

THE TASKMASTER.

By Mildred I. McNeal. All day do we— Women and anxious men— Sit at the mercy of the tireless loom. Threads bright as sun on sea And gray as rain Slip from the restless skein Into a pattern that we do not see. Our narrow room Echoes to flashing shuttle and whirling wheel. The deafened soul has little leave to feel How fair the fair world is With sun and bloom.

The taskmaster Sits watchfully alone. Bear this: and the pale dame puts smile on cheek To hide the grief in her: Do this: and soon The rough drudge fronts the noon: And this: and men plod on with no demur. They who are weak Fit strength to task and labor as they may. Having no other choice than to obey The will that is so stern And far to seek.

Yet even this— The utmost pain, the cry, The stress—does often flower into some pure Rare thing that he would miss Who travelled by Idly and happily. Hearts will fulfil themselves and find their bliss. And we endure In soul and mind and body the strait toll And wear the loom dust and the stain of the soil With a strong faith that grows Daily more sure.

—Youth's Companion.

Roping a Grizzly

"Juego la copa de oro y gamo" (I play the cup of gold and win), said Jose Guero, as we were all seated fifty years ago in the big sala of the old adobe house on the San Pascual ranch playing burro tisanado. "That's all right," said the big Missourian, yawning noisily. "Why don't you fellows show us some of your celebrated bear hunting you talk so much about? I've been on this ranch a year and haven't seen a bear lassoed yet, though there's tracks around pretty near every day; blamed if I don't begin to think it's a California yarn about lassoing bears, anyhow." "Well," said Chato, "if anybody wants to lasso a bear, one nalled down the old mare's coat last night down by the oak corral, and from the number of tracks there must have been at least six of them; anyhow, there was an old one with some half-grown cubs. They made a close call on the old mare, but only tore a strip of meat off her side." Don Jose Sotelo, a gray haired man of 60 years, who had been major domo of the Chino ranch in its palmiest days, looked up from the corner where he was preparing hair for a horse's mane to be made into a hair rope, and began to manifest an interest in matters going on around him. "Carral! you can revenge the old mare if you want to. There's nothing I'd like better." Jose Navarro, the head vaquero, replied: "We'll trade her for a bear—perhaps two; if we don't some of the doctor's fine colts will get a call one of these nights; besides the mare is old, and if we are lucky we can have a good time and a big bear fight on the Diez y Seis de Septiembre." Don Jose Sotelo, a gray haired man contempt at the "if" in his son-in-law's remarks. The old man was said to have lassoed and tied a dozen bears in Chino without assistance. "Well," said one of the boys, "let's do it now while Don Jose is here, and we have a full moon to work by." This was greeted by a yell of approval. After being urged by all present, particularly the Yankees, Don Jose consented to lead the bear hunt. After a general discussion of the subject, it was decided that all could get in readiness for the necktie party by Tuesday night. By early dusk Tuesday night every man's horse was carefully saddled and bridled, riata coiled and hung on the pommels and the latigos left so that one pull would tighten them sufficiently for the journey. Anxiously we waited, loading around the corridors with occasional glances at our horses, discussing the prospects of the hunt from every standpoint and relating incidents and accidents of previous hunts engaged in by different individuals. About 10 o'clock Don Jose put new life into the circle by shouting out of the door of the house, "A las armas, muchachos, adelante!" ("To arms, boys, forward!") In less time than it takes to tell every man was in his saddle and we were strung out on the trail by twos and threes. A finer looking cavalcade could not have been picked out for perfect pose in the saddle, mounts and equipment for the prospective work. Don Jose rode slowly ahead, listened intently for a moment, then said in an undertone: "The old woman has arrived, sons." El Burro wanted to know how he knew. The old man replied: "The dog that eats does not bark. Don't you hear the coyotes yelling? In other words, the bear is

eating horse, the coyotes want to eat horse, but are afraid of her, so stand off and yell at her. If the bear was not there the coyotes would be eating and could not yell." "Well," said the burrero, "that is easy to guess after you know how." Every man shook his feet in the stirrups to see if everything was tight and Don Jose, pressing his gray with the calves of his legs and slightly leaning forward, went off with a bound like a shot, yelling: "Santiago! At the bear, boys! Don't be cowards or gourd sellers." Every man followed at like speed over the mesa, down the steep slope to the bajeo, hooting and yelling like demons. In the dim light we could see a massive form which looked to me as I got nearer more like my small boyhood's idea of an ogre than anything I had ever seen. It was terrifying, but upon nearer approach my ogre resolved itself into an enormous grizzly standing with her forepaws hanging purposely before her. Two cubs were sitting on their haunches at her side looking at us in wonder and curiosity; the other was hidden behind her and the carcass. We all expected her to stand her ground and fight for her cubs, as bears generally do, but she evidently thought them big enough and old enough to take care of themselves, so when we got within about sixty feet of her she lit out with a snort (about the same sound that a large hog would make if she did her very best) for Precipice Canon. According to instructions, Don Jose, El Lenero and Navarro only put out after the bear. El Georchy, El Buegro and I deployed as scouts between the cubs and the arroyo; El Cir, El Guero, Ambaglio, Ybarra and Chato charging the cubs, which stood their ground and made a game fight from start to finish. Don Jose led the trio after the old bear, a little to the right and about sixty feet in her rear. Navarro was immediately behind him. El Lenero about a hundred feet behind and somewhat to her left. They all gained on her as she ran across the bajeo, and Don Jose planted his lasso around her neck, but it was promptly thrown off and thrown to one side in a very contemptuous manner. Don Jose slowed down to prepare his rope again, giving Navarro a chance, which he improved as well as he could, but unfortunately just as he was about to throw the bear gave a snort that sent Navarro and his salino a hundred yards off their course; by this time, "the necktie party" had struck the hog wallow on the other side of the bajeo and the bear had the advantage, so she increased the gap between herself and El Lenero considerably, for by this time he was leading the trio of lassadores; but as soon as the hog wallow was cleared and the smooth slope dotted with elder bushes on the other side gained, El Lenero ran on to her rapidly and planted his riata over her neck and behind one shoulder—"aluso ladron" (Thief fashion), as we used to call it. It was too much for the bear's ingenuity. She could not get it off; so she turned and charged with one foreleg lashed to her neck; but Don Jose was right there, and as she came the old chap met her with a beautiful overhand throw, caught both hind feet and whirling the rhinero round on his hind feet had her stretched out full length on her side quicker than I can tell it. The other two horses having given courage by their actions to the cowardly Sabino, Navarro came up, and taking down his horse-hair rope to hold his horse with, wrapped the reins very tight around the pommel, got down and went to Don Jose's assistance. Don Jose now took a reef in his riata, riding up within ten feet of the bear, leaving about twenty feet of the loose end beyond his horn. Navarro took this, slipped it through the neck rope and passed it back to Don Jose; catching that between Don Jose and the bear in his hands, he pulled hard on it to keep it tight; Don Jose, taking up the slack of the end, tightened the riata at about the same point as before, drawing the hind feet chockablock to the neck riata and rolling the bear into a big ball. Of course, this is one way of roping a bear, but there are as many ways as there are of tying down a steer. Navarro now took some bale rope and, half hitching it several times around the bear's nose, fixed at least one female so that she would have to keep her mouth shut. He then added his riata to the other two and the trio dragged the bear up to a tree about a foot in diameter, pulled her hind feet around it on opposite sides with riatas, then with many knots and half hitches known only to sailors and vaqueros tied them together hugging the tree, at the same time leaving plenty of space between the tree and her body so that she could describe as many circles around the tree by springing and walking around it with her forelegs as she chose, but she could not reach the riata on her feet. Navarro now took all the other riatas off, and, cutting the bale rope on the bear's nose, left her as free as air except as to her two hind feet. She availed herself of the opportunity to make up for long silence and enforced inaction. She screamed, kicked, bit, scolded and threatened, and we poked fun at her in several different languages until she lapsed into sullen silence, when we left her to solitary meditation and went back to the bait. Guero succeeded in catching a cub the first throw, and Chato and Ybarra helped tie it; the cahbones, or greenhorns, were all busy with the

other two; one of the cubs ran for the arroyo. I threw my riata, but having buck fever somewhat the cub ran through the loop and kept his course. I whirled my horse and wheeled him on the nose a couple of times with the hondo (raw-hide lasso loop); which turned him back. By this time the big Missourian had gained courage and wanted to be in it, so about the time the cub was turned El Georchy was pretty close to him and coming on at full speed. The cub, probably thinking that as Georchy had no riata here was his meat, immediately changed his tactics and, charging the Bayo Coyote, caught him about four pounds horse steak off the stifle, hanging on like a mortgage. You should have seen the bay buck and squeal! Instead of standing the usual three bucks, as most gringos do (one up, one down and the other to the ground), that gringo simply was great; you could not have slipped a piece of tissue paper under him at any stage of it. Chato, who had been trying to learn English all winter before, became so excited and enthusiastic that he vented all his vocabulary in one long sentence, and though not to the point, was more appropriate than he knew. "Bully, Coche, I'll keep you now! I'll weep you! Oh, by—!" he screamed. El Cir said: "I thought you couldn't ride broncos, George?" "Well, I'd like to see the color of the horse that could dump me down among them bears, ride or no ride. I'd fly if I had to." This put every one into a hilariously good humor. El Cir caught the cub with his riata and as he was flung off by the crazed bucking Bayo Coyote, and Ybarra and Navarro, who had got back by this time, tied the others. The fight lasted about an hour and a half, and we had bagged four grizzly bears.—Forest and Stream.

THE AUSTRALIAN LYRE BIRD.

Far More Musical Than the Peacock—Other Strange Traits. One of the fullest and most interesting descriptions of a creature found only in Australia is reproduced in the latest volume of Smithsonian reports. The account originally appeared in a periodical devoted to ornithological topics, "The Emu," of Melbourne, and comes from the pen of A. E. Kitson. The author explored the wilderness where this remarkable rival of the peacock resides and obtained a number of photographs. The peculiarity for which the lyre bird is best known is the shape of the tail of the male. The outer feathers are broader than the others and curved so as to resemble an ancient lyre, while the central ones (about a dozen in number) are straight and slender. None of Mr. Kitson's pictures show this feature properly displayed, perhaps because he did not catch a glimpse of it at the right moment. Some accounts declare that the full plumage of a lyre bird is developed in about four or five years. Mr. Kitson quotes another writer as believing that eight years are necessary. A characteristic which is probably not so well known as the tail of the lyre bird is its habit of dancing in order to court the favor of observant females. Open spaces about three feet in diameter and scratched pretty clean are selected for this purpose. On the only occasion when Mr. Kitson actually observed the performance he saw two male birds engaged in it, presumably rivals of each other. "They were alternately advancing and receding," he says, "turning, bowing, whirling, hopping and running about on the ground. While doing this they raised and lowered their tails repeatedly. Sometimes they put their heads through their tails and, turning them, seemed to be admiring the lyre designs on them. At the same time they were in rather subdued tones, whistling beautifully and mimicking other forest birds." The lyre bird appears to be a remarkably clever imitator of other sounds, and especially of the songs of birds. It will reproduce the notes of the thrush, magpie and wren to perfection. When it mimics the so-called laughing jackass, a bird whose note is harsh and grating, it improves on the original. Again, it reproduces the crack of a coach driver's whip and the noise of a saw and axe so admirably as to deceive any listener who does not know where these sounds really come from. The female lyre bird lays only one egg annually. This is covered with inklike blotches. It has been asserted that a nest is always deserted if the egg in it is touched by human hands. Mr. Kitson is able to say that such is not always the case, for he visited one particular nest six times, and on the last occasion found that the egg in it had been hatched only a short time.

Example Destroyed. "You can't make me believe the world isn't growing better. "Has somebody paid you a debt that you don't expect you would ever be able to collect?" "No, Henry Cameron, who has always been pointed to by my wife as a model for me, was caught in a police raid night before last, and the papers not only published his name, but had a picture of him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Michael Bender, of Chester, while playing on the Reading Railroad tracks, attempted to go between two moving trains when he was caught and his body crushed. An eight foot vein of coal was discovered at the North Franklin Colliery, owned by the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company, and when developed work will be furnished an additional number of men. B. Frank Diehl has been appointed general agent of the Allentown Terminal R. R. Company, to succeed the late George Twining. Three Houses were totally destroyed by fire at Old Forge. All three were owned by Prof. Frank Coyne. One was occupied by him, the others by John McGinley and Patrick Conway. The officials of the First Baptist Church, of Media, have decided to erect a new church building at a cost of about \$25,000. The new edifice will be built on the site of the old building and will be one of the finest in the borough. John Galoski, 8 years old, was instantly killed by a trolley car at Plymouth. E. H. Odenwelder, of Seidersville, is the owner of three horses whose combined ages amount to 96 years. All actively engaged in farm work this Spring. The oldest animal is 35 and the youngest 28. Sheriff Roberts, of Northampton County, while eating raw oysters in a Nazareth restaurant, found two pearls worth \$100. The executor of the estate of Alfred S. Weyer, a wealthy resident of York, who died about one year ago, leaving his property to charity, paid \$4,370 as collateral inheritance tax. This is the largest amount of money ever paid to the State by an estate in that county. Daniel Froelich, a stove tender at the Warwick furnace, Pottstown, opened a stove door while the gas pressure was on the furnace and he was thrown fifty feet and so badly injured that he died in the Pottstown Hospital. The stove which he opened had a pressure of 800 pounds to the square inch and the unfortunate man was blown from the door as if he had been shot from a gun. Hanna Wilson, the 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson, of Airville, died from the effects of swallowing a quantity of carbolic acid. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had left their home to visit friends and a 10-year-old daughter was left in charge of the child. While the other girl was absent temporarily from the kitchen the child obtained possession of a bottle of carbolic acid and drank the contents. When her sister returned she found the little one lying on the floor writhing in agony, still grasping the empty bottle. Fire of mysterious origin destroyed the home of Ludwig Shappel, a farmer, at Locust Valley. The family saved practically nothing, their loss including \$150 in cash, which was kept in the house. The shock of her husband's death on Sunday, killed Mrs. Amos Moyer, of Reading. She had been in ill health for some time and when her husband died, became prostrated and never regained consciousness. The husband was 75 years old and the wife was 70. The charred body of Isaac Eaches, the feeble-minded son of Jacob Eaches, of Lionville, was found along a lonely stretch of country road near his home. Considerable mystery is attached to the case and Coroner McKinley has begun a rigid investigation. The boy, who was 18 years old, was in the habit of taking long and solitary walks. A portion of a cigar found near the body leads to the belief that in attempting to light the cigar his clothing caught fire and burned him to death before aid could reach him. John Wilski, a miner and contractor, and a leader in labor unions, was waylaid by a band of highwaymen on a lonely spot while returning from work at Shenandoah. Wilski put up a stubborn battle, but was no match for the band. Before he was subdued he was shot in the arm and otherwise severely injured by being clubbed. His condition is serious. John Ellmore, "the poor cobbler of Altoona," whose fuel discovery promises to revolutionize the industrial world returned from Pennsylvania after demonstrating to the manufacturer interest of that city that his discovery is a success. Before leaving Pittsburgh through the United States inspector at the armor plate plant he arranged to give a demonstration at Annapolis, Md., in the presence of prominent navy officials and Government experts. The demonstration will begin April 15 and continue for two weeks. Ellmore received a telegram from Chicago coal offering him \$5,000,000 straight if he would bury his secret and never reveal it to the world, as it is thought the process will kill the coal industry in a few years. Shamokin City Council has resolved to grant exoneration of taxes for five years to foreign industries that shall locate there. Falling to heed in time the warning of a fellow-workman, John Ettingham was crushed to death by a huge piece of gun ordnance weighing twenty-six tons that slipped from a flat car on which it was being moved at South Bethlehem. Because the will of John Briesch, of Lower Macungie, was so badly written in German that it could not be deciphered, Register of Wills Kohler, of Allentown, refused to admit the document to probate and appointed Briesch's two sons as administrators. The charter of Franklin and Townshend Electric Railway was filed in Recorder Davis' office, in Allentown. The company will connect Lehigh, Palmerton and Slatington by trolley. The line will be eight miles long.

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MOTORING AFTER ELK. A party of hunters near Billings, Mont., chartered an automobile for a trip after elk. They left before daybreak for the reservation where elk were ranging. The purpose of the hunt was to secure venison for a big barbecue, given at the Montana State Convention of Elks in Billings. After arriving on the hunting grounds the party spent several hours in fruitless search, but suddenly while bowling along over the open range, five magnificent specimens of the elk family, headed by a big buck, sprang out of a small coulee, by the side of the trail, and made a break for the hills. Although the big machine flew after the animals at the best rate of speed possible, no perceptible gain was made upon them, and they disappeared down a narrow defile in the rocks. As it was impossible to follow the quarry except on foot, it was decided to go by a circuitous route of several miles to the mouth of the canyon down which the elk were heading. After their first fright had subsided the animals proceeded slowly, for when the party arrived at the selected spot they were nowhere to be seen. In about forty minutes, which seemed to the anxious huntsmen several hours, the herd was seen coming slowly down the canyon. When the animals were within 300 yards of the automobile they scented danger and stopped to reconnoiter. The leader, a magnificent bull with high and wide spreading antlers, sniffed the air suspiciously, and when he hesitated a moment and turned aside to make off, the big rifle, which was resting on a bowlder, cracked spitefully, and the handsome beast made one wild leap into the air and stretched out quivering on the rocks, while his frightened companions broke for cover.—The Automobile.

More Tempting. Teddy's father had brought home some rare old cheese and after hearing his praise of its strong points Teddy was manfully struggling to make way with a small piece of it. Seeing the cheese still on his plate, and Teddy's nose perceptibly elevated, his father said: "What is the matter, Ted—don't you like that fine cheese?" "Yes," answered Teddy, with the air of a connoisseur. "This cheese is very good, but I think I like just plain, common mouse cheese better."—Harper's Monthly. HIS FACE SLIPPED. Teacher (severely) — "What are you laughing at, Willie?" Small Willie — "Please, ma'am, I wasn't laughing. My face slipped."—Chicago News.

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