

TWO CLASSES.

There are two kinds of people on earth today. Just two kinds of people, no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood. The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span, Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean. Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween, There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road?

Or are you a leaver who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care? —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

The New "Bullocky."
A Tasmania Story.

"I dinna want a wood-cutter," said Moffat. "An' I dinna want a shoeman. An' I dinna want a cook—"

"You want a bullocky?"

"Aye. But I hire men tae drive ma bullocks, an' no' half-baked boys. I dinna want such-like billets tae new chums."

"Never asked you to," said Tony, hotly.

"I've driven a twenty-team on the Murrumbidgee heaps of times—"

"Harnessed tae a go-cart w' you tied intae it?"

"Harnessed to a threshing-plant with three rivers to ford, and the fire-box alight all the time," said Tony.

Moffat looked straight at him. Tony was the slim-run, light-built Australian breed that grows pluck first and last and in between, and muscle when it has time. Tony had not much muscle as yet.

Moffat rubbed his nose slowly. "I'll tak ye," he said. "Ma men air gey rough out at the camp; but I jalousie ye hae a tongue tae hauld ye safe. Ye'll need it. Weel; I'll send oopward by ye tae Robinson. D'ye ken the way?"

"Up to Tregellan's Gap, round the ironstone shoulder, and follow your nose till you strike the tramline."

Moffat grinned. "Ye has come w' ye're lessen weel conned. Ye'll dae * * * Aye; I'll send Robinson a screed, an' ye'll git oop ther afore the night."

Tony had tramped eight miles along the Western Tiers (and these hold some of the roughest country in Tasmania) that day. He tramped ten more before he sighted the logging-camp, sunk deep in great green shadows of heavy bush, and flooded with scarlet of the after-glow that sifted through the half-cleared gun-scrub. Twenty men loafed, smoking, about the long hut made of unskared tree-trunks. Tony walked straight into the midst of them, and handed over his letter to a red-bearded, hawk-eyed man who carried himself as one in authority. Robinson tore open the envelope, grinning.

"What yer wantin', sonny?" he said. He read the note through. Then he sat down on the chopping-block.

"Well, I am blest," he said. "Is old Moffat gone off his chump?" Tony's neck and ears burnt, but he stood the volley of stares unflinchingly. "I had a look at the bullocks as I came through the clearing," he said. "They're not a bad lot; but you ought to have more sense than to keep that aged brute with the twisted horn and the swelled nearfore. He's got a temper, I'll bet."

A low-browed, bull-necked man looked up. "Where did Moffat pick up that kid?" he demanded. "It tuk us all o' ten months ter find out what Buster cud do when he liked."

"The kid's a bullocky like yerself," said Robinson, dryly. "Moffat sent him up ter take Cobham's place. He'll run on the lines with you, Jake." Jake heaved his huge bulk upright. But the glare of a great cow-bell in the cook's two hands broke Jake's words, and the men poured headlong into the hut.

Under the rattle of tin plates and pannikins, the shouts for tea and milk, and the rough chaff that flew broadcast down the length of the unplanned table, Tony found a place on a form, and stared round. The smell of the clean peppermint wood and the wattle was in the very breath of the room, and the gum of bleeding trees was on the hair of the men's necks and arms. Tony hugged himself and his eyes shone. By the movements hazy through the steam from pannikins and hot meats; by the great ripping muscles, and the great roars of laughter, he knew that he had come to hold his own amongst men.

Bullock driving is done by the swing of a twenty-foot whip, and the tones of the voice. There are no reins and just a little more harness. A bullock team can tangle itself more efficiently than a kitten with a skein of wool when it likes; and it is not so easily picked up and straightened. Tony knew all this. But he had the love for animals which is really genius, and the cool head which is the most valuable asset of the man who would work amongst them. He saw just when to strike for present victory.

Three days Tony drove his team down the ten miles of tram-line to the mill. By that date he knew each animal by name, and he knew their characteristics. And they knew him as animals do know the human who loves them. On the fourth morning Buster was sulky. He did not obey the wall-eyed old leader who rounded the mob at daybreak, and Tony had to go out for him with whip. He came, dropping saliva from his great jaws, and stood, four square and unsmiling,

as Tony yoked up. Then he flung himself straightway, and it took six men to bring him up again. Robinson was angry, for Jake was grinning. "You get away, Jake," he said. "The lad'll want room s'posin' they starts goin'."

When Jake had creaked off through the faint light Robinson said: "Yer goin' to leave a pair beind terday, Tony." "D' you think I'm going to leave my head?" retorted Tony, crisply.

"Couldn't say. But—" "Then you needn't think I'll leave Buster," Tony's eyes were burning. "I'm not going to be bested by any brute that chooses to play up with me. He'll have to go; and I'll make him put his back into it, or I'll know why. Stand clear there, you fellows."

Tony knew that he was on his trial before the whole camp, with a thousand pounds' worth of bullocks to his care, and danger waiting at each turn of the track.

Buster crawled sulkily over the rough corduroy where the grade was level, and the weight of the heavily-laden truck steadied him. Tony watched, light-lipped, for the steep downward pinched beyond, grinding down the brakes as firmly as he dared, until the screech of the wooden tram lines under the wooden wheels shut out all the merry music of the bush.

Tony's hands were yet stiff on the whip, and the chains chilled him as he took the rear ones up two links at the foot of the grade. They had come down faster than he liked to remember, and he felt sick somewhere when he thought of the meaning of a false step. "An' very certainly there'll be a false step 'fore long. Buster's making pace to blow the lot of 'em."

With a quick, clumsy "clack-clack" they rounded the cutting above the Black Whirlpool, with Tony walking partly on air and partly on any stray scrub root available, and holding himself ever beside Buster, alert-eyed and quick-tongued. Below the water was white foam and black ink, and gray as death. Tony looked down only once. He had walked between the lines until this day. Over a frail bridge they creaked; through a swamp where the rails were greasy with slime, and Tony ran, half-bent, sanding the track to give grip.

At a pool beyond Buster desired to drink. Tony objected, and then came the trouble. From sulkiness the brute grew to stubbornness. Finally he stuck in his toes, and refused movement of any kind. Tony tried art, persuasion, and the merciful lash of the whip. Buster stood firm; his great head low, his little eyes half shut. Then Tony sat down in the narrow gut between the line and the chalky cliffs, and wiped the sweat off his face and neck.

"You'll get sick of that presently, my friend," he said. "And then I'll take it out of you."

The day was very hot among the tall trees—hotter than it should be for the time of year. There was a new tang in the air, Tony flung up his head and sniffed. Then he came to his feet with horror wide in his eyes. To right of the line the sky was smeared red, and red glistened in the top-most gum-leaves.

"Fire!" said Tony in his throat, and gripped his whip, bringing the but down on Buster's quarter. The bullocks snorted, thrusting their heads forward with the sudden strange moaning that hurts the heart of those that love them. Tony's eyes blinded for a moment. "We've got to go through with it, old boys—if we can. But I'm not going to leave you. And there's no turning back. Buster—if I get you started—"

Here Tony did a cruel thing. He took the sharp-pointed bar used for levering and other necessities, roused up the rest of the team, and jabbed Buster savagely in the tenderest portions of his toughened body.

As Buster jumped forward Tony dropped the bar and swung to the yoke, thereby saving an upset by the last inch of his weight. Then the truck thundered down the narrow track, walled in by tangled under-scrub and tall trees with ridded rottenness of foothold, and creeks to make all thought of escape impossible. A smother of smoke belched suddenly through the bush, smarting Tony's eyes, and bringing his heart to his lips. It lifted, and he saw underneath one pillar of scarlet that seemed to hit the sky. Then came the cruel noise of it, and heat that made the bullocks drip from flank to shoulder.

"This is going to be a close thing," said Tony. "Must cast off the truck if we want to get through." He let them pelt full speed up the next rise. On the top even Buster was blown, and in the minute's wait he slung apart the

hooks, and the truck ran back to the bottom to upset there with a crash.

Buster shook his snaggy head slowly. Then he pitched forward with a grunt, making the pace unweariably. Tony's mouth grinned, though his eyes were anxious. He knew that Buster thought he was doing unlawful deeds by trotting where the rule was a careful walk.

On the next siding the windward bush fell away, and Tony saw something that made him giddy. All the country that spreads from Tregellan's Gap far north to the Ironstone Mountains was under fire, deep in the ferny gullies, livid in the sunlight on the faces, blood-crimson where it ran along the half-naked ranges. Fire! The cruelest, grandest thing on earth; a bush fire in heavy timber. It was glorious, and powerful, and terrible beyond words.

Tony's face was white under the healthy red that painted everything, and the corner of his lip bled where his teeth had met in it. He trotted beside his team, sweating and breathless, and with a heave of pity for the frightened wild things that passed him. And still the team slung heavily forward, with the dogged Buster to force them.

The road and the volleys of smoke filled earth and sky. A spark from somewhere hit Tony's hand, and the breath of flames fluttered in the leaves close beside. Tony prayed only that the fire might strike behind first. With that goal to drive them the team might get through. A honey-suckle ahead flushed, quivered, and broke in flame. Tony felt the pull-back of the great body nearest, and his heart thumped until it shook him.

"Buster!" he yelled, and swung up the bar again.

Buster charged in fury, bearing the team along by his impetus. The honey-suckle linked hands with a tree across the line, and dropped sparks on them as they passed under. Tony beat the sparks out. But others came; fiercer, nearer; more often. Tony's hands blistered; the heated chains seared the flesh as the bullocks swayed and staggered; the hurry of the fire grew more insistent, and the lick of the flames strengthened. Tony had neither speech nor power left. Only he knew that he must drive his team forward—forward—until the river should make the right flank of the track and told the fire off by its width.

Five times the beasts would have stopped. Five times the unbroken strength of Buster bore them on. Tony saw by the madness in his eyes that there would be danger to the man who tried to stop him, and he grinned with stiff lips.

"Good for me I took you, you old savage," he said.

That evening Jake, his eyes sore with watching the fury of the fire that had passed two miles off, said to the group about him:

"Seems like Moffat'll hev ter git another bullocky an' another team," he said. "There ain't no more 'ud be likely to come alive outer that."

The slow clank of chains came up the one street, and the dry clack of split hoofs. The whole crowd came out to see eighteen bullocks crawl up to the door and stand, leaning each on the other. Jake gasped.

"Tony's lot," he said. "My sakes! Tony's lot! But where is the kid?"

Something stumbled out of the dark that smelt of burnt flesh and singed hair.

"I lost the leading couple," said Tony, in a voice that no man knew. "The smoke smothered them, I think. Buster pulled the others through. Don't unyoke him, you chaps. He's got enough left in him to poke a hole through you yet. I told you he was a 'dinnny-aler.'"

Then he pitched forward at Jake's feet in a dead faint. They picked him gently up.

"I reckon Buster ain't the only 'dinnny-aler in this lot," he said.—Young England.

On the Wings of the Wind.

Lieutenant Julian De Court, Philippine Scouts, stationed at Cagpill, Island of Samar, Philippine Division, while in the town of Oras, on the river of the same name, some eighteen miles below his station, shortly after the great typhoon of September 25, 1905, swept over the Philippines, found in the streets of the town a letter inclosing a voucher for mileage payment, dated May 3, 1890, and signed, Philip Reade, Third United States Infantry. Thinking it might be of interest to the gentleman who wrote it he forwarded the letter to Col. Philip Reade, Twenty-Third United States Infantry, Madison Barracks, New York. Now what puzzled Colonel Reade is how that letter ever reached the remote and inhospitable island of Samar. He says in a note: "I was never nearer to Samar than the Straits of San Bernardino. In Bay, 1890, I was on duty with the Wisconsin National Guard. In October, 1900, I was earthquake-stricken in Manila after a carabao meeting, and in 1903-4-5 I was wholly zepherized by mistrials in Mindanao, but did not carry my retained records with me on my tours. How my letter ever reached Oras, Samar, passes my understanding." It appears to have been surreptitiously appropriated by a tropical wind and carried on its long journey over sea and land.—The Army and Navy Journal.

The Shrewd Son.

"Here!" roared the old lawyer to his son, studying law with him, "you told me you had read this work on Evidence, and yet the leaves are not cut."

"Used X-rays," yawned the versatile son; and the father chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.—Punch.

THE KEYSTONE STATE
The Latest Pennsylvania News Told in Short Order.

By the explosion Thursday of the engine boiler at the wood mill owned by Luther Green, between Raymond and Andrews settlement, Potter County, the mill was wrecked and Leon Spencer and Frank Gale, employees, seriously injured.

Fire in the Konkle Block, Williamsport, damaged the stock of Matlett & Co., clothiers, to the amount of \$10,000 insurance, \$7,000.

James Delaney, foreman of a repair gang, and five Italian laborers were badly injured by the explosion of a boiler at Ewen colliery, Erie Coal Company, near Pittston.

John Search, 19 years old, or Harrisburg, accidentally shot and instantly killed Miss Barbara Rinehart, 42 years old, of Reedsville. He was explaining the mechanism of a revolver.

At a meeting of residents of Coal Township, adjoining Shamokin, residents decided to establish a banking institution. The township has a population of 18,000, but no bank.

The fire at the Phoenix Park Colliery, a large operation west of Pottsville, has been reported by the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company officials as extinguished. By scaling up all the openings the fire was smothered.

Abraham Cohn, after conducting a shoe and clothing store at Palmyra, Lebanon County, for three days, arrived at his business place to find that robbers during the night had carried away \$600 worth of his stock, leaving less than enough to suffice for the day's business.

Rev. David Buckwalter, a retired farmer and for thirty years a widely known minister of the Menomonie Church, died at his home here in Upper Leacock Township, aged 85 years. Two weeks ago he went out to his stable to care for the horses and the family found him lying in a stall, unconscious, and with a gash in his head. He is supposed to have fallen and scared a horse, which kicked him. It was found the man had concussion of the brain. He gradually weakened until his death ensued.

Suspicious circumstances surround the death of James Muirhead, 19 years old, of Audenreid, near Mahanoy City. He attended a sleighing party to Freeland on the night of March 11, and was one of the merriest of the group. Before leaving Freeland on the home-bound trip Muirhead complained of not feeling well, intimating that although he was not the result of some spirituous refreshment he had taken, although he was not addicted to the drinking habit. When he got into the sleigh he lay down and was soon in a profound stupor. His companions thought he was asleep. When they tried to arouse him as the sleigh drew up in front of his home they discovered that he was dead. An investigation was begun to ascertain the cause of his death. An autopsy will be held on the body to determine the cause of his death.

George E. Sprengle, 36 years old, a prominent business man, of York County, died at his home in Nashville. Death was caused by tuberculosis from years. He had been suffering for some years. Deceased had large business interests in York, being connected with several corporations. He was, until a short time ago, a director of the York County National Bank.

A horse and carriage belonging to Richard Ackerman, of Glendon, which was left standing on the principal street of Easton, was taken by Jay and Oscar Snyder, aged 14 and 12 years. They drove the animal about the streets until midnight, when they abandoned the rig. The boys have been in trouble before and their father turned them over to the police.

Another Montgomery County hotel keeper is in trouble. The Court handed down a rule return ble this week on Daniel M. Klein, to show cause why the license granted to him for a hotel at Simerick Square should not be revoked because he sold liquor to minors and to persons visibly intoxicated.

The will of Tighman H. Boyer, a wealthy manufacturer and dealer in leather, was admitted to probate at Allentown and disposed of the entire estate valued at about \$300,000 to a son, Allen Boyer, of this city, and a daughter, Mrs. Robert Weaver, of New York, disinheriting his wife, one son and two of the daughters.

One man was killed and two others seriously injured at the Short Mountain colliery, at Lykens, when a large slip of slate, thirteen feet square, fell from the top of a slope and pinned Joseph Lorick, Frank Kraemer and a Pole, whose name is unknown, under it. Lorick was killed instantly. Kraemer had both legs and one arm broken and suffered internal injuries. The Pole was injured internally.

A fire that threatens the Morea Mine of C. M. Dodson & Co. had its origin in a manner probably never before duplicated in the annals of the anthracite coal region. Several days ago a cave-in occurred on the culm bank at the colliery and the small locomotive which draws the culm and slate cars up the bank tumbled into the hole, carrying with it four men, who had a narrow escape from a terrible death. Later it was discovered that the fire in the locomotive had ignited the coal and the volume of smoke that is ascending indicated that the flames may spread to the entire workings of the mine.

While Anton Jecjak, an Australian boy, aged 16, who was employed at the Pennsylvania Steel Company's smelting furnace at Steelton, was placing mud in bricks on the top of the furnace, the holes on the arch gave way and the boy fell into the furnace. Not even his ashes could be distinguished from the surrounding mass.

Dr. John R. Locke, 84 years old, the oldest and best known citizen of Lewisport, died from pneumonia. He was a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery in the Class of 1836. One of his most pleasant anticipations was that of attending the sixtieth anniversary of his class in Baltimore in May. He practiced dentistry in this place for sixty years and was the oldest active member of his profession in the State, with the exception of Dr. Jesse C. Green.

J. Oliver Loudenslager, overseer of the Poor in Lewisport, was buried Thursday.

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Gift on Abolition of Football.

It is reported at Columbia University that Mrs. Maria H. Williamson, who gave the university \$150,000 for the establishment of a new professorship, had done so because the university authorities had abolished football.

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