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## Brown Eyes or Blue?

By **JOSEPH A. PALCAR**

When Eloise's lover remarked that he abominated blue eyes in women because they were often tricky and deceitful, it was not to be marveled at that Eloise's big violet orbs widened first in surprise, then in indignation and finally in the worst sort of wounded love and pride. How did she know that Royce was color blind?

She would not lower herself to demand an explanation of Royce's rudeness; that it was deliberate and cruel was obvious. Furthermore, such an observation could have been prompted only by some hidden motive—whether of resentment or pure malice she did not know and did not care. The result was the same, and self-respect left her no alternative but to break the engagement at once and without the abasement of words or a scene. This she did by returning by express a dry goods box full of the accumulated presents of six months and the betrothal ring by registered mail.

The frigid farewell she had accorded him the night before had prepared Royce in part for what was coming. But he felt very much like rubbing his eye and pinching himself to see if he were really awake or dreaming when the blow actually fell. He had not supposed for an instant that Eloise would carry a petty fit of irritation to such limits.

How had he offended her? They had had innumerable differences during the brief period of their engagement, but these had been followed inevitably by explanations and ecstatic adjustments. She was leaving no avenue open to him now. She had dismissed him with a cold formality that signified one thing—she had made a mistake in her choice and wanted it rectified before it was too late. She did not love him—that was manifest. And nothing else mattered.

For a long time Royce sat in thought. Should he go to her, force

an old school friend, and Velma Preston's name at the end of it suggested no end of glittering possibilities for a gay—perhaps a desperate—fortnight, mused Eloise. She waited six hours for some shadow of response from Royce to the packages she had sent; then, with a broken heart and a brain teeming with reckless resolutions, she began to take out her clothes and pack them for the trip.

At four o'clock she suddenly remembered that she had not time to write and must send a telegram to her friend stating when to expect her. She ran to the telephone only to find that it was "dead." The nearest neighbor was a block away, but that telegram was essential, and, snatching up a scarf, she wound it about her head and hurried down to the Keleys.

Anita Keley met her at the door. She wore a mammoth bunch of violets in her belt. The odor of them came in a sickening rush to Eloise's senses, but she trampled down her feeling, as she said, lightly:

"What exquisite blossoms! Where did you get them?"

"The queerest thing," replied the other girl. "A boy brought them up about noon from Milford Royce. It seems he's going off on a business trip to be absent some time. But I can't imagine why he should have sent me the flowers except that we used to be good friends and I had a sort of half-way engagement to go with him to the opera next week. But of course you know all about his going."

"Oh—er—yes—yes, of course. But I came to ask the use of your phone for a moment, dear. Ours is out of order and I'm rushed to death to get away on that six o'clock train for Cincinnati."

Eloise never knew how she got through with her message nor how she got out of the house without betraying herself. Anita Keley! Of all girls in the world she was the very last. A jealous pang shot through her; in a flash she remembered Milford telling her once that Anita and he were sweethearts in the boy-and-girl days—and Anita had black eyes! He had repented of his hasty declaration of love to her and gone back to his first choice.

Eloise staggered up the steps and went blindly on to her unfinished packing in the disordered room, every nerve tingling with mortification, the outraged blood pounding in her temples.

At 5:30 she was ready for the journey. At 5:35 she stepped into a taxi-cab and was whirled toward the station. She took up her position in line at the ticket office and waited impatiently for her turn to come to secure transportation and get aboard her train.

As she turned from the window the hot blood splurged to her cheeks; her gaze trembled bewilderingly into the earnest, all-at-once entreating eyes of the man who had yesterday been dearer than all others.

"Eloise!" The name escaped him involuntarily; he took a quick step toward her, every resolution of the morning forgotten.

But the girl lifted her head with a swift touch of dignity and passed him with a cold nod of recognition. In a second he was beside her. Her indifference maddened him, and casting prudence to the winds Royce blurted out the first thing that came into his thought.

"For heaven's sake, what is it? Why—why aren't you wearing my violets?"

Those violets! Could it be possible that they had been meant for her instead of Anita Keley? Her mind worked rapidly. Ah! That explained the dozen American beauties sent to her by young Doctor Breen that morning—they were Anita's; the delivery boy had got things mixed. She half-opened her lips to speak, when she suddenly remembered that indignity of the previous night. Then she began to walk rapidly down the platform, Royce keeping imperturbable step at her side.

"Where are you going?" he asked her sternly. "It seems to me that after everything, you owe me some trifling—"

"Cincinnati!" she cut in sharply. "The green car over there—"

"The blue car, with the diner attached, you mean."

Eloise stood stock still and stared into Milford Royce's perplexed face. "Milford!" she exclaimed, relief and amusement struggling for the mastery of her pretty features. "Look at me! What color are my eyes?"

"Your eyes? Why, brown, of course." He looked at her so stupidly. "You haven't been crying, have you?"

A train bell rang. With his hand on her arm, Royce hurried her into the chair car.

"Oh, dear!" cried the girl, as the train pulled out. "This car is going to Chicago."

"So are we, little girl."

"But—but you don't understand. I have an engagement with—"

"You had a prior one—with me. I shall take you straight to my brother's house. He's a bishop, you know."

The world grew suddenly black. When they emerged from the tunnel Eloise's hat was not on straight, but her cheeks were pink and her blue eyes strangely bright.

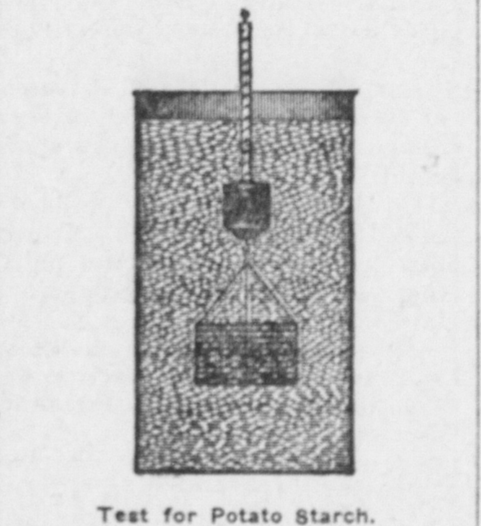


## FARM AND ROAD IMPROVEMENT

**TEST POTATOES FOR STARCH**  
Department of Agriculture Bulletin  
Discusses Alcohol Making, Particularly From Spuds.

(By V. C. MELVILLE)

The U. S. department of agriculture has issued Farmers' Bulletin No. 410 on potato culls as a source of industrial alcohol. This bulletin discusses alcohol making more particularly from potatoes. The amount of alcohol which can be made from potatoes depends upon the amount of starch which the tubers contain, just as butter making depends upon the butter fat in the milk or cream, says the Rural New Yorker. Consequently in buying potatoes some quality test is required, just as in the case of selling milk, the Babcock test is applied to determine the amount of butter fat. The test for potatoes is based on a specific gravity. As is known starch is heavier than water and will sink to the bottom and the sample starch test is based on the distance which the starch will fall in a volume of water. The instrument shown in the illustration is used. There is a small wire basket attached



Test for Potato Starch.

to a special form of hydrometer. This hydrometer is gauged so that when the empty basket hangs to it it will float at a certain point at the top of the water. Exactly ten pounds of the potatoes are taken. They are thoroughly washed and then dried. If necessary one potato will be cut in order to make the exact weight. The ten pounds are put into this wire basket and attached to the bottom of the hydrometer. The greater the amount of starch the lower these potatoes will pull the hydrometer into the water, since the starch is heavier, and the gauge is marked in such a way as to show by the depth to which a hydrometer is pulled the per cent. of starch contained in the sample. That is the way testing is done and it has answered reasonably well in practice. It is said that potatoes average from 14 to 20 per cent. of starch; 100 pounds of average potatoes containing 17 per cent. of starch will yield about 1 2-10 gallons of denatured alcohol.

## HOW FARMERS ARE ASSISTED

Scientists and Inventors Responsible for Revolution in Farm Methods in Recent Years.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE)

Scientists and inventors are responsible for the revolution that has taken place on the farm during the last few decades, for they have taught the farmer lessons of the greatest value. The inventor has supplied thousands of useful ideas and labor saving devices, so that the work can be done more effectively, with greater ease, and on a far larger scale than ever before. He has shown the farmer how the heaviest work can be done by mechanical means and has worked out plans for obtaining the necessary power from natural sources.

The scientist has shown that the soil is a wonder world, the mysteries of which are only partially mastered. The mastery of the problems of the soil presents one of the best fields for activities of bacteriologists of the present day, who are hard at work in the interests of humanity. The men engaged in this work include some of the best of modern scientists.

The scientist shows exactly what is lacking in a soil, and indicates what must be supplied in order to obtain proper results.

New fruits and flowers are being introduced by explorers in government as well as private employ, and some of the innovations have proved to be of great value. Some of the staple crops now grown in the middle west were unknown except to scientists only a few years ago.

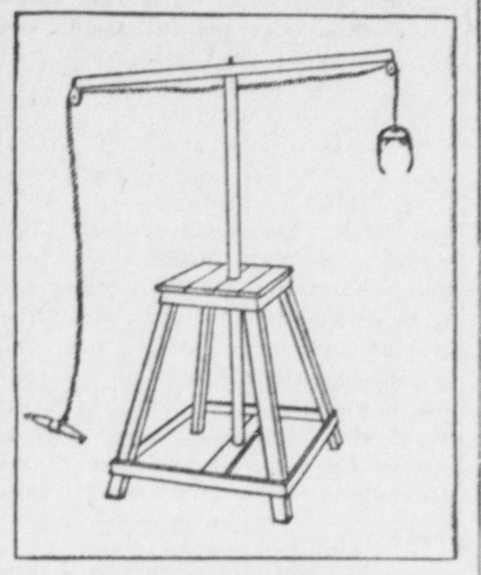
The inventor of the present beehive and its wonderful appliances, made a new industry possible, for without it, the modern aparies, representing the investment of millions of dollars, never could have been developed.

**Success in Gardening.**  
Success in gardening depends upon many factors, one of the most important being the planting of good seed.

## USEFUL DERRICK FOR FARM

Convenient for Stacking Hay, Grain and Corn Fodder or Many Little Jobs of Construction.

In stacking hay, grain or corn fodder, as well as in many jobs of construction, the handy derrick shown in illustration will be of the greatest value, as it saves much heavy lifting and permits of faster work. The upright is a pole or stick of the height you wish the derrick and strong enough for the work to be handled; this is braced in the manner shown in illustration, with a small platform at



A Handy Farm Derrick.

top of this bracing to permit a workman to stand upon same, as may often be required, says the Farm Press.

The upright is solidly set into the bracing platform and the cross piece or arm fastened to the top of same with a heavy iron rod or pin, thus permitting it to swing around as may be desired. A pulley is placed at each end of the cross piece, through which the rope is placed to make the tackle; as shown in illustration one end is fastened to the load while a horse hitched to the opposite end of the rope will elevate the load, and by diving to one side swing the load around to the point you wish. This device saves a great amount of labor in stacking and is of great value in excavating for wells, cellars, etc.

## COMPETES WITH ROAD-DRAW

Implement Made of Blades of Steel Do Better Work Than Plank or Log Drag, Is Claim.

This road-draw is made of blades of steel seven feet long, seven inches high and three-eighths of an inch thick. The manufacturers claim that these blades, as compared with a log or plank drag, will dig into the earth and do better work in grading or leveling, at the same time keeping down the pull on the horses. The blades are adjustable and can be set to suit the character of the work, and the condition of the dirt. The machine weighs 250 pounds complete.

## FARM NOTES

Put up new "Shooting Forbidden" signs.

Moles will avoid tilled corn put in holes.

Corn fodder must be dry when shredded or it will not keep well.

Corn, alfalfa and live stock are the dependable sources of the west's industrial life.

It is well to give prominence to such grasses as grow abundantly, though of short duration.

One can destroy thousands of insects one cannot see by raking and burning all rubbish on the place.

A great mistake is made when hay or straw is sold from a farm, whether the seller be an owner or simply a tenant.

A campaign is being carried on by the department of agriculture to increase the average yield per acre of sugar beets.

By returning the manure to the land, crops will be greatly improved. Stock farmers, also, can keep the weeds better under control.

The better the feeding, the more valuable the manure, and the more the manure is worth, the more need for the proper handling of it.

The corn crop of the United States is officially estimated at over 3,120,000,000 bushels. This is about 12 per cent. more than was realized last year.

Where one is to have possession of a field for but five years, he must plan to improve the soil and get a profit from it at the same time for best results all around.

Chinese lilies grow rapidly into slender, graceful plants, lasting several weeks. The dishes should not be quite filled with water for best results, but don't let the dish go dry.

It is not an easy matter to store the heat of summer to use during the winter months, but the cold of winter can be stored in the form of ice to use in the good old summer time.

## FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

His Wife.  
"What do you do for a living, Mose?"  
"I see de manager ob a laundry."  
"What's the name of this laundry?"  
"Eliza Ann."

## TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard Quinine Tonic. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 50 cents. Price 50 cents.



How long would they have to wait for a kiss if you were there, dear boy?

**Absent-Minded.**  
The professor had just sneezed for the thirtieth time, and it naturally attracted some attention.  
"What's the matter with the professor?" asked the visitor. "He appears to have a bad cold."  
"Oh, no," said Madame la Professoress. "It is only his fearful absent-mindedness. I left him in charge of the baby for a few moments this morning, and when he cried he gave him the pepper-pot to play with instead of his rattle."—Harper's Week.

**For Breakfast**  
???????

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