GREAT COMMANDER.

THE JOY HE BROUGHT TO A BRAVE BOY AND HIS FATHER.

Maurice Terrame's Interview With Washington-"Let Us Be Merry, For This My Son Was Dead and Is Alive Again; He Was Lost and Is Found."

In St. Nicholas Sara King Wiley has a romance of the American Revolution entitled "Maurice and His Father." A brave little English lad is separated from his father and falls into the hands of the Americans. His father afterward embraces the patriot cause, and his son is restored to him through the medium of Washington, as shown in the following extract:

Maurice was informed that General Washington was there showing the works to General Lafayette, and his heart began to flutter and thump within

Barney was sitting beside him, looking at his master with bright and loving eyes, his little black nose quivering.

"Barney," said the boy, "we're afraid, but we're not going to stop if we are."

And, picking up the dog, he took his way through the rustling leaves that lay like heaps of gold toward the house which one of the soldiers, from whom Maurice ventured to ask for directions, had pointed out to him.

"Yes, General Washington is there and alone," he was told.

Could be see him? 'Sure, no, ye little bye," said the Irish sentry. "It's wore out the poor gintleman is, already, and it's mesilf wouldn't bother with all thim jabbering Frinchmen!"

Maurice was desperate. "Oh, please!" he said. "Beg, Barney;

you beg too." The little dog sat up at once, with

drooping paws. 'Sure, me own name's Barney. And is your dog's name O'Reilly, too?" said

"Oh, if he is your namesake," exclaimed Maurice, "you must let him in! Oh, see, you can hold him while I go in!" Maurice thought no one could resist such an offer.

"I'll see," said the soldier, and he stepped within, and, returning, said, "Go on."

Maurice yielded up Barney and stepped into the hall, went along it and paused just inside an open door. He was trembling. A voice said, "What is your errand?" a voice even, grave and rather severe.

Maurice raised his eyes. Just before the fireplace stood the great commander. To the boy's excited thought he seemed even larger than he was. Washington's hands were behind his back, his handsome head bent a little forward.

'What is your errand, my lad?'' said he again, with a note of command in

"Oh, my father, my father!" he said. "I have been lost from him so very long!"

Something in the thrilling child's voice, something in the piteous and forlorn expression of his face, went straight the warm heart that the general carried beneath his calm exterior. He crossed the room in quick strides, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said kindly:

"My poor child!" This was too much. Maurice had borne bravely the long strain of wait-

ing, the repeated disappointments, but the unexpected sympathy broke down his self possession. He put his head in the crook of his arm and sobs came fast sobs that shook him from head to foot. The general drew him aside, sat down in an armchair, and, taking the little hanging head in both his own, said, 'There, there, stop crying and tell me all about it!"

Maurice choked down his sobs and told his story. At his father's name the general rose quickly. "Colonel Terraine's son! Why, then,

your father was here a short time ago. He may be up stairs now!" Maurice forgot even the great chief and sprang for the door. But Washing-

ton caught him by the arm. "My dear boy-he does not know-I will go."

Maurice stood still in the center of the room and pressed his hands hard together. The general went out and up stairs. It seemed to Maurice that he stepped very slowly.

Colonel Terraine sat in an up stairs room writing. He laid down his pen and rose as the general entered.

"Colonel," said Washington, "I have some wonderful news for you." He paused. The officer took a step forward and opened his lips, but did not speak.

"Come down stairs with me," continued the general slowly, "and remember as you go that passage in the Scriptures, 'But the father said, Let us be merry, for this my son' "-Colonel Terraine caught the back of a chair-" 'for this my son-'" went on the sweet, grave voice, " 'was dead, and is alive again. He was lost and is-found.' "

Colonel Terraine stood an instant, with wide, questioning eyes. Then he rushed through the doorway and down the stairs. The general followed him quickly. There was a loud cry as the colonel entered the room, and Maurice sprang into his father's arms. General Washington closed the door and stood guard over it himself. Barney, having escaped from the soldier, tore in, and the general stooped from his great height to pat the little dog. If Barney had been a man, he would have seen that there were tears in the bright blue eyes.

Heat and Silver.

To read the inscription on a silver coin which by much wear has become wholly obliterated put a poker in the When redbot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

She Bared Her Arm to the Surgeon's A Mendicant Who Succeeds In Extracting

Knife For Her Husband's Benefit. The keen stroke of the surgeon's blade along the slender nerves, shooting currents of agony to every fiber and torturing every muscle, causes the physically bravest of us to quail, even when it is vitally necessary to undergo the pain, and something like Spartan courage is needed when one voluntarily goes through with the experience solely for another's sake.

Dr. Jarnigan tells a story, and it is out of his own professional experience, that has for its heroine a woman who did this bravely unselfish thing.

Her husband's arm had been crushed in the machinery. The hard folds of muscle had been flattened, and the bone had been crushed. The arm, bruised and discolored, was bad enough to look upon, but it gave no indication of the excruciating torture of pain the man had to undergo. It was thought at first by the doctors that his arm would have to come off-the good right arm that supported the brave wife who stood by his side and the serious, anxious faced children who stood looking on. He begged them to save his arm, and his wife begged them, and fortunately the condition of the case permitted them to.

But the arm did not heal. The skin sloughed away from the wounded surface and left it raw and sore. The doctors saw that it was necessary to graft portions of skin to the service to bring about a cure. They told the sick man of it, and they bared his side to cut off the strips of skin to put over the raw

The blade flashed into the man's side. the blood spurted out, and with a moan the man fell over in a faint, sickened by the pain. His wife had been watching, her sympathetic heart touched to its depths by the sight of her husband's

"Doctor, don't do that again," she begged. "Don't cut him any more. He is too weak and has suffered too much. Cut it off me. Won't that do?"

The doctors told her that it would. She coolly bared her arm and told them she was ready. The razor edged blade sank into the flesh and went ripping down, followed by a tiny fountain of blood. She did not wince. Dexterously, expertly, the doctors slit out a piece of skin and grafted it over the man's arm. Another and another piece was cut out until more than a dozen had been removed, and all the while the Spartan woman remained standing watching the swift flash of the knife, the springing of the warm blood and the sickening spectacle without shrinking once.

The husband's arm, grafted over with skin taken from his wife's arm, is now well, and the arm of the brave woman is fast healing up, leaving many long scars, that will ever bear evidence to the heroism of her love. -Atlanta Con-

Hard to Wait.

"It is so hard to wait." She was but 18 and betrothed. When

she was 20, they would let her wed. And so she stood by the window this April day, the tears in her blue eyes. "It is so hard to wait, grandpa," she

He was eighty and eight. Close to the grate fire he sat and bleared into its

"It is so hard to wait," he thought. He had been waiting these many years, yet God was not ready for him. And as he looked into the fire he

smiled. The girl at the window sighed. Two tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

the crowded street at her feet. The old man was content to look into his fire. He had seen the hurrying

She looked at the hurrying world, at

The girl at the window watched a busy wren building a nest. Again she sighed. Down the street a hand organ

was playing a waltz. The tears started afresh in the young girl's eyes as she looked at the world through her window.

And a patient smile still played about the face of the old man as he nodded at the great fire. "It is so hard to wait," he said soft-

"It is so hard to wait," she sighed. -Fcotlights.

An Apology.

A man who has a reputation for being very careless as to his toilet was elected town clerk in one of the small towns in his state some time ago, and the local paper thought it would be a good joke to announce that-

"Mr. Makeup will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

On reading the notice Mr. Makeup was furious and demanded a retraction, which the paper accordingly made the following day in this fashion:

"Mr. Makeup requests us to deny

that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk." And still Mr. Makeup was not pleased. How hard it is to satisfy some people!-Our Girls and Boys.

Not Easy.

Ethel-Why, we must have gone over the same ground? Tell me about your

Mr. Globe Trotter-Well, I went to Denver by train, and then crossed the country by easy stages to-Ethel-Easy stages? No. I see we didn't go by the same road, for the stages we took nearly killed all of us .-

Washington Times. From the time of Solomon the chronology of the Jews may be connected with that of Egypt, Assyria and Babylon and comparative views presented.

Over 5,000 species of butterflies are known, and of this number 900 are peculiar to North America.

The German empire has 10,930,000 women over the age of 16.

AN ARTFUL APPEAL.

Silver From Passersby. An illustration of the depth to which one woman has sunk (or risen) in the art of begging may be seen any evening after dark on the down town streets of Chicago. This woman has no favorite street. She simply plays them all, usually side streets, where the young man with his best girl as often glides through because the crowds are not so dense or the lights so brilliant.

This woman has two confederates who dress and act like laboring men. Each carries his little tin pail, and each shows evidence of having been hard at work. A young society man and his girl walk slowly along, indifferent to the world. Neither hears the almost inaudible appeal for help. As the young conple pass the mendicant the men with their tin pails and grimy hands stop short and block the way.

"Let's chip in a nickel apiece and help that poor, starving creature," says one of them.

"All right, Joe, I'll do it. I earned an extra quarter today, and I can just spare a nickel."

This not only attracts the attention of the lovers, but it brings tears to the eyes of the girl, and involuntarily the thought flashes through the young man's mind that if two laborers can give up a portion of their hard earned money he can part with at least 25 cents and oftener more, owing largely to what sort of an impression he wants to make upon his companion.

And so a bright silver coin drops into the cup held by the poor, starving creature, a few muffled sounds of "Bless you, my children, bless you," come from the bunch of rags sitting upon the raised step, and the little crowd of laborers. sweethearts and object of charity dissolves, each feeling happier and more

The young man never knows he has been "worked," so to speak, and neither does the next victim or the next, for be it known that the programme related above is repeated until there are no lovers parading up and down the side streets at night.-Chicago Times-Her-

A THRIFTLESS GENIUS.

The Hand to Mouth Existence That Was Led by Leigh Hunt.

Leigh Hunt had no sense either of time or of money-a grave fault, perhaps an unpardonable vice, in a man who had a wife and children depending upon him. As long as he lived he was thriftless and needy, a lender and a borrower, so generous that he could never afford to be just, bringing upon those whom he loved sincerely a constant burden of debt and care. How reprehensible this was he seems never to have felt, though he blames himself freely and light heartedly, and if the reader of his autobiography is disposed to feel sorry for Mrs. Hunt it is not because her husband sets him the example. This was Leigh Hunt's one vice, never amended nor actively repented of. Yet he had had his warning It is pathetic to compare with each other the two following passages and to see how clearly Leigh Hunt foresaw his danger and how incapable he proved of escaping it:

"I have seen," he writes in 1808, "so much of the irritabilities, or rather the miseries, accruing from want of a suitable income, and the best woman of her time was so worried and finally worn out with the early negligence of others in this respect that if ever I was determined in anything it is to be perfectly clear of the world and ready to meet the exigencies of a married life before I do marry, for I will not see a wife who loves me and is the comfort of my existence afraid to speak to me of money matters. She shall never tremble to hear a knock at the door or to meet a quarter day.

And in 1832: "I never hear a knock at the door * * * but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday I was sitting down to dinner * * when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for 40 shillings."-Temple Bar.

How the Air Is Purified.

Motion, mechanical and molecular, the great law of the universe, is first to be considered as a natural method for the purification of the atmosphere. Its power as a purifier of the air is shown mechanically in the flow of rivers and in the ocean currents. Molecularly it serves the same purpose in the form of heat, light and electricity.

When not in motion, air stagnates as water does and becomes offensive and bad, because it is easily impregnated with fine animal and vegetable dust as well as noxious gases. Certain physical conditions are always necesary for the continual movement of the air. know that the diurnal motion of land and sea air brings the warm days and cool nights as well as the rain and wind. In the tropical regions as the run rises the heat of the day increases, and the breeze sets in from the sea to the land. As the sun goes down the heat diminishes, and at sunset the temperatures of sea and land are equal. At night again the breeze is from land to sea until morning, when the temperature may become equal and the sea breeze return. - Chautauquan.

Velocity of Insects' Wings In Flight. E. J. Marey of The Science Record has been studying the flight of insects. with the object in view of ascertaining the wing strokes per second in the different species. Those upon which the record is complete are as follows: Wing strokes per second in the house fly, 330; drone bee, 240; working bee, 190; wasp, 110; hawk moth, 72; dragon fly, 28, and cabbage butterfly, 9.

Puts Him In a Rage.

Mrs. Prosy-Reading is quite a passion with my husband.

Mrs. Dresser-So it is with mine when he reads my milliner's bills!-Pick Me Up.

A GREAT HISTORIC TABLET.

Professor Petrie Finds a Record of the Crushing of Israel by Egypt.

I was permitted to excavate along a part of the ruin strewn desert at Thebes and to examine the sites of temples which stand there. On these few furlongs I found that there had been seven temples of the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, about 1450-1150 B. C. Most of these I entirely cleared out, the largest piece of allthe great buildings around the Rameseum—being the clearance of the Egyptian research account worked by Mr. Quibell. Each site gave us some return in information or objects, but the most valuable of the sites, as it proved, wa one of the least inviting. A field of stone chips showed where the funeral temple of Merenptah had stood, and, left in the ruins, I found the great granite tablet bearing the long inscription of Merenptah about his Libyan war and his Syrian war and naming Israel. This tablet is over 10 feet high, over

5 feet wide and over a foot thick, of one flawless block of very fine grained granite, or rather syenite. It was first cut by one of the most sumptuous kings of Egypt, Amenhotep III, brilliantly polished as flat and glassy as a mirror and engraved with a scene of the king offering to Amen, the god of Thebes, and an inscription of about 3,000 hieroglyphs recording his offerings and glorifying the god. His son Akhenaten, who strove after a higher faith, crased all figures and inscriptions of Amen, and so effaced most of his father's fine carving on this great tablet. This, however, was all re-engraved by Seti I, about 50 years later, as a restoration. Then, some two centuries after it had been erected in the temple of Amenho tep III, Merenptah cast an envious gaze on the splendid stone and stole it for his own purpose.

Not taking the trouble to rework it, he simply built the face of it into his own wall and engraved on the comparatively rough back of the block. At the top he figured a scene of the king offering to Amen, and below an inscription very nearly as large as that of Amenho tep III on the other side. The painting of the sculptored figures still remains as fresh as on the day it was done, for, as the tablet fell face forward when the temple was destroyed, the side belong ing to Merenptah lay downward, while

that of Amenhotep III was uppermost. In the runis, then, amid the fragments of columns and foundations, heaped over with a foot or two of stone chips, this grand block had lain since about the time of the Trojan war. All Greek history, Roman and mediavalthe prophets, Christianity and Islamhave swept along while this was waiting unsuspected, with its story of the wars of Pharaoh of the Hard Heart and his crushing of Israel. - Professor Flinders Petrie in Century.

When Cod Become Blind.

Several large cod are kept in one of the tanks of the Amsterdam aquarium, necessarily near to the surface, and therefore exposed to a strong light from above. Now, the cod, though not a 'deep sea" fish, is not a surface swimand lives at depths where the sun light must be very much modified by passage through the water. It lives in what to us would be semidarkness. Every one of these cod exposed to the strong light is suffering from an extraordinary hypertrophy of the eye. The whole organ has become overgrown, as if in the effort to adjust itself to the use of more light rays it had become overequipped and then useless. The cod, in

fact, are blind. The most interesting feature in this change is the extraordinary rapidity with which increased supply of light rays has overdeveloped the organ for its use. It has taken place, not by slow degrees from individual to individual, but in a course of time to be measured by months and in every individual in the tank. If this example is a measure of the rapidity with which such changes take place among fish, the adaptation of those creatures which have migrated from the shallow waters to the deep seas, shown by the total loss of enormous development of their eyes and the growth of illuminating organs to light the abyss, may have been as rapid as it is marvelous.-London Spectator.

A Dog's Patience.

In The Ladies' Kennel Journal there is printed a story of George Eliot's favorite spaniel, which Mr. Robert Buchanan tells. One day when the novelist, George Lewes, and Mr. Buchanan were engaged in earnest conversation they were disturbed by a sudden yelp of pain from beneath the table. Examination revealed the fact that a child of 3 years of age or so had been amusing himself by snipping at the animal's ears with a pair of scissors, and the mangled condition of the dog showed how much torture he had borne before giving way or uttering a sound of protest. George Eliot was, naturally, violently angry, and was about to punish the child, but the dog, divining her intention, licked his little persecutor's face and mutely begged him off the whipping he had richly deserved.

They Fear Nothing.

The followers of Menelek, king of Shoa, while not so large as the fierce Zulus of the south, are about the toughest warriors in the world. They do not know physical fear. I have seen a man jab a burnt stick several inches in his flesh without wincing, declares a writer in the New York Press. This appare insensibility to pain is accompanied with a religious frenzy in battle that renders the soldiers unconscious of bodily harm. They have no fear of death, and their happiness is to kill.

To Take a Raw Egg.

Egg oysters are very good if swallowed like a "native" and form an excellent way of taking raw eggs. Arrange them thus: Break a new laid egg into a glass containing half a teaspoonful of vinegar and season with pepper and salt.

Depression of Spirits

so common in summertime, accompanied by loss of energy, lack of thought-power, means a deficient supply of nourishment. vital force is lost. It isn't a question of muscle and sinew, but of resistance and endurance. At any age but especially in youth, it involves the risk of NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Court of Quarance. At any age but especially in youth, it in the limits of the boro of Bellefonte and the townships of Spring and Potter, for public use. Atty. for Petitioners. lung disease. Loss of flesh and a cough are threatening signs.

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LEGAL NOTICE

CHANGE OF NAME.

In the matter of the petition of Henry Mundrick for decree to chauge name from Henry Mundrick to Henry Haag.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No 140, April T. 1806.

And now, to wit: June 8th, 1896. This cause came on to be heard upon petition and it appearing to the court that the original petition or application was filed on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1806, in pursuance of the decree of this court and after due consideration it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the name of Henry Mundrick the petitioner be changed to that of Henry Haag, and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that he shall hereafter assume the name of Henry Haag as well as all the members of his immediate family, his wife and children hereafter to bear the name of Haag Instead of Mundrick.

It is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that the said Henry Haag and his wife and children shall respectively have the advantage of the several acts of Assembly in such case made and provided: and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that the said Henry Haag the petitioner shall pay the costs of this proceeding together with the \$10.00 provided by the act of assembly of the 9th of April, A. D. 1852.

The Prothonotary is directed to give notice

The Prothonotary is directed to give notice of this decree according to the directions of the several acts of assembly in such case made and provided and make the proper record of said notice.

BY THE COURT. W. F. SMITH, Prothonotary, July 16-1896.

NOTICE-is hereby given and all persons are hereby notified that on August 14, 1695. I purchased the following goods and chattels of Geo. Bitner, of Potter township, viz.: 2 black horses, 1 bay mare, 1 sorrel horse, 4 red cows, 5 head young cattle, 18 shoats. 2 sows, 1 2-horse wagon, 14-horse wagon, road cart, self binder, mower, cultivator, horse gears, sulky plow, 2 harrows, spring harrow, hay rake, hay rope and pulleys, 3-5 of 15 acres of wheat, 3-5 of 15 acres of corn, 3-5 of 15 acres of oats, 20 tons of hay, and all persons are hereby cautioned and notified not to meddle with the same.

George Reiber.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Grove, late of College town-

State of windam Grove, tate of Conege township, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. F. GROVE

W. E. GROVE. NATHAN GROVE. Executors. Lemont, Pa.

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of W. H. Wilkenson, late of Bellefonte Borough, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement, to the undersigned.

EMELINE J. WILKENSON, Bellefonte, Pa., 7-9-6t

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