

Bellefonte, Pa., October 18, 1907.

"MOTHER."

I'm gettin' old-I know-It seems so long ago-So long since John was here! He went so young!-our Jim 'S as old now 'most as him-Close on to thirty year'!

I know I'm gettin' old-I know I'm getttn' old-From time 'at first frost flies-Seems like-since John was here-Winters is more severe; And winter I de-spise!

And yet, it seems, some days, John's here, with his odd ways Comes soon-like from the corn-Field, callin' "Mother" at Me-liked he called me that Even 'for Jim was born!

When Jim come-(La! how good Was all the neighborhood! And Doctor!-when I heerd Him joke John, kind o' low. And say: Yes, folks could go-"Pa" needn't be afeared!)

When Jim come-John says-' e-A-bendin, over me And baby in the bed-And jes us three-says 'e. "Our little family!" And that was all he said.

And cried jes like a child!-Kissed me again, and smiled, 'Cause I was cryin, too, (And here I am again A-cryin' same as then-Yet happy through and through!)

The old home 's most in mind And joys long left behind! Jim's little h'istin' crawl Acrost the floor to where John set a rockin' there! (I'm gittin' old-that's all!)

I'm gittin' old-no doubt!-(Healthy is all git-out!) But, strangest thing I do-I cry so easy now-I cry jes anyhow The fool-tears wants me to!

But Jim he won't be told 'At "Mother's gettin' old! Hugged me, he did, and smiled This morning, and bragged "shore" He loved me even more Than when he was a child!

That's his way; but ef John Was here now, lookin' on, He'd shorely know and see; "But, 'Mother s'pect he'd say, S'pose you air gittin' gray, You're younger yet than me!'

I'm gitten' old-because Our young days, like they was, Keeps comin' back-so clear, 'At little Jim, once more, Come h'istin' crost the floor Fer John's old rockin'-cheer!

Oh, beautiful-to be A-gittin' old, like mel Hey, Jim! Come in now, Jim? Your supper's ready, dear! (How more, every year, He looks and acts like him!)

-James Whitcomb Riley, in October Century.

tinguished, it became an easy matter to For this, a number of country cabbages root and all, had been secured. From the top of each a few leaves had been removed paste a number upon this line as tify the figures with others in the note-book which told an interesting tale, and to make place for a piece of green tissue-paper. On half the number of these papers all kinds of romantic facts were read in the flames .- By Mary Dawson, in the Delinea were written quotations concerning wom-en; on the remainder, descriptions of "all

ty bit of ornamentation, it will help to

make the fish feel at home. Besides, they will like to nibble at it, and it is good for

Many persons are in the babit of drop-

ping bread-orombs in the water for the fish

to eat, but that is very bad for them, as

the bread quickly sours, making the water sour too. Prepared fish food can be bought

at all animal stores, and at most grocery

stores, and this should be given to the little

The water in the aquarium should be

changed at least twice a week, and it

should be siphoned out, not poured. The best way to do this is to use a piece of rub-

ber tubing about balf a yard long. Put

one end in the water and the other end in

After sucking the water part way up the

the tube tightly between your thumb an

Tobacco Worth \$3 a Pound.

import may be fairly estimated to cost her

A few years ago Florida growers found

William Frear of The Pennsylvania State

County Tohacco Growers' Society, is con-

ducting a series of experiments on the

sandy loam soil of northern Lancaster

small state appropriation have resulted in

three successive crops of a thin, fine veined

glossy leaf yielding 1,000 to 1,200 pounds

per acre at a cost not exceeding \$1 per pound for the swetted and sorted leaf, and

fair samples of these crops have been valued

creatures every day or two.

your mouth.

sorts and conditions of men. Taking Care of Goldfish. A handful of quotations will serve to illustrate the pos-thilities of these fortune

Many boys and girls have goldfish for pets, and would like to know, perhaps, the best way to take care of them. They should be kept in a broad-mouthed glass vessel—one with straight sides is best— which should always be nearly full of wa-BURNS. The reason firm, the temperate will, ter. A few shells and a small quantity of gravel should be put into the vessel. It is

Endurance, strength and skill. A perfect woman, nobly planned, a good plan, too, to keep a piece of water-weed in the jar. It will grow floating on To warn, to comfort, and comm WADSWORTH. the water, and in addition to being a pret

Beautiful exceedingly. COLERIDGE. Framed in the prodigality of nature. SHAKESPEARS.

A lady so richly clad as she-

A soldier Full of strange oaths and bearded like the

us in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

To see her is to love her

And love but her forever.

Seeking the bubble Reputation Even in the cannon's mouth. SHAKESPEARE.

slips.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.

So his life has flowed From its mysterious urn a sacred stream In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure Alone are mirror'd.

Half the cabbages, those containing descriptions of the men were planted on the right side of the barn, those describing women on the left.

One by one, the company donned light wraps and stole stlently out into the orisp October night bashed in soft autumnal moonlight, to choose a kalestock and pull it Returning indoors the celebrant searched for the concealed fortune promised, found the hidden leaf and read in the verbal portrait it furnished a description of his or her 'future."

Where the genuine cabbage stalks are hard to secure, very pretty imitation ones can be fashioned from two shades of green tissue paper and pliable wire.

Towards the middle of the evening a lond knocking came on the door of the pound, the cigar trade used of it in the barn. When the door was opened, a tall census year, 5,000,000 pounds. As Penn sylvania makes oue fourth of the national and very striking-looking gipsy, clothed in weather-beaten garments and decorated with heavy jewelry made of coius, stood cigar output her proportion of the Sumatra revealed

In a few words the gipsy explained that cigar makers \$5,000 000 annually. she had become separated by night-fall from the rest of her caravan, and besought that by shading plants grown on sandy soil from Samatra seed a very high quality wrapper leaf could be obtained. Professor shelter. In return for this boon she offered to read the fortunes of all desiring it, by the gipsy method of the saucers. Seated on the straw, she quickly ar-College Agricultral Experiment Station, working in co-operation with the Lancaster

ranged is front of her a little row of saucers, each of which contained a different object, material or substance.

One of the plates contained a fragment of moss, another a bit of red cloth, a third a County. These experiments supported by morsel of blue material, others, respective-1., a spray of thorn, an end of heavy cord tied in a double knot, a little clear water, and a forked twig.

One by one the men and girls knelt he fore the saucers with closed eyes while the

Bohemian incanted. Then the right band was extended so as to touch a sancer. If the sancer containing the moss was ed it meant wealth-a bed of luxury the product of a single seas

HIRAM PERKINS' CURE.

HERE are two pictures extant of Timothy Portley, the one in which he stands among a group

of packing house employees in high boots, trousers and woolen shirt, the other in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, his natural florid complexion subdued by the artist. The first was Tim Portley, butcher. The second is Timothy Portley, multimillionaire. He would give a thousand dollars for each of the group pictures

to burn them. Portley lived most of the year in his country place twenty miles from the city. Time was when he hadn't a nickel to take him, tired and hungry. home from his work in the evening. Now there are express trains running



TWENTY FEET.

past his place to the city, but they are not good enough, certainly not fast enough, for him. He has his own automobile, capable of making a mile a minute, and it has often taken him from his house to his office in half an

The Arlington turnpike furnished a direct line between Mr. Portley's house and his office, and on that pike is a straight piece of road over which he gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty miles an hour. At a quarter past 10 every week day morning and a quarter past 4 in the evening, the hours of Mr. Portley's passage, the farmers living on this stretch of road were obliged to stop work to see that there were no children or stock in the way. Amos Green lost a horse and Joseph Briggs a cow. In both these cases Mr. Portley sat in his car, was handed a check book by his secretary, filled out checks for double the amo owners of the stock, tossed them at the farmers, and as the papers fluttered to the ground to be picked up by the pay-

condemned goods. This gave him an idea, and his idea grew to a plan.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning after Farmer Burton had signed an instrument acknowledging full indemnity for the injury done his daughter and had received his check Mr. Portley's automobile came down the road at its accustomed speed. As it approached Hiram Perkins' farm Mr. Portley heard a crackling noise and saw smoke ahead.

"What's that?" he asked of his chauffeur.

"Looks as if soldiers were firing across the road," replied the chauffeur, slowing up.

At reduced speed they approached the firing. It was on Hiram Perkins' ground. He had mounted a rapid fire gun of an obsolete pattern on a pile of stones four feet from the ground, with its muzzle pointed at a target set up across the road. Hiram was lazily turning the crank.

"Hey, you old fool! Are you crazy?" velled Mr. Portley.

Hiram ceased turning his crank and looked at the automobilist. "Why, no; I reckon not," he replied.

'I'm only shootin' at a mark." "Go on, Pete," said Mr. Portley to

his chauffeur. The automobile gave a few prelimi-

nary puffs, and Perkins began again to turn his crank, sending a storm of bullets across the road. The chauffeur shut off in a hurry.

"What do you mean," roared Portley, "by monopolizing the road in that fashion?"

"Who's monopolizin' the road?" asked Hiram, ceasing to turn the crank. "You. firing that thing across it."

"I'm shootin' at a mark peaceable. I own twenty acres on this side and eighty on the other side. Reckon I've got a right to do what I please on my own property."

"You haven't a right to obstruct the road.' "I ain't touchin' the road."

Portley was puzzled, but only for a moment. He was sure of the farmer's motive.

"How much do you want to stop your practicing when I want to pass vour farm?"

There was a world of calm intensity in Hiram's tone and manner as he replied:

"You hain't got money enough to stop my practicin' at any time.' Mr. Portley refrained from further

argument. He felt sure that if he couldn't buy his way from the farmer he could buy it through a lawyer. He gave orders to his chauffeur to turn and hurried back in no good humor to take another road, doubling the distance to the city. On reaching it he went straight to his lawyer's office. told how Hiram Perkins was monopolizing the highway and asked how he should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer. 'to prevent a man firing on his own property, even if the highway runs through it."

"What! No law to keep him from

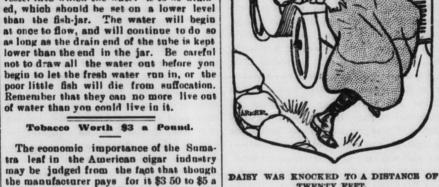
feur The chauffeur climbed over to the back seat, leaving the wheel for his employer. Portley took it and moved



PORTLEY BACKED HIS MACHINE.

to within a few feet of the dead line. Hiram was looking away from him at an angle of 90 negrees. A shot a trifle out of line whistled ominously near Portley's nose. It v : the will of a multimillionaire again a simple farmer. The farmer won. Portley backed his machine, turned about and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Hiram looked after him. There was the same quiescence in his outward appearance, but a close observer would have noticed a light in his eye and a slightly quicker breathing.

"Perkins' method." as it was called, spread among the farmers, and wherever a man owned property on both sides of the road he stationed himself before his house with a weapon, some with repeating rifles, some with revolvers, and one ingenious farmer constructed a catapult to throw stones at the rate of one every five seconds. Notices were put up along the road that ten miles an hour was the limit of speed allowed. All automobiles running faster were sure to find some farmer who, apparently realizing that Uncle Sam needed to produce a nation of marksmen, had set up a target across the road and was sure to be practicing when the biggest and fastest machine passed. Some automobilists drove faster than ever, slowing up at the danger point, but they were reported by the farmers to those doing the practicing and on the next trip were obliged to turn back, losing the right to use the road altogether. No law was violated; no automobilist was injured. Persons driving their machines on the road at a moderate rate ever heard or saw any firing, and



hour.

tubing-but not all the way, mind-grasp finger, take the end out of your mouth, and, still holding it tightly drop it into the vessel into which the water is to be drain

A HALLOWE'EN BARN FROLIC.

The new barn was completed and the idea of having a Hallowe'en Barn Frolie suggested itself to a country club.

Some paper that resembled calico was found and the invitations were written

upon it. "It is to he an Eighteenth Century Hallowe'en," said one of the club.

A clause in each invitation suggested that the guests wear mob-caps of calico and gowns to match.

The decorations were beautiful. Pumpkin heads with caudles inside were wired in sharply graduated rows from besom brooms, which were horizontally swung from cetlings. The jack-o'-ianterus, varying from very small to quite large, were wired all along the haudles of the besome with particularly happy effect.

Huge bats constructed of brown cheese cloth, whalebone and cotton-batting soared uncannily among the brooms.

A brighter light was farnished by one of the carriage lamps shrouded in Autumn leaves. Floors of the lofts and passage ways were strewn with fragrant clover bay and aired and warmed by the introduction of a couple of coal stoves.

In corners and under the bales of straw or fodder corn were hidden quantities of nuts of different kinds for which the guests searched in odd moments between games, both as refreshment as well as for the time honored divinations.

Among these were a small number of English walnuts which were found to con- Right" smiling out of the glass upon them. tain amusing "fortunes" written on tissue paper (which is easily compressed into the space of the nutshell) and so worded that they might apply to either a man or a woman.

To get the fun into swing they played the never-to be-sarpassed Puss in the ner; but in this case with a pleasant innovation, the invention of the present en-tertainers. It was called Double Puss because played with partners, instead of in the old way.

Where there is an orchestra, however small, it can be played with music, the couples, as well as Puss going in search of corners to the strains of two-step or waltz.

FIRE O' LOVE

An ancient but now little-practised divination called the Fire o' Love was next ar. ranged to amuse the assemblage. For this a large wooden washtub filled with water was haled upon the scene. Each lady in the company was given a slip of paper on which to write her own name. These papers were twisted so as to hold together These were thrown upon the water. At the same time a half-inch of candle-end, attached to a small-sized pickle cork was lighted and placed (cork side down) in the ater. A blast from a palm-leaf fan created a mimic squall in the tub, during which the candle-end floated hither and thither, setting fire to most of the name papers. At the end of three minutes the candle was removed and any papers remaining intact where opened. The persons whose names covered on these would never feel the fire of love, it was prophesied, and cousequently would never marry.

The turn of the gentlemen was then in on a slip of paper and the fun continued as before.

A very old and very picturesque Nut-Crack Night ceremony, that of fortune telling by the kalestock or cabbage plant exactly the same make as those employed was initated in an amusing frolic which had been burned and timed. Knowing at followed the fire test.

happened upon the plate containing the ment is desirable to improve the uniforthorn, an unhappy love affair, unrequited love or a rejected offer of marriage was plainly presaged. The red cloth stood for

young boy this might be a soldierly career, in that of a man with career already deoided, the daughter of a military wan as wife, or a dangerous rival among the of-ficers of the army. The blue cloth had the same reference with regard to the navy. The forked stick meant marriage with a widow or widower. The clear water unwedded bliss. The double knot indicated approaching marriage or secret engage-

In many cases so unmistakably did the gipsy charm guide the hand of the fateseeker to the proper dish that the interpretations of the gipsy were received with irrepressible laughter and acclamation on the part of the audience.

Ano her frolic, borrowed for its pictursqueness from Hallowe'en ceremonies of long ago, divination by the mirror and apple. Anyone wishing to test this rite was given an apple and was sent along a dimly parted to it a faint radiance.

Before this the fate-seeker stood and slowly ate the apple, over which a charm bad previously been repeated, and while doing so searched the looking glass. Many of the girls, thanks to a hint furnished by the entertainers to some of the young men of the gathering, did verily see ·Mr

Another aucient bit of sorcery was that of the mystic yarn. The committee furnished a large ball of worsted which any girl in the party was allowed to carry nceived to another part of the build Slowly raveling it upon the floor she ing. walked back wards winding the end held in the bands into a smaller ball, repeating at

the same time the mystic words:-Slowly the mystic yarn, I wind, I wind,

One voice to hear, one heart to find.

The legend of the rite runs that a maiden so questioning the fature will soon feel someone holding the end of the worsted, and on inquiring who is so doing will learn in a whisper, the name of her future hus-band. The maiden while winding the yarn must keep her eyes closed or the mystic influences will refuse to co-operate with her. "Tipped off" by members of the com-

mittee the smitten ones of the masculine contingent contrived to be in the ball at the proper time to seize the thread and re-

ply-with delightfully eerie results. At the supper, served upon boards stretched on trestles a new and very attractive feature-the fortune-telling can dles-was introduced.

In front of each guest, when the com pany took their seats, stood a lighted can-dle, over the surface of which were pasted tiny gummed labels on which numbers had been stamped. At a certain point in the never has any to burn. feast the candles were extinguished by request, and each man or girl in turn anonneed the number nearest to which the flame had come without destroying it. Consulting a small blank book with

cover appropriately decorated with insignia of the black art, one of the committee read order. Each man present wrote his name aloud the significance of each number. All the numbers were different, and each was three years. idensified with something of interest.

The secret of the reading was that, in advance of the entertainment, one candle of agree.

exactly what point the tapers would be ex- | ers.

on prove abnorin the future. If the unlucky individual mally excellent and while further experimity and productive capacity of leaves, it seems now to be proven that Pennsylvania plainly presaged. The red cloth stood for the military profession. In the case of a and save a portion of the money that has the next thing to fall been paid out for imports.

Winter Wheat Varieties.

As a result of continued experiments with wheat the Pennsylvania Experiment Station ways :

1. There is no relation between straw yield and grain yield in wheat.

2. No single variety of wheat can be pointed out as the best. The best variety of one season may be among the poorest of another, and vice versa.

3 Long year averages seem best for determining variety qualities. Taking yield as a basis the five best varieties for conditions as they exist at the Station farm are : Fulcaster, China, Royal Red Clawson, Reliable, and Dawson's Golden Chaff.

4. The yield of wheat in Pennsylvania is too low. Good varieties and attention to the management of the culture of the lighted corridor, at the end of which hung a mirror so placed that the moonlight im-wheat and greater profits.

5. No specific date for sowing wheat can be given. Too early or too late sowing should not be practiced. There is a rather long intermediate season during which wheat may be sown with likelihood of good results.

-A fish which feeds on mosquito larvæ is reported from Australia. This fish, known to science as pseu domugil signifer, owing and popularly known as "blue-eye," owing to the brilliant blue color of its iris, be longs to the family of athorinides, a small carnivorous fish found in both ocean and tivers. The blue-eye is a very small fish, about two inches long, and is generally found in shallow water. It is said that the Italian government is much interested in this matter and is importing a number of the fish to test their efficiency as larva destroyers in swamps and marshes.

The conditions under which we live and work have made the American people a nation of pill users. Naturally many pills are put on the market that are simply made to meet the requirements of those to whom any pill is a pill, and one pill as good as another. But there is progress even in pills, and at the front of this pill progress stand Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a scientific medicine which cures constipation, and oures it permanently.

---In the race for popularity truth is the hare and flattery is the tortoise.

-Business is business for those mind their own business.

-When a man earns his money he

-The annual fish catch of England is valued at \$53 960,000.

-Soap has been known to the world

-A mouse seldom lives longer than

-Fast friends should be slow to dis-

-London bas 300,000 one-room dwell-

The next thing to fall under Mr. Portley's juggermant was something that could not be paid for in money. Dalsy Burton, fourteen years old, was crossing the road when she heard the squawk of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but, seeing the automobile turning in the same direction, started again to cross. The automobile changed its course at the same time. It had slowed down, but could not be stopped in time to prevent a collision. Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet. where she lay in a heap. Mr. Portley took in the situation and ordered his chauffeur to drive on. A cloud of dust marked his going, and a crowd of indignant countrymen, among whom stood the father of the child, shaking his fist at the retreating automobilist.

marked the scene of the accident. Hiram Perkins, a middle aged, weather beaten farmer, whose skin hung loose in grooves on his face and neck, lived on the next farm to the Burtons. The only thing in the world he loved was Daisy. From the time she could toddle across the fields between his and her father's house he had made a pet of her. While her father was shaking his fist at Portley Perkins picked up the girl, covered with dust and blood, and carried her into her home. There he bent over her and groaned. When she opened her eyes and looked at him with a faint attempt at a smile he dashed out of the house, mounted a horse and galloped away for a doctor.

The only inconvenience it occasioned Mr. Portley was having to take the train every morning to the city instead of his automobile. He dared not go over the Arlington pike till the damage had been paid, and there was no other direct road to town. Farmer Burton did not come at once to a frame of mind to accept money for the injury to his child, and it was some time be-

would be crippled for life. Must they continue to risk the same misfortune or worse for their children? There of automobiles, but there was no one

was there any hope of its being en-

While the others talked there was

road and mask it? That would be murder. One day Hiram read an advertisement of the sale of government

"If he shoots you intentionally, it's murder; if unintentionally, you have an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm dead!" exclaimed Mr. Portley. in his irritation dropping into the double negative of his earlier years. "The only way I see out of it," the lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am



"HEY, YOU OLD FOOL, ARE YOU CRAZY?" ASKED MR. PORTLEY.

satisfied is a bluff with a bluff. When you come to this man's farm again go right on very slowly. He won't dare kill you."

"If any man can bluff Tim Portley," said the multimillionaire, rising, with a scowl and a firmly set jaw, "he's welcome to do so."

When Portley returned in the afternoon on his accustomed route, approaching Perkins' farm he again heard the rattle of rapid fire. He ordered his chauffeur to slow down and when within a hundred feet of the line of fire to creep. Hiram was turning the crank of his gun.

"If you kill me," cried Portley, 'you'll be hanged for murder." "I hain't a-tryin' to kill nobody. The

law don't hold me responsible for them as commits suicide by runnin' up ag'in a gun a man's practicin' at a mark

The machine crept on. Hiram pulled his broad brimmed hat over the eve nearest the comer so as to obstruct his view toward the automobile and went on turning. When it crept into view he turned his back so that he couldn't see. The automobile came to within a few yards of the passing bullets and stopped.

many of them wondered while passing Perkins' farm to what use he could possibly put his old rapid fire gun.

Daisy Burton will limp all her life and will find it hard if she has to make her own living. There are those among the farmers' wives-women can see further ahead in such matters than men-who declare that the day will come when she will have a strong. level headed husband to work for her in Hiram Perkins,

What He Needed.

Employed in one of the largest fron foundries in Baltimore there is a man who has a wooden leg. None of his fellow workers, however, knew of this until recently, so perfectly did the artificial support take the place of the missing member.

One day not very long ago something happened to the belting in the machine shop. Being an expert mechanic, this man was sent to repair the break. He climbed up a high ladder with as much grace and agility as could any man with two perfectly sound legs. But while busily engaged on the belting the ladder slipped from under him, and, with a crash, man and ladder landed in a heap on the floor.

The man's head struck against a piece of machinery, and he was rendered unconscious. Some one telephoned for a doctor. Before the physician arrived the injured workman regained consciousness. He did not make any attempt to get up, however, but simply lay on the floor with one of his legs doubled up under him.

Then the physician came and made a hasty examination. He pulled the bent limb from under the man, straightened it out, took one long look and, turning to those gathered round, said gravely:

"This is no case for me, gentlemen. What this man needs is not a doctor, but a carpenter!"-Baltimore News.

Trouble Ahead.

"Then your husband won't give up his club?" queried the friend.

"No," replied the patient young wife, "and I don't propose to give up mine." "Yours? Why, I didn't know you had one."

"Neither does he, but the next time he comes home late from his I'll be on hand with mine."-Catholic Standard and Times.

Former Rough Rider Slain.

York, Pa., Oct. 15.-Warren Peterson, colored, a Rough Rider during the Spanish-American war, was shot and instantly killed at Jacob's mill. near here. The shooting was done by Richard McGill, colored, of Philadelphia. Both men were employed on the work of building the trolley line between here and Hanover. The shooting was the outgrowth of a dispute over the commissary department. The dead man was from Olean, N. Y.

fore the matter was settled. Meanwhile the farmers living on the pike discussed the situation. Daisy

> was a state law regulating the speed whose duty it was to enforce it, nor

forced.

one man who thought. Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again. But how was he to prevent it? By means of the law? Portiey's pocketbook was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the

with."

"Go on!" roared Portley to his chauf-