

**THE OLD WOMAN.**

By Gertrude E. King.  
My neighbor's girl is a snow-white  
bride,  
Her frock's as white as my hair,  
And her little head bends 'neath her  
bridal wreath  
As low as mine's bowed with care;  
Her eyes are dimmed by her misty  
veil  
And dim are mine, too, with tears,  
Her lover stands by and he whispers  
low—  
Oh, long are the weary years!  
O God, be good to the little white  
wife,  
Late come her woman's dote—  
My man he sleeps in the clear  
green sea,  
O God, be good to his soul!

My neighbor's wife lies still and pale,  
But her smiling eyes are wide,  
For a little head nests at her curving  
breast  
Her tender heart bestle;  
And little she rocks of her woman's  
palm,  
Awaited with woman's fears,  
As her man-child stirs in his rosy  
sleep—  
Oh, long are the weary years!  
O God, be kind to the rosy child,  
Late come his mother's dote—  
The clover grows over my baby's  
head—  
O God, keep safe his soul!

My neighbor's hands fold close the  
cross  
That lies on his quiet breast,  
The candles gleam at his head and  
his feet,  
And the priest prays long for his  
rest,  
The din of the noisy world without  
Rolls over his patient ears  
To break on my waiting aching  
heart—  
Oh, long are the weary years!  
O God, be good to the toiling  
man,  
Short be his cleansing dote—  
My heart's apart from this weary  
earth,  
O God, call home my soul!  
—From Appleton's Magazine

**My First  
Blizzard**

BY E. M. STEPHENSON.

"A bit run down, and a good bit nervous, and—and—likely to be a lot worse if not attended to at once," was all the old family doctor had to say after a hurried diagnosis of my case.

My mother, whose anxiety was rather pent up anyway, began to cry, and I began to think of Uncle Billy, only a few years my senior, who lived in the far away West on a ranch some twenty-five miles from a railway.

I ran upstairs for the big batch of letters that he had written me and that I had appreciated as coming from him, but whose contents had never before held more than a remote interest for me.

What a change a few words from the old doctor had made in my way of looking at things!

I read these letters afresh with amazement and with the keenest and wildest delight. I even began to pity my uncle in his loneliness, and in one short hour my heart and soul were with him on the plains.

Uncle Billy, who had gone under similar conditions, had recovered almost miraculously, and my parents were willing that I should go, all the more, as so much depended on prompt action in my case.

In twenty-four hours I was aboard the "Burlington," steaming to the westward for a small Indian trading-post, called Fort Morgan, in northern Colorado.

A telegram from my father had brought my uncle to the fort, and there he awaited my arrival. I had left everything behind me; my school, my graduation, my home, and my chums, but had not realized it until my uncle and I had started across the plains to the Big Bijou, on which river, or rather, river-bottom, he had bought a large ranch.

I talked fast and kept as it by main force, in self-defense, for I was afraid to think, and the few hours necessary to reach the ranch soon passed.

Uncle Billy and I were soon chums as of old, and as my health improved I was content with my lot. We busied ourselves with the summer's work, and as the two of us could do more than one alone, we had our Saturdays off, for getting mail at the fort and for marketing our stuff, consisting of eggs and butter, for uncle had not yet begun to market stock from the ranch.

As the winter approached our trips to the market grew less frequent, partly because uncle wanted to get a lot of sod turned before freezing, and partly because by holding off we could command even more exorbitant prices for our produce. The season was nearing the holidays, and more than a month had passed since last we had visited the trading-post, so we decided to go to the fort for a full day's fun.

We arrived early and soon had disposed of our butter and eggs and dressed fowl for almost their weight in gold, and were having a good social time with our few acquaintances when the telegraph operator handed my uncle a dispatch. He read it slowly, and read it again and again, then, looking at me, said: "A blizzard's coming from the north at forty

miles an hour, and only seventy miles away."

Though mortally afraid of such a thing, I almost laughed at the idea of a blizzard with the sky as clear and the sun as bright and warm as a day in June. Nevertheless I aided Uncle Billy to hook up and get away.

We jogged along at a good steady gait, but uncle was silent as a tombstone.

"Do you think we shall have a genuine blizzard, uncle?" said I, venturing to break the silence.

"You can't tell one minute what'll happen the next," was his only reply.

His next word was at the half-way point, and that simply to mention the fact that we were passing it, and was spoken to the horses more than to me.

A little gust of wind caused him to straighten up and look toward the sun, and brought from him the significant remark: "All depends on the team, my boy."

I was ready to think the whole thing a huge joke on a tenderfoot, and was about to say so when my eyes caught sight of a long, dark wall moving rapidly toward us. Already its western end was obscuring the sun and the air was beginning to chill my blood.

Uncle laid on the whip till the horses were on the run. We passed the last ridge hiding our home from vision, and the long line of cottonwoods indicated that we were nearing the ranch.

By this time the sky was growing so dark that I hardly dare look back; and the dark wall was rising higher and higher, and growing blacker and blacker with the passing of every minute.

The horses were doing their best, their furious driver apologizing to them for his unwonted cruelty, when he suddenly yelled with the ferocity of a madman: "If that falls on us before we reach home, you freeze to the Buffalo robe and Doll, and I'll take my chances with old Ned."

Those were the last words I heard till uncle pulled me out of the robe an hour later. The thing fell sure enough, and yet the frightened team would not stop. They kept lunging and plunging and pulling one another up by turns after a fall.

As for me, I could not endure the snow for a second. There were no flakes just snowbanks. These came straight down, only to be whirled about by the wind to make room for more; so I rolled me up in the great robe and lay down in the wagon-box, awaiting orders from Uncle Billy.

Though we were not more than twenty rods from the barn when that wall fell on us, it took the team an interminable hour to reach that barn.

We had left the big double doors open that morning when we started for town, and well for us that we had done so; for no sooner had the faithful horses landed on the barn floor than they dropped from sheer exhaustion. Uncle closed the doors, and then pulling me out, shouted: "They made it all right, but look at 'em."

We set to rubbing them with all our strength, and soon had them dry and warm and bedded in their stalls with hay to their backs.

Being confined in the corral the cattle and sheep had taken refuge in the long, low sheds built for them, and were comparatively safe and comfortable.

The next question was, "How can we get to the house?"

After trying a long line to my wrist, uncle took the other end and lunging into the snow told me to follow when he pulled. At the first indication of tautness, I made a bee-line for the house without waiting for another tug on the rope. To my surprise, I reached the kitchen door without further assistance, only to find at once that my uncle was not there.

Having thoughtlessly released the rope from my wrist, a sudden jerk drew it far out of my reach and I dared not follow.

Intuitively, almost, I took down the old musket and began firing blank shots, hoping thereby to attract my uncle's attention toward the house.

In this I was right. Although blinded with the snow and chilled with frost, Uncle Billy was soon beside me in the shanty, safe and sound.

For three days and as many nights we dare not open the outside door, such was the roaring of the wind and the crackling of the frost.

We spent the time playing checkers and writing to our friends back East that we had the record for fast driving, having sent old Doll and old Ned over twenty-three miles of plains in one hour and fifty-one minutes with two men and a farm wagon behind them.

On the third day we ventured out, to find everything in good order except the cows, which were suffering somewhat for want of milking.

That was my first experience with a blizzard with a big B, and though I have lived out on these plains continuously ever since, and have witnessed wonders in the blizzard line, I have not seen another quite like that one.—Good Work.

**SHIPPING LIVE MINNOWS DRY.**

A Bunch of Them Sent Thus, Without Loss, From New York to Detroit.

The salt water minnow is a hardy little fish. It will lie in the mud, out of water, left there by a receding tide, and keep alive all right for some hours until water comes to it again with the next flood. And so, while commonly all fishes when transported overland are carried in cans

or tanks filled with water, which must be kept constantly aerated while the fishes are on the way, minnows may be shipped for considerable distances out of water if carefully packed, as they are sometimes shipped to anglers for bait.

What is perhaps a record shipment of minnows, for the results attained is one lately made from New York Aquarium to the aquarium in Detroit. The Detroit aquarium wanted a bunch of salt water minnows, some to feed to its marine fishes, and some for exhibition purposes, and for these minnows it sent to the New York Aquarium, which shipped the required little fishes to the number of 500.

For this shipment there was made here a box about 20 inches square by 10 inches deep, around the inner sides of which cleats were nailed about three inches from the top. Then the bottom of the box was covered with wet eel grass, and on this the little minnows, from 2 1/2 to 4 inches in length, were laid carefully to be protected with another layer of eel grass laid over them. And then there were placed in the box on the top layer of eel grass over the fishes strips of wood with their ends supported on the cleats nailed to the inner sides of the box, and then there was put in on these strips ice enough to fill the box. The water from the gradually melting ice would provide sufficient moisture for the fishes on the way and drainage was provided for by holes bored in the bottom of the box.

The minnows were shipped on a fast train and thus packed they went through in good condition and came out all alive. It was about eighteen hours after they left here that they were unpacked in the aquarium in Detroit, but when they were placed in the water there the whole 500 found their fins and swam off gayly.—New York Sun.

**PISTOLS NOT SOLD IN TEXAS.**

But Leased for Fifty Years Instead on Account of a Tax Law.

A cowboy walked into a hardware store at Austin, Texas, and asked for a good six shooter.

"How much is it?" he asked when he had looked it over.

"I can't sell it to you," the dealer replied, "but I will lease it to you for fifty years for \$15."

"This is a dad blamed funny kind of a joint," the cowboy said. "I don't want to lease a gun; I want to own it."

He started to walk out, but was called back by the dealer, who explained that the late Legislature passed a law which imposes a tax of 50 per cent, on the gross proceeds from the sale of pistols.

"If I sold you this six shooter for \$15 I would have to pay the State a tax of \$7.50," the hardware man explained. "I can lease it to you for fifty years and won't have to pay the State anything."

The cowboy saw the point and leaped the gun.

The law which was enacted for the purpose of taxing pistols out of existence in Texas "has been in effect more than nine months. During that period only two pistols have been sold in Texas, according to the tax records, records of the State comptroller's office.

One of these weapons was sold the other day in Amarillo for \$15 and the dealer made a remittance of \$7.50 tax on the sale. The other pistol was sold at Gainesville several weeks ago for \$10 one half of which sum passed into the coffers of the State.

It is said that dealers all over Texas are evading the new law by leasing pistols for periods of fifty years and more. Pistol toting is not openly practiced in any part of Texas. Many men still wear six shooters but the weapons are hidden. There has been a wonderful change through out the southwest in this respect during the last fifteen or twenty years.

In the early days almost every native in this region wore one or two six shooters in holsters attached to a belt around his waist. Then the moral wave which wiped out gambling and is about to do away with the saloon in Texas came along and the six shooter lost its popularity.

Only a few days ago a man here was fined \$100 for carrying a pistol. Not a great many years ago \$1 and costs was the usual punishment in flicted.

**Misuse of Telephone.**

Will there soon be a reaction against the ever ubiquitous telephone? It strikes me there may, because I hear on all sides complaints of its misuse, especially by the younger members of the community. A lady of note, who is very good-natured in having girls to stay with her in town, was found complaining bitterly the other day that she could never get near the instrument herself because her young guests were exchanging confidences all day long with their girl friends as to their frocks and young men.—Gentlewoman.

The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress.

Greenland has a population of 11,895.

**Household Notes**

**BAKED BEAN RABBIT.**

A novelty in the shape of a bean rabbit is recommended in the Woman's Home Companion as a good way of using up the left over beans. The recipe is as follows:

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika, one-half cupful of milk and one cupful of cold mashed baked beans. Stir until thoroughly heated and add one-half cupful of grated soft, mild cheese. As soon as the cheese has melted serve on small circular pieces of toasted bread. The recipe is admirably adapted for chafing dish use.

**EGGS A LA LUCCHESI.**

Six hard cooked eggs, one cupful of milk, one small sliced onion, two beaten raw yolks of eggs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, a pinch of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of butter or oil, pepper and salt to taste, a little lemon juice.

Fry the onion until nearly brown in the oil or butter; add the milk, the eggs cut in halves, and stew over a slow fire for four minutes; then stir in the two yolks of eggs, the parsley, cheese, cinnamon, salt and pepper.

Mix over a slow fire for eight minutes, squeeze a little lemon juice over and serve very hot.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

**BAVARIAN VEAL CHOPS.**

When surrounded by macaroni a la substance make a dish very attractive to the eye as well as to the palate. Wipe six loin chops, and put in a stew pan with half an onion, eight slices of carrot, two stalks of celery, one-half teaspoonful of peppercorns, four cloves and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cover with boiling water, and cook until the chops are tender. Drain, season with salt and pepper, dip in flour, egg and crumbs, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Arrange on a hot serving dish, and surround with one cupful—measured before boiling—of boiled flat macaroni broken into two-inch pieces and mixed with the following sauce: Peel and slice onions; there should be two cupfuls. Cover with boiling water, cook five minutes, drain, again cover with boiling water, and cook until soft; again drain, and rub through a sieve. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended, then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of chicken stock. Bring to boiling point and add the onion and one half cupful of cream or milk. Season with one half teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of pepper.—Woman's Home Companion.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

A cold boiled potato will take the place of mullage for pasting small articles. Cut in half and rub over desired surface.

Iron spots should be covered with salt moistened with lemon juice and laid in the hot sunshine for several days, moistening the salt frequently.

When washing black calicoes and lawns, make the bluing water very dark, in order to restore color. A better way is to wash them in bran water or thin starch.

To lighten your doorstep put half a pound of glue size in a saucepan, add a pint and a half of water, and slowly dissolve on the stove. When quite melted add one pound of powdered whiting, stirring it in gradually. Apply with a stiff brush, and if too hard add more water.

To keep kettle covers and galvanized pie plates from dropping from shelves and tables in pantry get three laths and two slats about one inch and a half thick and eighteen inches long. Nail one lath at the end of slats on either end, forming the bottom; the two remaining laths about four inches apart. Nail it anywhere it would be convenient. It will give ample space for covers, etc., and save wear.

Sweet oil will remove finger-marks from varnished furniture, and paraffine from oiled furniture. Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other goods, and will not hurt the most delicate of fabrics.

If kid gloves are laid upon a damp towel for two or three minutes they will go on with less chance of tearing. A glove manufacturer advises that the upper part of a mousquetaire glove be turned down beyond the button, and when the fingers and hands are worked in the top may be carefully turned, but not pulled, back.

A good gloss for shirt-fronts is the following:—Take two ounces of fine white gum-arabic powder, put it into a pitcher and pour on it one pint of boiling water, cover it, and let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a bottle; use one tablespoonful to a pint of starch made in the usual manner; use a polishing-iron also.

Since Japan recovered from Russia a part of the Island Saghalien schools and hospitals have been introduced, and about 20,000 immigrants have arrived from Japan.

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**FROM PILOT TO "SAMURAI."**

Money is being raised in Japan to restore the monument of Will Adams, the first English resident of that country and the founder of the Japanese fleet. No fiction of adventure is more romantic and seemingly improbable than is the story of this Kentish pilot of the seventeenth century. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his books on Japan, tells the tale of the young Englishman's rise to fortune.

In 1600 Will Adams arrived in Japan in command of a Dutch ship. Adams had partaken of many a sea adventure, and had probably been brought in contact with Hawkins, Drake, Sir Richard Grenville and the other celebrated voyagers of that day. He says himself, in his account of his life, that he "served for Master and Pilot in her Majesty's ships."

On landing in Japan, Adams was taken prisoner and sent to Osaka to the great Emperor Iyeyasu.

"As soon as I came before him he demanded of what country we were," says Adams. "So I answered him on all points. He asked whether our country had warres. I answered him yes. He asked as to the way we came to the country. Having a chart of the whole world I showed him through the Straight of Magellan. He viewed me well and seemed to be wonderful favorable."

The Emperor attached Adams to his personal service, and later we read of the late pilot teaching his royal master "geometry and understanding of the art of mathematics."

Adams was well provided for, and commanded to build ships for deep-sea sailing. Before long he was created Samurai, and an estate was given him.

Surely no romance of that romantic age was stranger than the rise of this plain English pilot, with only his simple honesty and common sense to help him. He was in such extraordinary favor with the greatest and shrewdest of Japanese rulers that we read in a contemporary account: "The Emperor esteemeth him much, and he may goe in and speake to hym at all times when Kynges and Princes are kept out."

Adams' only cause for regret in his elevation to fortune was the fact that he was never allowed to visit his native land. His services were regarded as too precious to be spared. The Emperor never refused him anything but this one privilege, and Adams did not dare to urge the matter too hard, for, as he writes, "When I asked too many times the Ould Emperor was silent."

**To Try Growing Hemp in Wisconsin.**

Experiments in the growing of hemp in Wisconsin will be conducted by the agronomy department of the University of Wisconsin in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture and the State Board of Control. The farms of the State penitentiary at Waupun, the Mendota insane asylum and the agricultural experiment station at Madison have been chosen for the experiment, which will be carried on under the supervision of L. H. Dewey, a government agronomist. The plan is to discover what soils in this State are best adapted to the culture of hemp, and whether crops can be produced at a price to make possible its use for binder twine. Experiments will also be made with various machines for the separation of the fibres from the plant, and to discover the economic value of hemp as a rotation crop.—Madison Correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.

In a recent campaign of the French in Madagascar 14,000 men were sent to the front, of whom twenty-nine were killed in action and over 7000 perished from preventable diseases. In the Boer War the English losses were ten times greater from disease than from bullets.

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