

### HALF DONE.

By Augusta Kortrecht.

There's naught completed under the sun;

A wall that's hushed with a mother's kiss,  
A lullaby and a moment's bliss;  
And the babe's a youth ere this song's half sung.

There's nothing finished since life began;

A torn book and a grimy slate,  
A thirst to know; but, also, too late.

For the boy's a man, and the task not done.

And the days pass over one by one;  
A bit of fame and a dream that flies,  
A hand outstretched for a shadowy prize;

And the runner's dead, though the race half run.

—New York Press.

## Trapped in an Ice Jam.

By Lawrence J. Yates.

The Knik River, as a glance at the map will show, is a small, unimportant stream in southwestern Alaska which empties into the Knik Arm, a shallow indentation from the head of Cook's Inlet. When the ice in this river breaks up in the spring it collects in the arm, which is really a wide estuary, where for days, and sometimes a week, the ice formed surges back and forth with the tide, until finally it all works its way out to sea.

As the tide of the arm comes in with a small bore, the floating ice is swept back upstream with great force; and the waters of the estuary being thickly stuffed with bars, the tide-driven ice often jams on them and piles up to a great height. It was in one of these jams that John Hardman, a young naturalist, who had come to Alaska in the interests of a zoological society in one of our Eastern cities, had an extremely perilous experience in the spring of 1901, while voyaging up the arm on his way inland.

Hardman was bound for the head waters of the river, for the purpose of capturing alive some of the lambs of the mountain sheep so plentiful there. Owing to the fact that the lambs must be taken, if at all, when very young, he was in a hurry to reach the mountains.

So when the ice broke up he did not wait for it to go out to sea, but started about the first of May from the head of Cook's Inlet with his party of four—one white man named Caulkins, and three Knik Indians—in a large river boat or scow. He intended to fight his way through the vast floe that filled the arm.

As at this time it was possible to travel only when the tide was setting in, the method of proceeding was to wait until the bore passed and then launch the boat among the ice-fields behind, rowing when the water was open enough and drifting with the current when the cakes closed in around. To prevent the boat from being crushed when the ice jammed on the numerous bars required untiring vigilance and prompt action, but Caulkins handled the scow so skillfully that for four hours of the first run with the tide all had gone well.

Then, suddenly, a wide area of the floe began to pile up on a bar directly in front of the voyagers. Fortunately for their lives, they were near shore. By quick work they succeeded in getting the boat to land before the ice could close up and catch them. To drag the clumsy scow with its cargo of eight hundred pounds of provisions out on the ice-heaped bank was no small feat, yet they did it.

Here in safety they watched the floe make itself into miniature mountains of blocks on the chain of bars across the arm, until at last the tide spent its force and began to recede, carrying back all the ice not jammed fast on the shallows. Left on the largest bar about half a mile out was a huge, irregular heap of big cakes, most of them fully three feet thick, which covered about two acres and was nearly forty feet high. On the smaller bars beyond, with open channels between were several other mounds not so large, and in the broad channel between the shore and the big mound was an uneven field of tightly packed ice. As they could not get any farther at present, camp was made to wait for the tide of the next morning, in the hope that by then the jam would be broken.

But in the morning it was found that the tide which had come in during the night, instead of breaking the barrier, had only added more ice to it and somewhat changed its shape. It was not safe to attempt to run the narrow channels now; the only thing to do was to wait until the insistent current should clear a passage for them. Perhaps the next tide would do this.

At about nine o'clock Hardman, taking his camera, left camp alone to get a closer view of the mounds. Going along the shore about a mile, he came to the portion of the floe stuck in the wide channel. It made a perfectly safe bridge clear across to the main bar, and over this he made his way to the base of the great white pile of jagged blocks.

After taking two or three photographs at favorable points, he was seized with a desire to get a view from the summit. Climbing up by way of the front slope, which was a long and quite easy ascent, he was third of the distance to the top when he reached a giant cake, broken in two at the center. The lower half lay at an angle of forty-five degrees, the upper

at not more than thirty. Between the two was a crack three feet wide, and beneath it an opening several feet deep.

Resting for a moment at the upper edge of the under cake, Hardman stepped upon the one above, not noticing how insecure was his position. Instantly his foot slipped and he fell into the crack between. He clutched at the slippery edge as he went down, hung suspended by his arms for a second, then his hands losing their hold, he dropped just in time to escape being crushed. For the lightly poised block had been started downward by his weight, and crashed against the lower one as he struck in a heap below. He was caught like a squirrel in a box-trap in a narrow, irregular space among the blocks, about three feet wide, five feet long, and six feet high.

For a moment Hardman did not realize the gravity of his situation. He felt sure that he could cut himself out with his jack-knife, or at least make a hole through which he could signal to camp for help by thrusting out his coat and waving it. The sunlight glittering in through a chink gave promise of this, and helped to relieve the semidarkness of his prison.

He inspected his camera in a leisurely fashion, glad to find that it had not been in the least injured by the fall, took out his knife and then looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock; the tide was due at three minutes to twelve. Then all at once the peril of his position flashed upon him; the tide would set the whole jam in motion, perhaps demolish it. If he did not escape he would be ground to powder. One movement of a cake would annihilate him.

For an awful moment a sickening terror clutched him, but shaking it off, he began to make a calculation. He had just one hour and fifty-seven minutes in which to cut his way out and get ashore. Could he do it? A tunnel large enough for the passage of his body must be made through thirty inches of hard, brittle ice by means of a rather slender knife-blade.

Selecting the most vulnerable point of attack, the slight crack between the cage that formed the cover of the trap and the one that formed the lower wall, he began chipping away the ice. At first he worked with feverish anxiety, but gradually his usual coolness returned.

When he had cut steadily upward to a depth of ten inches, he noticed that he was letting the hole get smaller the deeper it went into the ice. If the dimensions were allowed to decrease any more, he saw that the hole would be much too narrow for his exit by the time the cake was pierced. So, beginning at the bottom, he enlarged the tunnel until it seemed to him that its necessary convergence would still leave a wide enough opening when the surface was reached.

Soon operations were again delayed. He was obliged to stop and cut footholds in the almost perpendicular side of the lower wall that he might raise himself enough to work with advantage.

At last judging that he had cut half-way, Hardman looked at his watch again. It was seven minutes past eleven. He had been sixty minutes in cutting the easier half. Only fifty minutes remained; it seemed useless to go on.

"Time and tide wait for no man," the trite old saying struck him with a new and appalling force. But he must and would get out in time. His despair gave way to resolution, and he set to work with renewed vigor, striking so forcibly that the blade threatened to break at every jab.

Although surrounded with walls of ice Hardman's whole body dripped with perspiration. Every muscle in his arms and shoulders ached intolerably with the strain of clinging to the vertical wall and picking away the relentless ice overhead. Showers of chips poured down upon his face, half-blinding him, and he worked in a great measure by guess. Yet slowly the tunnel was cut upward inch by inch until he estimated there could be no more than three inches left.

At this point he was seized with a lurking fear that another block would slip down from above and double the thickness of the cover. In a frenzy of haste he struck recklessly. The blade snapped short off at the handle.

Not daring to look at his watch, Hardman opened the small blade, and steadying his nerves began again, very carefully now. A dozen strokes, and the knife pierced clear through the cake. There was nothing on top. He listened for the roar of the expected tide, but the only sounds he heard were the soft lapping of the waves at the foot of the jam and the hoarse scream of a raven wheeling in the still air high overhead.

Cutting out the opening to a size sufficient, he thought, to permit the egress of his body, Hardman grasped the upper edge and raised himself until the top of his head was above the level of the ice. Then the breadth of his shoulders refused to let him go farther.

As he struggled vainly, a sudden roar far down the arm heralded the coming of the tide. It was now or never! With a sudden inspiration Hardman dropped back, pulled off his thick outer coat, and then with almost superhuman strength forced himself slowly upward out of the viselike grip of the narrow opening.

He rose to his feet, free of an icy tomb at last; but he found there was no time to cross to the shore before the ice-laden wave of the bore would strike. It was already within five hundred yards of him.

Knowing that it would take many times more force to move the jam resting on the bar than it would to move

the field in the channel Hardman quickly realized that the best thing to do was to stay on the mound. The safest place was at the summit; so to the one big cake forming the pinnacle he made his way, and crouching on its slanting surface, waited.

Over to the southwest was the camp in the shadow of the foot-hills. No one was in sight. There was no use in shouting to let his men know of his danger, for above the roar of the water his voice would not carry half the distance. Nor could the men aid him if they should hear. So in silence he turned his glance to the foaming crest of the advancing wave, noting the endless stretch of dull white ice following it.

The mound, extending down farther than the shoreward ice, was the first to receive the shock. Although the whole mass shuddered, it held firm as the first of the monster cakes carried by the bore struck, reared up, and began to accumulate at the beginning of the slope. The packed field near the shore gave way a little, became convulsed throughout its entire length, yet still hung in the passage. Out on the other side the open channels became obstructed, so that the progress of the floe was now checked clear across the arm. This made the pressure on the mound terrific.

Driven on by the immeasurable force behind, cakes weighing a hundred tons were heaved and pushed up the incline toward Hardman, as if they were nothing but chips. With fascinated gaze he watched the huge blocks climb higher and higher, and saw them pile up with a grinding, crunching sound three deep over the trap out of which he had just escaped. The sight made beads of cold perspiration stand out on his forehead.

As the floe drove in harder, the tumbling, heaving cakes crept upward; the mound trembled and was shoved backward. The block on which Hardman stood rocked with the pressure; it seemed about to topple over and pitch down the steep decline at the back.

Then there came a mighty roar, a crash, and a chaos of grating, crackling noises—the jammed floe in the inward channel had broken loose at last and was moving. At once the pressure on the center was relieved, the ice began to deflect shoreward, and the movement of the mound ceased.

Weak and limp, Hardman reclined on the summit, while the greater part of the floating ice turned in and crowded through the opened channel in a rolling, pitching procession of much-broken cakes.

At last a shout on the shore drew Hardman's attention. There Caulkins and the Indians were making frantic gesticulations. Hardman waved his hat in return, and settled himself to wait for the passage to clear. In half an hour the ice thinned out, and Caulkins had the boat manned, came out in it and took Hardman to camp—Youth's Companion.

### RED DEER AND CARIBOU

Unexplained Antipathy of the Latter For the Former.

The disappearance of caribou before the invading herds of red or Virginia deer is one of the puzzling facts of natural history. The red deer are not half the size of the caribou, yet it is beyond dispute that even where the latter exist in largest numbers they will rapidly disappear before the advance of the former. Years ago caribou abounded in the woods of northern Maine and in the province of Quebec. Then the graceful little red deer driven north and west by the wolves, gradually spread into the home of the caribou, and within a season or two the latter had become as scarce in their old home as the red deer previously had been.

On the other hand, the north country of Canada, in the neighborhood of Lake St. John and St. Maurice, which formerly supported vast herds of deer, has been completely deserted by them for many years past, though moose and caribou are plentiful. Equally far north, in the Ottawa and Gatineau country, red deer and moose are found in very large numbers, but no caribou. Owing largely, it is supposed, to the increase in the number of wolves, the range of the red deer is rapidly extending to the south and east, and specimens have been seen and killed in parts of the country north of Quebec, where they had not been seen before for more than a generation. The Indian and other hunters are already fretting the disappearance of the caribou from this part of the country, where they are at present very abundant.

There is a theory that the instinct of the caribou tells them that an invasion of their feeding grounds by the deer is due to the pursuit of the latter by the wolves, and that it is the horror of these pests which leads them to forsake any territory to which they seem to know that their distasteful neighbors are feeling for refuge. There are not wanting careful observers among Canadian woodsmen who attribute to jealousy of the little Virginia deer, at the approach of the mating season, the action of the caribou in fleeing with its mate from the company and the country of his gay little rival. The problem is a most interesting one, and is engaging the attention of many investigators.—New York Sun.

### Origin of the Name Pelee.

The original Pelee is said by tradition to have been a maiden who was pursued by a giant and fled to the crater of the volcano, for refuge. The god of the volcano came to her assistance and overwhelmed the giant with lava, burying him beneath the rocks.

Belgium's population by the 1901 census is 4,799,999.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For January 18.

Subject: Paul at Thessalonica and Berea, Acts xvii, 1-12—Golden Text, Psa., 119, 105  
Memory Verses, 24—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. Preaching in Thessalonica (vs. 1-5).  
1. "They." Luke changes from "we" to "they" which shows that he must have been left behind at a synagogue. The Jews must have established themselves in large numbers in this city; their synagogue appears to have been the only one that existed in Northern Macedonia. No synagogue had been built in Philippi, Amphipolis, or Apollonia; the Jews who dwelt in those cities possessed only a place of prayer (Acts xv, 2), and they belonged, as it were, to this synagogue in Thessalonica.

2. "As his manner was." To always begin with the Jews, and not to turn to the Gentiles until the Jews refused the gospel, that their mouths might be stopped from clamoring against him because he preached to the Gentiles. "Three Sabbath days." This does not imply that Paul kept the Jewish Sabbath as a sacred day, but the Jews would assemble on that day in greater number. This does not indicate the length of Paul's stay in the city. "Reasoned." Here we see his method of work. In accordance with the Old Testament Scriptures Paul discussed with them concerning the Messiah. First, that according to the prophecies, it was necessary that the Messiah should suffer and rise again; secondly, that this One, namely, Jesus, is the Anointed One.

3. "Opening and Alleging." Proving by citations. His method seems to have been this: He collected the Scriptures that spoke of the Messiah. 2. He applied these to Jesus Christ, showing that in Him all these Scriptures were fulfilled, and that He was the Saviour of whom they were in expectation.

4. "Some—believed—were persuaded." Of Jews, a small minority; of the Gentiles a multitude became Christians; so that at Thessalonica there was mainly a Gentile church. "Consoled." Cast in their lot with. They came to Paul and Silas, and attended them wherever they went. "Devout Greeks." These, the Gentiles, were proselytes to the Jewish religion, so far as to renounce idolatry and live a moral life. "Chief women." First in rank and social position; also proselytes to the Jewish religion.

5. "Which believed not." These words are not in the Greek and should be omitted here. "Envy." Jealousy, mainly the Jews' spite at seeing persons of rank becoming Christians, by which the Jewish influence was weakened. "Led fellows." Vagabonds who hung around the markets, serving for pay in mobs, as in the present instance. "With whom Paul and Silas lodged." He may have been one of Paul's kinsmen (Rom. 16: 21), but of this we are not certain. The mob intended to seize Paul and Silas and bring them out, and abandon them to the passions of the excited people.

6. "Dragged Jason." The Jews were bent on carrying their case, and not finding Paul and Silas they seized their host with some other Christians, and dragged them before the magistrates of the city. "World upside down." After having made the sedition and disturbance charges, they charged it all on the peaceable and innocent apostles. They would have it thought that the preachers of the gospel were mischief makers, that they sowed discord, obstructed commerce and inverted all order and regularity.

7. "Hath received." The insinuation is that by harboring these seditious men Jason has made himself a partaker in their seditious. "The contrary." etc. There was as yet no law against Christianity, but the accusation was meant to declare the Christians enemies to the established government, and opposed to Caesar's power, in general, to make desecration. "There is another king." His followers said, indeed, Jesus is a king, but not an earthly king, not a rival of Caesar; nor did His ordinances interfere with the law of Caesar, for He made it a law of His kingdom to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

8. "Troubled the people." They had no ill opinion of the apostles or their doctrine and could not see that there was any danger to the state from them, and were, therefore, willing to overlook them, but when they were represented as enemies of Caesar, the rulers were obliged to suppress them, lest they themselves should be charged with treason.

9. "Security." Whether by depositing a sum of money in the hands of the Roman usages, and gave sufficient security for the good conduct of Paul and Silas. They were doubtless required to attempt themselves that they would not attempt to carry out any plans of treason, and that they could do, for the charge was false, and they were not inclined to make it true.

10. "Sent away." They did not go as condemned disturbers, but because it seemed clear that any further efforts were useless at that time. "Unto Berea." Fifty or sixty miles southwest of Thessalonica, a town even still of considerable population and importance.

11. "These were more noble." The comparison is between the Jews of the two places, for the triumph of the gospel at Thessalonica was mostly among the Gentiles. They were not so bigoted and prejudiced—not so peevish and ill-natured. They had a freer thought, lay more open to conviction. "Searched the Scriptures daily." Since Paul reasoned out of the Scriptures, and referred to the Old Testament, they had recourse to their Bibles, turned to the places to which he referred, read the context, considered the scope and drift, compared other places, examined whether Paul's explanations were genuine, and his arguments forcible, and then determined accordingly.

12. "Many of them believed." The natural result of honest study of the Scriptures. "Honorable women." The gospel was proclaimed to all, and each individual was left to decide for himself. These Greeks were heathens, or proselytes to the Jewish religion. The gospel made no distinction between nations, therefore, the Christian church at Berea was made up of Jews and Gentiles.

13-15. As soon as the Jews at Thessalonica learned that Paul was preaching the gospel with some success at Berea, "they came thither also, and stirred up the people." The brethren then immediately sent Paul to Athens by boat, but Silas and Timothy remained at Berea. As soon as Paul reached Athens he sent back word to Silas and Timothy "to come to him with all speed," but Paul did not remain long at Athens, and before they reached him he had gone on to Corinth.

### Sight of Helen a Novelty.

Mrs. James Hulse, from Fall Branch, Tenn., an isolated town in upper east Tennessee, was in Jonesboro this week. She is said to have declared that, though 39 years old and the mother of five children, she had never seen a river, and until she reached Jonesboro she had never gazed upon a railroad track or train, and had never walked the streets of a town or city. She has twenty-one brothers and sisters.

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