

Belleville, Pa., August 29, 1902.

HUNTING IN LUZON.

A Search For Game, Not For Men. The Amusing and Interesting Experience of an American Teacher—Little Game Found, but Heartily Enjoyed—The Filipino's Genius for Preparing Chow in The Woods.

An inspector of constabulary and a teacher were invited to a hunt in the mountains of Panapa. The former was asked because he controlled guns and ammunition; the latter because he was a friend of the village, teaching the habitants words and things American. Not that the inspector was a whit less better fellow, or treated in a less friendly manner; both these solitary Americans were looked upon as good friends to the Filipinos of the pueblo wherein they were stationed. However, the inspector brought guns, which were necessary. A dozen of his native police came also. Their uniforms gave dignity to the procession. There were the President of the two towns; there was the master of the hunt, a fine specimen of a man, but Esteban spoke and understood only Panapa. There were perhaps ten other men. The meeting place was a little town some miles distant from the base of the mountains. A carroucete with the guns, 1000 cartridges, 200 dried fish, the whiskey one President, Lucian, and the teacher, was the one carriage of the party. The inspector, Juna the sergeant, Esteban the other President, Manuel, the two other were mounted on little native ponies. The rest walked.

A big moon and clear sky made it very light for the advance. Leaving the highway the party struck into the interior and was soon in the midst of tall sugar cane, and taller, thicker grass that nearly choked the way for the carroucete. Lucian and the teacher were obliged several times to alight, gingerly, to enable the ponies to pull the wagon out of the bog. This was no easy business when coarse grass closed up either side, with much mud and water underneath. There were rivers to ford; too once just the necks and saddles of the carroucete ponies were above water. It did not matter. By exchanging means of locomotion, now driving, now walking, now riding, the white men were surprised to find the two hours so quickly passed. Forging a last river, spurring sharply up a high bank, the night's resting place was reached.

Just how the Filipinos are able to prepare a meal on short notice is not surprising after one understood. In the country all parts of a house are given up to chickens. Hence it is easy to reach one, wing its neck and proceed with the cooking. Every well conducted house of any pretension has much pater (rice is the husk) stored away. This is piled in small quantities, so that the threshed rice (chano) will be always fresh. A large earthen pot of abas is quickly boiled. The meal is ready. There will be served individual dishes of naai; one dish of half cooked fowl—for two; a bowl of broth for three or four. Sometimes eggs are fried.

Now comes the crucial test for Americans. The plates of food are put on the floor; the eater may sit or recline beside his plate, or squat, native fashion. He should proceed to make a little ball of rice with his right hand; his left should select the best piece of chicken and dip it in the broth. It is a personal matter which hand goes first to the mouth. When there are soft fried eggs the problem is more complicated. Rice alone is wonderfully satisfying to hungry men; sometimes forks or spoons are too trifling to think about.

Another feature of Filipino country life, as simple as it is natural, is the sleeping arrangement. Spread your mat on any part of the floor, put a fat cotton stuffed pillow at one end, and there you are. A floor of split bamboo is somewhat softer than rough boards of very hard wood. Such minor matters soon adjust themselves; after two or three trials you bed really doesn't matter. To wanderers in the provinces it does no good, however much it does matter.

At 3 next morning the Americans were summoned: the Filipinos were already abroad. The house was a beehive, swarming with men, dogs, cats and chickens. The men muffled, as to the head, with towels, the one sure protection against cold, were talking in little groups; the women were busy in the kitchen cooking coffee and bibina. This bibina is a pancake composed of sugar, eggs and shredded cocconut. The mixture is poured on a banana leaf, as an American cook pours flapjack preparation in a frying pan. Filipino cooks improve on our methods of frying; they have fire beneath and hot coals above the pancake, a sheet of tin from a petroleum can separating the coals and coals. When properly baked, moist shredded cocconut is sprinkled on the top of the cake, which, once the banana leaf is well picked from the bottom, with coffee or chocolate, serves wet and sufficiently for breaking the fast.

During these preparations the teacher went out onto the high perch overlooking the hacienda. He has seen beautiful landscapes and wonderful sea views, in sunlight, moonlight and under other conditions, but the bit of Filipino landscape and farm life now brought to his view seemed to put all the rest on a plane of mediocrity. Perhaps it was the novelty of it all, intensified by the witchery of the light from a tropical full moon; perhaps it was the mingling of the, to him, strange new life about the farm house, with the picturesque surroundings. Let us call it the union of all these. Looking toward the west the background was a range of mountains; three peaks standing alone high above the others. Just topping these mountains was the full moon. The valleys were in shadow, holder summits shaded from black to brown; wherever the light struck clumps of foliage one got the purples. Lower down the grassy sides were a sown green, with the surrounding cane fields furnished a vivid general fringe to the distant picture. Neering the house, the eye saw huge piles of rice in the straw. This light yellow set off the sombre caribao, the native's unique beast of all work, winding round and round a bamboo pole, threshing the rice, which they were treating under foot.

A sugar mill was in operation. The dusky towel-turbaned Filipinos were gliding in and out the stream, some feeding cane to the crusher, others superintending the boiling. In the yard were gathered men, horses, caribao and dogs. A carroucete (bull cart) lumbered in with nets and spears. This was a signal for the dogs. At ascent of the nets a cry began, and, rising from sleep on the straw, all the dogs barked their impatience. The party was soon off. The carroucete had to be left behind, so the teacher was given a sad looking pony, sadly equipped, to help him up the mountains. The saddle was sufficiently uncomfortable, but

with stirrupstraps half long enough, and stirrups themselves a wooden slipper hardly fitted to a child's foot, it was easier to let the legs hang. Since a native pony, as regards size, is closely connected with the Shetland breed, six feet of man is not much raised from the ground. The feet of a tall man under these conditions are apt to scrape rocks, logs or other obstacles in the road. There were so many mud holes and rivers to ford that it was easier to cling to the pony's back, and allow one's self to be thus helped over the hard places. In the mountains the Filipinos hunt wild pigs, deer and various birds. By the cries of men and dogs the four legged animals are driven from the woods into nets, strung along the sides of the valley, where the chase is expected to run. You remember this party had guns—some were shotguns, some were old carbines—so men could be posted on the hills overlooking the valley. Off in the woods could be heard the cries of the beaters and dogs. The inspector and the teacher got ready and walked. Across the hollow in the brush of the opposite hillside was seen a moving body. It was a long range, but it was worth trying; a carbine might carry there. The inspector took long and deliberate aim. It was well he did so. "Ali! Ali! No Pung pang! Ingtan!" ("Don't shoot, it is a man!") cried a native.

After some hours' wait it was decided to move the party. Nothing could be found. But something had been killed. A huge caribao came crashing through the brush; on his back sat curled up a little brown man, with a bloody spearhead aloft. From the neck of the caribao hung the body of a pig, already quartered. The beaters had speared it when setting the nets. This he had seen the business lunch; so the men went deep in the woods, besides a clear flowing mountain stream. Dogs, buffalo, horses, men plunged into the water, drinking and bathing at the same time. The caribao disappeared all but the heads, and lay content, munching the cud. After the bath preparations for the feast became brisk.

A stone rectangle was made and a fire built within it. Bamboo trees of different sizes were cut down; the hollow trunks of the larger, fitted to lay across the rectangle, were filled with rice and water. Into the smaller were put dried fish, pieces of pig, leaves and water, to be cooked into soup. The pig was cut into strips, run on bamboo pins, and thus spitted placed over the coals. A policeman shot an eagle; this was dressed and set over the fire. The Americans slept.

"Sapas, has Sapas!" was a welcome awakening to these Americans, who sat up to their bamboo tubes of soup. The warm liquor tasted as well as it smelt, from these improvised soup dishes. Then the larger bamboo were taken from the fire. Being green the outside was only charred. The stroke of a bolo cut open these cylinders and there were long rolls of cooked rice, smoking hot. The meat was ready; dinner was served. Good? Why you haven't eaten rice till you know its flavor from a bamboo leg. And wild hog and mountain eagle, all proceeded by herring soup! Well these natives have inventive genius, necessarily. It extends to the preparation of chow in the woods.

Every man was satisfied. The dogs—and they had been very well behaved—sitting expectantly in a circle round the men—were let loose over the remains. The cigarettes went round, and there were stories in Panapa, with Spanish translations, of former hunts and successes. The native element carried the hunt into the afternoon. The Americans were content with the waiting and watching of the morning. And perhaps the dinner was responsible. At any rate they slept. Success did not come to the hunters. It approached in a form of a deer, which came within range of Lucian, whose gun hammer fell on an empty barrel. The deer was in his pocket. It was the same to Lucian, to whom life is one big smile. The teacher walked home with his caribao and two policemen. The latter were useful in fording the rivers. It was more comfortable crossing the streams on the hand of two big natives. Their neck were a sure embrace that was the pony's, the stirrups not serving.

At about 8 o'clock they were again at the farm house. More pig, chickens, eggs and rice disappeared, helped along by cocconut dishes of warm, half boiled sugar. The hard boards of the floor were down this night for one man at least, who lay ten good hours in the soundest of slumbers—Boston Transcript.

Major Armes Shot.

Man Who Twinked Judge Beaver's Nose Wounded in the Breast, But Not Seriously.

Another chapter was on Thursday added to the remarkable record for trouble of Maj. George A. Armes, U. S. A., retired. Major Armes has a list of legal and physical casualties of all descriptions to his credit which easily give him the record for trouble. Thursday he was quietly reading a paper on the broad porch front of his summer home Fairfield, on the outskirts of Washington, D. C., when J. Roland, a hobo, who, according to Armes' subsequent statement, was formerly one of his tenants, with whom he had some difficulty, approached him suddenly, pressed a revolver to his breast and fired, with the remark that it was time for Major Armes to die.

A short time after Major Armes hustled into the office of the surgeon-general of the army, at the war department, and demanded to be operated upon as a part of the perquisites of a retired officer of the army. The major's demand was acceded to, and the bullet was illumined by the X ray, and out from the muscles of his right breast. He is not regarded as dangerously wounded.

The unique record of Major Armes as "trouble bearer" of the army was begun as far back as 1859, when he publicly pulled the nose of Governor Beaver, because that official refused to allow the major the place he desired in the inaugural ceremonies of President Harrison.

Shortly after this a series of matrimonial disturbances began. He has been defendant in four suits for divorce. The last of these was successful. Shortly after this the major changed his mind regarding a new matrimonial venture, and again found himself in court as defendant in a breach of promise suit. He had had various sorts of litigation with the war department. The trouble on Thursday grew out of a suit regarding the leasing of Fairfield.

Though the major's name is always coupled with trouble, none of it ever incapacitates him for getting into more, and he passes from one trial to another with the ease and rapidity of the veteran that he is.

To Tommy's Taste.

It was Tommy's first glass of soda water that he had been teasing for so long. "Well, Tommy, how does it taste?" asked his father. "Why," replied Tommy, with a puzzled face, "it tastes like your foot's asleep."

Japanese Superstition.

In old Japan people were sometimes buried alive—or often, allowed themselves to be buried alive—at the beginning of a very difficult piece of engineering work, in order to impart strength and life to the undertaking. The victims of this horrible superstition were known under the title of "human pillars," and many quaint and weird stories have been woven around this custom, and are recounted to this day by Japanese grandmothers to their grandchildren. But no one would imagine that any grown up Japanese of the present day would seriously believe in these tales, much less offer to be the subject of one of them; yet this is exactly what two persons have just done. The Buddhists of Osaka have recently been collecting subscriptions for the erection of a big bell with a monster bell at Tonnoji Temple, in the suburbs of that city. An old lady, a fervent Buddhist, living in the south island of Japan, happened to hear of the project, had a letter written to the temple intimating that she was willing to offer herself as a sacrifice of the "human pillar" variety if the temple authorities did not object. Of course they did not object, says the London Leader. The second enthusiast was an ex-priest of Osaka, 49 years ago.

On the evening of the 19th instant a policeman attached to the Tennoji police station noticed the figure of an elderly person proceeding toward the temple. The figure was clad in white, and was carrying on his back a coffin. The latter fact aroused the suspicions of the policeman, on whose approach the figure attempted to run, but was overtaken and led to the station. An examination of the coffin revealed a singularly beautiful old sword and a mortuary tablet. A letter addressed to the head priest of the temple, which was discovered on the person of the prisoner, explained exactly what the latter was about to do. The man, on being interrogated, calmly confessed that he had resolved to commit suicide in the temple premises in order, as he said, "to vitalize the collection of the bell funds, and to give strength to the bellry on its completion." He was perfectly sane and not illiterate, and the warm remonstrances of the public and the temple priests succeeded in making him promise to abandon his rash project. He was contentedly reprieved, but he insisted on leaving behind him his beautiful sword, an heirloom in his family, and an excellent specimen of the swordsmith's art.

Cracked the Sate.

A trio of outlaws invaded the town of Van Ormer, Cambria county, early Saturday morning. They cracked the postoffice safe and secured money and stamps to the amount of \$250. They were surprised by Postmaster J. B. McManamy, but they held him and others at bay until they finished the job and then escaped. The office is located in McManamy's general store. About 3 o'clock Mr. McManamy heard a loud report coming from the store. Getting up he hurriedly dressed and started for the store, but before reaching it he was halted by one of the men who followed him to the house at the postoffice. He turned once to go toward the store again, but a shot fired at him caused him to change his course toward the house. The people and a dozen or more hurried to the store, but were held at bay by the robbers until they had finished looting the office.

The men started away and warned the people not to follow them if they valued their lives. Clyde McManamy, the 30-year old son of the postmaster, was among those who pursued the robbers. He accidentally came across the men who held him up and relieved him of his fire arms and beat him brutally before continuing their flight.

The men arrived at Friggally Friday night on a freight train and put up at a hotel where they remained until the evening, when they left after having asked the way to Van Ormer. They are believed to be the men who committed the daring robbery. The three were of medium build and were poorly dressed. Two had smooth faces and one a mustache.

Postoffice Inspector Wordie was notified of the robbery, and immediately went to work to run the men down.

Wagon Wheel Crushed his Head.

A frightful runaway accident comes from Gallagher township Clinton county. The killed boy was 12 years old, and was a stepson of George Helm, who was killed some time ago by the boiler in Swartz saw mill exploding. Mrs. Helm and her son went to Gallagher township a few evenings ago to visit friends. Thursday Frank Swartz started on a trip for lumber, taking the boy with him. The bridle on one of the horse's heads came off and the horse started to run. The teamster jumped, and escaped with slight injuries. The boy, however, remained in the wagon, but was thrown out, or made an attempt to jump out. He fell on the road and the wagon wheel struck his head, crushing it. Death was instantaneous. The remains of the boy was taken back where the mother was stopping, and were buried beside those of his father Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Great excitement was caused by the accident. The horse ran about half a mile and turned into an old log road where the wagon was demolished. One of the horses was badly injured.

Forty Escapes From Perry County's Jail.

During the summer forty prisoners have taken leave of the Perry county jail authorities, and it has not been in the manner prescribed by law. They have literally flown, in the phraseology of their kind, they have "flewed the coop." Henry Smith, charged with grand larceny, was the fortieth man to escape. He departed suddenly and the authorities know not where he has gone.

The new jail is now ready for occupancy. The sheriff declares that there will be no escapes from it, but, if there should be any he will land his men by the use of a bloodhound. He has secured a genuine Siberian bloodhound that has chased Eliza across the horizon for three seasons in a troupe, and is guaranteed to land every one he goes after.

The authorities say there will be no attempts made to catch the forty escaped prisoners. "What's the use?" and there the matter rests.

Million Acres Sold Indians.

A dispatch from Chihuahua, Mexico, says Abraham Gonzales has sold 1,000,000 acres of land in the state of Chihuahua to American Indians of the Indian territory. These lands are situated in the district of Galena, and were sold through the agency of Attorney Fuller, of the United States department of the interior. The purchase price was \$80,000 gold, which is now held in trust for the Indians, and will be paid as soon as all arrangements for the possession of the lands are completed.

ALL WERE SAVED.—"For years I suffered such untold misery from bronchitis," writes J. H. Johnston, of Broughton, Ga., "that often I was unable to work. Then, when everything else failed, I was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. My wife suffered intensely from asthma, till it shrouded her and all our experience goes to show it is the best croup medicine in the world." A trial will convince you it's unrivaled for throat and lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottles free at Green's Pharmacy.

Tourists.

\$50.00 Round Trip to California. Chicago & North-western railway from Chicago, August 20 to 10th. The New Overland Limited, the luxurious every day train, leaves Chicago 8:00 p.m. Only three days enroute. Unrivaled scenery. Variable routes. New Drawing Room, Sleeping Cars and Compartment cars. Observation cars (with telephone). All meals in dining cars. Buffet Library Cars (with barber). Electric lighted throughout. Two other fast trains 10:00 a. m. and 11:30 p. m. daily. The best of everything. Daily and personally conducted tourist car excursions to California, Oregon and Washington. Apply to your nearest ticket agent or address A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Homeceker's Rates. Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Round-trip tickets are on sale to points in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas and other points west and northwest at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip, via the North-Western Line. Tickets are good twenty one days to return. Call on any ticket agent for particulars, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

Hot Springs, S. D.

The great sanitarium and health resort, in the picturesque Black Hills. Only \$24.50 round trip from Chicago, on certain specified dates throughout the summer, via the Northwestern Line. Through train service from Chicago daily. Ask ticket agents for full particulars or write for information to A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Very Low Round Trip Rates.

Via the North-western Line Chicago to Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, until September 15th. Return limit October 31st, 1902. Luxurious fast trains leave Chicago 10:00 a. m., 8:00 and 11:30 p. m. daily. For tickets and information apply to A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

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SCORES OF BELLEFONTE READERS ARE LEARNING THE DUTY OF THE KIDNEYS.

To Filter the blood is the kidneys duty. When they fail to do this the kidneys are sick. Backache and many kidney ills follow. Urinary troubles, Diabetes, Doan's Kidney Pills cure them all. Belleville People endorse our claim.

Mr. W. E. Haines of No. 1, Beaver Row, locomotive engineer says: "I was suffering from an acute lameness in my back, and a dull, lingering aching over my kidneys. I felt it in my head also and there were pains over my eyes and in the top and back of my head and in the upper part of my spine. I was afraid I would not be able to attend to my duties as I was on night work and had to get some rest in the day time, for on account of my back and these pains I could not rest well. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and obtained them from the Bush House block drug store. They proved to be just the remedy I required for they removed the whole trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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CHOOSE YOUR PLUMBER as you choose your doctor—for effectiveness of work rather than for lowness of price. Judge of our ability as you judge of his—by the work already done. Many very particular people have judged us in this way, and have chosen us as their plumbers. R. J. SCHAD & BRO. No. 6 N. Allegheny St. BELLEFONTE, PA. 42-43-61.

Fine Groceries SECHLER & CO. FINE GROCERIES BUSH HOUSE BLOCK.

If you are looking for Seasonable Goods—We have them. Not sometime—but all the time—Every day in the year. Don't spend your strength during this extreme weather in a fruitless search for what you need, but come straight to us and get the goods promptly.

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If you have any difficulty in getting suited in a fine Table Syrup come to us and you can get what you want.

Table with columns: BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH, MAIL, EXPRESS, WESTWARD, EASTWARD, Nov. 24th, 1901.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. TWO TRACKS TO TEXAS A NEW FAST TRAIN Between St. Louis and Kansas City and OKLAHOMA CITY, WICHITA, DENISON, SHERMAN, DALLAS, FORT WORTH.

Table with columns: MAIL, EXP., STATIONS, MAIL, EXP., LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD, EASTWARD, UPPER END, WESTWARD, Nov. 24th, 1901.

FRISCO SYSTEM Address: O. M. CONLEY Or SIDNEY VAN DUSEN, General Agent. Traveling Pass. Agt. 47-6 706 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Condensed Time Table.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, No 1 No 5 No 3, READ UP, No 6 No 4 No 2, BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH, Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 24, 1901.

WESTWARD read down, EASTWARD read up, BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH, Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 24, 1901.

PHILADELPHIA SCENIC CAS attached to East-bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 P. M. and West-bound from Philadelphia at 11:36. J. W. GEPHART, General Superintendent.

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect Nov 24th, 1901.

Table with columns: VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD, LEAVE Bellefonte, 5:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:05 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5:50 p. m., at Altoona, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2:50 p. m., at Altoona, 8:10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:25 p. m., LEAVE Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:00, at Altoona, 6:50, at Pittsburg at 10:45.

Table with columns: TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R., NORTHWARD, SOUTHWARD, Nov. 24th, 1901, EXPRESS, MAIL, EXPRESS, MAIL.

MONDAY ONLY—Express train leaves Clearfield at 4:35 a. m.; Clearfield 4:51; Philadelphia 6:35. This train stops at all stations.

Table with columns: BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH, MAIL, EXPRESS, WESTWARD, EASTWARD, Nov. 24th, 1901.

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