

Democrat

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Summer Recreation of a Cincinnati Lawyer.

FROM THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE.
NO. II.
AFTER WILD GAMING IN THE ALLEGHENIES.
Bright and early one morning, Mitchell and I, with two hunters, each provided with his gun and blanket, with food for themselves and fodder for their horses for several days, started for Rattlesnake Mountain. The road to the top was smooth and but moderately steep. On the summit is the Rattlesnake tavern, which once had a signpost with two rattlesnakes painted on it, creeping up so true to life that travelers and their horses shuddered on approaching it, and many a horse tied there has become so frightened by the fearfully truthful representation that he has broken loose and refused to be fastened there again. The artist who painted it was an erratic genius—a painter, poet, wit, musician, orator and lawyer!

The wind has full sweep up here. In these dog-days when in the city the heat is at least 80 deg. Fahrenheit, here warm woolen clothes are comfortable and necessary. Look around! Full fifty miles to the south mountains rise distinguished from the blue heavens only by their deeper blue; and farther, other mountains, whose peaks and outlines can be traced in lines of beauty while still more near and beneath us the rough hills with rugged crests and jagged sides are piled around. Between the smiling and lovely valleys sleep, with farm-houses and villages in their bosoms. Huge red barns for which Pennsylvania is so famous, dot the landscape. To the north, mountain after mountain rises. Here on the Rattlesnake mountain, the pine trees have had their tops shaved off by the cutting winds. The lightning has splintered, peeled and scathed many of them, and the shivering cliffs have felt the power of its stroke and of the thunder's peal and outburst. The underbrush, where it is not burned by the fires which so often rage on the mountains, fed by the leaves, the pine knots, and the laurel, is matted and platted by the fingers of the storm king, forming close covert for the wild deer, and effectually obstructing the hunter's pursuit; but when the brush is burnt off, the feathery fern and bushy huckleberry conceal the deer and the copper-hued, making the only available path fearfully dangerous.

We penetrated to the heart of the forest until we came to a seven by twelve cabin, erected by hunters. It was a rough structure of logs piled to the height of three feet on the sides with a clapboard roof, seven or eight feet high in the middle, one end being arranged "cat-cornered" for a fire place and chimney; across the other end, which was closed tight, was the sleeping bunk, raised a few inches from the earthen floor and about six feet wide, making a seat by day, and used as a bed by night, where the sleeper rolls in his blanket, pillows his head on a large log, and toasts his feet by the fire. The furniture of this hunter's palace consisted of a broken skillet, a coffee pot which could not be broken, an iron pot-hook and several forks made of forked sticks and used for jerking venison and boiling trout. We arrived hungry and thirsty. A stream of ice-cold water dashed over moss-covered stones and logs, a step from the above. Here we slacked our thirst, and one washed the skillet and coffee-pot, while a second built the fire, a third fed the horses, and a fourth set the table. While the ham was frying and the coffee boiling, the latter was dispatched with keen jokes, but a keener appetite. Weaver and Cabello, both of them "foresters," shouldered their guns and started for the locks, to see if they were ready for the night's watching. These locks are made by the hunters. Salt is mixed with the soil in a favorable locality. Traces near by are spiked, so as to aid in climbing them. In a few moments they are ready for the hunter, if the deer will "work" them at all—that is, use them.

Mitchell and I remained behind to fish for trout until our companions returned. Having out our rods we started into the laurel. For a few steps we forced our way through, then by climbing over the tangled mass as boys climb over a hay-mow, we tumbled into the thicket, having gained a few feet, then we stop and crawl on our hands and feet under the bushes. Now a huge rock stops our progress, until we scale it and jump into the yielding bushes on the other side, then a fallen tree blocks our course—in any direction, and the skies above are hidden by dark clouds of pine and hemlock foliage. At length we draw out on a rotten log until the brook is found gurgling under it, and bubbling below it. Here a few delicate splashes are heard, and flashes of silver and gold are seen—the speckled beauties are frightened away. We must separate here. M. goes down the stream. Having adjusted my line, the little artificial fly is placed in the foaming ripples, and dances and skips down to the hole under an overhanging tree. Look at it yonder! Its roots coil over the stone, and reach out into the stream. Look away under the tree roots, and the mossy bank—bright eyes are peeping!

"Here in cool spot and mossy dell, We lays and lates dwell. The trout looks tremblingly at the strange intruder, the like of whom he's perhaps never before seen. His under lip curls out and up with an air of scorn. 'There's a fly,' he says to himself. 'It is only a few inches from me, and that monster is too far away to reach me.' He jumps at the fly and back again like a flash of light to his hole amid the roots. Merry how he pulls! He is gone—gone loose! I only pull up a bit of his lip. Off skips the fly again. Splash! Whiz! I've got him. Trembling, panting, he is pulled into my hand and pocketed. With wild excitement the sport is continued for an hour, which seems but a minute, and then with difficulty we return to camp.

After an early supper and due preparation we start for the locks two or three miles distant. Through forests of pine and thickets of laurel and birch, through ferns and rocks and logs again, in wild and endless confusion, we force our way in Indian file, hatching hand, gun on shoulder, blanket on back, flask, pouch, revolver and knife in belt, over ridges, up hill and down hill, through dark glades and glens where the deer's hoof has just trod and is imprinted in the soil, and where the young fawn has just lain, leaving the moss warm to our touch, and the thickets now and then cracks and quivers a few rods ahead of us, as the bounding deer speeds away at our approach—on we go until the table land, in the summit of the mountain we reached. Suddenly I halt and start back for I hear an unearthly and rapid rattling in the path, and shout, a rattlesnake!

Cabello and Mitchell halt and turn round they had just stepped over it. My foot was about to tread on it, when its warning made me shrink. It is coiled ready to spring, its tail erect and rattling above the low bushes as its head draws back and concealed. A load of buckshot fired into the black mass makes it writhe and quiver, but the rattling does not cease. 'Shoot again,' cries Cabello, the stern hunter guide quaking with dread, caused no doubt by the thought of his narrow escape. There is the serpent's head visible now, the mouth half open, the fangs protruding, the forked tongue flicking the air with rage. Her head is aimed and shot at the neck. The head falls severed from the body. I was desirous of bringing the head and rattles away as trophies, but the poison is so subtle and deadly that the head was left and only the rattles brought. 'Here goes the head of a rattlesnake, which would about the head of a rattlesnake to be thirteen years old. Persons are killed every year by the rattlesnake. Great quantities of rattle snakes are taken in this section, but not always as antidotes. The law of the forest is that he who kills the rattlesnake of the deer is entitled to the rattles or the skin.

At length, after long searching and a wearisome tramp, we reach the lock. It is well worked. The hoof prints and tongue marks are fresh and distinct. We quietly climb our trees, and each straddles a branch. Some hunters tie themselves to the trees to guard against falling, if sleep should overcome them. There seemed at first no necessity for our taking this precaution, for we kept our eyes on such a strain for the first glimpse of an approaching deer that drowsiness was impossible. Just after sunset we heard a noise in the bushes several hundred yards away. We listened acutely and anxiously. The noise ceased for several moments. Again a crashing was heard in the bushes. About a hundred and fifty yards off, the arching neck of a doe was seen, and two ears moving backwards and forwards as if feeling for sound, and a pointed nose protruding to the windward. It is too far for a head shot, but the dusk is fast approaching. Down goes the head. Nothing else is seen, but from the rattling bushes it is evident that she is moving slowly toward our path. If she scents it, away she will go. Six feet more and she will reach it. There a spot of her beautiful red skin to be seen through an opening in the underbrush. A shot! The doe leaps into the air and zig-zag through the bushes as if she was crazy. To our surprise a big buck throws up his half grown antlers just behind where she stood, and dashes a way in an instant. In a few moments all is still. How we tremble to know the result of that shot. The game is wounded and has not run far, but whether she stopped to die, or to recover breath, or from the sickness a wound often produces, is not certain. Listen! The old buck has returned; the two slowly walk off, one struggling and staggering. This can be heard, not seen; we dare not move. Soon all is silent save the boohoo of the whip-poor-will, and the chirping of the birds and insects of night. There is one song neither pleasant nor romantic—'Buz, buz, buz, we heard them about our ears, see them in clouds before our eyes, and feel them every where. We light a cigar for a 'smudge to keep these piggies off.' The moon has risen and glimmers over the circumscribed field of view.

Parched upon a pine tree in the midst of a forest on the top of the Allegheny mountains, we yet have but a little world around us, and that world is peopled by our imaginations only with deer. A buck, a doe, or a fawn is in nearly every idea. If a leaf flashes

in the moonlight, we fancy it to be a buck's eye, and 'make ready.' If the wind rustles the bushes, a young fawn is looked for. We gaze at a clump of shrubs until they seem to move, walk, reveal a head, body and legs; we 'take aim.' There being nothing to fire at, however, our eyes become weary of watching, and our feet fall asleep. One stays up to watch, another goes down, rolls himself up in his blanket, lies down on a bed of fern and moss, pillows his head on a soft log, and in spite of mosquitoes and gnats, and visions of snakes and bats, and other vermin, he falls into a slumber. I dived so vividly of shooting a doe, and with such running after her, that I awoke, and Mitchell cocked his gun and called, saying that he heard some body talking hoarsely in the woods, and that I had better come up into the tree. I laughed at his fears, and fell asleep again. Thus passed the night. During my watch I took a nap on the tree. In the morning, of course, the spot where the deer stood which had been shot at, was examined. Bright red blood had spirted over the green leaves; a puddle was at last found where she passed—a few more spots beyond were the last traces which could then be found. Almost famished with hunger and thirst, we made little search but hastened to the camp to take breakfast. We missed the deer which we had counted on. Returning to the locks, we made diligent search for the trail. We found here a turned leaf for stick, there a bruised limb of a shrub, but no more blood. Soon every sign of a trail was lost. Weaver nothing daunted, as if by instinct, pressed on. 'I have found where she staggered through the bushes and lay down, but there is no blood,' cried he. Hope began to grow faint. 'I am going further on,' said he. Presently he shouted 'Hurrah! Come, I have found her.' We hurried to the spot where she lay beneath a thick cluster of sassafras, as if to draw nature's mantle over her in death. Although rejoiced at our success, I shuddered on beholding the beautiful creature. She looked so intelligent, and had acted so sagaciously, that remorse struck my conscience. It was only left an instant. We slung the game across a pole and carried it to camp, fully three miles. How our shoulders ached! After skinning, dressing, quartering and allowing it, we enjoyed a feast in the forest, which was doubtly delicious, for added to the proverb that 'Hunger is the best of sauce,' we had, in truth, the best of fare. Our friends shared the venison with us at their own tables, and at a venison dinner served up with exquisite taste by Mrs. M. The skin shall be dressed and a vest made therefrom—a genuine doe-skin. A fox hunt, with horns, on the Muncy mountain, is the next scene in the booklet. BY A. BUCHANAN, Esq. BELLEFONTE, PA., AUGUST, 1899.

AWARDED AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

The fifth annual exhibition of the Centre County Agricultural Society was held on the farm of Mr. Shennelbergen, near Boshburg, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of October. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Exhibition was much better than any previously held in this county. There were great varieties of fruit, vegetables, grain, agricultural implements, household and fancy articles displayed for the inspection of the hundreds who visited the grounds. The display of stock was highly creditable to the county, and is an evidence that the agricultural community are improving in the great product. On Wednesday a very large number of persons from all parts of the county were in attendance, and all seemed to have their highest expectations gratified. The premiums awarded by the different committees are as follows:

CATTLE.
Dunham Cattle.
Henry Meyer, for best cow, \$4.00
John Miller, 2d do do 2.00
John Miller, for best bull, 4.00
John Miller, for 5 mo. old calf, 2.00
D. E. Sparr, for 2 yrs. old steer 2.00
Dona.
Geo. J. Miller, for best bull 3 years 3.00
C. J. Sparr, 2d do do 2.00
D. E. Sparr, for best bull calf, 3.00
J. W. Myers, for bull 2 years, 3.00
Sam'l Gilliland, best cow 6 yrs. 4.00
John Musser, 2d do 4 yrs. 3.00
Sam'l Gilliland, best bull 2 1/2 yrs. 1.00
C. Dale, for bull 1 yr. 1.00
C. Dale, for cow 4 yrs. 2.00
John H. Meyer, for bull 2 yrs. 2.00
G. H. Sparr, short horn bull 5 yrs. 2.00
Haines and Grapes.
C. Dale, best heifer calf, \$1.00
Geo. Tressler, best bull over 3 yrs. 3.00
Geo. Alexander, 2d do do 2.00
D. B. Bishop, best heifer under 3 years, 2.00
J. W. Myers, 2d do do 1.00
Geo. Shennelbergen, 1st premium 4.00
John Musser 2d do 2.00
John Buel, 3d do 1.00
Milk Cows.
Geo. Shennelbergen, 1st premium 4.00
John Musser 2d do 2.00
John Buel, 3d do 1.00
Working Oxen.
C. Dale, best yoke \$4.00
There was a fine pair of working oxen exhibited by Jacob Myers, but not being yoked, the Committee did not feel at liberty to award a premium.

SHEEP.
J. Shirk, best South down buck, \$7.00
F. B. Sparr, best ewe improved stock 3.00
John Ross, best native ewe, 2.00
Rob't Goheen 2d do 1.00
John Ross, best pen of lambs 2.00
Sam'l Gilliland, best live wutton, 2.00
Sam'l Gilliland, best slaughtered wutton, 2.00
SWINE.
John Ross, best breeding sow, John Musser, 2nd do 2.00
Sam'l Gilliland, best lot pigs 2.00
HOUSES.—Rounded.
Ivan & McCoy, best quick draft stallion, \$5.00
B. Stem, best thorough bred stallion, 5.00
G. W. Gray, 2d do 3.50
J. W. Myers, best heavy draft stallion, 3.00
Michael Grove, 2d do 3.00
R. P. Sparr, best imported roan mare, 5.00
Broad mare, 5.00
Samuel Gardnos, best thorough bred mare, 2.00
J. W. Myers, 2d do 2.00
Geo. J. Reamy, best horse colt 2 years old, 3.00
Geo. Shennelbergen, 2d do 3.00
G. W. Campbell, best sucking horse colt, 2.00
Frederick Decker, best Filly, 3 years, 3.00
David Koon, 2d do 1.50
Geo. Dale, best Filly, 2 years, 1.00
John Buel, 2d do 1.00
Heavy Draft Horses.
Frederick Decker, best blood mare, \$5.00
John Rishel, 2d do do 3.00
Wm. Dale, best horse colt three years, 4.00
Thomas Hutchinson, best horse colt 2 1/2 years, 2.00
Henry Reeser, 2d do do 1.00
J. W. Shirk, best horse colt two years, 2.00
Henry Reeser, 2d do do 1.00
B. T. Wheeland, best sucking horse colt, 1.00
J. H. Mitchell, best filly 3 years Samuel Gardner, 2d do do 2.00
Dan. Wheeland, best filly 2 years F. Decker, 2d do do 1.00
J. W. Shirk, best sucking filly, John Kellar, best heavy draft horse, Col. Jas. Johnston, best pr. match mares, Jac. S. A. W., best yearling colt, John Way, 2d do do 2.00
C. Dale, 3d do 1.00
D. Geo. S. Potter, best pr. trotting horse, 5.00
J. W. Conley, best family mare, A. M. Boyer, 2d do do 2.00
Mules and Jacks.
J. Irvin Ross, best pr. mules \$3.00
POULTRY.
John Buel, best collection, \$2.00
J. W. Baker, 2d do 1.50
Rob't Goheen, 3d do 1.00
Isaac Kaup, 2 pair Shanghai chickens, 1.00
Geo. Shennelbergen, best turkeys, 1.00
AG'L PRODUCTIONS.
J. W. Meyer, best white blued stem wheat, \$ 50
Sarah Ross, best white medeteranian wheat, 50
C. Dale, best geneses wheat, 50
Geo. Buel, best red med. wheat, 50
F. Decker, best oats, 50
T. Wheeland, best rye, 50
Wm. Baird, best white corn, 50
C. Dale, best yellow corn, 50
D. Riley, best squash corn, 50

Mr. Buchanan's Best After Dinner Speech.

Vandenhoff, in his new work, "Leaves from an Actor's Note Book," tells the following story of a Lord Mayor's dinner: "I find in my note book on that night, the following memorandum: 'Dinner capital: specifying 3 1/2.' And it was. 'Mr. J. Buchanan's Hit—The solitary flash that lit up the tables that solitary stroke that fell—came from the forge of Mr. J. Buchanan, the American Minister.' In reply to some toast of the Lord Mayor's complimentary to the United States, Mr. Buchanan rose, put his hand, I think, into his breast, white waistcoat pocket, and began: 'My Lord Mayor, my lords and gentlemen: Republican and I am, he paused for a moment, and rather there was a solemn silence at his formal and rather ominous beginning—Conturbare omnes intemperate ora tenent! 'Republican as I am, there is one institution of Great Britain for which I feel the deepest respect, and the most affectionate admiration. I fervently pray that whatever reforms may be carried out—whatever alterations may be wrought by public sentiment and opinion—whatever revolutions, even (which heaven avert!) may take place in this country—I fervently pray that one institution, at least, may be spared—that it may continue to flourish, to grow, to increase, and be strengthened and confirmed—I allude, my lords and gentlemen, to the PUBLIC DINNERS OF GREAT BRITAIN! 'Imagine the surprise, the shouts of laughter, and the cheers that followed this unexpectedly humorous turn to the solemn and imposing opening of his republican oration! The American Minister had made a hit: he clenched it by courteously acknowledging the hospitality he had received in England; and proposing the health of Lady Moon, sat down amidst general applause."

A Brooklyn lady last week accompanied a little beggar girl to her home and left \$5, to help pay the funeral expenses of the child's father, whose coffin stood in the corner of the room; but coming back unaware to get her handkerchief she found the missing article in the hands of the dead man, who was consulting the doctor to see if the five dollar bill was good.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

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F. Decker, best oats, 50
T. Wheeland, best rye, 50
Wm. Baird, best white corn, 50
C. Dale, best yellow corn, 50
D. Riley, best squash corn, 50

PLOWING MATCH.

F. Decker, best Plowing and Plowman \$ 4 00
Jno Leech 2d do do 3 00
J. Musser 3d do do 2 00
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.
Miss M. Goheen, good Peach Marmalade \$ 25
do very large Rootbeeg 25
do Secorist, very fine Orange 25
Mrs. Geo. Shennelbergen, 6 Purple Cole Rabbits 25
do Sample Brown Corn 15
Wm. Galt, beautifully designed and perfectly finished Marble Work, 1 00
Mrs. G. Shennelbergen, 2 Straw Baskets 50
Farm School, very large Water Melon, 20
Jos. Baker, variety of Musk & Water Melon, 20
Jerry Fasig, specimen of Graining, 20
Emma's Treasur, Ornamental Work, 15
Prof. Whitman, case of Birds, 25
do case of Insects, 25
W. R. Bell & Co., Pat 44s Fluid Lamps, 60
Miss Mary Hess, seed work very good, 25
H. N. McAllister, view of Millburg Iron Works by Leckoboy very creditable, 20
Issac Kaup, Butter Stand, 20
Miss Mary Hess, Leather Work, 1st pr. 20
Daniel Musser, Horns, 20
Henry Crawford, Horns, 20
Miss Mary Curtis, Leather Work, 2d pr. 15
Mrs. Musser, Leather Work, 2d pr. 15
Miss Keller, Needle Work, 25
The Committee on Miscellaneous Articles add the following remarks to the report:—
We find in the articles that have come under the notice of your Judges, little or no competition, and cannot consequently speak of their comparative merits. We would, however, call your attention, particularly to the following articles:—
The finished Marble Work, by Wm. Galt. The polish on this work is equal to any from City Shops. The carving is also well done.
Straw Baskets, by Mrs. Geo. Shennelbergen. These are very neatly and strongly made, and are a credit to the manufacturer.
Case of Insects, by Prof. Whitman, of the Farm School. These were seen and valued only by those of the Chinese.
The Gas Fluid Lamps exhibited by W. R. Bell & Co. are worthy of notice, being a very superior article.

Variety.
Gentility defined—Eating one's meat with a silver fork, while the butcher's bill remains unpaid.
Never forget the kindness which others do for you, nor remind others of the kindness which you do for them.
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PLOWING MATCH.

F. Decker, best Plowing and Plowman \$ 4 00
Jno Leech 2d do do 3 00
J. Musser 3d do do 2 00
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.
Miss M. Goheen, good Peach Marmalade \$ 25
do very large Rootbeeg 25
do Secorist, very fine Orange 25
Mrs. Geo. Shennelbergen, 6 Purple Cole Rabbits 25
do Sample Brown Corn 15
Wm. Galt, beautifully designed and perfectly finished Marble Work, 1 00
Mrs. G. Shennelbergen, 2 Straw Baskets 50
Farm School, very large Water Melon, 20
Jos. Baker, variety of Musk & Water Melon, 20
Jerry Fasig, specimen of Graining, 20
Emma's Treasur, Ornamental Work, 15
Prof. Whitman, case of Birds, 25
do case of Insects, 25
W. R. Bell & Co., Pat 44s Fluid Lamps, 60
Miss Mary Hess, seed work very good, 25
H. N. McAllister, view of Millburg Iron Works by Leckoboy very creditable, 20
Issac Kaup, Butter Stand, 20
Miss Mary Hess, Leather Work, 1st pr. 20
Daniel Musser, Horns, 20
Henry Crawford, Horns, 20
Miss Mary Curtis, Leather Work, 2d pr. 15
Mrs. Musser, Leather Work, 2d pr. 15
Miss Keller, Needle Work, 25
The Committee on Miscellaneous Articles add the following remarks to the report:—
We find in the articles that have come under the notice of your Judges, little or no competition, and cannot consequently speak of their comparative merits. We would, however, call your attention, particularly to the following articles:—
The finished Marble Work, by Wm. Galt. The polish on this work is equal to any from City Shops. The carving is also well done.
Straw Baskets, by Mrs. Geo. Shennelbergen. These are very neatly and strongly made, and are a credit to the manufacturer.
Case of Insects, by Prof. Whitman, of the Farm School. These were seen and valued only by those of the Chinese.
The Gas Fluid Lamps exhibited by W. R. Bell & Co. are worthy of notice, being a very superior article.

Variety.
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