

### THE PIONEERS.

I love the man of nerve who dares to do—  
The sturdy hero, stalwart through and through,  
Who treads the untried path, evades the rut,  
And in a forest clearing builds a hut;  
Removes the tares incumbering the soil  
And founds an empire based on thought and toil.

With wants but few, no pioneer will crave  
A crown in life nor flowers on his grave,  
He leaves behind the slavery of style,  
The myrindons of pride, deceit and guile,  
Enlisting with the consorts of the free  
The motto on his shield is "Liberty."

What cares he for the monarch's jeweled crown  
For prince or plutocrat, for fame's renown?  
The turmoil and the strife of endless greed  
When honest toil supplies each simple need?  
He seeks not glory, yet the future weaves  
All their laurels for the pioneers.

—Newton (La.) Herald.

## Stolen By Baboons.

By J. W. Quick.

My regiment's fort, which lay between Graham's Town and King William's Town, was in my time as dull and sun-baked a residence as ever tested the patience and sobered the spirits of the soldiers of the queen. There was plenty of diversion and excitement during the Kaffir War, but upon peace being arranged we were left, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "to be bored with ennui and do-nothingness," or the boundless veldt wrapt us around, in the dreary folds of its tern solitude. Visitors were scarce; baboons—in our district—were more plentiful than humans; these mischievous, ugly neighbors, ever menacing our presence in their country, roamed about in fierce gangs, their hoarse cries almost the only sounds that disturbed the vast silence.

We were not a cheerful company; our women had been sent down to the Cape before the outbreak; it was more than twelve months since we had heard the rustle of a petticoat; our banners were depreciating for want of the refining influence of a woman's presence. We yearned for the exhilarating babble of female tongues, for we had almost exhausted our own conversation. Our best stories from constant repetition had grown into hoarse leaded chestnuts, and their narration I mess met with derisive sarcasm.

We grew weary of the monotonous, interesting landscape; we were tired of the excessive blueness of the clear sky, the constant glare of the arid sun, and the too bright moon. We longed instead for towns and theaters, for display of millinery and pretentious faces; in fact, for anything and everything we hadn't got. Captain Murdo's charming young wife was the first woman to return to the fort; he fetched her himself from Graham's Town, where she had been sent for safety during the fighting.

A baby had arrived in the interval, and as this delightful circumstance necessitated a nursemaid, the lady arrived, accompanied by Maggie O'Brien, a light-hearted girl, to whom all the single men paid immediate and amorous attentions. We in the officers' quarters with a zeal born of our long abstention from domestic joys, surrounded our affections to the baby. Buffles was his pet name, a gem of a baby, whose innate sweetness of disposition threatened to dethrone his fire from his proud position of being the most popular personality in the fort. The whole strength worshipped Buffles, adored his mother and revered Captain Murdo.

Sergeant Jones held a reserve force of affection, which, as the accepted suitor of Maggie O'Brien, he lavished in addition to that careless trifler, and when in a real park perambulator she wheeled the baby in the kloop, Sergeant Jones, erect and soldierly, his chest expanded to the utmost with the inflation of successful gallantry, was her constant escort; while a score or more of rejected and jealous warriors, from distant points of vantage and from want of something better to do, looked on at the courting with pathetic eyes of gloomy interest.

The kloop was a patch of bush in a rocky hollow that had been left when the outskirts of the fort had been cleared for an unobstructed range. There was grateful shade and comparative coolness to be found in the kloop, and there Baby Buffles usually took the air.

At early morn on one eventful day Captain Murdo left the fort alone, on a visit to a distant kraal. It was an unusually burning and suffocating day; the welcome coolness of evening came at last, and we were seated at dinner, which was graced by the inspiring presence of our only lady. Our manners had distinctly improved under her short regime, and our conversation sometimes bordered even on brilliancy.

Suddenly, in the midst of our jests and laughter we were startled by a succession of piercing screams from the direction of the kloop, and through

the open window saw a vision of Sergeant Jones running swiftly past, while the glare of an agitated bugle call intimidated a surprise. We hurried from the table, to find the men hastily assembling in obedience to the call, and were informed by one, Private Jago, with all the asperity of a blighted existence, that while Sergeant Jones had been fooling with that deceitful girl, a troop of baboons had swooped down, upset the perambulator, and carried off the neglected baby.

"This was horrible! Our baby—our pet Buffles—at the mercy of brute apes. Mrs. Murdo stared with terrified, incredulous eyes at the empty perambulator, the sobbing girls and the penitent and bewildered Jones. In hot haste, armed search parties were started off on the spoor of the baboons, but the darkness was gathering, their traces soon became indistinguishable, even their direction was lost, and after a few hours the baffled pursuers began to straggle back to the fort, bitterly lamenting their failures.

It has fallen to my lot to remain behind, and in the absence of her husband, perform the painful duty of comforter to Mrs. Murdo. Her agony of mind was pitiable; she stood hour after hour at the gate—a slim, girlish figure in her white dress—watching in dry-eyed, stony grief for the return of the rescuers. As the men came in one after another, and Buffles was reluctantly abandoned for the night to the gruesome perils of the bush and the baboons, she paced up and down, wringing her hands in an insoluble anguish of tears.

"My darling baby, my darling boy, what will Jeff say? Oh, what will Jeff say?"

The arrival of Captain Murdo was hourly expected; the kraal he had gone to visit on a diplomatic mission to the chief was fifteen miles distant; he would be certain to wait for the coolness of the night and the rise of a waning moon before returning. It was near midnight, the search parties had all returned, elaborate plans for systematically scouring the wilderness at the first gleam of daylight were being discussed and arranged, and I was deputed to ride off to the nearest kraals and obtain the valuable assistance of the Kaffirs. I hoped to meet Murdo on the way and be able to break the tidings to him. My orderly brought round my horse, and I rode away at a hard gallop, making for a fountain, a landmark about half way on my proposed journey. I reached it without seeing or hearing a living thing, and dismounted for a few moments to slacken the girths and let my good animal regain his wind and dip his muzzle in the water. The fountain was in the centre of a dark clump of trees; outside, the veldt was lit up by a pale moonlight; the loneliness of the place was weird, the silence of the solitude quite awe-inspiring.

A creepy feeling, almost of fear, came over me when I saw a man on foot, and in his shirt sleeves, carrying a dark bundle and advancing stealthily towards the clump. He walked around it in a circle, peering upwards among the trees apparently in search of something. To my utter astonishment I recognized the man as Captain Murdo. Presently he stopped beneath a branch, pulled it downwards by the twigs, then carefully deposited his burden in the fork, let the branch rise again, and started running swiftly back in the direction from which he had come.

I was momentarily too astonished and hesitant to call after him or make my presence known; so impatiently awaited events. There was soon the sound of pounding hoofs, and he rode up, his bay stallion Sultan fighting for his head and bounding about in a great state of excitement and fright. His rider urged him toward the clump, the big horse snorting with rage, and as they passed under a branch, the bundle from the fork, gave Sultan his head, and sped away at a stretch gallop homewards. I was after him like a shot, but a mile or two of veldt swept under us before my shouts arrested his attention, and he reined up.

"Jeff," I gasped out, "Jeff—bad news—awfully sorry, old man—Buffles is lost, our baby, our dear baby, carried off by baboons. Mrs. Murdo is frantic—everybody at the fort heart-broken. We've done everything we could—I was on my way to put the Kaffirs to work when I saw your performing feats of mysterious horsemanship at the clump of trees. Whatever were you up to?"

In reply he opened the bundle wrapped so tenderly in his jacket. I peered in—it was Buffles, Buffles sleeping like a humming-top! I should know our baby among twenty thousand. I kissed his little drowsy face, and felt inclined to salute his father in the same manner, but silently grasped his hand instead. We walked our horses gently for a while and Murdo did the talking.

"Most extraordinary occurrence, Collingwood. I was riding noiselessly along a grassy bridgepath when a troop of baboons crossed in the moonlight. Sultan, as you know, cherishes a strong aversion to baboons, so he went up on his hind legs, wheeled about, and was for bolting in the opposite direction; but in the fleeting glance I had of the creatures, who were giving their peculiar, horrid night calls, I noted that the biggest one was carrying a white bundle, and I thought I heard a little cry—a strange familiar sound that made my heart jump with apprehension.

"I spurred Sultan into a charge among the apes, scattering them in

all directions. The big one with the bundle took a bee line of its own along the path. I rode it down, when it dropped the bundle and made off into the bush. I dismounted, and, to my intense amazement, found the white bundle was my own little son. Of course, there is no mistaking Buffles—he is the only white baby for fifty miles around. Recognizing me, he beamed with geniality, and his smiles were proof that the young beggar was sound. Sultan gave me a very warm time of it; he obstinately connected Buffles with the baboons, snorted, reared, plunged, and refused to let me mount with the child, so I put down Buffles, tethered the horse to a stump, and was preparing to foot it home when I thought of the Fountain Clump and the forked branch dodge. That was a success; and now, Collingwood, my good fellow, ride on ahead and tell the wife—relieve her mind and prepare her for the joyful surprise. I am utterly nervous and unstrung."

I shook up my mount and went along at a pacing race, yelling with exultation like a cowboy. The fort soon loomed close up. I could distinguish the anxious throng still in the gateway looking out for the captain's return. Mrs. Murdo a very conspicuous figure in her white dress. As I galloped headlong towards them I pulled out my revolver, and at every shot in the air shouted an accompanying "Hurrah!"

The men heard me, understood the signal, and began cheering like mad. As I reined up amongst them, impulsively roaring—

"Buffles is found—Buffles is safe!" a volley of cheers rattled again and again over the veldt.

A few moments later our baby nestled in his mother's arms, and an emotional crowd surged around the happy parents until the door of their quarters closed upon them and the restored Buffles.—Waverley Magazine.

### PNEUMONIA.

#### Rational Living Is a Strong Guard Against Disease.

The plea for a "simple life" in these times of plenty generally falls upon listless ears, so long as it pertains to any abstention in the matter of gratifying appetites and desires. The average person is impressed with the need of a return to the simple life. He frankly acknowledges the value of the simple life, and says, "It's a good thing"—for the other fellow.

But when the doctor begins to talk about pneumonia, one of the most treacherous of all ailments, and urges the adoption of a simple and hygienic regimen as the surest way of avoiding it, the "high liver" pricks up his ears and shows signs of becoming interested.

In its last weekly bulletin the department of public health calls attention to the increase in the number of deaths from pneumonia, and follows it with a timely exhortation to "the simple life." It does not occur to the average man, of course, that his habit of life has any relation to his susceptibility to an attack from this disease. As a matter of fact, almost any person in good health may defend himself against this disease by the practice of the simpler and more natural modes of life. On this subject the health bulletin advises:

A simpler housing with abundant facilities for the access of sunshine and fresh air and space enough for each individual; a simpler regimen, which shall preserve the natural power of the skin to resist the effects of draughts and chills and "colds;" a simpler dietary, which shall not overtax the digestive system, and over sufficient exercise to prevent their premature decay; more exercise in the open air, and, in general, a resort to the simpler and more natural modes of life to which each and every one of us was born, and out of which each and every one of us is removed as promptly as civilization can act.

Pneumonia is an inflammation of the lung tissue. In persons who are addicted to excesses in eating and drinking, however, and who give very little attention to the ordinary laws of hygiene, pneumonia is very apt to be complicated with some other disease, such as typhoid. Where the digestion has become impaired by over-eating or by eating poorly cooked, non-nutritious food, and the respiratory functions and circulation have been weakened by continuous sedentary employment, with very little exercise or outdoor air, there is apt to be little resisting or recuperative power.

The warning of the health bureau is timely and sensible.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Hash for Our Soldiers.

Hash will probably be made a feature of the regulation food of the army. Commissary officers have been instructed to make observations in connection with the use of canned hash, composed of fresh meats, potatoes and onions. This compound has been already issued to some of the troops as an experiment, and has proven very popular and satisfactory. The observations will cover a period of three days, and will be made at the following posts: Forts Meyer, Va.; Leavenworth and Riley, Kan.; Thomas, Ky.; Sheridan, Ill.; Slocum, N. Y.; Snelling, Minn.; the Presidio, Cal.; Camp Thomas, Ga., and Madison barracks, N. Y. One of the points to be determined is the different ways in which the compound can be served without much trouble.

## FARM AND GARDEN

### HOG NOTES.

While hogs should have plenty of water, it should be pure and fresh.

Usually, a hog with bristles has a coarse and thick skin.

The pig is a clean, healthy animal when given a chance.

To secure choice pigs, the selection of the male is of the first importance.

With hogs, clean pens and clean beds will do much to ward off lice and disease.

If the pigs are closely confined, they must have a variety of food if they are to be kept thrifty.

Pigs will stand considerably more nutritious or rich food if it is given often and in small quantities.

The pig pen is always a good place to dispose of imperfect and small fruit and potatoes.

Young pigs should be taught to eat as young as possible and be given all the skim milk they will drink.

A cross sow is a dangerous animal to have around, and should be made fat and shipped at the earliest opportunity.

In selecting a young animal for breeding purposes, one with a gentle and tractable disposition should always be chosen.

The fattening hogs should have all of the grain they will eat up clean. But no more than this should be given.

If the brood sows are allowed a free range in a pen or pasture lot, or are even fed green fruits, they are not near so likely to eat their pigs.

A bushel of corn will make more pounds of increase when fed to a pig three months old than when fed to an older one.

Hogs may be fed out in winter to a good advantage, if there is warm and dry shelter, and it is kept perfectly clean.—Live Stock Journal.

### BEST WHITEWASH MADE.

The whitewash used by the Government on its lighthouses and other structures which are subject to severe storms keeps white so long that it has come to be known as the United States whitewash. These directions for making have been given in this department before, but it is repeated in response to numerous calls for a good whitewash.

Slake one-half bushel of lime in boiling water, keeping it covered during the operation. When thoroughly slaked, strain the liquid through a fine sieve and add to it a peck of salt which has been dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while quite hot, one half pound of Spanish whiting and one pound of glue which has been dissolved in cold water placed near a stove. Add five gallons of hot water and stir thoroughly. Then let it stand for a few days and before using heat thoroughly.

It is considerable work to make this whitewash and it is quite expensive compared with the ordinary whitewash made by slaking lime, but it sticks so thoroughly and looks so well that it is the cheapest in the end. During the leisure days this winter mix up a lot of this whitewash and apply it to fences, buildings and trees where needed, not forgetting the inside of the poultry house.—Indianapolis News.

### NO "LUCK" IN POULTRY KEEPING.

There are some sorts of business over which circumstances, rather than the individual, have control, but in the poultry work it is the man, pure and simple. Victory is dear and success is sweet in any line of work, but with the poultry one has it all in his own hands, and if he be a "determined sort of cuss" who has made it a rule of his life to surmount every obstacle that crosses his path, he need have no fear of "failure," for in poultry life there is no such thing as luck; for every effect there is a cause.

The man who would rather sit out on the front porch and smoke than clean his chicken houses when they need attention, need not expect to have the intense satisfaction that comes with the laurel wreath, for it will never deck his brow in poultry culture.

To be successful in poultry culture requires keen sight and an observing eye; the man who does not discover that his houses are infested with lice till they are crawling on his face and person has neither of these. That person who goes through life in a mechanical sort of way with intense thought for nothing is not he who wins victories.—Poultry World.

### THE FARMER SOCIALLY.

In the course of an interesting article on "New Life in the Farming Towns" in the Cultivator, the Rev. Mr. Pardee, of Worcester County, Mass., pays farmers this deserved compliment: "The modern farmer has not, as some suppose, fallen behind in his intellectual equipment. If you break through the crust of reserve, you will find in the society and in the homes of the farmers a degree of intelligence and a breadth of information that will sometimes surprise you. The economies of the farmer's family are due, not to ignorance or incapacity, but to the difficulties in the farmer's life and in the economic conditions under which he is forced to la-

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## BARGAINS!

The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?

## THINK OVER THIS!

In the eleventh century England was an earthquake centre.