

RAISED FROM A DEATH-BED.

Mr. Pitts, Once Pronounced Incurable, Has Been Well Three Years.

E. E. Pitts, 60 Hathaway St., Skowhegan, Me., says: "Seven years ago my back ached and I was so run down that I was laid up four months. I had night sweats and fainting spells and dropped to 90 pounds. The urine passed every few minutes with intense pain and looked like blood. Dropsy set in and the doctors decided I could not live. My wife got me using Doan's Kidney Pills, and as they helped me I took heart, kept on and was cured so thoroughly that I've been well three years."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

COSTUME THAT CAUSED STIR.

Carelessness and Color-Blindness Equally to Blame.

There are still many who will remember the late Theodore D. Weld as one of the old-time, active abolitionists. He was afflicted with color-blindness, and often related the following incident as one of the unpleasant happenings connected therewith.

Among other preparations for an extended lecture tour he had ordered two pairs of trousers of his tailor, one pair blue and the other green. It was a rush order, and the garments were finished off after dark and sent to his residence the same night.

His first lecture was delivered at an afternoon meeting, for which he donned a pair of the new trousers. When he made his appearance on the platform an amused smile appeared on nearly every face in the audience, and a murmur of suppressed laughter was plainly audible.

He looked, so far as he could, to see if there was anything wrong with his personal appearance, and, being satisfied that all was well, proceeded calmly with his address. But he was enlightened before the evening meeting, his hostess kindly telling him that one leg of his trousers was blue and the other green.

He immediately brought the other pair for her inspection, and they were found to be the same. In rushing the garments together by lamplight the parts had got mixed.—Boston Herald.

No One to Take Dog's Place.

A traveler was once passing on horseback through a backwoods region where the inhabitants were notoriously shiftless. Arriving at a dilapidated shanty at the noon hour, he inquired what were the prospects for getting dinner.

The head of the family, who had been absorbed in "resting" on a log in front of his dwelling, replied that he "guessed ma'd hev suthin onto the table putty soon."

Thus encouraged, the traveler dismounted. But to his chagrin, he found the food to be such that he could not force himself to partake of it. Making such excuses as he could for lack of appetite, he happily thought himself of a kind of nourishment that he might venture to take there. He asked for some milk.

"We don't hev milk any more," drawled the head of the house. "The dog's dead—died week after last."

"The dog?" cried the traveler. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Well," explained the host meditatively, the c'ers don't seem ter know 'nough ter c'm up ter be milked theselves. The dog he used ter go 'n' fetch 'em up.—Youth's Companion.

No Privileges for Passholders.

President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania railroad, who led the way for abolition of the pass system, is paying his own fare when he rides. His son, Robert Kelso Cassatt, it is reported, is also setting the riding public a good example. An innovation of kindred cost has been introduced on the Reading road, where paying passengers must be provided with seats, even those traveling on passes should have to stand. Besides, passholders must show their passes every ride, no matter how well they may be known to conductors.

UNDER WHICH KING

"The More Postum the More Food—the More Coffee the More Poison."

The Pres. of the W. C. T. U. in a young giant State in the Northwest says:

"I did not realize that I was a slave to coffee till I left off drinking it. For three or four years I was obliged to take a nerve tonic every day. Now I am free, thanks to Postum Food Coffee."

"After finding out what coffee will do to its victims, I could hardly stand to have my husband drink it; but he was not willing to quit. I studied for months to find a way to induce him to leave it off. Finally I told him I would make no more coffee."

"I got Postum Food Coffee, and made it strong—boiled it the required time, and had him read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' that comes in every pkg."

"To-day Postum has no stronger advocate than my husband! He tells our friends how to make it, and that he got through the winter without a spell of the grip and has not had a headache for months—he used to be subject to frequent nervous headaches."

"The stronger you drink Postum the more food you get; the stronger you drink coffee the more poison you get." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich.

There's a reason.

ORCHARD and GARDEN

SORGHUM FOR FEED.

Not long since I noticed an article and discussion on sorghum in the Indiana Farmer. The article led me to write a little from experience and observation on the subject.

As we had 12 head of young mules to feed this winter and hearing of sorghum hay being fine we tried it. After the corn was planted we broke and firmed down about one acre, hill clay ground, not any too rich either, but the only place convenient at the time, and as home dealers wanted \$2.75 per bushel for sorghum seed we bought at Indianapolis at \$1.50 per bushel, got 1 1/2 bushels and sowed on the acre with a two horse wheat drill. It was plenty thick, but that was all right as it wasn't so coarse.

It grew about as tall as a man's head and so thick a dog could hardly go through it. It blew down some in a wind that flattened corn. When the majority of the heads had turned brown or black we cut with a mower; that was September 25. We let it lay about a week, the blades were cured, then we raked with self dump sulky rake and then shocked as you would timothy hay. It finished curing in the shock. It made the most feed to the amount of ground I ever saw, fully twice as much as the heaviest timothy, and it was hay easy made, too.

It will not spoil in the shock; just leave out in the shock and haul as you feed it through the winter. The mules and horses relish it, eat up stalk and all, for the stalk is juicy and sweet. It will make more feed to the acre than anything else in the line of dry and cured feed.

A friend of mine once drilled the cane with a corn planter (I think) tended same as corn and cut with a corn binder, then set the bundles up in shocks like fodder. That looks like it would be all right for those who had a corn binder. I have heard two mule feeders say that sorghum hay was the best feed for mules and I am inclined to think so myself. Shock it up and leave it out; needn't be afraid of it spoiling. If you have never tried sorghum hay it is worthy of a trial at least. After once tried, you will probably try it again and again especially if you see that your timothy or clover hay crop is going to be short of your expectation. You will find it the heaviest stuff to handle though, until it gets cured out.

We are inclined though to think that where an excess is fed, it is liable to give stick the scours, but are not certain, possibly something else might have been the cause. At present, January 1, we are feeding it right along in place of hay and the mules and horses are doing fine on it.—Abraham Bros., in Indiana Farmer.

A FLOCK THAT DOES WELL.

I would like to offer a ration for M. E. Roxbury, of Vermont, who says in your issue of November 20 that two to five eggs a day were as much as he could at that time make his hens produce.

I was getting at that time about a 20 per cent. egg production from Rhode Island Reds, and new pullets were beginning to lay nearly every day. The flock is composed of twenty-three yearling hens and fifty-seven pullets, a total of eighty, and the yearling hens averaged 40 per cent. production from August 1 to December 1, through the trying period, and are still at it. For the morning mash, which is fed at sunrise, I take two quarts of cornmeal and pour over it boiling water. This swells the meal about one-half and lightens the mash. I put just sufficient water to make a good stiff batter. Into this I stir four quarts of bran, one quart of feed flour and one quart of Bowker's meat scrap. One would think the scalded meal would not take up this amount of dry grain, but it will if you stir long enough, and right here lies one great secret of a good mash, viz., plenty of stirring to bring it to a crumbly condition. Too many persons make the mash much too moist, because it stirs more easily. This is fed in troughs, and is for eighty hens.

The above makes a fairly rich mash, and as his hens are a little out of condition, he should feed the meat food separately, keeping it before them all the time, giving the first feed of it after they have had a full feed of mash or grain, so they will not overeat of it and produce bowel trouble. It is conceded that, where milk is given fowls to drink, less meat is required, and if fed separately each hen can eat as much or as little as she chooses.

If the hens eat the mash ravenously and clean it up in a few minutes, I give each thirty fowls a pint of wheat or cracked corn in the litter; at noon one pint of wheat and one quart of cracked corn, and at 3 p. m. one quart of wheat and one quart of cracked corn, all in the litter for them to scratch out. Exercise is healthful and keeps them from feather pulling, egg eating, etc.

Of course judgment must be used. If the bowels are too loose, cut the mash out for one morning and feed again in the litter.

Give them the cattle beetles at least every other day, as the green food will add materially in warding off disease.

The above treatment, with no milk, is giving me excellent satisfaction, and a 40 per cent egg production during the moulting period speaks well for the condition of the stock eating it.

A variety is necessary, but settle on a ration and stick to it, and perseverance will generally bring good results in good time.—D. J. Ryther, in the Tribune Farmer.

TREATMENT OF SHYING.

Young horses which are being, or have just been, broken in are very generally apt to shy more or less at various objects and sights until they have become thoroughly familiar with and used to the road or street.

Nor is it in any way surprising that they should shy more or less frequently in these circumstances, seeing that they are unfamiliar with many things they meet. Such natural nervousness gradually but quickly wears off, as a rule, and the shying ceases. No importance need, therefore, be attached to this form of shying in a young horse, as it is but natural and quite temporary in character only.

There is, however, a right and a wrong way of treating this kind of shying. The right way is to be gentle to the young animal when it shies, to allay its nervousness by speaking to it quietly. If it will not pass an object or shows much fear of it, the young horse should be coaxed to it with patience, so that the animal may have the opportunity of familiarizing itself with it and of smelling at it. Once having done this, and being convinced that its fears are groundless, the young horse will no longer evince any fear of it, and the next time will probably take very little notice of it.

Patience and kindness are all that is needed under these conditions. Unfortunately, but too frequently, the horses are punished with the whip, jabbed in the mouth with the bit, and roughly spoken to, being forced past the object by sheer rough treatment, the result being that the animal's fears are much increased, and that increased trouble is experienced next time it shies at something of which it is afraid or which is unfamiliar to it. Such treatment is eminently calculated to spoil the young animal, being apt either to cow it or to rouse its temper and obstinacy. In some cases, young horses actually become confirmed and bad shyers in consequence of such wrong and senseless treatment.—American Cultivator.

SEARCH FOR OUTLAW'S GOLD.

Treasure Stolen from Outlaws Buried in Indian Territory.

During the closing years of the Civil War, when the Indian Territory was the habitation of scores of lawless bands who lived by pillaging the country, a cask of gold was taken from a party of soldiers on their way to Fort Gibson and buried somewhere in the vicinity of what is known as Willow Springs.

Upon the arrival of the soldiers at the fort without the gold a large detachment of soldiers was sent out against the bands of outlaws. A battle ensued in which all of the outlaws were killed except one. This one was sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth.

Hope had never faded from this man, and he expected some day to be pardoned and then to return for the hidden treasure. As the years rolled by, however, the confinement broke the man in health, and a few weeks ago he passed away in his cell in the government prison. Before he died, though, this man told his attendants the story of the robbery and as nearly as possible where the treasure was buried.

A party has been in the Willow Springs country for several weeks searching for the lost gold, but no trace has been found. So much faith has been pinned to the dying man's story, though, another search is to be instigated. The previous hunters have been persons entirely unfamiliar with the country, but now one of Vinita's young men who has lived near Willow Springs since childhood will be employed and a thorough search made.—Vinita Chieftain.

But He Swung His Lantern.

Representative J. Sharp Williams tells a tale of the days when he was counsel for a railway line.

At one point on its line the company had stationed an old negro watchman whose duties consisted in warning travelers, when a train approached. One night a wagon belonging to a farmer was struck, resulting in a bad accident. The company was sued for damages and the old colored man was the principal witness for his employers. Among the questions was one as to whether he was sure that he had swung his lantern across the road when he perceived the train approaching. The negro replied:

"I shoredly did, sah!"

The trial resulted in a verdict for the company, and Mr. Williams, as counsel took early occasion to compliment the aged negro on his excellent testimony, to which the latter replied:

"Thankee, Marse John, but I was sorely skeered when dat lawyer man begin to ask me about de lantern. I was afreard for a minute dat he was goin' to ask me if it was lit or not. De old done give out some time befo' de accident!"—Success.

The members of the new British Cabinet seem to be outdoor men.

TRADING WITH CANNIBALS.

RISKS TAKEN BY WHITE MEN IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

The Profits Great, but the Traders in Constant Danger of Being Killed and Eaten—A Part of the World Where Natives Still Practice Cannibalism.

The Solomon Islands lie east of New Guinea. The two northern islands belong to Germany and the others to Great Britain.

Neither country has done anything to develop them. The interior of the islands is almost unknown. The reason is that the natives are extremely hostile, and exploring parties have never dared to venture far from the coasts.

The traders take their lives in their hands and live on the shores of a few islands, but rarely venture out of sight of the sea. As salps approach Bougainville, the largest island, they see many miles away the great Kronprinz Range, extending through the center and rising to 8,000 feet; but though mariners have seen these mountains for centuries, no white man has ever visited the range, because the region between it and the sea is densely populated by the most warlike of savages.

Carl Ribbe, a German naturalist, has had the courage to spend two years at trading stations along the coasts. He has just written a book that bristles with information about these islands and their inhabitants. He sketches the land, the people, and the vegetable and animal life, and his book, "Zwei Jahre unter den Kanibalen der Salomon-Inseln," is especially timely because so little has been written about this archipelago.

Ribbe says that there is no more dangerous trade in the world than that with the Solomon Islanders. The traders are liable to be attacked at any time. Loaded revolvers are always in their belts.

If the trade were not extremely profitable white men could not be induced to live there. The natives gather large quantities of coconuts and are anxious to sell them, though their commercial instinct does not keep them from killing the white trader if they catch him off his guard.

They sell their commodities for a song in comparison with prices asked by other Pacific natives who know the whites better. The trader in the Solomons buys a hundred coconuts for a piece of cloth worth about fifteen cents.

The natives are at the same ridiculous disadvantage in exchanging other commodities, and so the traders continue business relations that are so profitable to them. They dry the meat of the coconut under the tropical sun, turning it into copra, which vessels take away to Europe, where the oil is expressed for soap making and other purposes.

It must be highly exciting to live in a land where day or night one may be the target of a spear or a bullet. The reckless traders, finding that the natives are almost crazy for firearms, sell them to every one who can produce the many thousands of coconuts demanded.

Now and then they are killed by the very guns they have sold. The same blacks who traffic peaceably with the trader in business hours are likely to lurk around his house in the darkness in the hope of shooting him while asleep.

Now and then they are caught spying around the houses to find the exact position of the bed in which the white man sleeps. They are likely to mark the outside of the wall near which the bed stands for the purpose of killing the trader by shooting through it. At the especially dangerous stations traders move their beds every night, or else pile around them a wall of boxes.

If a trader smells smoke during the night he is very careful about sticking his head out of the door or window, for he has learned that it is a favorite trick of the blacks to create a smudge so that the whites may be tempted out of doors to see what is burning. On such occasions they are likely to be killed by their unseen enemies.

It is remarkable that the traders take their wives and children to these islands. Not a few white families are living along these coasts. The women and children lead no easy lives, for they are engaged most of the day in spreading copra nut meat for drying or helping the men folk in many other ways. Ribbe says not a white woman there is surpassed by the men in pluck and courage.

Every woman carries a revolver, for the women are as much in danger as the men. Now and then they are confronted with situations which require quick thought and action. The writer gives a number of instances of the courage with which the women and even the little girls meet danger.

One day two traders named Macdonald, of Munia Island, started on a business trip along the coasts of Bougainville, leaving their wives and daughters in the newly built cabins, which were not yet provided with doors or windows. A few nights later a twelve-year-old girl was awakened by smoke blowing through the house.

She thought the natives were up to mischief, and picking up her revolver and awakening her ten-year-old sister, she stole softly to the doorway. Pushing aside the cloth that hung before it, the two girls dimly saw several black figures crouched a few feet from the house waiting for some of the inmates to

appear. The elder girl fired the revolver, wounding a black and frightening the others away.

The Solomon Islanders not only kill strangers, but also cheerfully eat them if the opportunity occurs. Most, but not all of the natives are inveterate man-eaters.

They go on expeditions for no other purpose than to secure victims for the cooking pot; and as they greatly prefer to celebrate their cannibal feasts at home, they sometimes tie captives hand and foot to long poles, which are borne on the shoulders of the victors many miles to their own settlements, so that their families and friends may share the feast.—New York Sun.

A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING.

Dream of a Road Across Great Salt Lake at Last Realized.

When the first survey of the Union Pacific Railroad came out of the mouth of Weber Canyon, a little southeast of the present city of Ogden, it found the Great Salt Lake lying across its path westward to a junction with the Central Pacific. Even at that early date some idea of the possibilities of the later day triumphs of railroad construction seems to have occurred to the engineers of the survey, for they discussed a little, though perhaps more jocularly than seriously, the feasibility of driving straight across the lake, or at least across its eastern arm. Of course they gave it up. The idea then was most chimerical. There was neither the genius in finance bold enough to undertake such a stupendous work nor the traffic to warrant such an expenditure. It may be doubted, too, if there was engineering faith equal to the task. So the line was built up through the hills around the north end of the lake.

But that light talk of the early sixties was not without its fruit. The idea remained the dream, the hope, the faith of one of the young men employed in building the Central Pacific. William Hood was of that company of "across the isthmus" pioneers who have made their mark and their fame in the development of California and the Pacific slope. As he worked his way up to the responsible post of chief engineer of the Southern Pacific system, owner of the old Central Pacific, he never lost sight of the possibility of that line across Salt Lake. Collis P. Huntington, the master of the Pacific railroads, was inclined to think that it might be done; but the time was not yet ripe, the traffic was not heavy enough to justify the expense, and such enterprises were not easy to finance. But after Mr. Huntington's death there came to the head of Southern Pacific affairs a man whose financial ability and boldness matched the engineering skill and pluck of Mr. Hood. In Edward H. Harriman Mr. Hood found a man who sympathized with and believed in his plans, and who was able and willing to provide the money.

The times had changed. The day of great and bold enterprises had come. The era of pinching and often false economy, that let roadbed and rolling stock run down in order to squeeze out an unjustified dividend, was ended. The condition had been reached where it was only necessary for the engineer to show how the interest on the investment could be made to be told to go ahead. Traffic had increased to such a point that operation over the steep and crooked old line was becoming constantly more and more vexatious and difficult. Relief must be had. Financier agreed with engineer as to how it could be obtained, and the result is the "Lucin Cutoff," as it is called, the line that runs from Ogden straight over Great Salt Lake, which it crosses on a trestle nearly twelve miles long and on twenty miles of "fill," and over the desert flats, 102 miles in all, to Lucin, where it rejoins the old road. It is a "cutoff" indeed. Forty-three miles in distance are lopped off, heart-breaking grades avoided, curves eliminated, hours of time in transit saved, and untold worry and vexation prevented, at the same time that expenses of operation are reduced more than enough to pay interest on the whole cost twice over.—From Oscar King Davis' "The Lucin Cutoff" in the Century.

The Guileless Housemaid.

"It is no wonder to me," said a member of the detective force the other day, "that the fake telephone linemen and other sneak thieves find Washington an easy mark. I had a fine example of that a few days back. There had been a family robbed over in Georgetown on the fake telephone game, and I was sent over to look into the case. The maid met me at the front door, said her mistress was busy at the moment, but would see me in a little while. Then she walked off and left me setting in the hall for twenty minutes. She did not know me from a basket of walnuts. I had on plain clothes and my badge was inside my coat. But she took my word for who I was and left me alone long enough to have cleaned out the entire lower floor, if I had been so minded. This, too, after the family had been robbed."

"Well, when her mistress came downstairs I told her gently and diplomatically what I thought of her servant. Of course she had to admit I was right, but it was the first time the case had occurred to her in that light. People ought never to allow strangers in their house a minute out of their sight."—Washington Star.

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