

THE NINE-LIVED CORN.

The corn was killed in early May. The flood had washed it quite away. And later on it died again. And rotted 'neath the constant rain. Once more we tolled its final knell; The seed had not been tested well. Yet, later it began to sprout, Then died. The weeds had run it out. And later yet, still thin and pale, It perishes in a storm of hail. Then came a fierce and burning heat. It died that week of "fired" feet. And then the awful smut arrived And not a single stalk survived. And soon we watched it, in dismay, Dry up and shrivel quite away. Then came the last and saddest death; It wilted 'neath the frost king's breath. Nine times, it died; and yet that fall, We built new cribs to hold it all. Now tell me is there any cat With lives enough to equal that?—George Fitch, in the Country Gentleman.

Pericles.

By J. Lovering.

The foundations of the Burden fortunes had come out of Gould and Curry away back in the early '50s, and on this foundation "Old Ike" Burden had raised a substantial monument that in passing through the hands of his son, Johnny, had, if not increased in size, been very tastefully ornamented. After the death of his wife, Johnny, now the Hon. Jonathan Burden, had devoted himself solely to the education of his daughter, Adelaide. After her escape from the hands of her preceptors, at the age of twenty, father and daughter had spent five years in travel, visiting a few of the known points of interest and a great many of the unknown. Then the Hon. J. Burden had peacefully departed this life, leaving all his worldly possessions to his daughter. Perhaps some of this was passing through Miss Burden's ever-busy brain as she sat idly chipping the rock beside her with the odd-looking little hammer she held. Perhaps—and what is more probable—she was thinking of one or the other of her new hobbies—geology and children. Of the two, children—and the ragged and the dirtier apparently the better—held the first place in Miss Adelaide Burden's heart. "Say, you hain't prospecting, be ye?" Miss Burden prided herself on her nerves. So it was when this abrupt question was fired into her solitude, she merely raised her eyes slowly till they met those of the speaker. Then she started, and for a moment gazed in surprise. Over the rock she had been listlessly chipping appeared the head of an angel—a shock of waving golden ringlets framing a face of perfect oval, with a skin of the traditional "roses and milk," violet blue eyes shaded by long raven black lashes, and Cupid bow lips of moist carmine parted to show beyond a gleam of pearls. "You hain't be ye?" inquired the angel, impatient for reply. "Well, no—that is, not exactly," replied Miss Burden, slowly, eyeing the angelic face wonderingly. The angel, minus the wings, now came around the rock and took up its stand in front of her, resolving itself into a very dirty little boy of twelve or thirteen. "I didn't know," explained the boy. "I see ye had er lot of spec'mens, and ye was hackin' at ther outcrop like ye was." Miss Burden's answer was to take one of the grimy little hands in hers and draw the boy down on the rock beside her, where with one arm around him she nestled him close against her. The boy viewed this performance with wondering eyes, but offered no resistance to the caress. Once snugly ensconced, Miss Burden said: "Now tell me your name—mine is Adelaide Burden." "Min'e Pericles Finerty. Wheredju live?" "Where do I live? 'Most anywhere." At this the boy turned a solemn, questioning look upon her, and then remarked, gravely: "Now you're kiddin'!" "No, I'm not, really," protested Miss Burden. "Well, then, what'er mean by that?" Miss Burden smiled. "It is this way," she explained. "I have a little money and no relatives and like to travel, so that really I have no home." The boy's blue eyes opened wider still and they fairly sparkled as he said: "By jove! ain't that great?" Then, seeing the surprised look on her face, "say, that ain't swear, is it?" "Oh, no, that's not swearing. But what makes you ask?" "Oh, dad says no gent'man swears in the presence of a lady, and that swearin' is a useless sort of vice."

"Does your father ever swear?" "Oh, lots, but he says it's only because when you's in Philistia do as Philistines do." This was too much for Miss Burden's gravity, and she laughed long and loud, the boy's high falsetto joining in until the rocks rang with the music. "Say," said the boy, suddenly, "ju want some zirkins?" "Zircon crystals?" "I guess so. I know where they's some dandies." "Yes, I would like to get some." "All right; come on; 'tain't far." "Now tell about yourself," she questioned, as they climbed the steep hillside. "Where do you live?" "Up there," with a nod up the canyon. "With your father and mother?" "Mother's dead. Dad an' I back it." "What is your father—a miner?" she persisted. The boy did not answer, and the glimpse she caught of his face showed it hard and set in an ugly, defiant scowl. Miss Burden saw she was treading on dangerous ground, and at once changed her tactics. Taking a base of advantage of her sex, she said: "Don't go so fast; you must remember I can't climb like you can. I must rest a moment," and she sank down on the rock apparently completely exhausted. In a moment the boy was beside her, the hard look gone, his face loveliness with contrition. "Please forgive me," he pleaded. "I—I didn't think." "Why, certainly, dear," she said. "But tell me, who named you Pericles?" "Dad did, I 'spect." "Did he ever tell you about the other Pericles?" "Oh, yes," and his eyes began to sparkle. "I know all about him and all the rest of them old fellers, but I don't like them so much—they's too much like fairy stories. Tell you what I do like, though—" "Yes?" "It's that story about D'Artagan an' Athos an' Porthos an' Aramis—wa'n't that feller Porthos a buster, though?" "The Three Guardsmen?" "Yes, them's the fellers. Dad told me all about them—but this ain't gettin' zirkins. If you're rested we'll try again." Another long, hard climb and they stepped on the narrow shelf that platformed the entrance to what was evidently an abandoned mine. Fishing out a short stub of a candle, the boy lighted it and plunged into the tunnel. "Come on," he called over his shoulder. "Ye can git all the zirkins here ye can lug." For half an hour the sound of steel on rock came softly from the mine. Then the voices grew more and more distinct, and a faint yellow gleam could be seen coming nearer and nearer. At last the light stopped and a voice called out: "What is it, Miss; found some more?" "No, I'm coming," answered a voice farther back in the darkness. As if the vibration of the voice had loosened them, with a grinding groan a tremor ran through the rocks and a few pieces fell clattering from the roof. For a moment the light wavered, then fell spluttering on the damp floor. "Hurry, Miss Burden, hurry! It's cavin' in!" and in the dim light that streaked in through the entrance Miss Burden saw the boy, his face against the opposite wall of the narrow passage, thrust his shoulder against one of the "props" that supported the roof. "Jump right over me—don't stop—she's a-comin' fast!" screamed the boy, his little form quivering with the strain. As Miss Burden sprang over him she saw the "prop" was bulging out from the wall, creaking and groaning with the weight that was slowly pressing down from above. It was hardly a second before she was up the tunnel, and that hardly a second too soon, for as she turned to look back there came a louder rumble, a splintering of wood, then with a crash that sent the rocks flying down the mountain side the earth seemed to close and the tunnel was gone. Decision was one of Miss Burden's chief characteristics. One look she gave, then flew down the hill with a swiftness and vigor that gave the lie to her seeming weakness when climbing up that same path but a short time before. In five minutes she had reached the county road, another minute and she had halted one of the "hacks" that now usurp the functions of the obsolete stage between Colorow and the "Cresek." By an apparently special act of Providence, the "hack" held for passengers four miners on their way to the diggings of Beaver Dam. A few words explained the situation, and in a quarter of an hour from the time of the cave-in five men were at work removing the rock and debris that hid the entrance of the tunnel. Even Miss Burden was lifting and dragging at rocks she had never dreamed it possible to move. Soon an opening was made and the workers began to move more carefully and to speak in lower tones. "Reckon there ain't much left of th' poor leetle devil," whispered the driver, peering into the cavern. "Don't ye gamble on that, mister," remarked a faint voice from within. "If ye'll jest lift this timber a bit

I'll show ye how much there's left." "Mister" drew back with a grin. "Ef I hed know'd it war Finerty's brat I'd know'd jest a little thing like a cave-in 'ud never killed him." Then, with his head in the opening, "Look out, kid, I'm coming," and he disappeared through the hole, followed by one of the others. For a few minutes from inside came sharp commands and the sound of men laboring. Outside the others lifted and pulled in response to the commands. Then a joyful shout of "There you are!" and a slight figure, an almost undistinguishable mass of mud and dirt, one leg dangling, was handed out and laid carefully on the ground. Miss Burden took the soiled head with its golden curls in her lap, while one of the men, with a deftness which showed practice, slit the stocking from the injured limb and proceeded to set the broken bone, improvising splints from a cracker box brought up from the "hack." "There!" said the self-constituted surgeon, as he finished his task. "In two months' time you'll be able to get out and break the other leg." Throughout the operation the boy had hardly winced, only now and then tightening his grasp on Miss Burden's hand, his eyes watching every move of the operator. Now he heaved a sigh of relief, and, turning his eyes up to Miss Burden, said: "Say, I ain't so big, but I done that 'most as good as Porthos, didn't I?" smiled, and faintly, while Miss Burden's tears, falling on his face, left little gulches in the dirt and grime. —New York News.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

A Western View of the Need of Protective Measures. The people of the Pacific States understand perfectly well that their future prosperity depends largely upon the stability of the forest reserve system. The outcry against reserves in general arises from a limited class only. It is partly sincere and partly insincere. The sincere portion arises from ignorance of the relation between forests on the one hand and climate, water supply and agriculture on the other. How dense this ignorance is may be gathered from certain newspaper articles, which assume that the only purpose of the forest reserves is to promote irrigation. This is really only a small part of their purpose. Mining depends upon them quite as much as irrigation. The agricultural development of the Willamette Valley depends upon them, and so does the navigation of the Columbia as well as that of the Mississippi River. The water supply of Portland is one among many things whose continuance is involved in the perpetuity of the forest reserves. The insincere portion of the anti-reserve clamor arises from greed, that shameless and reckless greed which would sacrifice the future welfare of the whole country to the immediate profit of a few timber barons. The reserve policy does not interfere with home making in the slightest degree. It is the declared purpose of the government to open all agricultural land to settlers, and the forestry regulations permit home makers to cut timber on the reservation for domestic use. It is also available for miners, and the surplus is to be marketed in such a way as to feed the lumber without destroying the supply. The whole aim and object of the reserve policy is to develop the States by building homes. Those who assert the contrary are ignorantly or wilfully blind to the facts. Their anxiety for "homes" is a power for unscrupulous cupidity, which would ruin every home in Oregon and Washington if it were not checked. Irrigation and water supply aside, we must remember that our supply of timber cannot last much longer unless some of it is withheld from the market. It looks large, but it is actually small, and it dwindles fast. In shipping it without restraint to foreign markets we act like a prodigal who squanders his inheritance. In a few years we must go begging for what we now cast away with both hands. Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota have carried to the limit the folly of forest waste, which the government is trying to check here before it is forever too late. Where their great pine forests once grew those States have millions of acres of barren land. Would they not gladly exchange those desolate tracts for equal areas of reserved forests? Which helps more the development of a State, a tract of forest or an equal tract of uninhabitable desert?—Portland Oregonian.

Narcosis by Blue Rays. A dentist at Geneva, Dr. Radard, after having for several years made experiments with the narcotic effect of blue light, has submitted his results to the Swiss Society of Odontology. He claims that a complete narcosis can be obtained if the rays of a blue electric light are brought to bear on the human eye, while all other rays of light, particularly of daylight, are kept off it. The narcosis thus obtained is so complete that, during the same, little dental operations, such as pulling or filling teeth, etc., can be executed without causing the patient the least amount of pain. While the effect of the blue rays is a very strong one, that of violet-blue and green rays is less intensive, and yellow or red rays show no effect at all. The inventor is as yet unable to give a definition of the cause of this remarkable discovery. —New York Times.

WORTH QUOTING

A statistician declares that it costs \$25,000 to rear a boy in New York city. Some of the young men on Broadway, snarls the Washington Star, do not appear to be worth it.

It is sad for the New York American to read that burglars culled enough to raid an art store should fall before the commercial spirit sufficiently to include in their booty the cash register.

"Any woman can marry any man she wants," asserts Gertrude Atherton. Every day seems to bring something new for the men to worry about, whines the Washington Post.

Prof. Koch claims that the mosquito in South Africa is responsible for the "sleeping sickness." Around here, insists the Washington Post, in the summer it is to blame for keeping us awake.

A 6-months-old St. Louis baby is suing his grandfather for slander. There's precocity for you, exclaims the New York Herald. Knows not only his pa, but his grandpa!

Scientific tests to determine whether or not a witness is telling the truth may be all right, thinks the Washington Star, but there are fears that they will merely open the way for new complications in expert testimony.

Long investigation has established beyond doubt that the presence or absence of forests has an influence on rainfall. It is equally certain, observes the New York American, that some of our most disastrous floods have been due to the widespread and reckless destruction of the trees.

There are no hogs kept as free from conditions that cause disease as are those in the great corn raising States of the Union. They are not fed on slops and garbage, declares the New Orleans Picayune, as are those in most European countries. However, the time is not far away when all the meat product of the United States will be needed by our own people, and there will be none to export, so that the poor of European countries will have to become vegetarians in spite of themselves.

Professor F. E. Jaffa, after putting some students of Berkeley on a diet of peanuts, reports that ten cents worth of the goobers contain more than twice the protein and six times the amount of energy embraced in a porterhouse steak. The essential question arises, to the New York Sun, whether the peanut bulk is to be masticated a la Fletcher or to be gulped according to Wiley.

Says the Cleveland Plain Dealer: If people must wear coverings for their heads—and there is such a necessity under certain conditions—the straw hat as a sunshade and the cap as a scalp warmer would seem to be appropriate. For all round utility the cap is probably the best headgear ever invented. It might not be a bad idea to have an international commission appointed to solve the problem.

It is said that three-fourths of the white people of Georgia are rejoicing over the passage of the prohibition law and are determined to uphold it. It seems to be purely an economical measure to the Minneapolis Tribune. One of the prohibition leaders in the Legislature declared that it was equivalent to the immediate introduction into Georgia of 100,000 desirable laborers.

A former general of the National Guard recently criticized the administration of the United States Army because it neglected to seize upon the military possibilities of automobiles. Major Hersey, chief inspector of the Weather Bureau, complains that the army is deficient in balloons by contrast to the European contingents. But the country, suggests the Providence Journal, will not quite despair so long as the army can march and shoot.

The new proposition in Prussia to reserve cars on Saturday night railway trains for the intoxicated is novel and startling, but it will have the sympathetic approval of decent folks all over the world, asserts the New York Times. The drunken man in a public conveyance is an intolerable nuisance the world over.

Cured By Nineteen Days' Fast. After fasting for nineteen days, Mrs. Robert Barry, of this city, recently walked for the first time in thirteen months. For a long time she had been bedridden with dropsy and rheumatism. She heard of a man suffering from the same afflictions, who had been cured by fasting, and resolved as a last resort, to try the remedy. She claims she will be completely cured in a few weeks.

The presence in San Bernardino of Dr. Tanner, who fasted for forty days, and who has made his home here for several months, is said to have encouraged Mrs. Barry in her drastic method of treatment and added additional interest to the feat.—San Bernardino Dispatch Phila. North American.

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GEORGE CROGHAN, HERO.

Only a few names escape oblivion, but August 2, 1813, insured lasting fame for Major George Croghan. Ninety-three years later, on August 2, 1906, the remains of this youthful hero were reinterred on the site of his great victory.

During the War of 1812 Croghan, a handsome, spirited Kentuckian, was sent by General Harrison to take command of a poor little stockade, Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio. The place was important only because it guarded the approach to Harrison's headquarters and stores, up the Sandusky River.

On the morning of August 1 General Proctor, the British commander, with 500 regulars, veteran troops who had served under Wellington on the Peninsula, sailed up the river in gunboats of Commodore Barclay's fleet, and landed cannon and howitzers, with which they began to bombard the fort. Meanwhile Tecumseh, with 700 Indians, swarmed through the woods and began the attack from the opposite side. To one of a less sanguine temperament or of less courage than the young commander, the situation must have seemed hopeless. But Croghan not only showed confidence himself, but inspired it in those under him.

Groghan had 160 men and one small cannon, which he moved about from place to place to induce the belief that he had several guns. Late in the afternoon of the 2d the enemy made a united assault. So valiantly and effectively was it repulsed that the whole British and Indian force made precipitate retreat into Canada. "It will not be the least of General Proctor's mortifications," wrote Harrison, "to know that he has been baffled by a youth who has just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero worthy of his gallant uncle, General George Rogers Clark."

Croghan himself wrote just before the battle: "The enemy are not far distant. I expect an attack. I will defend this post to the last extremity. I have just sent away the women and children with the sick of the garrison that I may be able to act without incumbrance. Be satisfied, I shall, I hope, do my duty. The example set me by my Revolutionary kindred is before me. Let me die rather than prove unworthy of their name."

The battle of Fort Stephenson was the first really brilliant effort of the War of 1812. General Sherman said it was "the necessary precursor to Perry's victory on the lake and Harrison's triumphant victory at the Thames, which assured to our immediate ancestors the mastery of the great West, and from that day to this the West has been the bulwark of the nation."

For his exploit Croghan was brevetted lieutenant-colonel by the President of the United States, and Congress awarded him a gold medal.

Some months ago the grave of Colonel Croghan was found in a neglected family burying ground in Kentucky. The remains were taken to Fremont, and on the ninety-third anniversary of the battle were reinterred on the site of the former victory.

Fremont is unique in possessing her old fort in its original area, with its original armament and with the body of its defender, and her citizens cherish the honor of living where of old time a great act was greatly done. —Youth's Companion.

MUCH THE SAME.

"I understand you married a tanner," said one woman to another, as they met in after years.

"Well, something like that," answered the other. "My husband is a country school teacher."—Chicago News.

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