

WHEN DREAM GULCH PAID.

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 6)

He did not know, though, that Charlie Wilson, coming to his senses with blinding red pains flashing in his brain, staggered to his feet and hit Winkie Dunning down with a blow on the temple.

For a minute after that the battlefield was strewn with four bloody, groaning human bodies. Hee and Winkie, the younger of the claim-jumpers aiding the other, staggered to their feet and slowly retreated, going back down Dream Gulch to Thiad along a road now free of snow.

It was sometime later when Charlie Wilson crawled to his hands and knees again and moved over to where Jim lay, his bloody, swollen face turned to the sky, his fingers still working spasmodically as though he were still struggling with his enemy.

Little "Two Barrel" Charlie said, a reverent respect in his voice as he lifted the boy's head to his lap.

Jim opened his eyes and looked up into the friendly old eyes of his partner.

"Did we lick 'em?" he asked.

"Reckon they ain't namin' but the hides an' tails left," Charlie answered. "Don't allow them two ornery cusses will ever come lookin' fer trouble like that again. Sonny, yuh fight like Two Barrel."

Jim tried to smile but the effort hurt him and it ended in a grimace.

"Guess we better get over to the cabin," he said.

It was another day before they were able to get to their work again. They had little fear that the marauders would attack them again soon, but they were taking no chances and carried their guns with them, ready for instant use.

On the second day after that they prepared for the final cleanup of the sluices. The moment was tense. Charlie, his hands trembling with suppressed excitement, scraped the cleanings.

There was gold but it was little more than color—not the rich paystreak they had staked everything on finding. The two partners faced each other with the knowledge that they had lost—they were done for.

It was late afternoon when they left the sluices and went back to the cabin. They were silent. Each was thinking what a blow this disappointment had been to the other. Already Charlie was looking on into the future when the last of the snow would be out of the hills and he could begin a new search for the lost ledge, and Jim, too, was planning when he and Charlie could begin that search.

They said little, but Jim went to the crude log shelter in which he had kept his car during the winter, and began to tinker over it.

With the paystreak cleaned there was nothing longer to fear from the claim jumpers below, and he decided that he was going to have a final settlement with them and put a question to Vera.

"Guess we can clean enough to keep us going, can't we, Charlie?" he asked, making the first direct reference to the disappointment which had come to them.

"Reckon," Charlie answered. "Jim tinkered over the car, tuning it up and getting it ready for a trip down the gulch next day."

"Ground's soft an' it wouldn't take much to start a slide," Charlie cautioned. "It'll be kinda keeful erbout travelin' the gulch. Member back in nineteen-two it was a feller named Johnson was doin' a mite of prospectin' up t'other side of the gulch. He set off a charge of powder an' the jar started the whole mountain movin'. Johnson was caught in the slide an' he ain't never been found. That slide's what makes the big fill in the gulch, 'bout a mile below."

"Well, this old bus vibrates about enough to start most anything," Jim conceded. "I'll take chances on a little rundown to Thiad, though."

"Don't yuh reckon I best go with yuh?" Charlie worried. "Ain't no tellin' about critters like them. Like's not they'd plug yuh afore yuh got a chance at 'em."

"We'll get them out of here and down to Wallace," Jim said quietly. "There's some good come out of most evil. When we get them in jail, Vera and I are going to be married."

He hesitated a moment.

"We want you to stand up with us, Charlie," he added.

That glow in Charlie Wilson's eyes was burning to a flame.

"I can't litt' Two Barrel," he answered softly. "When them thar critters blowed the dam, it started a slide which done uncovered the lost gold ledge—an' I'm a-settin on it!"

By Russel Ardson Bankson in Co-mopolitan.

er Thiad and she won't have a chance.

And even as the thought came to him he threw the car into gear and the powerful engine leaped forward. Charlie Wilson from a safe point in the mountain slope turned to stare—his young partner had suddenly lost his reason.

Jim hit the road at forty, fifty and finally sixty miles, taking the twists and curves on two wheels, but somehow clinging to the grade when death was resting its hand on his shoulder.

He went down Dream Gulch like some wild demon, and as he came near Thiad he began to sound his horn shrilly.

Already the roar of the wall of water which was crushing trees and gravel banks and all else before it as it rushed forward rumbled down the gulch.

Vera and her mother had heard the blasts, and then his siren. They were in the road to see what had happened. The brakes screeched as Jim stopped beside them.

"Get in!" he ordered. "The dam's broke. We've got to reach Delta and get those folks out of there."

Vera had not hesitated, and her mother had followed. Even before Jim had finished his jerky sentences the car was hitting fifty miles again.

Down the gulch they plunged and rocked and swayed—a roaring demon—closer and closer behind them was the flood, another demon.

Jim drove into Delta as he had driven into Thiad, his siren horn shrilling a warning. The meager population of the place rushed out to meet him.

"The dam's broke. Flood coming. Children in car!" he yelled to them as he came down the street.

The three men grasped the terrible import of his message and half a dozen children were piled into the car almost before it had stopped. The older persons began to run for the sloping side of the mountains, as Charlie Wilson had done.

As the car took to the steep, perilous grade, laden with its burden of humanity, the wall of water crashed down the gulch and struck Delta.

It had spent much of its force in traveling the miles of the gulch but in that headwall of water were the wrecked buildings of Thiad which had long been dead but which was now gone forever. Great trees snapped off at the base. Boulders that a team could not move were swept aside.

It was stupendous—that appalling advance of an unleashed fury—and almost as soon as it came it was gone, leaving a torn and tumbled Delta.

Hours later, when the flood was reduced to only a trickle of water, Jim, with Vera at his side, made his way up the gulch. He was going after Charlie Wilson.

The road was washed away, and it was almost evening before they came to the place where the dam had been that morning.

All along the way there had been slides from the mountains on either side of the gulch, and at the dam the gorge was clogged again with the most colossal slide of all. It had torn away the whole face of the mountain, leaving it bare.

Still there was no trace of Charlie Wilson, and Jim was worried.

Then he saw him.

He was sitting on the mountain side in the path of what had been the slide. He was stolid, silent, as if a great burden of sorrow pressed him down. As Jim and the girl climbed up to him, they saw the reason.

Across his knees rested his old muzzle loading rifle, cocked, ready to fire; and stretched out on the ground in front of him were two human forms, groveling, beaten, cringing in fear—Hee LeBlanc and Winkie Dunning.

"Ketch'd 'em as they was makin' their get-away," Charlie explained slowly, his old eyes alight with a light Jim had never seen before.

"They done it. An' now they been a-prayin' fer fear the work of their hands ketch'd their wimmin folks. They didn't allow they'd be such a flood. Reckoned it'd only ketch you an' me."

"We'll get them out of here and down to Wallace," Jim said quietly. "There's some good come out of most evil. When we get them in jail, Vera and I are going to be married."

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"We want you to stand up with us, Charlie," he added.

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Season of Lent Explained.

At St. James church on Ash Wednesday the faithful will receive the blessed ashes. The priest places a small portion of blessed ashes on the forehead of the faithful on the first day of lent as an outward sign of the spirit of humility and penance that should be ours during this holy season. Therefore when blessing the ashes the priest prays: "O God, who desirest not the death of the sinner, bless these ashes which are to be used in token of humility and penance; that we who know ourselves to be but dust and ashes may obtain divine mercy, the pardon of our sins and the rewards promised to the penitent. O God, who pardoned the Ninivites who did penance in sackcloth and ashes grant us to imitate their penance that we may receive like pardon." In placing the ashes on the forehead of each individual the priest says: "Remember O man that thou art dust and to dust thou shalt return." That ashes have been used in all ages as an outward sign of the spirit of penance is manifested by the Old and New Testaments and the history of Christianity. The ashes used by the priest are procured by burning the palms used on the previous Palm Sunday, to show that we will not bear the palm of victory in eternity unless we be humble and do penance and our body return to the dust from which it came.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

You will never be sorry for thinking before speaking, for forgiving and forgetting, for being generous to the poor and kind to the needy, for living square and fair life, for doing your level best—for all these you will never be sorry.—F. Van Amberg.

A homestead dustless duster is a piece of old underwear wrung out of a mixture of three tablespoonfuls of linseed oil to one-half pint of kerosene. Saturate the cloth, wring dry and hang out to air.

Beans that are to be baked should first be parboiled.

Good broths can be made from leftover bits of meat.

The fat from poultry makes a good shortening for cookies.

Natural rice with cream makes a good breakfast cereal.

Mock cherry pie can be made with cranberries and raisins.

Quite likely one of the beautypoints that needs reclaiming most is your hands. And here you have the easiest task I have set for you. There is no other feature that responds as quickly to care as the hands and yet they are the most neglected.

Hands can be the reddened, rough, ill-cared-for members which belie the beauty of your face, or they may be exquisite things which express you almost as much as your lips. And the difference does not lie in the amount of work you do. For even the ravages of peeling potatoes, washing dishes and polishing furniture may be counteracted by simple but regular care.

Your palms may have become hardened by golf sticks, tennis rackets or the wheel of a car. There is nothing quite as unattractive in a woman's hands as the look and feeling of calloused surfaces on the palms. For this condition, apply cocoa butter and equal parts of lanolin and almond oil. Rub this well into the palms twice a day.

To soften the hands, soften brittle nails and keep the cuticle in good condition, use a combination of olive oil and lemon juice. Beat well together three ounces of the oil and the juice of one lemon. Apply this to the hands as often as convenient.

Always dry your hands well if you wish to keep them from chapping. You should be especially careful to do this before going out of doors in a wind. If your nails break easily, rub vaseline over and around them. For hands that perspire excessively it is good to dry them well and then dust them with boracic acid powder or to rinse them in a saturated solution of boracic acid in alcohol.

An excellent remedy for the redness that is so likely to mar the hands which are constantly in and out of water is lemon. Keep a half lemon near the wash bowl and rub it over your hands after each washing. It is good also to rub over your hands the glycerol from your milk.

Nothing will take away the weather-beaten look from hands as quickly as a coating of cold cream, preferably one made by a pasteurized process, placed over them every evening.

Over the old cotton gloves from which the finger tips have been cut, if your hands are beginning to wrinkle and show age, use a good rich anti-wrinkle cream.

But you must remember that your hands do not stop at your wrists, particularly if you wear short sleeves, and in my next talk on reclaiming your beauty points I am going to discuss the arms and elbows.

Many inquiries come to the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture regarding the so-called waterless cooking and devices designed to cook food in this way. In explaining the principle of cooking without added water, the bureau points out that this method should not be applied to all foods. Certain vegetables may be too strong if cooked in a covered container. They have volatile flavors which, if allowed to escape, make a more palatable vegetable of better color, as for example, cabbage, cauliflower, or turnips. Added water does not detract in any way from the food value of the vegetable provided it is either cooked off or served with the vegetable. Green vegetables, if cooked in tightly closed containers, lose their attractive green color. String beans, spinach, and other green vegetables are better cooked uncovered for a very short time in a small quantity of water or in their own juices. They then retain some of their crispness and fresh color.

On the other hand, foods that contain a considerable amount of water in themselves can be cooked without added water, especially if they have an outside skin or peel. Potatoes and squash, for instance, are sometimes baked in the jackets. In meat the same result is accomplished when it is seared and a crust is formed which holds in the juices.

In cooking without added water, other than baking in the skin, one of two things must be done. Either the heat must be so regulated as to keep it low to prevent burning, or there must be a cooking vessel which conducts heat slowly and distributes it equally so that the food is cooked through without being burned at the bottom. In addition it is usually necessary to hold in all the steam, since this is an important factor in cooking most vegetables. This was accomplished in the old-fashioned Dutch oven with a heavy cover. The earthenware or heavy glass casserole does the same thing, especially if it has no steam outlets. Slow cooking in such a closed container has long been recognized as a valuable way for the foods which do not become too strong when all the juices are retained. Some of the so-called waterless cooking devices on the market answer the same purpose. In most cases, however, similar results may be obtained by using equipment already in many kitchens. In oven cooking, the heat is carefully regulated and equally distributed, accomplishing the same result as cooking without added water.

FARM NOTES.

There are six steps in raising good hen's chicks from hatching to maturity. They are clean chicks, clean houses, clean litter, clean feed, clean management, and clean ground in close confinement.

Birds are our greatest garden friends. Shrubs and trees which attract them may be selected for planting on the home grounds. Bird houses and baths can be provided for them that will be ornamental as well as useful.

When corn borers are plowed under few are killed in the process. If there are no remnants left on the surface, however, the borers die from exposure or are eaten by enemies after they return to the top of the ground.

Salt is needed by all animals that eat vegetable and plant foods. The average requirements for cows is about three-fourths of an ounce a day per 1000 pounds live weight and a similar amount for each 20 pounds of milk produced.

Drinking water for poultry may be conveniently warmed with several styles of simple electric heaters at a cost about the same as for lighting two electric lamps. Heaters of 75 to 100 watts capacity are about right for warming two gallons of water.

A keen cutting edge should be kept on hoes, wheel-hoe blades, sickles, and all tools used to cut weeds. If they are in bad shape put them on the grindstone or emery wheel; if they simply need "touching up" a whetstone and file will answer the purpose.

Is the farm wood supply ready for the coming year? If not, devote this week to finishing the job. Those old dead trees will be better in the woodpile than standing in the woodlot. Then there are spots in nearly every woods where a few trees removed will be better for those remaining.

Now is the time to plan for alfalfa seeding. Many Pennsylvania farmers work into alfalfa gradually, by mixing varying amounts of alfalfa seed with the usual clover seeding. In case the alfalfa should fail, because of a lack of sufficient preparation, this method still will produce a crop of hay, say Pennsylvania State College agronomists.

Recent bad freezes have ruined considerable corn in cribs from which farmers expected to pick a supply of seed. Agronomists of the Pennsylvania State College report that the sweepstakes variety has been especially hard hit.

That there may be difficulty experienced in the Sure Crop sources of seed also looms menacingly now while one farmer has 700 bushels of this variety cured by artificial heat, not all corn growers or seed corn breeders in the State are so fortunate.

Farmers in Perry county who did not dry their seed corn with artificial heat are urged by county agent Rotruck to apply a germination test on each ear. The county agent will explain a quick and accurate method of making this test to all who desire the information.

Flocks of ewes which have not been receiving any grain this winter will gain dividends on the investment, says county agent, R. C. Blaney. Good shepherds do not wait until the ewes have lambs at their sides before feeding grain. If silage is available this will be an excellent food for the ewe flock, provided it is not frozen or moldy.

"These ewes must not only maintain their own body weight but need a built-in reserve for the time when they will be obliged to suckle two or three big husky lambs," declares Blaney. The man who has the most trouble at lambing time is usually the poorest feeder and caretaker. Remember also that the well-nourished ewe will shear from one to three pounds additional fleece this spring."

Flocks should be drenched at least twice this winter for stomach worms.

Four hundred twenty-five crops of over 400 bushels have been grown in the Keystone 400 Bushel Potato club in the six years of its existence. One hundred and eighty-seven of these crops were grown during the past year.

No particular soil or locality holds a monopoly on these large yields, according to J. B. R. Dickey, extension farm crops specialist of the Pennsylvania State College, who annually summarizes the cultural practices employed by the club members.

In 1927 there were 36 counties represented and since 1922, when the club originated, 51 of the 67 counties in the State have had 400 bushel crops.

Dickey has found that last year the average area planted to potatoes by the members of the 400 club was 12 acres. The high yield third had 14 acres on the average, while the low yield third had 11 acres each. Individual patches ran from slightly more than an acre to 75 acres.

There were two 400 bushel yields reported and since 1927, which was said to be rather unusual. Ninety per cent of the club grew rural Russets and the remainder a white variety. This is exactly in line with previous years. In the high third 75 per cent used new seed from Michigan, while the percentages for the low third was 51.

In the southern half of the State the most popular planting dates are in the late April and early May. One of the most striking points uncovered was the large amount of seed planted. In 1926 the average row was 32.4 bushels per acre in 1922, the average increased to 26.5 bushels in 1926 and jumped to 23 bushels last year. The high third of the club planted an average of 27 bushels last year and the low third 22 bushels.

Planting distances are getting closer. In 1926 the average row was 32.4 inches while last year it was 31 inches. Spacing in the row dropped from over 12 inches a few years ago to 10 1/2 inches in 1927. The 600 bushel growers in the club averaged 28.7 inch rows and 9 inches apart in the row.

Western Conference Bans Spring Training for High School Football.

E. K. Stock, principal of the Bellefonte High school and president of the western conference of the Inter-scholastic Athletic association, attended a meeting of conference officials, held at the Penn Alto hotel, Altoona, on Saturday, to adopt a set of rules and bylaws for governing all games in the future. Practically every school in the conference was represented and after a thorough discussion of all the rules submitted the following were adopted:

1. All eligibility rules of the P. I. A. A. shall be enforced.

2. The day for the opening of the football practice is the first day of September and no facilities for practice may be provided before that day.

3. Members of the conference must not promote summer football camps or organized spring football practice.

4. Officials may be central board officials or any other mutually agreed upon by both teams.

5. In conference games the quarters shall be a maximum of 12 minutes.

6. Scouting an opposing team, either directly or indirectly, shall be discouraged.

7. Games played under this conference shall be governed by official rules.

A change was made in the point system adopted to determine the winner at the close of the season. No provision had been made to reward a team for tying a game in the points system. A ruling was made that a team will be given five points for each tie of a conference team and five points for each conference team it defeats.

Huntingdon High school made application for membership in the conference but was not admitted.

Real Estate Transfers.

Martha Rider, et ux, to George Robert, et ux, tract in Spring twp.; \$2,300.

John L. Holmes, et al, to William M. Cramer, tract in Ferguson twp.; \$400.

Thomas Mates, et ux, to Thomas Byron, tract in Philipsburg; \$700.

Charles Byron to Laura Nichols, et ux, tract in Rush twp.; \$1.

H. R. Long, et ux, to Harvey Emehizer, et ux, tract in Boggs twp.; \$1,000.

Tau Co. of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, to Gamma Co. of Phi Kappa, tract in State College; \$4,000.

Paul Stevenson, et ux, to Psi Chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma, tract in State College; \$1.

Hannah Hogencamp, et ux, to Sarah A. Hogencamp, tract in Union twp.; \$1.

Sarah A. Hogencamp, et ux, to Hannah Hogencamp, et ux, tract in Union twp.; \$1.

H. E. Dunlap, sheriff, to Ernest T. Spotts, tract in Port Matilda; \$192.21.

Sadie Emehizer, et ux, to Abner J. Rider, et ux, tract in Spring twp.; \$700.

Cambria Title Savings and Trust Co., to Ebensburg Trust Co., tract in Howard and Marion twps.; \$1.

J. R. Clifford, et ux, to J. R. Clifford, tract in Philipsburg; \$1.

Howard A. Vail, et ux, to J. R. Clifford, tract in Philipsburg; \$1.

Local High Presented With Football Trophy.

A football, not one scarred and battered by conflict, but a beautiful silver one mounted on a silver base, was presented to the Bellefonte High School by the Western Conference as a means of showing their appreciation of the work and worth of our football squad.

The trophy is to be a permanent possession of the High school and will take its place among the other figures in our trophy gallery. Its glory will never be over-shadowed, for it marks the finish of one of the greatest football years in the history of this school and the school itself will never forget it.

Millionaire (to some of his protégés): I owe all my success to only one thing. Pluck, just a pluck."

Sagacious Questioner: "How do you find the right people to pluck?"—Stevens Stone Mill.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOUSE FOR RENT, 100 west Curtin St., Call Mrs. H. C. Valentine. Phone 104R. 73-7-4t

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Will be exposed at public sale on SATURDAY, MARCH 17, at 2 p. m. the following real estate of James C. Reed, deceased, in the town of Boalsburg: A six-room house, stable, shop and necessary outbuildings on lot containing two and seven-tenths acres. Also, one acre of timber land.

JAMES W. SWABB, Executor. W. Harrison Walker, Attorney, State College, Pa. 73-4-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Andrew J. Lytle, late of State College borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted will please make prompt payment, and those having claims against said estate must present them duly authenticated, for settlement.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF STATE COLLEGE, Pa. Executors, W. Harrison Walker, Attorney, State College, Pa. 73-4-6t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.—Stella E. Lingle vs. James C. Lingle. In the County of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 203 September Term, 1927. Lible in Divorce. To James C. Lingle, Respondent: Whereas, Stella E. Lingle, your wife, has filed a Lible in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County praying a Divorce from you, now you are hereby notified and required to appear in the said Stella E. Lingle, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

H. E. DUNLAP, Sheriff of Centre County. 73-7-4t

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OLEWINE'S HARDWARE

Bellefonte, Penna.



SELECTING YOUR MEATS.

When you enter our butcher shop be sure to scan our display of choice cuts leisurely before you make your selections. If there is anything out of the ordinary that you want and it is not displayed you may be sure we have it in our refrigerator, so please ask for it. We carry all the choice meats that are in season. We solicit your patronage.

Telephone 667 Market on the Diamond Bellefonte, Penna.

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