

Sailors of Sea and Air.
Circling and sailing the sunlit air
On joy's unfurling wing,
Floating and rocking amid the crests
Where the waters whirl and swing,
The lake gulls live in their two-fold world
As free as the freest king.

O sailors of lake and air,
O birds without a care,
I hear your cry as you circle by
In a joy beyond compare;
And life seems free as the changing sea
And the wandering summer air.

Breasting and beating the hostile wind
Like spirits of strength and grace,
Sailing the billows of storm-lashed foam
When the tempest drives apace,
The lake gulls live in their two-fold world
As free as the winds of space.

O sailors of lake and air,
O birds beyond a care,
I catch your cry as the storm sweeps by—
I know what you can dare;
And life seems brave as you breast the wave
And free as the surging air.

—Horace Spencer Fiske.

A SENECA'S REVENGE.

On the shore of a beautiful little lake in one of the forests of western New York, two centuries and a half ago, two Indians were walking back and forth in earnest conversation. They were boys and had been lifelong friends; but one was a Seneca, the other a Wyandot.

The Seneca was braving the glory of his tribe, the bravery of the warriors and of their taking up the war hatchet against the Ottawas. But the Wyandot did not hear him, he was looking across the lake and his face bore an expression that the Seneca had never seen there before. Finally he spoke:

"Suscochee, you are nearly a man, and the time has come when I should be your friend no longer." There were unshed tears in his eyes; his hands grew cold and his voice was faint and hoarse.

"Listen. Ten years ago two men walked here—here just where we are walking now. They had been friends ever since they had been younger than we. It was just this kind of a day, all nature was at peace." He hesitated, looked out across the lake, then drew a long breath and continued:

"Yes, they were walking just as we are now, when suddenly they heard a shout, and turning saw two men running toward them, one was a Wyandot, the other a Seneca."

Suscochee started, and turning closely scrutinized his companion's face.

"The Seneca was wounded, and the Wyandot was pursuing him. When the Seneca reached the spot where the two men stood he threw himself at the feet of one, and cried, 'Mercy.' Now the man at whose feet the Seneca had begged for mercy was himself a Seneca, and his friend was a-a Wyandot."

Again Suscochee glanced at the speaker, but he had turned away as if he could not bring himself to say more. Presently he faced his companion.

"The Seneca," he continued, and his voice sounded far off, "refused to give up the man who had sought his protection when he found that he belonged to his own tribe, and demanded what right Wyandot had to his life. The Wyandot replied that that was no man's affair, and, turning to the Seneca's friend, appealed to him as a Wyandot, to prevent the Seneca's interference. At this appeal the Wyandot's blood was on fire, and confronting the friend of his childhood, the brother with whom he had eaten and slept, the hero of his boyhood, the man whom he had learned to love and admire, he cried, angrily, 'Give to the Wyandot warrior his enemy, that he may die the death of a dog.'"

Suscochee was leaning against a tree, looking into the water. The Wyandot rose and stood before him. He spoke slowly, "Suscochee, the Seneca was your father, the Wyandot was mine."

Nine years passed and the Senecas and Wyandots were at war. It was a Winter day in the year 1649. Two Senecas stood breathlessly at the entrance of a narrow cave about three miles south of Lake Ontario.

"Ugh," exclaimed one; "the Wyandot dogs were not smart enough; we are safe."

"Yes, Klashuta," replied the other. "They have won a great victory but they could not catch this Seneca."

"Come, let us go," said Klashuta, and they walked on in silence, one thinking of the message he was to take to the Seneca chiefs, the other of the great victory that had just been won by the Wyandots.

Suddenly Klashuta stopped. "Here is the lake," he said, "and we must part." With that Klashuta pulled a hidden canoe from the bushes, paddled swiftly and silently down the lake.

The other sat down on the bank and leaned against a tree. His thoughts were of that day long years ago when he had stood in that same place and listened to the tale that had frozen his heart against the friend of his boyhood. Yet he did not think of it with sorrow, but with anger. His hatred for the young Wyandot grew stronger and stronger, until he rose to leave the spot. But he had not gone three steps before he discovered lying before him the body of an Indian. He stooped down and gazed at the face—a cold thrill ran through him. The man was asleep, and even had he been awake he had no weapon with which to defend himself. He was a Wyandot warrior, at the mercy of a Seneca. But as the Seneca looked his face turned to stone. He took an arrow and fitted it to his bow. The moment for which he had waited all these years had arrived. The son of the slayer of his father was in his power! He stepped back, but as he raised his bow his eye caught a strange marking on the tree against which he had leaned. He saw a chief representing the Wyandot nation and a chief representing the Seneca nation clasping hands, and under the Wyandot chief was cut the totem of the Wolf, and under the Seneca chief the totem of the Beaver.

Suscochee turned and looked at the sleeping man. He understood. And as he took his quiver of arrows from his back and laid them beside the sleeping Wyandot his face was full of tenderness. His hand trembled as he placed his bow beside the arrows.

This was his sign of forgiveness, and he sat down to wait for the eyes of the sleeper to open.—Washington Star.

She Knew Washington.
Old Aunt Viney Field, a colored mammy whom her daughter, Ellen Bowers, says was 118 years old, died Sunday at her home 216 Virginia avenue southeast. Ellen claims that her mother clearly remembered George Washington, and had often told of events of that period. The aged woman was buried by the district government.

Aunt Viney was born, her daughter says, in 1786. She was the slave of Henry Field, of Madison county, Va., and remained in his household until the time of the Mexican war when she was sold. During the time she lived with the family of Mr. Field, she saw and heard much of Gen. Washington, and she often related his deeds to her children and grandchildren.

At the beginning of the civil war she belonged to Sinclair Bouton, of Madison county, but when freed went to Tennessee. Ten years later she came to this city and lived here until her death.

She is survived by her daughter, with whom she lived, and one son, Willis Field.—Washington Post.

German Identification Card.
Consul J. I. Brittain, of Kehl, reports that the German postal department has recently introduced a card of identification for the benefit of the travelling public which will prove of great utility to travellers.

Upon the card or folder is printed its number, the date of its expiration at the end of a year, the name, profession and residence of its owner, the date of its issue, and the seal of the postoffice issuing it. Within the fold is pasted a small unmounted photograph of the owner. A small cancellation stamp is pasted partly upon the photograph and partly upon the page. Opposite is a description of the applicant, his general appearance, color of hair and eyes. His birthplace and age are also given, and he is required to sign the card. The last page of the little folder describes the uses to which the card is to be put and the means of obtaining it. The fee is 50 pfennigs (12 cents). The card is to be used in obtaining mail where the owner is not known, and in case he changes his appearance so that he no longer conforms to the description a new card must be issued after proper identification of the applicant.

FARM AND GARDEN



THE ORCHARD FROM START TO FINISH.

The following paragraphs represent the best thoughts of many writers on this subject, thus forming a consensus of opinion regarding the establishment of a successful orchard:

There are more failures in tree planting without a successful man at the back of it.

You cannot make a thoroughbred out of a scrub, either in animals, plants or trees.

A tree should have plenty of life and vigor at the start, in order to make a fair growth the first season.

A good body and a poor head answer about the same purpose on a tree as on a man.

There are more failures in tree planting from failure of the planter than from any other cause.

My advice to a man contemplating the planting of an orchard is not to begin unless he is confident that he will do his part for the next ten years.

Don't select a spot that is good for nothing else, but arrange to have something for your trees to live on after they are planted.

The trees should be young and thrifty, preferably not over two years old.

The transplanting should be done in a careful manner, and the soil well packed around the roots without injuring them.

A mulch around each tree will help it the first season. A few forkfuls of old straw manure will answer.

After setting, each shoot should be cut back to two buds, and then annually trimmed, cultivated, fertilized, and protected from insects.

The prime essentials to successful tree planting are common sense, industry, perseverance and faith.

Get your trees direct from some reliable nursery. You will thus save half the traveling tree agent's price, and will stand a far better chance of getting what you order.

A mistake in varieties will be a serious one, because you will be a long time in finding it out, and then cannot remedy it.

Ascertain what varieties are most successful in your locality, and take the advice of those having experience under your conditions. At the same time try some new ones which have not yet been tested there.

Keep grass and weeds cleared away in fall so there will be no shelter for mice in winter.

field, however, similar patches may occur, and even the corn fields are not exempt from them. Occasionally these are caused by some temporary neglect or trouble. Insects may have been to blame for them, and also lack of proper cultivation. Birds, too, will sometimes pick up the seeds before they have changed into a plant. Such defects, coming unexpectedly, cannot always be prevented. But when the cause is permanent in the soil or comes through lack of cultivation, the entire fault then lies with the method of farming, and is capable of being remedied. Frequently in a good, loamy, rich soil there is a sandy patch that will not produce a good crop of grain. Truth to tell there may be a place a dozen feet in diameter destitute of any fertilizing elements, while all around it the soil is rich in such ingredients. This is due to the fact that the washing and running of water are quite likely to take all of the plant food out of a sandy patch. Accordingly, it is well in autumn to spread such a place over with muck or manure and mix the whole up thoroughly, and when spring arrives treat it in the same manner again. Muck and barnyard manure, thus applied, thicken and enrich the soil, and lay the foundation for commercial fertilizers if their use is desired afterwards. A little attention like this will bring barren places up to the standard of the rest of the field, and their cultivation no longer be in vain. Fred O. Sibley, in Agricultural Epitomist.

RELIEVING CHOCKED COWS.
During the fall of the year, if the apple crop is abundant, more or less cows, by feeding in orchards and along fences where windfalls are found, are pretty sure to get chocked. Sometimes they suffer no very serious effects therefrom, but as a rule the sooner they get help the better. Of what should the treatment consist? That depends on circumstances.

In case the unfortunate is not too badly chocked, it may be possible to afford her relief by pouring a little oil or melted lard in the throat. The quickest way, however, is to place a block of wood on one side of the throat, where the apple is, and holding it firmly, strike on the other side with a wooden mallet on the apple.

It is thus possible to crush the obstruction without seriously hurting the cow. This method failing, take, as a last resort—that is if the animal appears in danger of expiring—a sharp knife and deliberately cut down into the apple through the skin and gullet; whereupon, remove it through the opening. Or, if it is too firmly lodged to admit of this, or even be pushed down, cut it in pieces and so take it out through the aperture. The wound may then be easily closed by drawing the skin over the cut and tying it in two or three places. This is best done by passing a waxed thread through the edges with a curved needle, such as is used by surgeons. Fred O. Sibley.

THE USE OF LIME.
No general rule can be laid down for the use of lime; for in one soil it may act in one way, while in another, even on the same farm, it may act in a different manner. The reaction of lime on the various constituents of the ground are very many and very different and one reason why chemistry has not been more effectually brought to bear in farming is that people lose sight of the fact that slight changes in circumstances may wholly change the results of any given mode of treating the soil. As an instance of the effect of lime on some lands, a friend of mine in Salem county, N. J., put 1,000 bushels on a bog meadow. It produced magnificent crops for many years. The same amount on a common upland would have ruined it. Lime cannot properly be called a manure, inasmuch as plants contain comparatively little of this mineral. The beneficial effects of lime result from its chemical and mechanical action upon the soil. In soils rich in organic matter are found various acids which have a strong affinity for ammonia and generally exist in combination therewith; by adding lime, a stronger alkali, the ammonia is expelled and is thus made available to plants. In other cases, as for instance in land recently drained, the acids may exert a positively injurious action upon plants and in these cases the lime, by simply neutralizing the acids, benefits the soil.—Ella M. Hess, of Merrick, L. I., in The Epitomist.

THE THINNING OUT PROCESS.
Raising roasters doesn't pay. The pullets are what we are after—cr should be—and we should bend our efforts to raise as many, and as fine pullets as we possibly can. This idea is timely now, for, in most all flocks there are at this time about fifty per cent of the young cockerels flying and scrapping about, and eating their heads off. Now, a pullet won't do this, for she will pay it all back, with a goodly profit as soon as she reaches the laying age. But, the roosters, eat and grow, and grow lanky and muscular and stringy, and when they arrive at eight months of age they represent very little, if indeed, any more at all, than they did at eight weeks in the way of profit. Besides, some die before maturity, and are thereby a total loss, although they passed the frying size in safety. The proper thing to do now, is to apply the thinning out process, and get rid of all the roosters, young and old, but a very few of the finest. They will bring quite as much now as later, and by disposing of them now, a world of work and worry goes with them, while a season of peace and thrift and growth for the pullets and hens is inaugurated. Let the early hatched and the late ones alike, be disposed of, and push the pullets to the front. It is a move that one never regrets.—H. B. Greer.

IMPROVEMENT OF POOR PLACES.
It is characteristic of nearly every farm to contain certain places not relatively as fertile as other parts of the farm. In the meadows will be found, more or less, patches of grass that are very thin and short. The sickly growth is usually to be accounted for only by the poor quality of the soil. In the wheat and pasture

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Richard Harding Davis is supporting Winston Churchill for Governor of New Hampshire.

Arthur J. Balfour has an expert knowledge of music. Bach and Handel are his favorite composers.

Commander Robert E. Peary has been gone a year and a month, and no word has been received from him.

Colonel W. W. Lumpkin, of South Carolina, has gained renown through his brief opposition to Senator Tillman.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, has been made an officer of the French Legion of Honor.

Sir Andrew Fraser, Governor of Bengal, virtual ruler of 80,000,000 people, is the active president of the Calcutta Y. M. C. A.

The London Actors' Association has decided to call a public meeting October 1 to appeal for a public memorial for Sir Henry Irving.

Secretary Root's pilgrimage about South America has wonderfully enhanced the prestige of the United States among the Latin republics.

The Democratic Executive Committee of the Eighth District of Mississippi formally declared John Sharp Williams the candidate for Congress.

Representative Charles Curtis, of Kansas, is the only man in Congress who has Indian blood in his veins. One of his remote ancestors was a noble red man.

Sigananda, the rebel Zulu chief, who has been court-martialed and sentenced, is 107 years old. His captive sons are verging on ninety, and many of his grandchildren have passed the allotted span.

Justice Phillimon is the only judge on the English bench who can boast of being ambidextrous, and it is said to be curious to watch him taking notes in court, using his pen first in one hand and then in the other.

"A Little Careless."
The number of homicides and deaths by violence in the United States in 1905 was 9212, as against 8482 in 1904. Suicides, 9082, as against 9249 in 1904. Killed on steam railroads in 1905, 3142; injured, 15,904. Killed on electric and elevated railroads, 464; injured, 2622. These statistics are unofficial, but perhaps they are none the less trustworthy. We murder and manslaughter nine times as many as the Germans, four times as many as the English, Scotch and Welsh. America seems to be a little careless, to put it mildly.—Everybody's Magazine.

ACHIEVEMENT.
Rich Uncle—Leonard, have you ever succeeded in carrying out one single purpose in all your life?
Svendthrift Nephew (deeply hurt)—"Uncle, I have! Six years ago I formed a resolution that I would cut loose and have a good time, and today I owe \$13,000!"—Chicago Tribune.

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