in entirely preventing swarming, but by various methods the situation can be largely controlled.

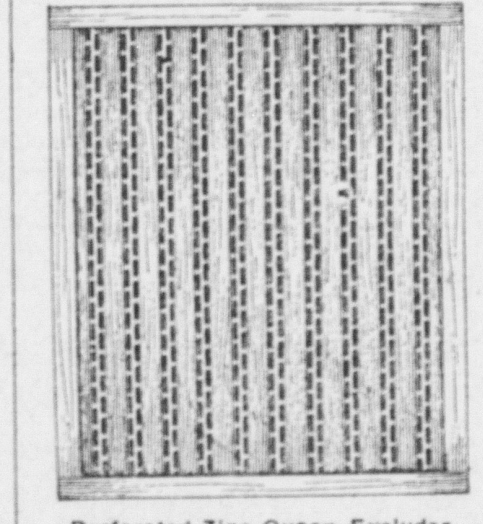
When a swarm issues, it usually first settles on a limb of a tree or bush near the apiary. It was formerly common to make a noise by beating pans or ringing bells in the belief that this causes the swarm to settle. There is no foundation for such action on the part of the bee keeper. If the bees light on a small limb that can be spared, it may simply be sawed off and the bees carried to the hive and thrown on a sheet or hive cover in front of the entrance. If the limb cannot be cut, the swarm can be shaken off into a box or basket on a pole and lived. If the bees light on the trunk of a tree or in some inaccessible place, they can first be attracted away by a comb, preferably containing unsealed brood. In these manipulations it is not necessary to get all the bees, but if the queen is not with those which are put in the hive the bees will go into the air again and join the cluster.

It is desirable early in the season, before any preparations are made for

swarming, to go through the apiary and clip one wing of each queen so that if a swarm issues the queen cannot fly and the bees can be easily returned to the old stand. This should be done before the hive becomes too populous. It is perhaps best to clip queens as they are introduced, but some colonies may rear new ones without the knowledge of the owner, and a spring examination will insure no escaping swarms.

When clipping the queen's wing is not practiced, swarms may be prevented from leaving by the use of queen traps of perforated zinc. These allow the workers to pass out, but not drones or queens, which, on leaving the entrance, pass up to an upper compartment from which they cannot return. These are also used for keeping undesirable drones from escaping, and the drones die of starvation.

Queens sometimes die during the winter and early spring, and since there is no brood from which the bees can replace them, the queenless colonies are "hopelessly queenless." Bee keepers in the north can frequently buy queens from southern breeders early in the spring, and naturally this is better than leaving the colony without a queen until the bees can rear one, as it is important that there be no stoppage in brood rearing at this season.



Perforated Zinc Queen Excluder.

**Manure the Fields.**

Manure the rhubarb and asparagus fields. Both crops do best where there is an abundance of vegetable matter in the soil.

**USEFUL SELF-DUMPING DRAG**

Handy for Hauling Stones and Other Heavy Materials and is Easily Overturned.

This sled works either side up, and forms either end. It is handy for hauling stones and other heavy materials, and it can be overturned very easily and quickly. By putting a clevis in both ends it can be drawn both ways, and be adapted to a variety of uses.

**Files in Alfalfa.**

Prof. H. W. Howard of the Washington state experiment station has discovered that the common house fly multiplies and thrives in the alfalfa fields. This discovery has caused a great deal of interest in the west, and investigations by scientists are now being made to ascertain just how the fly breeds in alfalfa and how the pest may be overcome.



Self-Dumping Drag.

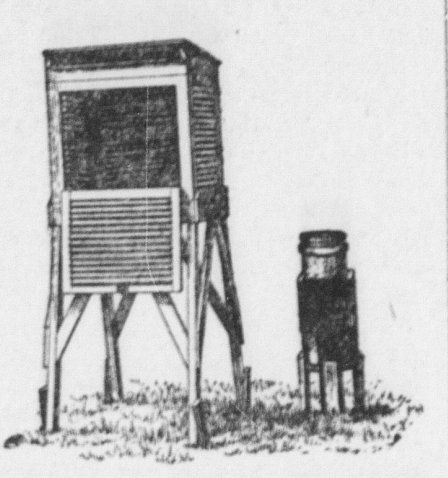
## OBSERVE WEATHER ON FARMS

Common Thermometer, Properly Sheltered, is Very Useful in Ascertaining Conditions.

(By DEWEY A. SEELEY.)

Realizing his dependence upon weather conditions, the farmer should know what warmth of soil is necessary to start germination and the amount of heat and moisture required later to bring the crop to successful maturity. Beginning with this knowledge, the need of actual observations through the use of accurate instruments follows in natural sequence, that he may be able to determine how nearly the weather conditions experienced are measuring up to the ideal.

Such records cannot be made, however, without the aid of good instruments, since the senses are more or less unreliable as weather recorders.



Thermometer Shed and Rain Gauge.

Even out-of-door workers are often misled regarding the temperature of the air or the amount of rainfall during a shower. Some days seem warm when the thermometer reads comparatively low, and others cool, although the temperature may be much higher. The thermometer alone can be depended upon to give the true temperature.

No matter how good a thermometer may be, it will not indicate the true temperature of the air unless it is properly exposed. The variations in temperature reported by neighbors in discussing how cold or how warm it was at a given time are more frequently due to lack of uniformity in the exposure of the instruments than to errors in the instruments themselves or to actual differences in temperature at the various locations.

In a proper exposure the thermometer should be protected from the direct rays of the sun as well as from the reflected heat of pavements, walls, etc., and at the same time should receive a free circulation of air all around it. If the sun shines upon the thermometer, the glass portions and the mercury are heated above the temperature of the surrounding air. In the same way the heat from the side of a building or from the surface of the ground may make the thermometer warmer than the free air.

The best place to expose a thermometer is in the center of a flat-sided box, two or three feet on a side, with a door opening to the north and having a double roof with an air space between as shown in the illustration.

In case such a shelter cannot be secured or constructed, the next best exposure is on the north wall of a building where the instrument will be protected as much as possible from the sun's rays and from the heat of surrounding objects.

**Manure the Fields.**

Manure the rhubarb and asparagus fields. Both crops do best where there is an abundance of vegetable matter in the soil.

**FARM NOTES**

A little moisture is needed to facilitate winter plowing.

The community proposition has much to commend it.

An inspection of the chimneys and a little mortar now may save a bad fire.

Keep the paint brush going on every implement on the place is covered.

Alfalfa is not adapted to poor lands anywhere until they have been enriched.

Fasten down the tops of the hay stacks—or, better still, cover them. It pays big.

If an agent tries to sell you tree paint chase him off the place. Trees do not need paint.

A pound or two of nails will make the fences all tight and save loss and hard feeling between neighbors.

Is the harness tied up with string anywhere? Take them off and do the best job of repairing you ever did.

Get out some stuff for whiffletrees. Keep a little on hand all the time, for you may need them before you know it.

Have a bottle of rubber cement on hand and some good glue. Fix things, and do it while the other work is not pressing.

If you have no silo, get a feed cutter and a gasoline engine, at any rate. They will pay for themselves in a single season if you have any animals to feed.

Time is saved by doing now much of the work usually done in the busy spring, such as hauling stones, clearing away trees and brush, fixing the grape arbor, etc.

With western corn land selling at \$200 and even more per acre and corn at present prices, it takes a mighty clever feeder to show a profit at the end of the season.

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# LIVE NEWS OF THE STATE

**Uniontown.**—Washington Height died Wednesday from a gunshot wound, said to have been inflicted by Daisy Meade, whom he followed to her home at Republic. The girl was at the home of William Taylor, when Height entered, and, it is stated, renewed his suit, so often rejected. The girl became angry and Height attempted to walk home with her. When in front of her brother's house, she says, he pulled a knife from his pocket and attacked her. She did not hesitate, but shot him.

**Uniontown.**—Miss Lucy Jones, a University woman, and one of the leaders of Uniontown society, has been appointed a deputy sheriff by her father at her own request, and will be expected to do her part in looking after the outlaws of Fayette county, although her particular duty will be work in Uniontown. Announcement of Miss Jones' new position came when the force of deputies presented her with a revolver, badge and a pair of handcuffs. She succeeds a deputy who will study law.

**Pottsville.**—Philadelphia & Reading locomotive No. 1575 was turned over into a ditch at Palo Alto after being sideswiped by a coal train. Engineer Dewald, who was in the cab with other trainmen, escaped as by a miracle, the locomotive hanging suspended for several minutes, finally falling with a crash. The big engine, weighing 117 tons, snapped a number of chains put on it to pull it back on the tracks before it was finally righted.

**Mauch Chunk.**—George Cossimer, while looking for a night's lodging, selected one of the ashpits below the New Jersey Central roundhouse. His peaceful slumbers were awakened during the night by the dropping of a boxful of redhot ashes from a locomotive. The man was so severely burned that he was taken to the Palmyerton Hospital, where he died during the night.

**Norristown.**—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith, of Phoenixville, brought suit here to recover \$25,000 from W. Gordon Dyer for injuries received last September, when they were run down by Dyer in his automobile, at Jeffersonville. Dyer was convicted at the October term of court of aggravated assault and battery and is serving nine months in the county prison.

**York.**—While Emerson Ellison and Andrew Miller were practising at target shooting with rifles they had received as Christmas gifts, the former was shot in the back of the head and was probably fatally injured. It is said that Ellison, who is 14 years old, stepped in front of Miller just as he raised the rifle and shot at the target.

**Reading.**—Mrs. Susan Burton, 52 years, died in the homeopathic Hospital from burns sustained on December 15. Mrs. Burton was sitting alone in her home dressing two dolls which she intended to give as Christmas presents. While thus engaged she fell into a doze, and, it is supposed, overturned the lamp, setting fire to her clothing.

**Scranton.**—Miss Sadie M. Peck, aged 51, daughter of the late Rev. Luther Peck, atone time pastor of Adams Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, was found on the floor of the kitchen at her home on Chestnut street with her throat cut from ear to ear. She had taken her own life with an ordinary kitchen knife.

**Kennett Square.**—Mrs. Dianna W. Sheward, probably the oldest person in Chester county, died at her home in Unionville in the one hundred and second year of her age. She was born the same day as Abraham Lincoln, and lived in this section all her life. She was quite active until a few weeks ago.

**Windsor Castle.**—Henry Schultz, of Windsor Furnace, who lived in a small shanty with a wife and three children, died in the hut after being ill for six weeks, without medical attention. Charles Young, a half breed Indian, was also found dead in a hut at the Six Mile House.

**Altoona.**—Going to the stable, Edward Donley, aged 54, an engineer, living at Bellwood, near here, put a bullet in his brain. The family told Coroner Blackburn that Donley had threatened to commit suicide, and that within the past few days they had kept a close watch on him.

**Reading.**—Charles Borcky, aged 31 years, was so badly injured six hours after he attended the funeral of his grandfather, Joseph Borcky, that his death resulted in a Phoenixville hospital. Borcky fell under his train at Perkiomen Junction and his left leg was severed.

**Scranton.**—Benjamin H. Troop, having just attained his majority, has fallen heir to a fortune of \$5,000,000. By the will of his grandfather, the late Dr. B. H. Troop, he was not to get the money until he was 21.

**Altoona.**—Frederick Durr, aged 30, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was thrown from a car by the snapping of his brake stick and cut in two.

**Tamaqua.**—Andrew Carnegie signified his willingness to donate \$300 toward the payment of a pipe organ for St. John's Reformed Church.