



MISS ALICE DUNLAP.

For Thirty Years She Has Managed the Same Telegraph Office.

Thirty years as manager of the same telegraph office is the record of Miss Alice Dunlap, who has charge of the Western Union Telegraph company's business in Peru, Ind. She had five years' experience at the key and sounder previous to coming to Peru and worked at Roanoke, Huntington and West Lebanon for the Wabash railroad. In that time she was never the cause of an accident, but by flagging an official train at West Lebanon she saved the lives of many, as the train would have run into a freight train less than a mile away.

Miss Dunlap learned telegraphy when the old register system was in use and



MISS ALICE DUNLAP.

was the first woman in the employ of the Wabash company who was able to take the messages off the sounder without the register.

The Western Union Telegraph company, appreciating the good work of Miss Dunlap as manager of the Peru office, assisted her in the way of transportation on a trip around the world. She was absent from home several months and visited several countries in Europe, the northern part of Africa, India, China and Japan.

Miss Dunlap since she began telegraphy has sent more than a million messages and has received an equal number.—Peru Dispatch.

Childhood's Critical Period.

There is a critical period in childhood, occurring at the age of seven or eight years, which has received until recently very little attention, says the Mothers' Journal. The child fatigues easily and is commonly accused of laziness. The face is pale and the manner languid. The period lasts usually only a few months, but in some exceptional cases the symptoms may continue for two years. This is the most serious crisis that comes to childhood, yet it is the one least regarded. The period is one of rapid growth, and so much blood is required for the growing tissues that the heart is liable to be overtaxed in its effort to meet the demand.

A well nourished child, with a normal heart action, will safely pass this most critical period, but the child with faulty nutrition, who has not been able to lay up a reserve force, will show symptoms of an overtaxed heart and sometimes of alarming nervous derangement. Even the normal child will show great disinclination to mental and physical exertion. Less school work should be done at this time than during the preceding year. Some allowance should be made for nervous irritability, and careful attention should be given to nutrition. At no time in the child's life is the daily bath a greater necessity, as it relieves the overtaxed heart and assists in restoring the nerves to a normal condition.

What Home Is.

Home is a place of peace, a shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer world penetrate into it and the unknown, unloved or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, shade as of the rock in a weary land and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name and fulfills the promise of home.

And wherever a true wife comes this home is always around her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than cedars with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless.—John Ruskin.

Why Women Worry.

If a woman is to protect herself from the ravages of worry and so retain her youth for a longer period she must come into more frequent contact with other people, as her husband does, and read good books; she must relieve the monotony of her duties and the limiting influence of confinement within

four walls by taking outdoor exercise, a walk every day or a spin on a bicycle; in short, she must exercise the body and mind in a healthful manner, and she will find the bloom of youth and health remain with her for years after it has faded in other women of the same age. "The ordinary woman," says a celebrated physician, "leads such a monotonous existence that her mind has no occupation but worry. What she needs is to come out of herself much more than she does. She must have intercourse with more people and take more exercise. This can be done without neglecting the home, and every right minded man will do his best to secure for his mother or his sister or his wife these aids to the retention of youthfulness of body and mind."—Boston Republic.

Uses For Screw Eyes.

Screw eyes, to be bought at the hardware store at a few cents a dozen, are what we consider a household necessity. When you have them you will find innumerable uses for them. We find one screwed in the end of the broom handle and also the mop handle and one in the end of the mending board, by which to hang these articles up. We have two or three of them screwed into the underside of an out of the way shelf in the pantry and rings of wire the size of a tea saucer suspended from them, through which we hang our dishcloths, and let me say right here that unbleached cheese cloth makes excellent dishcloths at small expense.—Letter in Exchange.

A Bedroom Bookcase.

A pretty bookcase for a bedroom or a cupboard for a few choice cups and saucers can be made from four oblong boxes about 12 inches by 8 inches. Put one of the boxes on top of the other, having the top one meet the outside edge exactly, but standing on its smaller end. Screw the boxes together in the centers. Put the other two boxes together evenly and screw. Then screw the two pieces together through the sides. Stain with ponce or mahogany or paint white. Buy a small brass rod or use curtain wire instead of a rod. Make a silkline curtain the depth of the lower boxes and not quite so long and pull back about half way.

Women on the Farm.

If the opportunities afforded to women by farming were more generally understood, fewer farmers' daughters would seek for employment in cities, where positions are overcrowded and often undesirable. Instances are becoming more and more frequent of women winning success in the line of general farming or in some special branch of stock or vegetable raising. Cattle and swine breeding have been undertaken with marked success by many women, and some of the best known exhibitors of blooded stock have been of the feminine sex. In scientific agriculture there is a wide range of possibilities.

A Good Curtain Hint.

A novel method of prolonging the usefulness of a handsome but very old pair of lace curtains is by appliqueing on a foundation of sheer silk of pale rose or some delicate shade. The curtain is carefully basted on this foundation, most of the net cut away and the pattern outlined with a soft linen dross of the same shade as the foundation. The effect is really charming, the richness of brocade being combined with the airiness of lace.

Water For the Complexion.

The woman with a muddy skin and dull eyes will find generous water drinking to be the cheapest and best beauty doctor of all. Two glasses of water every morning and night will brighten her eyes, clear her complexion and improve her digestion. Let the water be absolutely pure, and a few months of the simple treatment will gain many compliments for the woman whose greatest affliction is an unattractive skin.

Artistic Bookbinders.

In the city of Chicago there are eight or ten women who find a profitable occupation in artistic bookbinding. In this work taste is especially brought into play. Book lovers do not mind paying high prices to have it done right and to know that the inside of the book finds expression in the cover. Art leathers, vellum and rich silken brocades are fabrics used.

Smart Lamp Shades.

Some very smart lamp shades are being built of flowered cretonne. The shade is made up of a series of panels of the cretonne. It is necessary to study the design of the goods carefully before cutting it in order to have the panels consecutive—that is, to have the floral wreath or spray continued from one to another.

Nursery Rockers.

Have in your nursery one of the double willow settee rockers. Nothing will give the children and the mother more comfort. One mother says she has spent many happy hours in one of these comfortable seats with her baby on her lap and two other children tucked in at the side.

Harsh calico is hard to sew and often causes needles to break. This difficulty may be overcome by rubbing the hem seam with a dry piece of soap, when the needle will penetrate easily.

Sir John Cockburn, an eminent English medical authority, says women are less nervous and therefore better fitted to be surgeons than men.

Painted furniture wiped over with a little milk and water will look as bright as new.

Dry flour and an old newspaper will polish up tinware.

ON THE BITTER CREEK RUN

By W. BERT FOSTER

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"Besides," observed Lester, rolling himself a cigarette with an air of finality, "you will get your hands and face all smut, and—think of your clothes, Evie!"

But Evylyn was not to be dissuaded. "Write me the order, Lester," she commanded. "What is the good of being the daughter of a man who owns a railroad and the sister of a boy who thinks he owns the Bitter Creek division if I can't ride in the cab?"

"But Jim LeStrange!"

"Mr. LeStrange is nothing whatever to me. Merely because we used to know him when we were children makes no difference. He is only the engineer."

"Humph! Member when he and you tried to elope together in his goat wagon and with a pound of crackers and some cheese that mother had sent you to the store for, Evie? Let's see; you were about five then, weren't you?"

Evylyn's glance would have withered anybody but an older brother. She marched away with the order addressed to the engineer of the western special, her head in the air and a deepened color in her cheek.

The fact that Jim LeStrange had been a playmate of her extreme youth did not freeze Miss Evylyn Grantham. She remembered that her mother had soundly spanked her for the escapade Lester had mentioned, and with the smart of that chastisement her interest in Jim had expired.

In fact, soon after that fateful day the Granthams had gone east. Only during visits to the town of her birth did Evylyn bear of Jim. The Granthams went up the social and financial scale by leaps and bounds. Jim LeStrange, with a pair of strong hands and some brains, had, to Evylyn's mind, scarcely risen at all.

Certainly the sooty faced fellow in a greasy cap and overalls who took her pass when she reached the platform beside which Ninety-nine and its long train of vestibule cars stood would have made a strange figure in the parlors of her eastern friends. And to her mind his "Good morning, Miss Evie," was offensively familiar. She stepped aboard the panting locomotive without answering and heartily wishing she had not come.

But what an adventure to tell the girls of when she went back! The crack fier of the Bitter Creek division was becoming popular. Some of her friends had been through the canyon and seen its marvels from the windows of a parlor car, but no girl in her set had dared ride from Logger to McMahon Station, the towns guarding the entrance and exit of the canyon, in the cab of big Ninety-nine.

"You better sit over on this side, miss," the fireman said respectfully, motioning to his own side of the cab. But Miss Evylyn thought him officious and crept in behind the lever and squeezed into the engineer's seat. She did not know much about the huge machine on which she was to ride and considered it a personal affront when Jim LeStrange swung himself aboard and stepped up in front of her, obstructing her view of the landscape from the front window of the cab.

Under his tight fitting jersey she saw the muscles of his shoulders and arms slip back and forth—like the contracting of the tiger's tendons under its tawny hide—when he stretched his left hand back to seize the lever. He waited, glancing ahead, for the conductor's signal. There was something fascinating in his tense though easy pose. The compressed air signal "spit" overhead. Instantly the hand on the lever tightened. There was scarcely a jar as Ninety-nine, taking deep breaths, pulled out of the Logger station.

There is little in the Bitter Creek canyon to please the eye of tourists, but it certainly awes them. Sheer walls rise so high that only for an hour at midday is the bottom of the gorge flooded with sunlight. Through this single track of the division weaves its way, crossing and recrossing the whitened torrent upon trestlework. Around these piles the water roars when at its full, seeking to tear down the obstructions man has placed in its path.

"You should have chosen a pleasant day for your ride, Miss Evie," Jim said casually. "It's been raining this morning and the creek will be high. And I shouldn't be surprised if we got more of it before long. The canyon will be dark."

She sat stiffly upright in her corner of the narrow seat and made no reply. But the rain came ere the western special plunged into the gloom of the gorge. Jim reached behind her and shut the sliding pane to shield her from any chance gust. In doing so the sleeve of his jersey touched her shoulder and she shrank aside, but he seemed utterly unconscious.

The train swept into the canyon and sped over the glistening rails like a fiery serpent. It was dark and the girl shivered. Suppose the angry creek should wrench free some portion of the trestlework? She only breathed with confidence when the train was upon the solid ledges of rock, which had been carved out of the cliffs by the water ages before.

Suddenly the shovels fell from the fireman's hands, ringing again upon the iron running board. He reached over and shook Jim LeStrange by the arm. Evylyn turned also, for the man's face was white under the grime of the coal dust. He pointed behind them, where the daylight was fast fading at

the entrance of the canyon. But she, too, saw what had startled the fireman.

A wall of white water curled above the tracks. It swept the canyon from wall to wall, bearing down upon the rear of the long train so swiftly that it seemed as though the cars must be almost instantly swallowed by the flood.

"A cloudburst!" she heard Jim exclaim, and then, before the words had more than passed his lips, the train leaped ahead. Twenty miles an hour through the canyon was considered a safe speed; the western special darted away at a pace double that, for the chance of wreck on a curve ahead was less to be feared than the certain death that followed behind!

Involuntarily Evylyn clutched at the arm of the engineer. "Will it catch us? Can't you go faster?" she gasped.

He turned his face around to her slowly. When she could see it he was actually smiling. "We'll make a record for the Bitter Creek run this day."

Exasperated, she shook him angrily by the arm. "That will catch us—it will!" she cried. "Can't you cut off the train? Couldn't we get away if the cars didn't hold us back?"

He turned a quizzical glance upon her. "Cut off the cars?" he asked. "There are hundreds of people back there. There are only three of us here. Would it pay to sacrifice the others?"

She was silenced and abashed, but she did not know that the thought had shot through his own mind first of all. One smashing blow of the sledge on the coupling and the locomotive and tender would be free of the heavy train of coaches, and that white wall of water was coming faster and faster.

Evylyn could not keep her own eyes from it. She leaped down from the seat, with a shriek.

Instantly the long arm of the driver reached around the lever. He caught her and lifted her bodily back upon the seat. "Stay where you are!" he commanded hoarsely, and she, forgetting the tidal wave behind, stared straight ahead, her lips a firm line of white, too angry for speech. Nobody in all her life had ever touched or spoken to her so.

She saw the fireman again lean over the lever and shout in LeStrange's ear. "The basin!" Jim nodded.

Suddenly the walls of the canyon spread apart. The train was flying so swiftly that it seemed the cliffs were moving instead of themselves. The train ran out upon a long trestle, for in this wider part of the gorge, known as "the basin," there were rock shelves on either side. The creek bed was wide, and the water roared among the debris fallen from the heights above.

Jim reversed the engine, and to Evylyn's despair the train slowed down. But she was too angry to speak. And scarcely had the train stopped when the tidal wave broke about them.

When it reached the locomotive the water had spread over so great an area that the only damage it did was to rise into the standing room of the cab and put out the fire under Ninety-nine's boiler. Then it roared on down the canyon, and unless it carried away some portion of the iron trestlework ahead the danger was over.

Jim, without a glance at her, leaped down to examine his engine. When he was satisfied that the machine was all right he came back. The fireman had cleaned out the fire box and was pitching in dry wood. Jim stood so that she was sheltered from the gaze of the stoker.

"Well, are you sorry I didn't cut off the train, Miss Evie?" he asked.

"I hate you!" she declared, looking determinedly away from him.

"Well, I'm real sorry for that. But, you know, I had the company's property to look out for—as well as the president's daughter." He was actually smiling.

"I hate you!" she declared again.

"That's pretty tough," he observed again. "And it's been so long since we've seen each other too! Do you know, I couldn't ever bring myself to the point of hating you. Fact is, I feel exactly the opposite and always have since we played at sweethearts. Do you remember, Evie?"

She turned upon him then, but the fire died out of her eyes. She remembered how he had looked when he sat her down again in that corner with a command.

Her hands went suddenly up to cover her face. "It's too bad," said Jim, "but the coal dust will settle on the woodwork. I'm afraid you're getting your face all smut from those gloves."

And he pulled the hands away and held both in one of his.

"The fire's going again, Mr. LeStrange," said the stoker.

Official Book Burnings.

The last authorized book burning in Great Britain was in 1775, when "The Commercial Restraint of Ireland Considered," by the Hon. Hely Hutchinson, was given to the flames.

The war against books began under Henry VIII, when books were burned by both religious parties. All copies of Tyndale's Bible that could be bought up were publicly burned at St. Paul's on Shrove Tuesday, 1527, and a general destruction by fire of unlicensed books was ordered three years later by the king. In 1585 the star chamber claimed the power of licensing and seizing books, and its scrutiny was as rigorous as that of the inquisition.

THE PUZZLER

No. 201.—Primal Acrostic. A very eminent and favorite writer of fiction both in prose and in verse. It has been said of him—

He sings and, lo, Romance Starts from her magic urn, And Chivalry's bright lance And nodding plumes return.

1. A famous Scottish hero. 2. A range of mountains in South America. 3. A famous American poet. 4. A Swiss who delivered his country from the Austrian yoke and restored its independence.

5. A name borne by the king of England. 6. A Frenchman notorious at the time of the French revolution. 7. One of the best and wisest of the ancient Greeks.

8. A brave British king, who was taken prisoner by the Romans in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. 9. The name of a very ancient Greek poem.

10. A great Italian poet. 11. An Athenian general and statesman who lived in the most famous times of Greek history.

No. 202.—Syncope. The man who gives will disappear; You see the passageway; And what was once a bank of yarn Is in your hand today.

No. 203.—Box Puzzle. 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 7 0 0 0 8 0 0 0 0 5 0 0 0 6 0 0 0 0 9 0 0 0 10

From 1 to 2, to delight in; from 3 to 1, a personal pronoun; from 3 to 4, a measure of time; from 3 to 5, shadow; from 4 to 6, compact; from 5 to 6, the after song; from 7 to 8, stretched; from 7 to 9, a pronoun; from 8 to 10, to raise; from 9 to 10, a decree; from 3 to 7, to repose on a seat; from 4 to 8, a river of Scotland; from 6 to 10, to devour; from 5 to 9, before.

No. 204.—A Poet. What great poet's name does the picture suggest?—New York Tribune.

No. 205.—Riddle. First is in water, but not in cracker; Second is in chair, but not in stool; Third is in hot, but not in cold.



What great poet's name does the picture suggest?—New York Tribune.

No. 205.—Riddle. First is in water, but not in cracker; Second is in chair, but not in stool; Third is in hot, but not in cold.

Fourth is in meat, but not in ham; Fifth is in beer, but not in ale; Whole is something that we always need.

No. 206.—Subtraction. Take four from living and leave a drink.

No. 207.—Floral Enigmas. 1. The author of the "Marble Faun." 2. The chimera of a noted cathedral. 3. The signet of a monarch of Israel.

The Wrong Title. Nell—He wrote a lovely poem to Mabel. Fred—I know, but she got mad and tore it up. Nell—The idea! Why? Fred—He headed it "Lines on Mabel's Face."—Illustrated Bits.

The Reason. He—I wonder why it is that men succeed who only mind their own business. She—Because there is so little competition.—Life.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 251.—What States? 1. Indiana. 2. Rhode Island. 3. Tennessee. 4. Mississippi. No. 252.—A Well Known Maxim: A contented mind is a continual feast. No. 253.—Substitutions: Level, lever, levee. No. 254.—A Concealed Poet: Initials—The Bella. Finalis—Edgar Poe. 1. The-y. 2. Hid-e. 3. Egg-s. 4. Bos-t. 5. Ear-n. 6. Lop-e. 7. Leon. 8. Suet. No. 255.—Charade: Demon, straight (demonstrate). No. 256.—Transformations: 1. Prey, pray, play, flay, flag. 2. Yard, bard, bald, bold, bolt. No. 257.—Terminations: Hermitage, Orphanage, Vicarage, Parsonage, Assemblage, Patronage, Passage, Package. No. 258.—Half Square: 1. Propel. 2. Rabid. 3. Orbit. 4. Pit. 5. El. 6. L. No. 259.—Anagram Verse: Charles-town. No. 260.—Decapitations: 1. B-east. 2. S-edge. 3. S-hovel. 4. S-crew. 5. C-ape.

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