

### IGNORANCE

When first Love passed, he left a budding rose  
To be my charge. Ah! had I only known  
That in his very heart its root was grown,  
I should have treasured it from starveling woes,  
Let no harsh wind have dealt it careless blows,  
Nor bruised its leaves; I would have made no moan  
If Life had made me for its trust atone  
With any penance which her pleasure chose.

But when Love came again and bade me hear  
What flower his gift had been, and begged to see  
If I had kept his guerdon faithfully—  
I sought my garden, trembling sore with fear.  
And strove to find there what my heart had held—  
Ah me! Love's unblown rose had drooped and died!  
Charlotte Becker in Puck.

## Tit For Tat. Tale of Sitting Bull's Camp.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"I once had a round-up with Sitting Bull," said Kelly, the trader, one day, when he was in a reminiscent mood. "It was in 1880, or thereabouts, as nearly as I recollect. Our Sioux had all been penned on their reservations or chased into Canada, and white-skinned men had corralled the last big herds of buffalo in Montana and North Wyoming. I was having hard work to make expenses.

"I was feeling particularly blue when some Assiniboine hunters came down from the north with the report that Sitting Bull had pitched his camp on Milk River, just across the line, and that his Indians had killed a whole herd of buffalo which the whites had run up there.

"The Assiniboines said there were no traders near Sitting Bull's village, and that the Sioux had heaps of robes to swap. Of course I wanted those skins, for Indian 'tans' were high market, and were going higher. So I gathered five trusty Canucks and a Sioux half-breed and loaded five wagons with Indian game and pulled out to find Sitting Bull before another trader should get to him.

"The Assiniboines had left him but five or six days before they came in at my post. So we pushed up Milk River as fast as possible, until we came to a big cairn which marked the United States boundary line. Beyond the line I could not safely carry my goods. I left the Canucks camped on our side, and with Jim Sawpit, the Sioux half-breed, I rode on to Sitting Bull's village. A little after noon we reached it—sixty or seventy tepees sheltered by a fringe of timber.

"As soon as we reached these tepees I saw that the Assiniboine hunters had told me the truth. Everywhere among the trees and on high rocks, out of reach of the dogs hung strips of meat, and circles of bulls' heads ornamented the front yards of the tepee-dwellers. A hundred women, I should think, were at work, dressing and tanning buffalo skins.

"I had expected to find Owl Bonnet, a sub-chief, and a number of Sioux whom I knew well, at this village; but up inquiry I learned that only Sitting Bull's clan band were here, and that I knew none of them.

"So I made a little camp by myself, and secured the services of a crier, who went about announcing my presence and purpose.

"It lacked something of sunset when an old Indian came to my camp and remarked that Sitting Bull would like to see me at his tepee. This was cheering. Aside from the question of trade, I really wanted to meet the man. My old gentleman showed the way, and in a brief time I was stooping into the presence of a stout man of middle age, who was reclining upon a robe.

"He rose to a sitting position and reached out a hand.

"How!" he said. "So you have come to trade with me?"

"Yes," I answered, "if we can agree on prices."

"Where are your goods?"

"I told him.

"Why didn't you bring your train to my village?"

"I answered, as I thought with judgment, that my goods were liable to seizure by the Canadian authorities should I bring them across the line, and that naturally I preferred to trade under the protection of my own government.

"This conversation was carried on in the Sioux tongue. As I spoke the chief's face darkened, and at the end he flared out angrily:

"You white people have ruined this country—my country! What good are your silly laws, which prevent honest men from going and trading where they please?"

"Well," I answered, "I did not make our laws, and at any rate, you as an Indian are at liberty to buy my goods and bring them to your camp."

"He seemed to ponder on this for a time. Then he spoke. 'Good!' he said. 'I will talk with you in the morning.'

"I returned to my little camp. Sawpit was not there, and I presumed he was engaged with friends. I rolled in for the night, and the next morning

waited with patience for some word from Sitting Bull. About the middle of the forenoon he came to my camp, apparently in the best of humor.

"Some of us will go with you," he said. "Our horses are ready, and we will take some robes along and see what you will do for us."

"This looked like business, and I made ready for the start in a leisurely way, to show that I was indifferent in the matter of trade.

"It was nearly noon when we got off. Our party as made up of Sitting Bull, myself, some two dozen Indians and a little string of ponies packed with robes. That the chief should go was quite in order, for he would, of course, expect me to make him some handsome present before the trading should begin.

"We started down the river valley, Sitting Bull and I riding abreast in an amicable manner, though for the most part in silence. We traveled fifteen miles or so when we came plump upon my train pushing up the valley!

"Much astonished, I spurred forward, calling out to my men to know what they meant by this piece of business. They halted their teams with blank faces as I came up.

"What do you mean? Why are you here?" I cried to Louis Freychette, the wagon boss.

"Sawpit," he said, blankly, "Sawpit, he come las' night an' tell us to come on."

"I stared at him in angry amazement; and he then hurriedly explained that the half-breed had roused them about midnight and told them that I had sent orders for the wagons to move on to Sitting Bull's village; that there were no Canadians or police within ten days' ride, and that all was safe for trading.

"I was quite prepared at the end of this recital for the coup which followed. Sitting Bull and his men came up, and his rasals grinned at us. The chief looked my outfit over with gravity. That he had bribed or frightened Sawpit into bearing that false message I had not the slightest doubt, and I waited to hear what he had to say.

"It came soon enough. 'I am sorry,' he said, presently, 'that your young men have broken the big queen's law. I am one of her generals now, and I shall have to take your goods.'

"The old villain! He had me fairly trapped. He could not have robbed me on my side of the boundary line without getting into trouble at home. As it was, I had no recourse that I could avail myself of without more trouble than the goods were worth. In fact, I could make my complaint to the winds when the Canadian authorities should be informed that I had crossed their line to trade, unlicensed, with their Indians.

"I got off my horse and sat on the ground, a victim of superior strategy. Sitting Bull had the grace to leave me one pony—the one I rode—and enough provisions to grub-stake us back to the Missouri. Then he and his barelegged and befettered cavalry took charge of my wagon train in the name of Queen Victoria!

"My Canucks chewed grass stalks, while I sat and meditated. In the end we made a solemn compact, and marched down the valley miles enough to quiet the suspicion of any lingering spy of Sitting Bull's band.

"We camped in a coulee for a week, where we shot several deer and manufactured ropes and bridles of their skins.

"Then one evening, taking with me Freychette and Armand Tatro, who could speak Sioux like natives, I set out on foot up Milk River. We tramped some thirty miles, and toward sunset took to hiding in a thicket of willows. On the following night we waded a dozen miles up Milk River—foot-freezing work in October. Before daylight we crawled out of the river over some drift stuff, and again hid in a deep thicket of willows.

"When daylight came we could see the lower tepees of Sitting Bull's camp, less than a mile away. We spent a perilous day in hiding and watching. Boys were out all around us, hating rabbits and birds. A duck-hunter passed within thirty feet of where we lay. Yet we found intervals in which to look about for the pony herds. We knew pretty well where they were when darkness came on.

"We left our cover about an hour after sunset. It was quite dark, although a little twilight lingered in the north. We straggled toward the village in Indian file. We were dressed in the half-civilized garb which many—most, in fact—of the Indians wore, and we had stuck hawks' feathers in our slouch hats.

"Stopping to talk now and then, we shuffled along. We passed the nearest tepees within hailing distance, and then skirted the timberline until we had made a half-circuit of the village. We then turned out on the prairie toward where we had seen a big herd of ponies grazing.

"Presently a mounted Indian loomed in front of us. We veered a little to avoid meeting him, but when opposite, the man saw us and halted.

"Ho, brothers!" he called. "Where are you going?"

"I thought our time had come, but Armand Tatro saved us. He shouted back impatiently, perfect in his Sioux.

"Why, we're looking for some horse. You had better attend to your own business!"

"The man passed on, going toward the village. I heard my comrades chuckling at my elbow as we moved into the midst of a pony herd. This herd was well scattered over the flat

bottom land, picking at the coarse grass.

"We moved about as well as we could in the darkness, inspecting the animals and slowly gathering a bunch for driving. As we moved these horses leisurely along, we shouted at each other in Sioux:

"I think I have found three of my horses!"

"Yes, I'm sure some of mine are here!"

"He-e-e! Leave those horses alone! They don't belong with yours!"

"If there was a herder within hearing, his mind must have been set at ease. Hunters often went among the herds before bedtime to round up and picket their horses.

"In the course of half an hour we had bunched as many ponies as we dared drive together. As we had approached each animal separately, we had managed to capture docile ones for our riding. We now worked our bunch along leisurely, going toward the village until we came close to the timber. Then we edged them on down-stream.

"In the course of an hour we had our little herd out of sight and sound of Sitting Bull's camp. The night was before us, and we made the best of it. Morning must have found us sixty miles from the village.

"The day that followed was an anxious one, especially as we had need to rest and graze out herd often. But when night came, with no signs of pursuit, we knew the Indians had not discovered the loss until morning, and that we had made a safe though small reprisal. We had taken thirty-nine fairly good riding ponies. At the rate ponies were selling at for actual cash, I had recovered but a small part of my loss.

"But a Sioux's ponies are precious possessions to him, and I counted on nothing less than a just return of my goods.

"We covered the two hundred miles to our post on the Missouri as quickly as the drive could be made, and I at once engaged an Assiniboine runner to go to Sitting Bull's village and tell him that his ponies were held in Baumont; that they would be delivered to him upon payment of one hundred and fifty robes for the goods and the horses he had taken from me, and that I would make him a present of my wagons.

"Well, in ten days the robes came, and Sitting Bull sent his compliments. 'Tell that American trader,' he said, 'that his people ought to make him a general.'—Youth's Companion.

### United States Language.

An American professor with the zest of the Chauvinist has been lecturing in defense of American slang, on the ground of its poetic quality. We may confess at once that it is marked by one especial quality of poetic utterance, free indulgence in metaphor. The 'Big Drink' is not a literal description of the salt Atlantic; and 'She's a peach' is an exclamation of admiration which has its parallel in Ben Johnson. But with due deference to the academic defense, slang is not founded solely on a desire for metaphor, nor is it all, like much of the language of abuse, admirable for its Saxon purity. Half modern slang is a desire for synonym, and nothing more. The American undergraduate who spoke of a fisherman's breakfast as 'hamdoin's with the juniors,' is on the same level as an artist in language with the sporting reporter who describes a 'wing player' on the football field as 'landing the windy one in the fishing tackle.' The phrase is no more than an almost mathematical substitution of synonyms for the more ordinary phrase of 'kicking the ball into the goal net.' But where slang succeeds in supplying a real gap or a felt want, it gradually finds its way into the language. 'Boom' and 'boss' and 'a record' are becoming difficult to avoid, and at the worst the words are better than the poetic flights which the Harvard professor has been commending.—London Graphic.

### Woman and Her Nose.

The latest wrinkle," said a Fifth Avenue photographer of woman, "is the averted countenance in portraiture. Inasmuch as woman's nose, when she directly faces the camera, is closer to the lens than any other feature, it is magnified slightly, which is not desirable. To avoid this we try to retire that organ as much as possible, and the only way is to re-touch the negative. This is invariably done when the nose is a trifle larger than perfect harmony requires. A woman with a big nose is the unhappiest of mortals, far more miserable than the man with one too small. The tip of it is always cold, rendering her positively unlikable. Ninety-ninths of the pictures I am taking nowadays have the head thrown back, exposing the throat, emphasizing the chin, concealing the pendency of the under lip, giving a small, tip-tilted nose, with a fine view of the nostrils, greatly softening the expression of the eyes, beautifully arching the brows and modifying the forehead. Oh! we can make any woman look pretty in a photograph. That is our art."

### Family Secrets.

Teacher—"Johnnie, this is the worst composition on Washington in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him."

Johnnie—"Don't keef if ye do; he wrote it fer me."

At a United States government experiment station 425 pairs of pigeons reared 4,400 squabs in a year, making a profit of \$1.50 a pair.



### IF YOU ARE WELL BRED.

You will be kind.  
You will not use slang.  
You will try to make others happy.  
You will not be shy or self-conscious.  
You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.  
You will never forget the respect due to age.  
You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.  
You will think of others before you think of yourself.  
You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.  
You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.  
You will not forget engagements, promises or obligations of any kind.  
In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.  
You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.  
You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.  
You will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if you can help it.  
You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.  
You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.  
You will not sulk or feel neglected if others receive more attention than you do.  
You will not have two sets of manners; one for "company," and one for home use.  
You will never remind a cripple of his deformity, or probe the sore spots of a sensitive soul.  
You will not gulp down your soup so audibly that you can be heard across the room, nor sop up the sauce in your plate with bits of bread.  
You will let a refined manner and superior intelligence show that you have traveled, instead of constantly talking of the different countries you have visited.  
You will not remark, while a guest, that you do not like the food which has been served to you.  
You will not attract attention by either your loud talk or laughter, or show your egotism by trying to absorb conversation.—Orison Sweet Marden, in Success.

### CARING FOR PIANOS.

"This is about the time of year when we are nearly driven crazy with work," said a tired-looking piano tuner to a reporter. "Everybody wants the piano tuned for a musicale, and most people forget about it till the last moment. And besides being the busy season, we have been having the most trying weather.

"These cold, dry days throw pianos out of tune, and besides that the sounding boards are beginning to split. It always surprises me what poor care most people take of their pianos. Let a man buy an expensive watch, and he'll treat it as though it were a live thing. But people don't seem to realize what a delicate piece of mechanism a good piano is. Pianos are not much affected by heat or cold as they are by dryness or dampness. Of course, if you stick one end of a piano up against a stove or a heater, or register, and let the other end come near a cold, leaky window, it'll raise Ned with it, but most persons are on to that. The trouble is the piano is too dry.

"You know the sounding board—the life of a piano—is forced into the case, when it is made, so tightly that it bulges up in the center, or has a 'belly,' as we call it, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is supposed to be as dry as possible, but, of course, it contains some moisture, and gathers a lot more on damp days, and in handling. Now, when you put a piano in a dry, over-heated room all this moisture is dried out and the board loses its 'belly' and gets flabby and finally cracks. Even if it doesn't crack, the tone loses its resonance and grows thin and tiny, and the felt cloth and leather used in the action dry up. Then the whole machine rattles and everybody kicks," says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"How can you prevent it? Easily enough. Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or else there is something wrong with it. Just try it, and see how much more water you'll have to pour on the flower pot in the room where your piano is than in any other room."

### ROLL YOUR UMBRELLA.

Every woman who owns an umbrella has wondered at some time or other why it is that she can never roll it up as compactly and neatly as it was rolled when she bought it.

Instead of twisting with the handle, you should take hold of the umbrella just above the points of the cover ribs. These points naturally lie evenly around the stick. Keep hold of these, pressing them tightly against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting twisted out of place or bending out of shape. Then the silk is bound to fold evenly and roll smooth and tight.

When the umbrella is rolled in this way it will last twice as long. And until it gets too old it will always look just as nice as it did on the day it was bought.—New York News.

A narrow black one slipped under the coil of the hair is inconspicuous. It serves two purposes, for it also keeps stray sidelocks from flying.

There are various ways of fastening the elastic. It may be buttoned or slipped under a loop. Some women are attaching hairpins to its ends and securing these to the knot of hair.

Long bar and crescent brooches are being worn in the back of the hat, where it turns down against the hair. They are extremely ornamental, and useful as well. They hold the hat flatter than a hatpin can and a handsome gold or jeweled bar adorns the hat. Care should be taken to select strong pins for this purpose.

At the upraised front of the brim, however, is where the wind gets in its deadly work, and here a bent hairpin may do wonders. Select a strong steel one, put it through the bandau or facing of the hat, just where it comes in contact with the pompadour, then pass its prongs through the frame of the pompadour. Bend it over double and the hat is fairly locked to the hair.—Indianapolis News.

### THE "BITS" GIRL.

A bit of ribbon, a wisp of lace, a scrap of chiffon, the fragment of a feather—this is the hat of the "bits" girl, while her gowns are adorned in the same irresponsible fashion. Watch her going down town on a morning full of conscious pride in her piece-meal toilet, with a little swagger in her walk, plenty of frayed edge visible at the hem of her skirt, usually a pair of down-trodden heels very much in evidence, while her showy kid gloves present more than one peeping finger-tip.

Should a sportive wind meet the "bits" girl at some unsheltered corner there is a frantic striving to catch the hat, from which the bits of its trimming are swiftly parting; a desperate clutching at the lace and furberious that float round her neck and flutter over the collar of the nearly always buttonless coat.

Bargain sales find the "bits" girl very much to the fore. Bits, bits, bits, always those everlasting bits. Never by any chance does she buy enough material to make any one garment, it is always bits of tails, bits of that, bits of the other. Even her coats and skirts are certain to be short somewhere of their original basis, a bow being dabbed on here or a streamer of chiffon suspended there to hide the deficiency.

Folks smile at the "bits" girl, this typical daughter of suburbs, but shake their heads mournfully if the mere mention of marriage is made in connection with her name.—Detroit Free Press.

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Innumerable flecks are to be seen. Shaded face veils are the latest cry. Velvets take the lead among the dressiest costumes.

Etons and boleros outnumber all other styles.

Real laces are seen to advantage in the modish wide sleeve ruffles.

Among the leading imported silks for spring are taffetas of the softest texture.

There will probably never be such a well-liked style as the princess has been and will be.

Exquisitely embroidered swisses appear among the thin fabrics.

The crush leather belt of winter is being reproduced in wash materials for summer wear.

Warmest of all the knit jackets are those in soft, dull angora wools.

One girle of white satin has long ends tied up into knots four times their length.

Some of the spring suitings are so transparent as to call for extravagant linings.

Such an odd petticoat is of pink taffeta with great black Chinese dragons embroidered on the flounce.

White serge, white veiling and white poplin are all in high favor for girls' frocks.

For women of mature age the three-quarter, semi-fitting coat is a perennially good style.

All gowns intended for the promenade, even when of velveteen, are made with the ankle length skirt.

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THINK OVER THIS!