Over the Line With Dad. From the Topeka State Journal. If I could be a boy again, On the wings of fancy loose, Free from the cares that make us

In my dear old dad's caboose: Of all there was I now recall That made my boy heart glad I wish that I might go again Over the line with dad.

men.

Chums with the brakemen laugh and

joke, Ride on the engine awhile, Washing away the grime and smoke, Standing up straight in the aisle; Climbing up on the counter high, O, what a treat for a lad! Coffee, sandwich and custard pie-Over the line with dad.

Sit way up in the lookout, too, With an eye on the jostling cars, Climbing there in the night to view The way of the lanterned stars; Snuggled close to the truest friend, That ever a fellow had, Wishing the trip might never end-Over the line with dad.

I grudge no one the train de luxe, With its splendid woods and brass, For fond I keep in memory's books A record none may surpass: Ah. could I only by magic ruse, Take any trip to be had, I'd rather ride in that old caboose, Over the line with dad.

The old caboose has gone long since, And its crew has whistled the sky, Fancy still with its radiant tints Illumines the days gone by: And when God's caller comes round for me.

My heart shall be far from sad, If only I know that I'm to go Over the line with dad! -D, A. Ellsworth.

## ACCURSED OF ALLAH.

BY MAJOR R. L. BULLARD.

252525252525252525 They haunt the swet potato patches

and rice fields of the Moros, these wild hogs of the Island of Mindanao. As the most omnivorous of animals, they live, thrive and fill the land where other game, monodietists, fail and perish from the earth. Roots, barks and nuts, fruits, seeds, grasses, vegetables and herbs, bugs, grasshoppers, worms and insects, snakes, "var mints," all flesh, living or dead, fresh or putrid, are their food. "They come out near sunset," the old dato told me, "and at night they break our fences and destroy our potatoes and rice. We kill but few of them, because their touch defiles a Mussulman. They are the vilest of all animals; the nonucs, which are devils, live in them and they are accursed of Allah." The young dato smiled fartively. "But we will show you how to get them," said he.

The dato's seed lands lay in a stretch of gently rolling hills covered with tall, thick cogon grass, broken frequently with hollows of deep, impenetrable thickets of bamboo and brush loaded with convolvulus and all the vines, creepers and parasites of the tropics. Here and there were clumps of fruit-bearing trees and lines of graceful, feathery, lyre-like hamboos, marking the sites and earthen walls of Moro cottas, forts, long since abandoned by restless masters for fresher fields and newer homes. Yonder was an old sweet potato patch, covered still, nothwithstanding long human neglect, with luxuriant air; covering darkness was nighvines-for these were cultivated and My wait was long. throve by the very rooting they recleved of the wild hogs seeking food. Many pig-trails crossed each other my eyes could no longer discern anyin the tall cogon, which, close kin to thing; but after perhaps half an hour sugar cane, had, also, like the old of quiet and darkness, I heard from potato patch, been ploughed about for the direction of the dump a rustling its sweet roots by the wild hogs. in the grass, followed by numerous Over there a little way was a bit of little grunts of quiet satisfactionrice ground fenced closely with strong pigs in friendly converse and conbamboo slats and ratan withes and gratulation. The herd had come. set about with rattle-traps of dry They had found swill for their stombamboo. A Moro watchman dozing in achs. They never missed their dead days, when they are ready for mara miniature tower from time to time companions nor long remembered the keting. jerked a cord and set his traps rat- shots that had lately rung out over Uing and clattering to frighten away the slopes and breaks. marauding boars and birds. Surely this was the spot, none better, for the and crept down through the tall wild boar. Food, cover, bed, safety cogon. They were scattered now, hidwere all here.

hunt among the trails and cogon. I gradually wandered to where a clump of wavy bamboo marked the site of ing it! I was right in their midst. an ancient cotta. To such places the But I could not see them. wild bear loves to come and ruminate and ponder. I loitered to watch. ft was a dreamy afternoon, with the ca- to make out a dark object, a pig inressing air of an Indian summer. Gradually I came under the spell of brated commissary roast beef, per the day and the place and, forgetting haps, in an old can, which he rolled my errand, fell to wondering what had been the lives of the savage men sneaked right up to him, close and women who once dwelt within enough, it seemed, almost to prod him those cotta walls; then to listening to the rustle of the grass and the I was smiling. It was comical. I ghostly, hollow groaning and craking could hardly keep from laughing outof the kimboo stems, swaying against right, it was such a joke on that each other by the wind.

that I was not the only occupant of prise and confusion. But I didn't. the cotta; a big, black, bristling object emerged slowly, majestically, of the question in that shadowy place, from the rank grass in one corner. I so after a little I just prodded my was startled. Was it a bear? Yes? carbine forward at him and fired. A No? Then I remembered. There he flash, a squeak, a plunge in the grass, stood, a lordly boar, young and vig- and quiet. I had missed him, crous, slowly turning his broad left I stood up, irresolute. It was hard

side . My heart jumped, my blood surged and roared in my ears. It was a moment of boundless joy and elation. I stood and gazed. My quiet gradually returned and my carbine went slowly to my shoulder. I was deliberate, I stopped to feel my joy to prolong my moment of delight then I put my whole nerve and feeling and soul into the touch of the trigger for so fine a game. It was an easy shot. He fell, then half rising, but with pain and death in his eye and face, turned firecely upon

me. A coup de grace ended it. "Good! good!" cried the young dato, running up; and in his enthusiasm, out of sight of his father, he forgot his Mohammedanism, and together we soon had the great boar gutted and cinched fast across the withers of "General Baldwin," who conducted himself most commendably under his unusual load.

My shots had doubtless scared away the game near by, so I remounted. We moved on past the little field with its lone Moro watchman, along a trail winding about the forest of withers.

"Swish! swish! swish!" My neighbor's horse shied violentand snorted. There was a great commotion in the grass on toth sides of

"Peegs, peegs, Senor," cried my Filipino companion.

I was off "General Baliwin" in an instant and abandoned him to chance. We had surprised them and were in the very midst of a herd of wild hogs that were flying wildly in all directions, plunging and floundering in the thick, tangled grass. One startled me on my right another in front, another on my left. I could hear them everywhere, but one does not shoot a rifle by ear. Would every one of them escape? I was badly rattled when at last a foolish young sow did for an instant show herself, dashing in wild flight across a little opening. fired wildly, desperately, with the feeling that something must be done. She tumbled headlong, dead as a door nail, her brains blown out.

Knocked me down with a feather? Easily. Never was there such luck, never such a chance kill; but with a supreme effort I hid my surprise, recovered my composure and walked up in the most matter of fact way, as if such kills were everyday affairs with me. From my Moro friends from behind I heard the "Cluck! cluck! cluck!" of the tongue in the roof of the mouth, with them the

sign of wonder and admiration. My Filipino had caught "General and Stream. Baldwin" and now led him forward to the dead sow, but another mounted member of the party kindly took her and saved my good mount from the triple load with which he was threat-

It was near nightfall. "Let us go," said one, "to the dump; they will be coming there for supper."

The dump was the depository of the swill and other refuse of the little army camps. It was at the foot of a mesa-like hill; on all sides cogon, beloved resort of the wild bog; beyond and below a broad fringe of forslopes of a volcanic lake. Here were sale refuge and cover. A stub of view. I slipped into it and confidently waited for the pig-appetite to fetch me game; for that appetite, while the saving, was, I knew, also the undoing of all pig-kind. Its omnivorousness enables them to live well where others starve; but its sharp insatiable greed drives them remorsely to danger and death that others risk not.

The scavenger had deposited his

The sun had set, which in the tropics means quick darkness. Soon

I stealthily slipped from my bush den in the grass and shadows, intent Dismounting, I tied "General Bald- only on filling their stomachs, dead smack," went their mouths, on this side and that. How they were enjoy-

I crept on, peering about with wide open, strained eyes. At last I began tent on something, some of the celeand rattled with impatient greed. with my carbine. He was busy, very: boar. I was half tempted to jump at After a time I began to perceive him and cry "Boo!" to enjoy his sur-

It was hard to see: alming was out

to thus quit the hunt; yet it was dark. Would there be a moon? Perhaps; I believed I remembered a moon the night before. But who ever heard of shooting pigs by moonlight? Howover, I crept back to my vantage on the hill, sent the young dato to camp with my game, and waited for

I was rewarded. Came the moon in all her silvery tropical splendor, and so soon as it was light enough to see a little, a shadowy nose :yas thrust out of a bunch of grass from the side of the jungle, a hundred yards below me. It was followed by a bulky head and stalwart shoulders. The nose was in the air to take the scent. It was filled quickly with the strong odor of the swill. Thereupon his greedy stomach pricked him onward with a start, to stop again as suddenly after a few steps; but only for an instant: for nose and stomach quickly got the better of caution and on he came again with a rush, then stopped. It was plain that he knew the spot was full of danger, but starting cogon that reached to the horse's and stopping, dashing forward and halting, alternately driven by greed and held back by fear, and the instinct of the wild, on he came and ly and "General Baldwin" plunged passed thus fitfully over half the distance between us. Then he stopped. The coarse head, gnarled and knotty with bnoks, wattled and tusked, turned slowly, listening attentively, and the little eyes keenly swept the moonlit mesa slopes and ridge. I could see all the workings of his conflicting pig emotions. Fear was in his attitude and in his motions, but greed, insatiable and irresistible, was in his stomach and sent him on. I waited with surging joy, regarding him attentively but with thumping heart, relying still on the swill-scent and the pig-stomach.

I laid my finger on the trigger, then hesitatingly withdrew it. I felt a twinge of shame at the low advantage which my human reason was taking of his brute weakness. But he was fine, he was a monster, and suddenly he seemed to get wind of me; for now, after a last rush, right at his food, he raised his nose high in the air and with a deep snort looked upward, straight at me. But he did not flee; he stood, he had nerve. My compunction was gone; the hunter's passion rushed over me.

For an instant the smoke hung over the muzzle. When it cleared, I saw the grass faintly tremble where he had stood. He was laid low, a warrior marked with the scars of many boar battles, an old giant of whom any hunter might be proud .- Field

### AMERICAN PRUNES.

The Growth of Production and Our Export Needs.

pounds of prunes are eaten yearly. Prior to 1886 the supply came almost wholly from France and the Danubian provinces and sold under the designation of "French" or "Turkish" prunes. In the year referred to, prunes of American growth appeared on the market and with each succeeding year the supply has increased unest, brush and vines on the broken til the importation of foreign fruit has been reduced to extremely small proportions. Much the larger portion a tree on the mesa slope gave good of the prune supply is from the southern part of California, where climatic peculiarities are extremely favorable for its production. In Santa Clar county alone there are 3,700,000 trees growing on 37,000 acres-100 to the acre. The quantity of prunes somewhat exceeds 110,000,000 pounds -more than enough for the requirements of the whole country, but the excess, with that raised in other localities, is needed to supply the exswill; its scent pervaded the evening | port demand from Great Britain, Germany and France. The first plum trees planted 40 years ago in California were shoots from the "Petite" and "Epineuse" varieties from France. The original varieties have been greatly improved upon.

Ten thousand trays of fruit spread out in one unbroken tract may be seen in Santa Clara in the drying season. When sufficiently cured the prunes are stored in separate bins and there allowed to "sweat," this process taking from ten to twelve

Value of the Weather Man. In spite of the standing jokes about the weather man, it is probable that for every dollar spent on the Weather Bureau ten dollars are saved. At the time of the Mississippi flood of 1897, win" to a shrub and began a creeping to all things else. "Smack, smack, \$15,000,000 worth of live stock and other property were saved as a result of warnings issued a week ahead. Signals displayed for a single hurricane have detained in port vessels valued, with their cargoes, at \$20,-000,000. The West Indian stations, established in 1898, inform us of hurricanes as soon as they begin. The course of the hurricane that caused the Galveston flood was charted for a week before it struck our shoresfor hurricanes move slowly. Eightyfive per cent of the forecasts now come true, and by the aid of rural free delivery last year to farmers. many of whom could not have had them five years ago .- Country Life in America.

> The London County Council aunounces that hereafter school managers may exclude from board school children under five years old.

> Japan's fisheries employ 3,000,000 people, and 10,000,000 men, women and children are supported thereby.



ettes.

HYGIENIC PHILOSOPHY.

A woman should study the matter of taking cold and assure herself that not to her contented ignorance and amicable blunderings are owing the discomforts and the dangers which the winter colds entail upon herself and those committed to her keeping. Clothing does not in itself create warmth. It only retains in a body the

warmth already there. A silver pa per weight lies on the table, and it being a cool day, the silver is cool to the touch. Wrap the silver in a blanket and leave it an hour. At the end of that time the paper weight feels as cold as ever.

Whereat the philosopher once again begins to reason, her conclusions being that it is more important to have a good supply of natural heat within than simply to pile on coverings without.

This gives opportunity for another experiment. Opening the window she breathes the fresh all deeply and profoundly into her lungs a dozen times. She finds that the sense of warmth in her whole body has greatly increased, although she opened the window to the colder outdoor air and added no garments to those already worn. She sees for herself that when she takes plenty of oxygen into her lungs it passes into her blood, runs all through her, and warms her more than if she had put on a heavy cloak.

Here are two truths she has learned-the swift flow of blood full of oxygen creates natural warmth in her, and a skin that keeps its pores closed to the outer air and quickly gets rid of its own moisture keeps that natural warmth in her body instead of evaporating it.

A cold is what the name implies, a chilling of the blood's natural temperature which should be about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The moment the temperature falls much below that the whole body is affected. Morbid secretions take place in all the organs of the head, and then it means cold in the head, or it may be the lungs, and then there is a cough.

The digestion is affected and inflammation of various membranes is set up, with consequent soreness or fever. There are many good remedies for colds, but the best remedy is not to take cold at all. The best way to do this is to have so good a supply of natural warmth within that outside temperature cannot easily

This is achieved by keeping the letting the skin do it natural work Times. of being a warm, elastic, water-tight covering for the flesh, keeping it so by the free use of cold water instead of the warm water, which opens the in a rim, and its mission is to trim pores and relaxes the skin's elasticity, and by clothing it in such a way that its exudations are soaked up and

carried off quickly. This is only a signboard pointing the way to the road along which a real philosopher will travel. She will go much farther, learning that the lungs of a woman who sleeps warmly covered to the chin with cold air pouring into her chamber from a wide open window, are storing up of all kinds. You can easily use a extra oxygen all night, so that she has a reserve force of heat and vigor to call upon next day to help ward off colds and chills.

She will find that the warmth flannels give may be attained by a swift plunge bath into lcy water in the morning instead of by languid dabbling in warm waters, and she will find that disease and suffering may be repelled by a vigorous, wholesome body.-Chicago Tribune.

NEW STYLES IN SHIRT WAISTS. In fall and winter styles the new

models in shirt waists are as interest ing as their predecessors of the summer, which goes to prove that notwithstanding the long reign of the separate waist its popularity is by no means on the wane, and far from being discarded as prophesied, it is growing in grace and beauty and developing greater possibilities than ever before, says the Washington Times. Although many maintain that costumes made entirely of one material are in better style than a waist and skirt made of contrasting lace designs and can hardly be told fabrics of colors or tones, a separate walst has so many excellent virtues to recommend it that it still holds up lace in the popular liking and will be in demand not only for practical purposes, but for more ceremonious occasions as well. The advanced models appear in both elaborate and tailored styles, and in the selection afford a wide range for individual taste.

The changes in the general lines and cut of the new waists are not so noticeable variety being found mostly in the material and form of decoration. Among the fall fashion are many old time favorites, one of which is the surplice waist that has proved so becoming. The Marguerite and Dutch necks are seen in the lace. net and silk waists, and in the lingerie waists the collarless neck is as much favored as ever.

The changes in the new models seams more deeply curved and less fifths are known by censuses.

fullness at the waist line than heretofore. The waist that fastens up the back is first and foremost in the rank and file, and for the dressy model there is no other siyle so well suited. That which fastens invisibly at the left side comes next and the tailored or plain waists only are made to fasten at the front. Buttons are not conspicuous. While they are used they are concealed rather than revealed, and are sewn under folds, tucks. hems and such like ornamentation. Boning is a feature of the separate waists this season and most of them are mounted on fitted foundations well supported with stays. The deep girdle is another fashionable feature. Elbow sleeves will be extensively

worn, as well as the unlined chemis-

In the dressler waists the white taffetas are specially dainty, greatly elaborated with entire deux of Valenciennes and other fine laces. The sleeves may extend to the wrist or finish at the elbow. The long sleeve is completed with a deep mitten cuff made to match the collar of the body of the waist. Elbow sleeves finish with ruffles. A pretty finish is called "the handkerchlef ruffle," resembling the handkerchief with the center cut out, the points falling softly over the arm. The lingerie waisto supply a long-felt want and are a sort of happy medium between the fancy waist and the plain tailored waist. The fine Indian linens continue first favorites for these with lace and hand embroidery used with a lavish hand in their development.

The conventional sleeve for the velvet waist is in full length, showing fullness at the shoulder and an elaborate mitten cuff. Many are trimmed with the new embroidered velvet, some are of unlined lace and others are tucked, the velvet and velveteens of the present day being so light and supple as to permit of this manipulation. Fancy separate waists of all-over laces will go with Eton jackets and bolero suits, and such a waist may be appropriately worn at the theatre concert or luncheon.

BUTTON TALK.

Button sermons are being preached every day and much is still left unsaid in the button line. The little button has a decided place in dress decoration and it is fast coming into its own from a standpoint of artistic excellence. There are lovely trim mings of little buttons to be seen on blood always full of the oxygen in all new frocks and one can decorate fresh air and flowing swiftly by rea- with them and be sure of doing the son of plenty of exercise. Next, by right thing, says the Washington

The brilliant little colored enamel button set in silver is very good. It is a handsome glowing button, set the front of a taffeta shirt waist. It is particularly pretty set along the front panel, running up and down in groups of three. This style of button can also be used upon the cuffs and upon the stock. It is a tiny little general utility button to be employed for holding bows in place, for securing loose ends, for the attaching of little ribbon knots to places where they should go and for tiny trimmings few dozen of these buttons on your gown. They are tiny, they cost little and they never violate the canons

of good taste. Buttons come in all kinds. The pretty worked linen buttons are lovely. They come in tan colored linen worked in pink, and they show the prettlest flower designs on the top. You can cover button molds in tan colored pongee and work them in little colored rose designs, or you can cover them with kid with a handpainted spray on top.

One of the prettiest dresses of early fall is in chamois colored cloth trimmed with pink embroidery and plentifully dotted with groups of small pink buttons.

Embroidered buttons are to be the fad of the winter, but there is this nice thing about them that, though fashionable, they are not expensive. for they can be done at home and are within the reach of every one.

FASHION HINTS. Some new braids are woven after

from the laces themselves. A development of the bead necklace is a dog collar made of beads strung

on a wire frame. The new silk raincoats are dainty and elegant, with collars cuffs and revers of colored velvet.

Many women wear an invisible net over the front hair, thus keeping it trim and wavy without a veil, The autumn tailor-made in many

cases is to be made more elaborate by the addition of a demi-train. Elbow sleeves are to predominate in the autumn. Even the first fur coats shown have the sleeves cut off at the elbow.

King Edward's chef, M. Menager, was among those to receive birthday honor on the occasion of his majesty's recent birthday.

Of the 1,000,000,000 of people believ worthy of note show the underarm ed to inhabit the world only three

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Lobster Pot.

Make a chain of fishermen with a third of the players. The rest of the company will be lobsters. Wide boundary lines are made, and the fishermen join hands and try to close up about one of the lobsters. As this person is free to move about, the long chain of fishermen have trouble trying to capture him. When caught, he joins the chain of fishermen until the last lobster is captured. The lobsters then drop out of the chain and the fishermen inclose them. A lively struggle follows until the chain is broken. This ends the game.

What Was Needed.

Judge Henry Bosworth, of Springfield, Mass., is very fond of young people; but he is not blind to their faults. When the city was considering establishing a curfew law which would call the young people off the streets at an early hour, Judge Bosworth's opinion was ought:

"Well, gentlemen," said the good judge, in his slow, deliberate way, "I don't think we need a bell to get the boys and girls un at night half so much as we do a bell to get 'em up in the morning."

Good for the Lungs. Singing or repeating passages from prose or poetry with a full voice is one of the finest exercises for the lungs. and chest.