

THANKSGIVING.

Now gracious plenty rules the board,
And in the purse is gold;
By multitudes, in glad accord,
Thy giving is extolled.
Ah, suffer me to thank Thee, Lord,
For what Thou dost withhold:
I thank Thee that howe'er we climb
These yet is something higher;
That though through all our reach of time
We to the stars aspire,
Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
The pure ideal fire.

I thank Thee for the unexplained,
The hope that lies before,
The victory that is not gained—
O Father, more and more
I thank Thee for the unattained—
The good we hunger for!

I thank Thee for the voice that sings
To inner depths of being
For all the upward spread of wings
From earthly bondage freeing;
For mystery—the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing!

—Florence Earle Coates, in Scribner's Magazine.

SOBERING OF THE PUP.

The sure-enough kee-rect name of this boy was Egbert Stuyvesant Livingston Something-or-other. Anyhow, the tag-end of his signature belonged to some New York family that was a hull heap toppy," observed the sundried man from New Mexico. "But all of us working on the old 3-Triangle-Z called him Harv, or Harv Pup, or just Pup, according to how much breath we had to spare. On the day that he strayed out to the 3-triangle-Z and struck the boss—himself a Harvard alumnus—for work, and got it, the foreman conveyed him over to the bunk house and introduced him to us a lot neat.

"You fellows," says the foreman to us, "don't want 't be none rude or rough with this yere fragile piece of work," pushing the new hand to the front, "because, from th' way him an' th' boss was a-talkin' t'gether, I understand he's been t' Harvard, an' they tell me that them Harvard boys is sure handled uncommon tender an' pampered a plenty."

"And from that minute on we only knew the new hand as Harv, or Harv Pup.

"The humor of the foreman's introductory cracks consisted in the fact that the new hand, although he hadn't been shaving more than a few years, stood six foot four in his moccasins and had a pair of shoulders on him, that forced him to nudge his way through the bunk house-door on the oblique plan. I never saw a new ranch hand that looked better able to take care of himself.

"There wasn't much to teach him except roping, branding, throwing and the details of the round-up, for he knew how to sit a cayuse like a sixth cavalryman.

"One evening, after the finish of a roundup, when the Pup had been on the ranch for about eight months, the boss strolled over to the bunk house, where we were all stretched out, smoking, and dished out money, telling us that we might as well streak to Barstow for a week, if we thought we could behave. The old man always sort of grinned when he got that in about our 'behaving,' for he'd spent in a bunk house himself for quite some years before he acquired title to the 3-Triangle-Z.

It was a thirty-mile jog to Barstow, and we saddled up before sunrise by the next morning so's to get there by noon and dodge the afternoon heat. In less than two hours after we got there Harv Pup was trying to jump his cayuse over the Golden Gem honk-atonk, which was about fourteen feet high and fully as wide. That, of course, was too much of a jump for any kind of a horse and the best that the cayuse could do was to try, landing with all four hoofs against the weatherboards, and then scientifically dropping back on his feet again, with the Pup hanging around his neck and whooping like a Moqui snake dancer at an adder-eating festa.

"Then the Pup, who for a sure thing had his horse educated up a hull lot, would get behind the cayuse and hold up his watch—the watch had the Pup's initials studded in diamonds on the case—and then make the cayuse kick at it with his heels and see how near he could come to converting it into junk gold and chip cans.

"Well, these cayuse stunts palled on the Pup long before dusk, and so he rode down to Lew Patten's red-eye wickieup to play with Lew's bear. Lew had a pet cinnamon bear that stood about seven foot when he rared up on his hind paws, and the Pup liked to box and rattle with this bear. They rassed and boxed for the drinks and after every fall or round the Pup and the cinnamon 'ud stroll up to the bar, arms linked, and have one—the Pup taking a straight hooter of the mesquite fluid and the bear a water bucket full of beer. It cost \$3 to fill the bear's bucket full of beer every time they glided up to the counter, but Harv and the bear were always great pals on these trips, and the Pup didn't know anything about the meaning of money, never having stacked up against the need of it.

"In such calm and soothing employments the Pup spent all the rest of the day and all of the night, so that when daylight peeked over the edge of the world the next morning the Pup sure was quite a few corned up. Nearly all the rest of the outfit had grabbed out three or four hours slumber after whittling off our change at the faro and stud poker layouts, so that when the sun got around that morning all of the 3-Triangle-Z's were in shape for another day of riot except the Pup.

"Along toward sun-up the Pup had started to pull down the Barstow drug store, board by board. But the slowness of the work wearied him, and so he had pulled himself up to the roof of the drug store and had stretched himself out on the roof for a nap. We saw him there when we turned out for a couple of stayers and breakfast.

Tim Mallon, the assistant foreman of the outfit, climbed up to the roof and stretched a poncho over the Pup so's to keep the sun out of his face.

"A couple of hours after breakfast, when all of us except the still slumbering Pup were beginning to get busy with the hooters again, the station telegraph operator strolled into Lew Patten's where we were anchored against the bar.

"Say, I've got a wire for the Pup," the operator said to Tim Mallon, the assistant foreman.

"The Pup," replied Tim, "is all in an' asleep on yonder mansard," pointing to the drug store over the way. "An' I reckon he ain't due t' be jarred awake none yet. Anythin' that can't wait in this yere message?"

"It's middlin' important, I guess," said the telegrapher, with a grin, and he handed the telegram over to Tim, who broke the envelope and read the despatch slowly and with great care.

"Ombreys," said Tim, after he had absorbed the contents of the telegram, clearing his throat and looking serious, "it sure looks t' me like this yere present drunk's got t' be laid aside an' postponed a few," and he passed the telegram around for all of us to read.

"The telegram addressed to the Pup was dated from the overland No. 4 train westbound, and due to stop at Barstow at three o'clock that afternoon. It read this way:

"Shall arrive at Barstow with Agnes and Mildred, on way to Los Angeles, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Meet train and accompany us part of way.

MOTHER.

"The telegram had been directed to the Pup at the ranch, but the operator, knowing that the Pup was along with the 3-Triangle-Z outfit in Barstow, of course, didn't hike the pony boy out there with it.

"It appearin'," said Tim Mallon, after each of us had read the telegram, "that this yere Pup's maw, an', like as not, his two sisters—th' same bein' th' young ladies mentioned in this message—are due t' slope 'long this-a-way in something less'n six hours from now, I'm advisin' that this yere present drunk be switched, sidetracked, an' temporarily passed up on till these yere lady relatives o' th' Pup's gits in an' out o' Barstow ag'in, an', furthermore, I'm recommendin' that all hands immediately git sure-enough busy in helpin' t' sober th' Pup up, so that w'en these yere kins-ladies o' his'n hike along they'll find him fit t' be seen an' heard an' a honor t' old 3-Triangle-Z. How 'bout it?"

Tim's suggestion went with a whoop, and all hands turned their tin cups down as a sign and token that they were stringing along with Tim in his sentiments.

"The Pup was so sound asleep on top of the drug store roof that Tim Mallon and Joe Tanner had to pound on the soles of his boots with their gun butts for ten minutes before he opened his eyes. And when he did open them and mumbled something it was right clear that the Pup's twenty straight hours of kittenishness had submerged him a plenty.

"He's some loco, all right," remarked Tim as he and Joe Tanner picked the Pup up from the roof and handed him down to some of us below, "but ef he hain't a-lookin' peart and purty w'en No. 4 climbs 'long this-a-way at 3 o'clock it won't be because his bunk-mates hain't done no work over him," and then, four of us packing (carrying) the all-in Pup, and the rest falling in behind, we made for the back room of Lew Patten's place.

"First, the Pup was stripped and tenderly stretched out on a poncho on the floor of Lew's back room. Then we formed a bucket brigade and passed along ice-cold water from a deep spring about a hundred yards from Lew's, while Tim Mallon doused the Pup with it.

"After Tim had thrown about a dozen buckets of spring water upon him the Pup began to wriggle on the poncho and sat up. As he sat up Tim slunk around behind him and put a bottle of hartshorn beneath his nose. The Pup gave a Navajo whoop and stood up straight but awaying like a Colorado aspen in a cyclone.

"Then from behind three or four of us with buckets full of water threw them on the Harv Pup all at once, and he gradually became clear enough to be able to see out of his eyes and to get a heap rubby around the neckband.

of spirits of ammonia in water that one of us had got at the drug store on the advice of the druggist.

"Then Joe Tanner sat on the Pup, while Tim tickled the bottoms of the Harvard boy's feet with a straw for about ten minutes. That appeared to be about the best stunt of the lot, for from the beginning of it the Pup started in to cuss connectedly and in sequence. Then the external water cure, barrel-stave massage, ammonia cocktail and all the rest of it were gone over two or three times more, the Pup bucking, side-wheeling and tossing his mane uselessly about all the while, so that a little after the hour of noon, when the outfit let up on him, the boy was looking out of eyes that were quite middling sensible.

"But, imagining that he was the victim of a hazing at the hands of his bunkmates, he was dead sore all the way through, and game enough, at that, to give his soreness a tongue.

"You're a bunch of tin-horn cur-murgeoons," he told us as he sat shivering without any clothes on a stool in a corner of Lew Patten's back room, and then Tim, panting a little after his two hours of hard exertion, stepped forward.

"Son," said Tim in a kindly tone to the Pup, "they ain't no ombrey [man] in this yere outfit what's got ary thing ag'in you all—you ought t' know that. W'en we don't keer none fr a man we can find other ways o' lettin' him know it without goin' thirsty an' spendin' two or three hours o' good rum-vacation time a-tryin' t' evaporate th' juniper juice out o' his frame. I guess mebbe you all'd better read this yere—it come this mornin' w'en you was a-sleepin' on top o' th' drug plant, an', not wantin' t' disturb you, I took th' liberty o' openin' an' readin' it," and Tim handed the telegram over to the Pup.

"The Pup read it at one swift glance, and there was a lump in his throat and just a slight break in his voice as he got to his feet and held out his hand to Tim Mallon.

"All right, Tim, and the rest of you fellows," he said as he took all hands in with his gaze. "I won't forget this. I had it figured out wrong—but I'm not going to forget this that you fellows have done for me."

"Then he put on his cattle-punching togs, brushed himself off all neat and tidy, and half an hour before the train was due he came out of the barber shop looking as trig as a new prairie schooner with a swabbed canvas cover.

"When the train got in—No. 4 made a half-hour stop at Barstow at that time—a tall, handsome, white-haired and stately-looking old lady, followed by a pair of tall young women of the kind that you see pictures of in the magazines but that were a hull lot scarce around Barstow, stepped from the train, and we knew that they were the Pup's women folk, for they all looked like him. So we started to mosey around to the other side of the station so's to be out of the way.

"But the Pup wouldn't stand for that. He gave us the shout to come back. Then he was in the arms of his mother and two sisters all at once, while Tim Mallon, with a sort of wan and envious grin, growled in his mustache, "say, what would you ombreys do t' deserve a hug from such specimens o' God Almighty's creation as them three kinswomen o' that boy's?" and I reckon Tim echoed the thought that he was in the minds of all of us.

"We all got the next best thing to a hug, at that, and that was a handshake, for the Pup introduced all of us to his mother and sisters—and Tim was so nervous that he dropped his hat twice trying to take it off.

"And you are all here on a week's leave from the ranch," said one of the Pup's swagger sisters to Tim. "And you are all so—self contained," she went on. "I had heard and read that it was all so different—that you cow-boys yere such a dear, wild, reckless and—shall I say it—such a noisy lot when you come into the towns on your vacations."

"We have t' stand fr a heap o' slanderin', miss," olemnly replied Tim, while the sister, who was standin' right behind his sister and listening, gave an awful wink that came mighty near busting Tim up in his business. "You can't say no sort o' 'tention t' what you hear 'bout us—us coyotes—and then Tim had to scuttle for the far side of the station to give himself a chance.

"The Pup went on to Los Angeles with his mother and sisters, and when he got back he had a swell new saddle and a bang up pair of fringed chaps for each of us.

"He's been in the cattle business on a big ranch of his own for a good many years now, and he has taught a lot of little Pups how to rope a steer or stop a stampeded cayuse. But he has never raised a cactus-filled tin cup to his face since the day that Tim Mallon and the rest of his bunk-mates called off a semi-annual toot for the purpose of fixing him up to meet, without shame, old No. 4 on the Santa Fe line."—C. L. C. in Washington Star.

Iceberg Warnings.

One of the latest utilizations of wireless telegraphy at sea is in sending from ship to ship warnings of the presence of icebergs. A steamer discovering a fleet of bergs lying in the transatlantic traffic lanes can immediately transmit electric signals to a distance of 50 to 100 miles ahead and behind, thereby informing other vessels that may be approaching the dangerous region. On a recent trip to New York the Kaiser Wilhelm II. was thus warned of icebergs lying in her track from the Teutonic, which was sixty miles away. The Teutonic also repeated a warning received from the Caronia of the existence of another fleet of bergs rather further along the course.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARRROW, Chatham, N. Y.
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

FAVOR FORESTRY.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE GRANGE INTERESTED.

The Value of Our Forests Over \$700,000,000—Preparing For the National Grange Meeting—Other Items of Interest in Various States.

At the last annual meeting of the Massachusetts state grange a strong plea was made by State Master Ladd in his annual address for more efficient work in protecting the forests of the state, and a recommendation was made that a state forester be appointed. A law has been enacted to this effect and such an official has been appointed, we believe.

The New England Homestead remarks that the least the state grange can do is to lend to the state forester its hearty and undivided support to the end that not merely present results may be accomplished, but that there may be given to the state a permanent system of intelligent forestry whose benefits shall be to all the coming generations.

It is too true that we look at most everything from a financial standpoint, but the value of trees to the nation cannot be estimated by the thousands of feet of lumber they will saw or the number of cords of wood they will make. The forests are more valuable than any other product. By the last United States census the forest products of this country were over \$700,000,000. The next largest, corn, was \$450,000,000. Without going into further details, the census shows that the forest products exceeded by more than \$150,000,000 all the gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, zinc, coal, tobacco, potatoes, barley and buckwheat put together.

Some small things will give you a general idea. Matches take \$4,000,000 worth annually; one mill uses 9,000 cords making toothpicks; another mill turns out 75,000 clothespins daily; twenty-six mills make shoe pegs; wooden toys and games for children use \$300,000 worth annually, buckets \$2,000,000; 4,500 factories use \$75,000,000 worth in wagons and carriages and \$2,000,000 worth of cedar making cigar boxes, which are thrown away as soon as emptied; it takes \$1,000,000 worth to make the lasts our shoes are made on; spruce to make about 2,000 tons of paper per day.

In view of these solid facts, state granges should everywhere lend their first endeavors to further any efforts made by the state toward the protection of our forests.

GRANGE JURISDICTION.

An Important Matter That Should Have Careful Attention.

The territory immediately surrounding a grange hall should not be entered upon by another grange in soliciting for members. A grange has a right to claim jurisdiction over such families as live close to it and who can get to its meeting place more conveniently than to that of another grange. The farther away grange should also respect jurisdiction and encourage applicants to apply to the nearest grange.

In a case where Mr. and Mrs. A. are solicited to join grange No. 1, although living four miles from it and only one mile from grange No. 2 and with no obstacle to prevent them from attending No. 2, it is plain that No. 2 has jurisdiction over them. Unless No. 1 is willing upon request from No. 2 to waive jurisdiction No. 1 should encourage Mr. and Mrs. A. to apply for membership in the nearest grange, No. 2. So says the Pennsylvania organ of the state grange. And we agree. Sometimes there is more than one grange in a township, though there should be none nearer together than four miles. But when town lines cannot form the boundary between granges it should be understood that each grange has jurisdiction halfway to the neighboring grange, and neither should infringe on the jurisdiction of the other.

Preparing For National Grange.

New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey are making preparations to send large classes for the seventh degree to the meeting of the national grange in Atlantic City, N. J., in November. On Aug. 24 the Pennsylvania state grange held a special session at West Chester, Pa., for the purpose of conferring the sixth degree on a class of 225 candidates. The New York state grange will probably hold a special session at Poughkeepsie or Newburg in October for a like purpose. New England will also send a large delegation.

F. A. Derchick, master O. S. G. and member of the executive committee of the national grange, has the sympathy of the entire membership of the Order in the great loss he sustained in the death of his wife, which occurred recently.

The Smethport (Pa.) subordinate grange is preparing to invest \$5,000 in a new hall, 40 by 60 feet, three stories high, with a farmers' exchange on the first floor.

A grange insurance company, including five counties in Pennsylvania, carries \$5,274,000 in policies.

State Master Ladd of Massachusetts was the speaker at the Ohio state fair this year.

There is Money in Growing Ginseng

Prof. W. L. Howard of the Missouri State Agricultural College says: "I advise American farmers to cultivate Ginseng. Big profits may be realized. It is a hardy plant and is easily grown."—A recent bulletin issued by the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College in part says: "The supply of native Ginseng root is continually diminishing and the price per pound is correspondingly increasing, while the constant demand for the drug in China stands as a guarantee of a steady market for Ginseng in the future. The market for our cultivated root will exist as long as the Chinamen exist."—Consul General W. A. Rublee of Hong Kong says in the U. S. Consular reports: "The sale of Ginseng root grown in America is very large here and the demand is so great that much more could be disposed of advantageously. The root is as indispensable to the 400,000,000 Chinese as is their rice."

Ginseng is a staple on the market the same as corn, wheat and cotton. The present market price varies from \$5 to \$8 per pound according to quality, while the cost of production does not exceed \$1.50. There is room in an ordinary garden to grow several hundred dollars worth each year. The plant is hardy and thrives in all parts of the United States and Canada, except in arid regions. We are successful growers and can show you how to make money growing Ginseng. You can get a good start in the business for a small outlay, and soon have a comfortable income. We have several thousand choice roots for sale for fall delivery. The planting season begins in August and continues till the ground is frozen. Write us today for literature.

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