

Boys That Run the Furrow.

You can write it down as gospel,
With the flags of peace unfurled,
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that rule the world!

It was written on the hilltops,
In the fields where blossoms blend;
Prosperity is ending
Where the furrow has an end!

The glory of the battle,
Of flashing swords blood-red,
Is nothing to the warfare
Of the battle-hosts of Bread!

The waving banners of the field
O'er the broad land unfurled—
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that rule the world!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A Tube of Antitoxin

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

One foggy September evening Ezra Morton's six-year-old Bennie was sick. Young Stitham, who for two years had been the doctor for Atlantic Cove, looked serious, as he drew the fisherman into the kitchen out of Mrs. Morton's hearing. Of what he whispered, but two words matter—"diphtheria" and "antitoxin."

To the townsman the obtaining of medicine means merely slipping out to the corner drug-store. But what if you dwell in the only house on an island three miles out at sea? Besides, the Cove apothecary never kept antitoxin.

"Just one tube in my case at home," said Doctor Stitham. He scratched a note and passed it to Morton. "Hand this to my wife, and she'll give you the serum. Hustle as fast as gasoline can take you. Remember Bennie's life is in that package."

In five minutes Ezra was churning round the point in his motor-boat. Thirty minutes to Blaisdell's wharf, fifteen to the doctor's house and back, and he was headed out again, the package buttoned safely into an inside pocket.

In the thick fog he could barely see a boat length. But what of that? His lantern lighted the compass. Southeast by east a quarter east—he had steered it hundreds of times.

"Chug! chug! chug! Chug! chug! chug! The Porpoise whittled down the distance at a six-knot gait; but to Morton's anxious heart she seemed to be merely crawling. Bennie's life was in his pocket. What if the doctor had not had the package? He felt it bulging squarely and his courage rose.

Crunch! Down sprawled the fisherman beside his engine. Before he could rise the water was spouting in. He had struck a sharp nubble on the end of Razorback. Eager to get back, he had forgotten the extremely low tide on the dark of the moon, when the ledge was dangerous to shoal-water craft.

Mechanically Ezra reversed the engine and stopped his boat, by this time half-full. Presently it settled to bottom, the water rising to his watch-pocket. The lantern had sputtered out, leaving him in absolute blackness.

For a few seconds he stood stunned. Helpless on that submerged rock, the precious tube inside his coat. What should he do?

Obedient the first impulse, he sent his voice echoing over the murky sea. But there was no response. The Cove lay two miles behind, beyond the reach of even his strong lungs. Neither could they hear him on the outside of Burncoat, a mile oceanward. But perhaps some stray fisherman—Again he made the fog ring, then stopped to listen; still no answer. Zimro Emerson and Paul Clyde were night-hacking, but they had probably gained the grounds outside the island an hour ago.

Morton faced the situation. The ledge nowhere reached the surface. The tide would soon turn, and the water gradually deepen, until in two hours he would be unable to touch bottom with his toe-tips. Besides, what of Bennie!

The fisherman reflected, not rapidly, but clearly. Soon he had decided exactly what to do. He began to take off his clothes.

But where did Burncoat lie? His compass, water-tight, would have pointed him southeast by east a quarter east. But by this time the matches in his hip-pocket were soaked. He listened hard, ear to the water. Presently he caught it—that faint rumbling of flint pebbles rolling up and down the island beach in the ocean swell. That way he must swim.

Soon his clothes were bunched. The package of antitoxin he dared not trust to be water-soaked. So he tied it on his head.

Meanwhile the tide had risen slightly. His fingers told him it was flowing in. Pushing his bundle before him he launched into the gloom.

As a boy Morton had been the best swimmer at the Cove. Tonight he needed all his strength and skill. By daylight, with the tide favoring, it would have been an easy swim. But against the flood, with only that faint rumble to guide him, he was fighting tremendous odds.

It certainly sounded louder and nearer. Encouraged, he swam on again, pushing his water-soaked bundle ahead. Suddenly his hand struck a soft, gelatinous mass; then another and another. Ugh! A school of sun-jellies. How his fingers stung and smarted! To his great relief he soon was clear of them.

Behind came a low rushing. A land-breeze had begun. Ezra felt a thrill of anxiety. If the wind were very strong, it might raise a sea that would drown the rote and efface his only means of determining direction. He swam desperately, throwing himself half out of water.

Hough! What was that to his right? A momentary fear sent a shiver over him. Sharks, strayed north from warmer seas, had been known inside Burncoat. Only last week one had torn his mackerel-nets. A loud splash sent the water over him. Then a wheezy grunt. Morton almost laughed in relief. Only a porpoise, a "puffing pig!"

The breeze was stiffening. Little wavelets washed against his neck. Louder grew their dashing. At last it entirely drowned the rumble on the beach.

Cold despair lay at Ezra's heart. He could almost see the little chamber, with his wife and the doctor bending over the bed. He could imagine Stitham going outside to listen impatiently for the motor-boat. And all the while Bennie's clutch on life was weakening.

Morton listened in vain. Wind and sea were too loud. Then he remembered that, as a boy he had often put his ear under water, while a comrade hundreds of feet away struck two stones together, and he had heard them clearly. Perhaps he might be able thus to detect the rolling flints.

Dipping his left ear under and pressing his fingers into his right he listened. Far ahead he heard it distinctly, a faint submarine thunder.

Suddenly the packet on his head slipped from under the loosened string. He clutched wildly, but it was gone somewhere into the pitchy waves.

Ezra was so badly frightened that his strength almost left him. As well not gain the island at all as without the precious tube. Round and round he paddled, heart-sick, straining the water through his fingers. He must find the package, Bennie's life, before some billow flung it out of his reach.

Before, behind, to right, to left he clawed. At last his fingers tapped it, bobbing in the dark.

Joy at its recovery almost blinded Ezra to his own peril. He dared not trust it again on his head. Finally he placed it between his teeth. To be sure, it held his mouth uncomfortably open, so that the water washed in. But no matter, so long as it was safe.

On he pushed in the gloom, occasionally thrusting his ear under to listen for the pebbles. He was gradually tiring out. His strong muscles could not drive him forever against the swirling tide. Turning on his back, he floated for a moment. But he could not long afford so costly a luxury. The current was sweeping him back. He must purchase every idle moment by increased efforts.

Morton had now been in the water fully an hour. His mouth choked with brine. He could hear only the voices of the deep, wave answering to wave. He could feel only the cold splashing flood that gave him unwilling way. Upon him, too, was the horror of the pit-like gloom, yielding, clinging, soot above, ink below.

Although he had seen nothing since the sea snuffed out his lantern, his eyes, dazed with absolute blackness, began to picture strange visions.

Worst of all, his ears, dulled by constant submersions, were losing power to detect the roll of the sibilant. If he missed Burncoat, he would lose both his own life and Bennie's. What if he should be suddenly stricken deaf! What if a cramp should seize him!

Rain-drops fell. At first, few, big, slow; then in a smart shower. After it, capfuls of wind. The land-breeze was driving back the fog. Far behind he caught the Cove lights twinkling. But ahead all was still dark.

Bennie's danger was the stay that kept Morton up. He must save his own life for the boy's sake. His strong teeth clenched the package tightly. Surely he must be near the island now.

Lights danced before him. Stars, spurts of flame, sheets of pale fire—he knew that all were illusions. He swam stubbornly on. Did Burncoat or the open sea lie before? He did not know.

To his left flickered a little yellow candle. At first Morton took it for a cheat. Again he looked, and again, expecting it to vanish. But there it danced, somewhat above the surface. He kept his eyes shut for a full half-minute. When he opened them, the light still shone alone against the blackness.

It was the doctor on the bluff with a lantern!

discouraged. But Ezra now had the pebbles to guide him, if he could only hold out.

"If! He could barely move his arms and legs. Numb, choking, exhausted, he once or twice stopped swimming from sheer weariness. His feet hung down as if weighted; his body seemed almost as water-sodden as the bundle he still mechanically pushed before him. With Titanic effort he fought the fearful leaden fatigue. Red against the blackness he saw the doctor's last words: "Remember Bennie's life is in that package."

"Gr-r-r-r!" Deeper, louder, nearer rumbled the rolling pebbles. Lower sank Morton's feet. And now he began to feel the drag of the undertow. It sucked him down and back. With a tremendous struggle he drew his feet up. A wave caught him and rolled him over and over. He swallowed considerable water, but his jaws gripped the package like a bulldog's. Come what might, he would never let go of that.

A few more blind strokes and his feet touched bottom. As the wave rolled back, he hooked his fingers into the flints and held hard; then rose, grasped his bundle and stumbled up the beach. Safe above the waves, he dropped on the ratny pebbles. Their hard, wet slope seemed the most delicious bed he had ever known. But Bennie! Would he be in time?

Rising stiffly, he pulled on his clothes and staggered forward; stormed the steep, slippery bluff; threaded the path, Bennie's path, through the spruces and came against his own cabin, with the lamp shining from the uncurtained chamber. He caught one glimpse of the doctor's set jaw, of his wife covering her face with her hands. A moment later he lifted the latch and stumbled in. Too exhausted for words, he collapsed on the floor, holding out the soggy package to Stitham. The doctor seized it and disappeared in the bedroom.

It was morning when Morton awoke. Stitham was standing by his bedside. Morton looked up appealingly, fearfully.

"It's all right," said the doctor. "Bennie'll pull through." — Youth's Companion.

CHILDREN'S LIES. Give Small People a Large Objective World to Absorb Them.

A general conclusion from a study of children's lies contributed by G. Stanley Hall to the Appleton's Magazine is that children should have an active life and see events of a stirring character. "They need," Professor Hall says, "an objective world varied, large and active enough to greatly absorb them, and then they will not need to improvise and create. The dull, uniform monotony of school life and lessons leaves not only an aching void but a mass of surplus energy and craving in the child, so that it must often either resign itself to mental poverty or else expiate far and wide and with considerable abandon into the world of shams in order to create the outside interests it does not find presented to it."

Professor Hall thinks that parents and teachers are often directly responsible for untruth. To press children for confessions of their own misdeeds or those of their playmates, he says, is to "present one of the strongest temptations to evasion and deceit, if not to direct falsehood." Even in the family children often have a kind of freemasonry which makes it bad form to tell to parents the misdeeds of one another.

"The same principle applies," the writer continues, "against too great intrusion into the private life of children. All who have studied them realize that there are masses of crude superstitions which they very early learn to repress; that a little later there are minor misdeeds and sometimes immoral habits that persistent seek refuge in the darkness of concealment. Every child needs to have a domain of life and experience all its own, sacred from intrusion; and the temptation of fond parents to maintain complete confidence with their growing boys and girls is met by a natural instinct of resistance on the part of the child, which is often manifested by reservations, prevarications and perhaps by positive lies. Hence, a wise policy of letting alone and of seeming to ignore and of respecting the child's own personality as inviolable removes another of the temptations to lie."

Professor Hall gives some strange cases of what he calls pathological lies. One little girl invented a baby sister for the benefit of her teacher and schoolmates; and after conducting her through several months of vicissitude wound up her career with a death and funeral. Another child appeared at school in black and said that her mother had died. A few months later she related that her father had married again; but there had been neither death nor wedding in her family. The love of lies for their own sake can, it seems, be "as strong as that of drink, quite apart from all motives of love of attention and of gain." If the withdrawal of attention and sympathy and credence falls in these cases the calling of a doctor is recommended.

Wanted it.
"So your divorce was granted, eh?" remarked Little. "Tell me, how do you find single life?"
"Great!" exclaimed Large.
"You don't understand me," interrupted Little. "I'm asking for information. How do you find it?"—

Household Notes

APPLE JELLY PUDDING.

Turn three pints of scalding milk on to a pint of sifted Indian meal, stir in two heaping tablespoonsfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of either cinnamon or ginger and a teaspoonful of salt. Add a dozen sweet apples, pared and sliced thin. Bake three hours in a moderate oven. The apples will form a nice sweet jelly.—Washington Star.

STEAMED PEACH PUDDING.

Mix well a cup of flour, two of bread crumbs and a half cup chopped nuts, preferably almonds. Stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs, three-fourths cup sugar, a little lemon juice and two heaping cups of chopped peaches. Lastly, put in the whipped whites of three eggs. Turn into a well buttered mold and steam two hours. Serve with peaches pressed through a sieve and sweetened.—Washington Star.

FRUIT COCKTAIL.

Put into each punch glass a spoonful of chilled ice. Arrange on this a tablespoonful of orange pulp, with some of the juice; a teaspoonful pineapple cubes, fresh or canned, two or three white grapes, seeded and sliced; a few bits of banana and two or three strawberries, sliced. Sprinkle with a tablespoonful powdered sugar; then fill the glass with grape juice alone or a combination of grape juice and any other fruit juice preferred.—Washington Star.

DATE FLUFF DUFF.

Stone enough dates to make a cupful, stew until tender, then put through a colander. Mix with a cupful of sugar in which a teaspoonful of cream of tartar has been sifted. Beat the whites of five eggs with a pinch of salt until perfectly stiff. Add the yolks of two and whip again. Now mix lightly, little by little, with the sweetened dates and turn into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle over the top a half cupful finely chopped nut meats and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes. Serve with cream, plain or whipped.—Washington Star.

DATE MERINGUE.

Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add three teaspoonfuls sugar, a teaspoonful lemon juice and a half pound dates, stoned and cut up fine. Turn into a well buttered dish and bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Serve as soon as cooled with a custard made from the egg yolks or thick sweet cream. Dates may also be used in any pudding where raisins are generally employed. An ordinary bread pudding is greatly improved by the addition of a cupful of dates.—Washington Star.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.

Mix sifted Indian meal with three pints of scalding hot milk. If you have no milk, water may be substituted. Stir in three large tablespoonfuls of sugar or molasses, two of wheat flour, half a spoonful of ginger or two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and one of salt. Two or three eggs, a little melted butter or chopped suet improve the pudding, but these are not essential. Do not have the pudding bag, which should be well floured inside, much more than half full of the batter, as it requires considerable room in which to swell. It will be good when boiled three hours, but is better for six hours' boiling. It can be partly boiled the day before it is to be served, but should not remain in the water unless boiling. Serve with butter and sugar or molasses. This is a good dessert to go with a boiled dinner.—Washington Star.

SOME HOUSEHOLD DANGERS.

After filling a lamp, too, be careful to wipe the outside dry, for any trickle of oil on the sides might easily catch fire.

Don't allow the oil to stand in the lamp. If it is not burned it should be thrown away. It gathers impurities and increases the risk of an explosion. For the same reason always keep the paraffin can well corked.

Be careful when you light a fire in the kitchen that there is plenty of water in the boiler. Otherwise, when the cold water rushes into the hot boiler it is likely to crack it.

Don't put clothes round the fire to dry and then go to bed and leave them. A spark may easily fly out of the fire and set them alight. Never leave a wood fire unguarded. Always put a metal fire screen or something of that sort in front of it to prevent the sparks flying.

Don't try to make a fire draw by holding a newspaper up in front of it. If it doesn't set fire to the mantel-piece or to your own clothes, it may fly blazing up the chimney and set that alight.

If you use a gas stove never leave it with anything that might boil over cooking upon it. It is quite possible for soup or milk boiling over to put out the gas flame, and the escaping gas will fill up the room. And then as soon as somebody comes in with a light—bang!

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Miserable London Slums

By VANCE THOMPSON.

A group of dirty fellows stands at the street corner, against the background of a public house. You see that in New York and you see it in London, but you do not see it anywhere save in the Anglo-Saxon world. The German and the Latin idiom, but only those of our breed loaf, in gloomy fellowship, at street corners. These fellows of Brick Lane are typical of the race. Their hands are in their pockets. Their caps are pulled down over their eyes. Their shoulders are hunched up. They are mean and sullen and wicked. A bold girl passes. Her hair is in curl papers; her boots are broken; her skirt drags muddily. Under her arm is a bundle of coats covered with a black linen cloth, which she has just finished mending for the "sweater." One of the loafers lifts his head, showing a sallow face—a face like a bad dream—and draws an insult at the girl.

"Garn, ye petty-larcenists!" she says, and goes her way.

An old woman in cap and apron comes from the public house; she is bent and weakened; she carries a wretched little thing that seems to belong to the human species, an idiot, almost bald, that rattles a sort of wooden ball, filled with nuts or pebbles. A man crosses the road. Like all the others he is small. They breed the Londoner big and tall and wholesome in the West; here the Englishmen are little and warped and stunted—no bigger than the Jews. This little man slouches along; his coat is foul with mud and grease; a dirty brown neckerchief hides his lack of a shirt; his trousers are trodden rags about his heels; he is swallowed by the black mouth of a lodging house. Go you in after him. There are half a thousand such places where you may get a four-penn'orth of sleep. Through a stone hall you come into the living room, where at night the men sleep on the benches. At one side an iron sink with a dripping faucet. Beyond, the dormitory, filled with beds, where adults and children sleep together. A woman squats on the floor, weaving the mats she hawks from door to door. Now and then she calls one of the children over to her and cuffs it; probably her own. The man who has just come in tells her of his "luck." It has been bloody bad, he says, and he sits at a table and eats fried fish out of a yellow paper. As it grows later the lodgers come in by one and two. Some are well on in drink and happy. Tobacco smoke, the smell of food and beer, a rank odor of stale humanity cloud the air. At the fire the women quarrel for room to toast herrings.—From "The Pent and Huddled East," in the Outing Magazine.

The Honey Guide of Africa.

The honey guide belongs to Africa. When it desires to feed upon some comb which it has discovered it makes its way to a human being, flutters about restlessly and hops from bush to bush and from one ant to another until it succeeds in attracting the man's attention. During this time it utters a shrill cry of "Cherr, cherr!" The native who understands its habits follows it. The honey guide now goes ahead, always watching to see that the man is following. At length the honey nest is reached. While the native attacks the nest and riles the comb the bird still flutters about, chirping. When the man departs the honey guide descends from its perch and helps itself.—Springfield Republican.

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