Democratic Hatchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 28, 1905.

THE STRAYING OF LUCIFER.

It was not that Lucifer meant to intrude A better mannered horse you never knew But when one has been tied in the woods for many hours one comes to want water very much indeed, and then, if one breaks a halter and goes seeking a drink, quite naturally he is liable to overlook some of the little niceties of behavior.

Lucifer did. There happened to be door between him and the water which he could sniff so plainly. The door was latched, too, but this troubled him only for a moment. He was trying it with his nose, finding out how the thing worked, when someone inside called sharply: "Come in, come in!" Just then Lucifer hit upon the combination, lifted the little iron fingerpiece, pushed with his head and answered the invitation by squeezing himself through the narrow doorway.

Possibly the sharp-faced, angular old woman who sat at the window shelling peas was unprepared for such a visitor. Yet she needn't have soreamed so. Lucifer didn't bite or kick, save under extreme provocation, and his bearing was most friendly. She ought to have known that by the way he held his ears. But she waved her apron at him and shrieked

pieroingly. Lucifer, however, was thirsty, and there on the bench was the water-bucket. Merely glancing at the old woman, he walked over and plunged his muzzle into the clear, cool water. Didn't it taste good. well though !

Not until he had touched bottom did he look up. A girl had come in; a tall, slim girl, who wore a checked apron and a long braid of brick-red hair that hung down her back. She was talking soothingly to the old woman.

"He won't hurt you, Aunt 'Phemie. He was thirsty, that's all. But, oh, isn't he a beauty ! Isn't he, Auntie?"

Now this was sensible. Perhaps Lucifer did not catch the full meaning of the words, but he liked the tone of the girl's voice. They were low, calm, pleasant tones with no fear in them. This much he understood very well.

And Lucifer was a beauty, to be sure. His coat was a pure, snowy, dazzling white with a kind of satiny sheen to it. From his plume-like forelock, that rippled half way down to his nose, to the end the silky tail falling almost to his heels, there was not a spot or fleck of color. There were sixteen hundred pounds of him, too; not mere bulk, for most of it was supple, closely packed muscle under perfect control

edge, in his own way-one could see that by the way he carried himself; but it did not prevent him from appreciating the good points of others. Hence he eyed the girl approvingly and stood quite still, gazing about the room. In all his somewhat varied career he had never before been in a farmhouse kitchen.

"Shoo, shoo!" exploded the old woman.

"Oh, Auntie, don't. Let's see what he'll do. Does the nice horsey want a radish? Does nms?"

Now, as everyone knows, babies and all animals understand that sort of talk perfectly. Lucifer made his best bow to the red-haired girl and went through the motions of pawing with one foreleg.

"Did you see, Auntie ? Did you see him and she was afraid that something would beg? Well, ums shall have a radish, so happen to her beantifn nms shall!" In the end, too, something did happen, And in spite of the old woman's pro-At last, she went to sleep one night and in tests the girl held out one of the redthe morning her mamma was not with her, and-white things to him. Stepping gingerand the man with the prickly moustache cried as he kissed her and gave her to a strange woman, who took her to Aunt lg across the creaking floor hoards Uncifer eked it from her palm in his daintiest picked it from ner patin in the transformer fashion. It tasted good, so he begged for Euphemia, with whom she had been ever more, and got them. Then he was fed a lot of peapods in a basin. since. This was all she knew about that other 'Now, sir, we'll have to go outdoors. life, or was ever likely to learn, for Aunt Auntie's afraid of you, "said the girl at last, Phemie would tell her nothing fearlessly taking him by the forelock and leading the way. Meekly Lucifer follow-"The less you know about it the better," she had once replied. ed, and the two tramped out into the back-As she grew up into a tall, slender girl yard, to the great relief of Aunt Euphemia she developed one passion, and that was for horses. Hour after hour she would Penny, who regarded Lucifer's unberalded appearance before her as a thrilling and stand at the front gate watching for them mysterious event. It was unusual. to go by. Most of them were farm-horses "Where on earuh did the beast come from, Jerry?" As if Mrs. Penny thought staid, sober-eyed plodders weary with hard work. These she pitied. Occasionally work. These she pitied. that Jerry-her real name was Geraldine, a trotter in a gig passed and she stared you know-could answer. Yet Jerry did think she knew. admiringly. But a saddled-borse roused her enthusiasm as did nothing else. Some 'Aunt Phemie would scold me if I told of the riders must have thought her crazy. her," reflected Jerry, "or perhaps send me the red-baired girl with the blue eyes, who to bed without supper, but I believe I just wished him here. Don't I always say:laughed and clapped her hands as they cantered by. Then the big white horse had come so

around the foreleg it went. Having bowed and his boyish rider as they clattered the small end of a pair of field-glasses. his thanks Lucifer cantered around the recklessly on. barnyard to show how complete was the Sure enough, Miss Jerry was showing

the town folks how to ride. There it How she did laugh at that and clap her might have ended and no harm done but hands! From then on she seemed to underfor an incident on which she had not countstand the game perfectly, even to the givto meet the town's brass band escorting ing of mock scoldings when he would pull the bandage of with his teeth and trot home the fire department from a county muster ? That is precisely what happened. humbly back to her, the bonnet-string Turning a corner, they ran almost full tilt

dangling from his month. "Isn't he wonderful, Auntie!" Miss Jerry would exclaim. "Where do you suppose he ever learned so much ?" "Its all very fine," retorted Aunt "Phemie, "but when he's eat up all that hav where's more to some from 2 And hay, where's more to come from? An' who's to pay for that bag of oats? Who does he belong to, an'why don't they come and git him, that's what I'd like to

know "I hope he doesn't belong to anybody but just me. I know he don't want to,''deolar-ed Miss Jerry. "And as for buying his oats, I can do that by selling some of my chickens. I'd rather have him than any-thing else in the world."

Not until he had thrown her once or twice did Lucifer learn that Miss Jerry could not stay on his back unless he went very carefully. But it was only a matter of two or three weeks before she got the knack. Then the fun they did have tear-ing about the fields, Lucifer with his head up, ears forward, nostrils wide; Miss Jerry olinging to his long mane and uttering wild little cries of delight. When he was quite sure of her he began teaching her how to take jumps; low ones first, over narrow ditches and broken fences, higher that was his tune, his-the one they always played him on with. Forgetting his rider, forgetting everything save that the swing-ing music was throbbing in his head and and longer ones later, until she was perfect in the art.

Those were the finest runs Lucifer had ever known, for, with no bits in his mouth to bother him, no tugging of his head this way or that, he was the real master of the sport. Early in the morning, sometimes before the sun got up, was the time when she came out to join him in these wild, free gallops. It was then, too, that he was keenest for a run. He did not know, of course, why it was that Miss Jerry

would ride at no other time, or why she stole down before Aunt'Phemie was awake to don in the barn a pair of loose-fitting overalls which she had walked five miles

to buy for this purpose. Lucifer only knew that Miss Jerry was fast learning to be the best rider he had ever carried on his back, neither saddle-pommel nor bridle-rein to cling to, they held their breath and preand that she was the most companionable human being he had ever known.

So Lucifer was content, and the summer waxed and waned joyously.

Miss Jerry, however, was not so easily satisfied. She, too, had known other things than the quiet humdrum of the Fenny farm. The memories were rather vague, for different scenes. There had been great tents and many horses and wagons. Her mamma was with ber then, a beautiful creature, all pink-and-white, whom she

sometimes saw in a spangled dress with short fluffy skirts. And they were always Of all these things Lucifer had knowlgoing somewhere. She remembered waking in the night and peeping out through cur-tains to see the black trees go by, always the black trees, with the bright stars overhead and the noise of hoof-falls and creaking axles to lull her to sleep again. She could recall glimpses into the big

tents where many lights burned high in the air, where people shouted and whips crack-

ed and horses pranced around a yellow ring. A big man with a prickly black moustache had held her in his arms and said: "See, little one, see mamma on pretty horse!" Whereupon she had looked, then put her hands over her eyes and oried; for there were, oh, so many, many people out there and the lights were so bright and the horses danced about so,

Only the rising and falling of the doorknob cluster on his striped shirt-frant be trayed his emotion. At length he demand "Say, Buckie, who in Sam Hill's the

girl that can ride like that, and where'd ed. How was she to know that they were she learn?" Buckie chuckled. "Learn! She didn't have to learn. member Clara Dn Courcey, that used to ride for old John Robinson?"

It was very unexpected, extremely abrupt. Buckie Slater could not imagine what had happened when he found the big fingers of the Professor gripping him by the throat.

"What d'ye mean, you pie-faced little runt?" the Professor was roaring at him. "I-I-I-that's her girl," spluttered the unbappy Buckie.

"Not little Jerry! Is it? By thunder, I believe it must be! Bless her, she rides like it, don't she?"

This happened some seasons ago, but the Colossal Equine Paragon Company, "bigger and better than ever," if you believe the four-sheet posters, is still on the road. It has a Wild West feature and a squad of "genuine Cossacks," but the star act, the one that is billed heaviest and about which the manager shouts bimself red of face given by Lucifer, "whom the management stands ready to back as the most wonderfully trained horse in the world," and 'the beautiful Miss Geraldine Du Courcey, the only lady horse-trainer in America." "It was bred in the bone, bred in the bome," whines Aunt Euphemia Penny, dolefully.

Professor T. Caleb Norton says practically the same thing, only in a different manner, as he points proudly to horse and rider. "Good blood in 'em both, sir. It'll rider. "Good blocd in 'em both, sir. It'll show, blood will, every time."-By Sewell mentary toes, Lucifer reared his great bulk until his fore hoofs topped the six-foot Ford, in the Delineator.

> Huntingdon Presbytery Opposed to Union.

At the meeting of the Huntingdon Pres bytery at Mifflintown, Wednesday of last veek, the overture on the union with the Cumberland Presbyterians was answered in the negative by a vote of 40 to 26, the presbytery thus putting itself on record as against the union. Before the vote was taken a spirited debate occurred lasting for several hours. Rev. A. R. Day, of Alexandria, led the discussion with an appeal favoring the union. Dr. Freeman, o Huntingdon, spoke earnestly against it He was followed by Rev. Mr. Carver, of Milesburg, who favored the union. Rev. R. M. Campbell, of Spruce Creek, vigorously opposed union, while Rev. William Schuyler, of Centre Hall as earnestly favored it. Dr. Laurie, of Bellefonte, in his usual determined way protested against union. Elder A. P. Wishard, of Wells Valley, opposed union, Rev. Mr. Deemer, of East Waterford, and Rev. Mr. Haughawant, of Tuscarora, favored union.

Before the morning session closed a call from the West Kishacoguillas church for the pastoral services of Rev. George Mc-Leod, promising \$850 per year and parsonage, was accepted by Presbytery to be held by them until Rev. Mr. McLeod is received into the Presbytery. A call was also presented to Presbytery by the Little Valley church to Leon Stewart, a member of the senior class, Princeton Theological seminary, at a salary of \$350 per year; also \$550 per a call from Burnham church at year to Mr. Stewart, with use of the mans and four weeks vacation. Mr. Stewart has accepted the calls. A call from Newton Hamilton church at salary of \$300 a year

and a call from Mapleton at \$350 a with manse at Mapleton or Newton Hamilton, as minister may decide, and two

es Black, min B. Bottorf, stus Bomester, rd Brown, es J. Baker, I M. Bailey, weeks' vacation at each charge, was given

Andrew Arnot.

Committee Wants Correct Names of Centre County Soldiers.

In order to secure absolute accuracy in

the names and spelling thereof on our soldiers' monument, we will publish from time to time the lists of certain companies so as to enable those who are interested to suggest chauges in initials or spelling, and also to suggest the names of any persons who may have been omitted from the rolls. This is the last opportunity which will be given to our people and to the survivors or friends of deceased soldiers who served from Centre county to have these names corrected. The Committee, therefore, appeals very earnestly to all who are interested in the subject to carefully scan all the names

to ascertain.

Henry A. Folk, John Folk, Wm. L. Flick, James A. Fulton Charles Free, '64 Daniel Felten, William Gibson, Sub. 1st, whether any have been omitted; and 2nd, whether the names of those already Daniel Glossner, Conrad Gumble, (drft.) contained in the rolls are properly spelled. Wm. Galbrait Rufus Griffis, braith, It is also very important that the names Q. K. Gardner, Charles S. Garrett, Chauncey Glenn, Azariah Grant, Milo S. Hobbs, (d) of soldiers who enlisted in organizations outside of the county or State should be secured, in order that they may find their Henry C. Holter, John M. Herr, Michael Hartigan, place among the nation's defenders upon the monument. This is perhaps the most important thing which the Committee has Charles Heberly, William Hunter, in charge, the organizations from our own Norman Z. Holt, Dan'l W. King, (drit.) county being already well known. If. Levi Killetts, John B. Kerr, Frederick K. Korchoff, therefore, any person, in or out of the county, has knowledge of a citizen of Centre William Kune Joseph B. Kunes, John W. Kiliman. county who enlisted in organizations outside of the county and State, it is especially important that their names should be ascertained, so that they may find a place among those who enlisted at home.

Any communication in regard to these names addressed to Gen. John I. Curtin or William H. Musser, Bellefonte, will re-

ceive prompt attention. 45th PENNSYLVANIA, THREE-YEAR REGT. FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS. STAFF OFFICERS. John I. Curtin, Colonel. James A. Beaver, Lieut Col. Theodore Gregg, "" George L. Potter, Surgeon. Theodore S. Christ, Ass't. & Surgeon. Jacob Meese, Sergt. Major. Homer S. Thompson, Sergt. Major. Amos Mullen, Quartermaster Sergt. Charles Cook, Commissary Sergt. Company "A," mustered Sept. 9th, 1861. Roland C. Cheeseman, Captain, Brvt. Maj William P. Grove, 1st Lieut. Cornelius W. Harrold, " Waldo C. Van Valin, " Joseph Funk, 2nd " Waldo C. Van Valin, " Joseph Funk, 2nd " John F. Holla an, Ist Sergt. John Fuuk, " Andrew J. Goodfellow, " Thomas Bathurst, Sergt. John A. Daley, " Matthew Riddle, " George Young, " Theophilus Lucas, " Thomas Croit, Corp. Corp. Thomas Croft, George W. Cochler, Theodore Shirk, Theodore Shirk, George F. Fence, Jacob Kaup, David Williams, Philip Stout, Philip Stout, Lewis C. Bullock, Frank Hogan, George W. Long,

John W. Kliman Roddy Logan, Nelson A. Lucas, John T. Lucas, Samuel Lucas, Robert Lucas, Isaac W. Lucas, Isaac W. Lucas, Zach Letterman, Aaron Linn, Henry Wilson, Wm. A. Weaver, Jacob Laird, John Lyons, Company "E.' Henry Stevens, Captain John O. Campbell, " John Beck, " Amos Harper, 1st Lieut. Armstrong S. Bailey, 2nd Lieut. William H. Houser, 1st Sergt. Josenb Railey, Sorgt Joseph Bailey, Sergt. George W. Loner, " William Bell, " Joseph Riggle, Color Sergt. William S. Koons, Sergt. William H. Poorman, Corp. Perry Corp. Perry Cupp, Frederick H. Weston, Frederick H. Weston, Joseph B. Merriman, John Graham, Theophilus Bratton, John G. Goss, John S. McCurdy, John Giles, John C. Krider, William H. Buck, John Campbell. John Campbell, Henry Ellenberger, Joshua A. Hurst, " James A. Rankin, " William Osman, Musician. -William A. Jackson, " PRIVATES. Wm. Johnston, David A. Kennedy, Samuel Krider, Michael W. Krider, Josiah Krider, Jacob C. Kauffman, David Love, John R. Lemon, Thomas M Lingle William Alley, Joseph E. Arnold, David B. Allen, Henry Bartoe, Ira Buck, George W. Black, Henry Bressler, Joseph P. Bateman, William H. Bateman, John R. Lemon, Thomas M. Lingle, George W. Lingle, James Lott, David Lighlner, Henry Miller, Alfred Miller, Alfred Miller, Alfred Mitchell, Geo. W. Murphy. James Mayes, Joseph W. Meyers, Geo. W. Merriman, Geo. M. Marks, Joseph Monsel, Samuel Bodle. Sylvester Branstetler, Charles Brownlee, Charles Brownlee, Issac Bailey, Alfred Bailey, Richard Bailey, John Bell, Jacob Beck, Augnstus H. Cox, Marshall Cox, John Chase, William Campell, Samuel Cramer, Charles Cartwright, John Calderwood, John Calderwood, John Calderwood, John Calderwood, John Canderser, Suart Cronister, James I. Dennis, Jesse Devoir. Joseph Monsel, Wm. Miller, Jesse Devoir, Hiram G. Ditzworth, Wm. Filenberger, W m. McClellan, Thos B. McWilliams, Wm. A. Poorman, Joshua R. Pheasant, Samuel Eyer, Jeremiah Ewing, Robert Ewing, John Peters, John C. Piery, John C. Rider, Robert Ewing, Robert Ewing, Christian Ellenberg Jefferson Force, Sebastian Fisher, Jonas Fry, Wm. H. Fry, Jesse A. Flory, Henry P. Funk, Lloyd Goss, Wm. Gearhart, Wm. B. Glenn, Nowh S. Goldman, Caleb Gates, John G, Heberling, Joseph Hutchison, Amos K. Harper, Reuben Holderman, Wm. Hurter, Daniel Harpster, A. W. Johnston, Ja wing, Ellenberger, Force, Fisher, John C. Piery, Michael C. Rider, John W. Rider, John G. Rider, David Ray, Dennis Ryan, James H. Roach, John T. Sims, Wesley Sims, Abraham Sharer, Herrison Schall. Harrison Schall, Harrison Schall, h, Wm, H. Thompson, John Ulrich, ag, Geo W. Weston, n, Jacob E. Way. h, Daniel W. Way, ian, Albert Wilson, Wm, H. Wrye, Graffius Weeton, Francis A. Weston, Jacob Ward.

into the head of the procession. Just at that moment, too, the rat-tat-rat, tat, tat ! marching tap of the snare-drum was changed to a full-volumed blare as the brasses brayed out: "When-you-hear the bells go ding-ling-ling, Bow-down-low, and sweetly we will sing. And when-the-verse am through, the chor all join in: There'll be a hot time in the old town to night,

Mah Ba-a-a-by !"

Miss Jerry should have fainted, or gone into hysterios, at least. But she didn't. She simply cast one startled, frightened glance at the band, at the lines of scarletshirted firemen, at the crowded street heyond. Then she drew in her breath with a quick little gasp, shut her lips very tight, and hoarse of voice, is the performance pressed her knees into Lucifer's quivering shoulders, twisted her left hand into the strands of his mane and struck him smartly on the neck with her right. But Lucifer needed no guiding then. What, with a band playing "A Hot Time" almost under his nose! Not he. Why,

sending little thrills clear down to his rudi-

band-leader's bearskin by many inches,

pivoted grandly about on bent haunches

came down with a stamp that made the

sparks fly from the macadam, swayed his

head once or twice until he got the time,

and then, neck arched, head tossing, fore-

legs pawing, tail waving like a silken ban-

ner and every motion perfectly attuned to

the throbbing metre of the quickstep, he

pranced and curvetted up the street at

For a moment, when the firemen and

pectators saw the slim figure perched

on the back of the great white horse, with

ward to catch the rider as Lucifer whirled

But there was no disaster. They saw

the set lips relax into a smile of pure de-

light, saw a slender hand snatch off the

slouch hat and wave it, saw a mass of brick-red hair tumble over the blue-and-

white checked blouse-and that was quite

enough to make them stare and keep their

There were cheers and shoutings. Red

fire was burning and Roman candles sput-

tered sparks about them, for the friends

of the firemen had planned to do the thing

in style. Miss Jerry heeded not, for

self to the charm of motion and music, her

lithe figure swaving in graceful unison

And what did Lucifer care for noise o

ireworks? Frighten him ! Evidently you

didn't know Lucifer. No. there was but

one person in all that crowd who had the

least idea as to where this splendid white

horse might have appeared from. This individual was a short, stockily built,

seedily dressed man who ran along the

curb, apparently more excited than the

"It's him ! It's him ! he cried at in-

shouting small boys who ran with him.

with every movement of the big horse.

had wholly and utterly abandoned her-

to view disaster. One or two ran for-

he head of the column.

himself about.

mouths agape.

Why,

" 'Star light, star bright, First star I've seen to-night, I wish I may I wish I might,

Have the wish I wish to-night?' '

And haven't I always wished for a horse ? But I never dreamed I'd get such a lovely one as you. Oh, you great white darling !'

Then Miss Jerry would reach up on tiptoes and put her slim arms about Lucifer's big, sleek neck and lay her red hair and freckled cheek against his white nose.

From the first Lucifer liked it, although never before had he made friends with any wearer of skirts. They were so apt to giggle or scream, and either proceeding is jarring to sensitive nerves. But this red-baired girl did nothing of the sort. She was quiet and gentle, but wholly unafraid. Best of all, she seemed to understand him thoroughly, and he had known but few men of whom as much could be said.

Had it not been for Miss Jerry, though life on the Penny farm would have been dull, indeed. The old barn had no other occupants than himself, unless you counted the heus which cackled in the mows or the swallows darting among the roof beams. In the fields back of the barn was not even a cow.

Miss Jerry proved to be company enough. Never had Lucifer found anyone who had a keener appreciation for his talents. At first, to be sure, she did not know how to play her part, but little by little she learned. How cleverly, for instance, did she pick up the handkerchief trick after had dropped a hint or two. She Lncifer had led him into the barnyard and turned him loose. At once Lucifer began the three-legged trot.

'Why, you beauty, you're lame, aren't you ?"

That was exactly what she should have said, of course. The next thing to do was to limp up to her and hold out the stiff foreleg. There, however, Jerry was at a loss how to proceed until he took one of her sunbonnet-strings in his teeth and tugged at it.

Shall I bind up the poor leg? Is that it ?'

It was, although Lucifer could only look sorrowful. But, as you have seen, Miss Jerry was a peculiarly gifted young person. Off came the bonnet-string with a rip and | Many eyes stared after the big white horse ! But the Profesor's eyes were glued to

mysteriously, to the delight of her very soul.

Perhaps you will understand now why t was that Miss Jerry got into her head the very queer notion which she put into practice one night last September. For weeks she had planned it. On two evenngs she had stolen down stairs after Aunt 'Phemie had gone to bed. But at the last moment her courage had failed her and

she had crept back to ber room. The third time she had shut her lips tightly and said to herself, "I will do it, I will."

Lucifer was just taking his second aftersupper nap when she aroused him by com-ing into the stable. Sleepy, he watched her as she stood in the patch of moonlight that fell through the open door. She had her red hair fastened atop her head under an old slouch hat and she was putting on overalls. Then Lucifer understood that there were prospects of a gallop.

But this time, instead of taking him out into the fields, she led him quietly past the house and through the front gate, making him keep on the grass until they were in the road.

"Now, my beauty,"she whispered tense-ly in his ear, "we'll go to town and show them how to ride; won't we, eh ?"

Go to town they did. Lucifer saw th lights in the distance and made for them willingly. He rejoiced to feel again the hard road under him, to hear his hoofs beat out the quick, blood-stirring k'larrup k'larrup! of his running song. He threw up his head, snorted gleefally and struck into a long, swinging lope that laid the stretches of highway behind him in fine style. On his back, riding as lightly as a

cork on a wave crest, Miss Jerry cooed tenderly to him, now and then guiding him to the right or left by a pat on his neck, as she had long since learn.d how to do

It was great fun. They could watch the folks run to their windows and peep out into the moonlight to see who rode at such

a pace. Nor was the speed checked when hey reached the broad main street of the town, where the houses sat snugly behind their little squares of green, where there

were street-lights and carriages and boys and girls who laughed on the sidewalk.

tervals. No one disputed the statement. Perhaps it was because no one heard. But when at last the band ceased and the big horse with its rider wheeled into a side street and slipped away from the crowd, the seedy man was close behind, following silently on a bicycle contributed unwillingly by an astonished youth. Even Miss Jerry was not aware of his presence as she slid off Lucifer's back at the Penny front gate.

It had been a prank, to be sure. supposed she ought to feel frightened and sorry. But oh, it had been glorious! The tumult of it still raced in her veins. She knew that she only hoped that some time it might be done all over again. Meanwhile the seedy man was busy.

It was not long after this that a badly written, wonderfully spelled letter reach-ed Professor T. Caleb Norton, Proprietor and Manager of The Colossal Equine Paragon Company. And when the Professor had puzzled it all out he was most extravagantly pleased.

"Ime Buckie Slater," the epistle began. "Ime the osslur you fired lass spring. It was me tuck loosifur cos i was mad but he got away an i loss trak of him til jess now. Now

i kno ware lossifur is safe an sound. I doant want no reward if you doant want to jug me fer oss stealin. All i want is to be tuck bak with loosifur an cal it skware. Duz it go.

"BUCKIE SLATER."

"Does it?" asked the professor of the empty air. "I guess yes! Why, that rascally Buckie is the best hostler in the bunch, and if he wa'n't, just to get hold of Lucifer once more I'd hire the Old Boy himself. Besides, there's a matter of a five thousand dollar reward that needn't trouble me any more. I'll go after them myself."

Forty-eight hours later there was a touching reunion between two men. One was a big, grizzly moustached personage who wore in his wide striped shirt-front a diamond cluster about the size of a doorknob. This was Professor T. Caleb Norton. The other was a chunky, seedy-looking individual the Professor called "Buckie." When there had been full confession and free forgiveness the Professor was in a hurry

to get to other business. "No good going out there tonight," protested Buckie. "You got to stay over, anyways. In the mornin' we'll slip out be fore sunup an' I'll show you suthin' worth seein.' "

Being more or less persistent, Buckie carried the day. Also his programme was followed, even to hiding themselves in an old cow-shelter on a knoll commanding a good view of the untilled Penny acres. was as much as Buckie could do, however, to prevent the Professor from spciling everything as soon as he caught sight of rates

"Wait, Professor; just you wait and see ber ride."

"Hub! Who couldn't ride," snorted the Professor, "with the best-trained horse in America under 'em ?"

"That's all right, but wait, I says. See, she goes it bareback with not even a halterstrap on his nose. Look at there ! Talk about yer lady equestriennes! Ever see one sit a hoss like that afore? Now they're off fer keeps. Aint that a pace, though? Now watch 'em take that fence! Whoop-Whoope-e-e! How's that fer hurdlin', eh, Professor ?

to Rev. Horace G. Clair, approved and accepted by him.

J. B. Woodcock, a licentiate of the Presbytery, was dismissed to the Pres-bytery of Philadelphia, Rev. W. C. Kuhu, of Bellwood, at his own request was honorably relieved from Presbytery. The following commissioners were elected to the General Assembly which will meet at Winona this year : Rev. D. E. Hepler, Fruit Hill, and Rev. Samuel Barber, Curwensville; alternates-Rev. R. P. Miller, Philipsburg, and H. B. Townsend, Bedford. Elders : Stiles K. Boden, Mifflintown, and W. S. Livingston, Altoona; alternates George W. Ganoe and W. R. Davidson.

The Pennsylvania Legislature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATCHMAN: On principles of national and state policy I have generally considered myself a Republican, but I am heartily disappointed with the work of our Legislature during the past session. I would like to see a Reform party started which would see that the interests of the State of Pennsylvania are of much more importance than those simply of Philadelphia. I think our Legislature has devoted too

much of its spirit and energy to the interest of that city, while it has omitted or neglected much more important legislation for the State at large. The Puhl bill and the socalled "Ripper" bills were passed, but what became of the re-apportionment bill, the personal registration bill, the local option bill and others of importance to the entire State? Has the majority party become too fat and

corpulent and dying at the top? Are the people or the Legislature in the saddle? We might wisely learn a lesson from the history of the old Whig party of Pennsylvania. There was one good thing, however, the Legislature did do, and that was to adjourn promptly and give the people a rest. A REPUBLICAN.

Reduced Rates to Pacific Coast Points. Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Ore., June 1st to October 15th, and varions conventions to be held in cities on the Pacific coast during the summer, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets on specific dates, from all stations on its lines, to San Fran-cisco and Los Angeles, April 9th to Septem ber 27th, to Portland, Settlement, Tacoma, Victoria, Vancouver, and San Diego, May 22nd, to September 27th, at greatly reduced

For dates of sale and special information concerning rates and routes, consult nearest ticket agent.

Appearances.

Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person's worth. This is an important rule, for many a noble spirit is covered by habiliments of poverty, while not infrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind.

Charles Charles Miller, Sub. Charles Bratton David H. Barto, John Moore, George Moore, Daniel Martin, Michael Mahatfey, James Bodle, Green Brewer. Abraham Boyer. James Boo James Milligan, Charles Morrel, '64 James M. Barnhart. Charles Morrel, '66. James Montgomery, John Murray, Thomas Mulin, John Martin, George McElhoe, Calvin McElhoe, William T. Mallin, 4James McNally, '66 Simon L. Nott, '66 William Neff, '6 Charles Nichols, George D. Piter, (t Sylvester B Jacob Boyer, Moses Bullock, D Conley, James Conley, Aaron Crock, Emanuel Crock, Su Lafayette Cochier, ⁷⁶ William Calderwood, Porter Coyle, Jacob Campbell, Joseph J. Cline, James Debass. Sub. '64 '65 '64 Demass, George D. Piter, (trans ferred to 53 Regt.) Dewey Douglass, (Drfd) William W. Peoples, William H. Dewalt, Sub.George Petler, '64 William Dunlay, '64 Philip Parient, '4 Thomas Dehass. Peter Demastration of the parient of the second s d) William W. Peoples, b.George Petler, '64 Philip Parient, '64 Jarius Peace, Lewis Peace, Drafted Thomas Patterson, ' Thomas Robinson, William Reeder, William Ressman, John Riley,

George W. Long, Daniel Haunen, George Emenhizer, andrew P. Grove, John H. Crock, Abraham Emenhizer, John B. Whitemanne,

John B. Whitemams, Musician. Falkin B. Williams. "

PRIVATES.

William T. Leathers

Theodore Leathers, John Long,

Thomas Long, James R. Long,

acob Miller,

Miller.

William Dualap, '6 William Dualap, '6 William Dualap, '6 William Subass, Stephen Dreibelbis, Stephen Dreibelbis, Jeremiah Evey, William L. Eckley, William H. Etian, William Fank, George W. Funk, Jeremiah Fravel, Jacob Falty, William Flack, Jacob Falty, William Flack, Jacob Falty, William Flack, Janes H, Glenn, John Gummo, George W. Gill, Martin L. Glenn, Noah H. Huber, George T. Hunter, Rudolph Haines, James P. Haines, John Riley, Kline Q. Ruport '64, Thomas H. Reed Drft. Levi Reynolds, Harlin Saylor, Andrew C. Saire, Joseph G. Stone, Augustis B. Smith, James H. Strunk, David H. Shawley, Ross Struckland.

James P. Haines, John Haines, '64 John Heverly, '64 John Heverly, William A. Hartstock, Benjamin F. Holter, David Hendershot, Israel Hoover, Lorenzo D. Hoover, Drft., John H. Harris, '' Charles Johnson, Ira C. Knoll Charles Johnson, Ira C. Knoll, Discardes Knoll, James Lucas, John M. Lucas, '64

'64 George W. Young Reuben Yarnell. Company "B." William L. Raphile, 1st Lieut. Harvey H. Benner, 2nd " Austin Garnar, Sergeant. James Whittaker, Musician. PRIVATES.

William Ickhoff, John Long, Jacob Lehr, Daniel Leslie, William Long, Thomas Mayes, Alired Moore, John Miller. John Arnold, William Boal, Samuel H. Byke, Harvey Brown, Frederick Bower, Henry Buskenbeig Henry Buskenheiser, Alfred Cortner,

bram Cox, Hugh Conway, Robert Drummond, Samuel T. Dickson, Abram Graffius,

Joseph Griffis, Frederick Ettler, James Hinton, Herodo James Hinton, Theodo Andrew J. Hopkins, Theodo George Sag-r.

Company "D," 45th, P. V. I. Company "D," 45th, P. V. Austin Curtin, Captain. Charles T. Fryberger, Captain. James P. Gregg, 1st Lieut. Evan R. Goodfellow, 2nd Lieut. Joseph L. Hinton, 2nd Lieut. Andrew T. Boggs, 1st Sergt. John H. Winters, " Henry S. Krape, " Henry S. Krape, " Henry S. Krape, " Joseph Sewell, " Abel A. Yarrington, " Frederick Glossner, " Frederick Glossner, James L. Yarnell, Wm. W. Wetzler, Corp.

Harland Saylor, Michael Jobson,

Laird A. Bartley, James S. Kelso,

Charles Hinton, John McClain,

John Miller, Henry M. Allister, M. Nophske Robert Pruner, Joseph Raphile, James Shirk, John S. S affer, Herbert Stone, Theodore Stevenson

David H. Shawley, Ross Strickland, William W. Taylor, Thomas Taylor, Wesley V. Tate, '64 Charles Temple, Drafte M. A. Walker, Michael Walker, Samuel Whteler, John A. Wilson, D. '61 Ross Whiteman,

Ross Whiteman, John B. White, Lewis H. Watson John Williams, Thomas Williams, Meshach Williams, James P. Williams,

Wm. w. wetzler, John S. Fox, Wm. L. Moses, Wm. B. Blake, John H. Bostellers, James H. McBride,

Canny John Sherman.

The late Secretary John Sherman showed his talent for financiering at an early age. He and two of his brothers had been given a sum of money with which to pay their board while on a shooting trip for a week at the house of a farmer near Lancaster, O., their home.

The week ended, John ordered the wagon and paid his board. But the farmer refused the money, saying that the sons of Judge Sherman would always be welcome guests. When John found that he did not have to pay his board he sent the wagon back to the barn and stayed another week .- Lippincott's.

Rewards For Churchgoing.

At Holsworthy, in Devonshire, England, the prettiest girl who attends church gets well rewarded for doing so. About fifty years or so ago it struck the Rev. Thomas Meyrick, who was then vicar of the parish, that the young ladies there did not attend church so often as they might do. So he left a sum of money, and this, according to the terms of his will, was to be put out at interest. The annual income from it was to be given each year to the prettiest young woman at Holsworthy who had attended church regularly for that year.

Getting a Pointer.

Bosky-I say, doctor, I want you to look at a horse up here at the stable and tell me honestly just what you think about him-whether he is sound or unsound. Veterinary-I always tell just what I think. By the way, is it a horse you think of buying or one you have for sale?-Boston Transcript.

Rare Insight.

Jobson-Miss Blank looks awfully frivolous to me. What makes you think she has so much hard sense? Robson-I just heard her refuse an invitation to a card party because she couldn't play cards.-Detroit Free Press.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.-Porteous.