

IN OLD BILL'S CAMP.

By Marjorie W. Merritt

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Old Bill's camp nestled down on the edge of a lake in the heart of the Maine woods. It was built of logs and had been, originally, a lumbermen's camp. After all the desirable timber had been cut and the camp abandoned, Old Bill had found it and made application to its owners for it. Being granted permission to live in it, he had taken up his solitary abode in the woods, and for five years, winter and summer, he had lived within the small log house.

Old Bill was a guide and in his younger days no guide of the Maine woods had been more popular. He was full six feet in height and he knew the woods and trails, the lakes and mountains like a book. Then there had come a time when he could no longer tramp from morning till night with young, enthusiastic fishermen or hunters, and carry their packs and cook their meals. But when that time came he found that he could not leave the woods. He loved them—every foot of them—whether they were strewn with fragrant pine needles or carpeted with the snows of winter.

The old guide had a small pension from the United States. He had served his time in the civil war and this monthly sum, small though it was, was sufficient for his wants, together with what he was able to find for his table in the woods and lakes. In summer he lived off fish and the berries that grew wild all about his camp. In winter, he fared well; venison and game were plentiful.

It was December—early December—but the winter was well under way in the north of Maine. Old Bill sat by the stove in his cook house, reading a six months' old magazine, when he heard the unfamiliar jingle of sleigh bells on the crisp air.

He took his feet from the stove and stood upright, listening. The jingling sounds came closer. Some one had found the way to the isolated log camp and Bill made haste to throw on his great fur coat and step out of doors.

In the distance, picking their way slowly between the bows that marked the trail across the frozen lake, came two horses drawing a sled. The road was well marked by the green branches Old Bill himself had helped to place in the ice, but a heavy snow of the night before had made sleighing heavy. Old Bill closed the cabin door and walked through the narrow footpath to the foot of the lake. He had a few friends in the village, six miles away, but he little thought of their coming on a day like this.

"Hello Bill!" came across the cold air to him.

Bill waved his great hand. As yet he could see nothing but the sled and some muffled creatures within.

"We've got a surprise for you, Old Bill," said one of the men as the sled drew up.

"You sure have," replied the guide, helping to hold the horses while four persons crawled out from beneath the fur rugs and stepped into the deep snow. "You sure have! I haven't seen a living soul for three weeks—nor used my voice for as long. Put the horses up in the shed and blanket them well. Have you got feed?"

Frank Allen, for it was he, attended to the animals and then made his way with the others to the warm little cook shanty of the camp.

"Now, Old Bill," he began, putting his arm on a little figure all wrapped in a great coat, fur cap, veil and mittens, "here is the surprise!" He took off the heavy garments and a lovely girl stood before him. "This, Old Bill, is your granddaughter, Isabel Rogers—from Omaha, Nebraska."

Old Bill rubbed his eyes—he did not wear glasses. Not—not my daughter Belle's girl?" he cried, looking closely at her.

The girl nodded. "Yes, grandfather, you daughter Belle was my mother," she said.

The old man put out a hand that trembled. "I—I have not heard from her for years—not since she married that ranchman Rogers and went out west to live," he said.

The others had stepped aside, seeing the old man's emotion.

"My mother has—has gone," the girl faltered, "and it was her last request—she made me promise to find you and live with you. She was afraid of my health and she knew the cold mountain air and the out-of-door life would be good for me. Oh, not that I'm not all right," the girl hastened to explain, "but mother was afraid after father died that I might not be strong. I wrote to you and each time my letters were returned from the postoffice in Greenville, so I determined to come and find you. Mr. Allen took me into his home when I arrived and promised to find you for me. He says he has known you for years, grandfather."

The old guide nodded repeatedly as if just coming to a realization of what had taken place. His own grandchild had come to live with him—his daughter Belle's child! It seemed incredible but there she stood, a living proof of the truth—for Isabel was like her dead mother.

"Well, well, let's get some supper and celebrate," the old guide began, turning to the others. His heart was too full for further words with the

girl; there would be time enough for that.

Frank Allen rubbed his hands together in front of the stove. "In that basket there is enough plain food for a week and with the aid of your venison, Old Bill, I guess we'll make out. These boys are starved and I promised them if they'd drive us out here they should have such a dinner as they've never had in camp before."

Old Bill's eyes twinkled. "I'll show them some venison steaks that will make your word good to them and I'll make some of Old Bill's corn bread," the guide added, laughing, as he went about the cook shack getting down pots and pans. "Isabel, you'll have to stay right here till I get a fire made in the little camp out yonder. If you will stay, that's your home from this minute."

Isabel looked out of the tiny window at the adjoining cabin of logs. It was piled high with snow banks—to keep out the cold, they told her. If a little shudder passed through her at the thought of sleeping out there she did not give evidence of it. She was brave and she had promised her mother.

Old Bill's camp rang with merriment that night as the five sat around the red-covered table and ate of the guide's cooking and welcomed to the camp the pretty western granddaughter.

The visitors were not long on their way the next morning before Isabel and her grandfather were out making footpaths in the snow and exploring. The girl took readily to the cold weather and helped to make her little cabin comfortable. The guide had made a great fire for her in the stove and she had unpacked the few home-like things she had brought with her. "Do many hunters come this way?" asked the girl, hearing shots in the woods far off.

"Yes—plenty," replied the guide. "It is a good season for deer."

And even as they sat at supper that night they heard a knock at the cook room door.

"Come in!" roared Old Bill, without rising. This was the hospitality of the woods.

A lone man, blue and cold and tired, fung open the great door. He sank into a chair, exhausted.

Old Bill rose hastily and went to him. "Lost?" he asked, unbuttoning the man's fur coat.

"Yes—I got lost from my party this morning and have been tramping ever since. I saw your light."

"A lucky light for you, my boy," said Old Bill, in kindly tones. "Come over and have supper with me and my—granddaughter," he said.

And after a while when the man was warmed and had become rested, he joined them.

"This often happens, Isabel, my girl," explained the old man, "so don't be surprised. I've been a refuge for many a lost hunter."

"You've been mine, indeed," added the grateful man as he drank the coffee Isabel had heated for him.

When Isabel went to her lonely little cabin that night it did not seem lonely. In all that great dense snow-covered forest she did not feel alone. Something told her that she would never feel alone again and though it was a year later that she realized just what had taken place on that night, she felt at peace with all the world, just now, and slept.

And Old Bill still has his camp, but it is enlivened during fishing and hunting season by visits from his granddaughter and the husband he gave shelter to on one cold December night.

**Race Between Clipper Ships.**  
The accuracy of sailing in the palmy days of the clipper ships is indicated by the statement that on a ninety-nine days race between five clipper ships in 1866 three went into port at the end of their voyage on the same tide, the Taeping beating the Ariel by only twelve minutes and the Serica by little over four hours.

The other two ships in this race, the fiery Cross and the Taiting, came in two days later. The Red Jacket on her first voyage went from Sandy Hook to the Rock Light, Liverpool, in thirteen days one hour and the fastest British built clipper, the Melbourne, made when running her easting down 5,100 miles in seventeen days. We ought never to have lost the position we then held upon the ocean, when Donald McKay and Samuel Hall led the world in the building of fast ships. It is humiliating to think of the change that has come over mercantile marine since their day.—Army and Navy Journal.

**Whipped Cream Fudge.**  
Four cups granulated sugar, a pint milk, ½ teaspoon of cream of tartar. Place in pan and boil to a very hard ball or dry snap when tested in water. In the meantime have the whites of 2 fresh eggs beaten real stiff. Now when your syrup is cooked have some one pour it on in a fine stream over the eggs and beat continually until all is mixed through, then add ¼ ounce of vanilla flavor and ½ cup of walnuts. Pour out on wax paper and let set for a few hours.

**Cabbage Pudding.**  
Chop fine a small white cabbage and put enough into a large, deep baking pan to fill it up when the cabbage is done. Put it into a pint of salted, boiling water and boil until tender. Drain thoroughly in a colander. Into two parts of the cabbage put two-thirds of a cup of butter, with salt and pepper to suit the taste; a pint of cream, four eggs beaten separately, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Put the mixture in a pan and bake for half an hour.

TABLE TOP IMMUNE TO HEAT

How Surface of Antique Furniture Was Made to Defy Hot Plates and Dishes.

I was staying with an antique furniture enthusiast the other day and was very much interested to find that hot plates and dishes seem to have no effect on his old gate-leg dining table, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

I inquired how it was managed, and this is what he told me: When the table was bought, the first thing he did was to remove the coating of French polish that was already on. This he did by scrubbing it with hot water to which a good allowance of washing powder had been added. When the whole was off, the wood was rinsed with clear, warm water, and then rubbed over with a cloth dipped in vinegar and water (equal quantities.) You'll probably think that after such harsh treatment it was ruined, but it wasn't.

After applying the vinegar and water, he rubbed it as dry as possible, and when dry he started to polish it with boiled linseed oil. One can buy it all ready for use at any oil and paint shop.

Taking a very little of the oil on a soft cloth, he began to polish with a circular movement round and round. When he had gone all over the surface he polished well with a clean soft duster till all trace of the oil was removed.

Next day he repeated the process, and this he did every day, barring Sunday, for six months, adding just a weep drop of ammonia to the oil during the last month or two.

The result is a hard, beautifully polished surface that does not mark even if hot plates or dishes are put on the table.

It is now polished very occasionally only, with a little turpentine and beeswax, made so thin that it can be shaken up in a bottle.

I have come back terribly dissatisfied with my own French polish dining table, which shows a white mark on the slightest provocation.

SECRETS OF TOAST-MAKING

Cut Bread Night Before so That Surface Is Dry Before It Is Toasted.

The secret of having crisp toast is to cut the bread the night before, so that the surface is dry before it is toasted. Another trick is to have the slices, when toasted, stood up on edge in some place where they can be kept hot until they are served. If the slices are placed one on top of the other they become soggy.

For toast that is to be used as the foundation for poached eggs, mushrooms or any creamed food, half an inch is the correct thickness, hot water is distributed over it evenly with a small spoon, and melted butter spread on with a bristle brush, which comes for the purpose. People who dislike the softness produced by this treatment, of course, preserve the crispness of the toast by omitting the hot water. After bread very stale, it may be steamed a little before it is toasted otherwise it is so hard that ever the best of teeth rebel at it. Housekeeper who do not possess ancient silver toast racks have heard to say that these only act as coolers for the slices they hold, and that they are not desirable at all. On the other hand, a covered toast dish holds the heat and steams the slices to sogginess in a short time. The surest way to have perfect toast seems to be to dispense with the ancient formalities and take to ultra-modern inventions, such as the electric toaster, which stands on the table at lady's elbow and makes the toast "while you wait."

**Sponge Rings with Fruit.**  
Make a sponge cake by using two eggs, half cup of sugar, half cup of flour and half teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a ring mold. Serve by removing from the mold and into the center piling cut oranges, or oranges and bananas. This may be served with foamy sauce, made as follows: One cup of milk, two table-spoons of butter, half cup of sugar, one tablespoon of cornstarch, one egg. Moisten the cornstarch in a small portion of milk. Scald the remainder, stir in the cornstarch and add the butter. Beat the white of the egg until stiff and fold into the custard carefully.

**Fruit Cake.**  
One pound butter, two pounds brown sugar, six eggs well beaten, three pounds flour, half teaspoon soda dissolved in teaspoon of hot water, half pound blanched and chopped almonds, two pounds currants, two pounds raisins (seedless), half pound citron (cut fine), half pound lemon peel (candied), half pound prunes (pitted and soaked and chopped), half pound New Orleans molasses, half teaspoon all kinds of spice.

**Pie Crust.**  
Here is my way of making pie crust for two pies. Two and one-half cups of flour, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder, salt. Sift all together. Mix in with hands, one cup of hard, cold water to roll. Mix with silver knife.

**Gingersnaps.**  
Half cup molasses, half cup sugar, half cup butter and lard, three table-spoons hot water, three cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, three teaspoons ginger, salt.

The Mote in Your Own Eye.

If you find yourself thinking more of the bad points of your friends and relatives than of their good ones, just stop a moment and ask yourself how you would like people to get into the habit of doing the same with you. Then start again right away and do better next time. Everybody has good points. Try to see them.—Argus.

He Would Join Him.

Hostess—"Why, Mr. Smith, I've hardly seen you all the evening! Now, I particularly want you to come and hear a whistling solo by my husband."—Smith (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct)—A whisky and soda with your husband? Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do have just one!—Punch.

Educational Advancement.

The children at an Erith school were taken the other day to a traveling menagerie and circus in order to give them a practical lesson in natural history. Later on, we understand, they are to be taken to see a classical dancer in order to learn anatomy.—London Punch.

Cure for Sleeplessness.

If one is restless and cannot sleep at night, take a common towel, double it four times, dip in cold water and pin around the waist with a dry towel on the outside. For croup or sore throat, put the towels around the neck and they will give almost immediate relief.

Not a Real Genius.

A Connecticut man has an alarm clock which arouses his hens and feeds them at the proper time. Time wasted! A real genius would have spent his time inventing an alarm clock that would lay eggs and cackle at the completion of the feat.

In Modern Politics.

"I don't see anything that man has ever done that warrants his official importance," said the man who finds fault. "No," said Senator Sorghum. "Some of us get on not by what we have done, but by what we are willing to promise not to do."

Medical.

Burdens Lifted.

FROM BELLEFONTE BACKS—RELIEF PROVED BY LAPSE OF TIME.

Backache is a heavy burden; Nervousness wears one out; Rheumatic pain; urinary ills; All are kidney burdens—Daily effects of kidney weakness. No use to cure the symptoms. Relief is but temporary if the cause remains. Cure the kidneys and you cure the cause. Relief comes quickly—comes to stay. Doan's Kidney Pills cure kidney ills; Prove it by your neighbor's case. Here's Bellefonte testimony.

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NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT SINCE. When Mr. Fetterhoff was interviewed on November 22, 1909 he said: "I willingly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. The relief they brought me has been permanent."

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