

The SILENT.
If the little sister or the little brother
Came crying through the darkness
to our door;
"Beloved, thou canst help me and
no other.
Ah, pity! Implore!"
Would we not draw them close in
tender fashion
With never word of censure or sur-
prise,
And soothe and aid them there with
all compassion,
We, who are old and wise?
How is it, then, when we from one
another
Cry to those higher with despairing
breath,
Ourselves the little sister or the
brother,
To one most wise in death

Prayer: "Ah, comfort me, ah, guide
me truly,
From thy white wisdom counsel or
consent."
Ah, ever to these silent rises newly
Our sound of discontent.
Can they forget so wholly, nor dis-
cover
The weak hands groping at their
garment's hem—
The little sister or the little brother,
Would we not stoop to them?
—Theodosia Garrison, in the Apple-
ton's.

TALE OF AN OLD FREIGHTER

AN UNWILLING HIGHWAYMAN.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"Along with forty years as freighter," said Uncle Dick Weymeyer, "I put in ten years as government scout and guide and in guarding coaches and stage stations. A year or so after the triweekly was established between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fe, the Kiowas and Comanches made guards necessary at stations along the upper Arkansas."
"With seven others I was stationed as guard at the adobe ranch on Wolf Creek. There was no military fort nearer than Leavenworth, and the passengers,—about a dozen usually,—the driver and messenger or conductor of the big Concord coach had to look out for themselves between stations. An arsenal of Colt's revolvers and rifles with revolving cylinders was furnished to each coach by the mail contractors, and pretty often these guns had to be used in standing off the hostiles."
"For several months the stage between Wolf Creek and the Picketwire was attacked as often as once a week. A number of times we were rattled out in the night to go to the rescue."
"One night, in spite of a man on picket, our ponies were stampeded, breaking off of a pole corral and running off, some up and some down the Arkansas. When we discovered that the animals had been scared by wolves instead of Indians, several of us set out on foot in search of them."
"I went down on the trail side of the valley, hunting out the ravines, and was half-way to the Picketwire and near to the mouth of Big Sandy when night came on. There'd been a fierce rain up this creek, which in the rainy season sported itself one day as a harmless little rivulet, and as a rip-roaring river the next."
"That evening it was a river, and knowing its bottom across the Arkansas flats a heap better than the drivers on that relay, I wandered down to the stage road to pilot the coach across, and incidentally to earn a ride up to Wolf Creek."
"The trail crossed Big Sandy right at the edge of the foot-hills and about a hundred and fifty yards above its mouth. It wanted, by my reckoning, about half an hour of stage-time at the crossing. I proposed to swim over to meet the coach on the east bank, and I was passing over a broken sage-bush ridge, to get down to the crossing, when, going into a little dip in front, I caught a glimpse of what appeared to be the backs of several horses."
"It was well on toward dark, and knowing that I could not hope to approach loose horses from behind, I doubled over and scooted round a crest of the rise. I took a peep, and seeing nothing of the animals, entered a little ravine which I thought would enable me to head them off, as they had appeared to be moving slowly."
"When I thought I had gone far enough, and still neither saw nor heard anything of the ponies, I turned and went up the slope of the ravine in a direction opposite the one in which they had been travelling. And when I had come to the level, I saw some shadowy figures which seemed to be worming and zigging among the sage-bushes. I hadn't time to speculate before a low voice, gruff and angry, spoke to me in the Kiowa tongue, bidding me get down on hands and knees."
"I lost no time in getting down. The Indian had taken me for one of his fellows, and evidently none of the crawlers had taken a second glance at me, for I had on a wool hat and citizen's clothes."

"It was darker down among the sage-bushes, and I lay quiet for a minute, waiting for a safe chance to slip back into the ravine. Then there was a rustle of newcomers, who had come up the slope in my rear. These dropped on all fours close to my heels, and it was these fellows sneaking over the ridge behind whom I'd mistaken in the darkness for horses!"
"And this whole bunch was creeping down to the crossing to pour a murderous fire into the coming coach, doubtless when it should be most helpless, trying to struggle out of the flood."
"They were keeping low because the messenger sometimes scouted ahead of his coach, and neither his horses' hoof-beats nor the rattle of the wagon could be heard above the noise of the swollen current of the Big Sandy."
"There was but one thing I could do to prevent immediate contact with the Indians in my rear, and that was to crawl forward. With my head under sage-bush, I pulled off my wool hat, crushed it into a ball and thrust it into a pocket. Then I crept down the slope, edging to one side in the hope of getting free of my unwelcome company."
"This I might have done, but an awkward young buck floundered through the bush, came plump alongside, and on the wrong side, too. He spoke to me, and I gave him an angry and contemptuous grunt."
"He said no more, but stuck to me like a brother, so that I was compelled to lie close to the ground and worm along like a snake in the grass."
"When we reached the bottom of the slope, and lay amid the low sage-bunches within a dozen paces of the trail at the crossing, I was hemmed in on all sides by the hidlers."
"I do not know how many there were, but, judging from the firing later, there couldn't have been less than thirty, and most likely there were forty or fifty of them."
"Well, as I lay there among the miscreants, my thoughts were not to be envied. I knew the stage was to be attacked at close range, and I knew Bill Thorpe, the conductor in charge. There would be, whatever the outcome, the hottest kind of a fight. Suppose I were to be killed or severely wounded before I could extricate myself from this murderous gang! There would be a pretty story to tell of Dick Weymeyer all along the line."
"It was well known that I had been a prisoner among the Kiowas, that I spoke their tongue, and that I had friends among them, especially in Chief Katzato, who had saved my life. The stampeding of our horses, this carefully laid plan of attack on the coach, would point straight to me, if I were to be found among the dead Kiowas."
"I grew frantic as the possible outcome forced itself upon my mind. I started to crawl backward, hoping to find a way open for retreat, and my feet came in contact with an Indian, who grunted at me under his breath, calling me a 'clumsy turtle.' Luckily, I wore moccasins. If I had worn boots, 'twould have been all up with me then."
"I then crawled forward flat upon my face until I came to the creek bank, and could peer out upon the widened current. Here I had a Kiowa within arm's reach on either hand, and here I lay calling together nerve and resolution for the most desperate move of my life."
"Presently I could see a dimly moving shadow seventy-five yards away, which apparently sank out of sight, dropping slowly into the current. I heard a low ejaculation at my left, which was cautiously passed to rear, and I was aware of the 'pressure of a forward movement which aimed to bring the Indians into more compact firing-line."
"The stage-coach had already entered the flooded current, and there was no second for me to spare. I leaped to my feet and jumped, with a shrill yell of warning and defiance, into the creek. I sank instantly, pushing across the current under water as far as I could hold my breath. As I had expected, my first break to the surface drew the fire of those enraged Kiowas, who now knew they had had either a traitor or a spy in their company."
"Catching at my breath, and with the rattle of firearms in my ears, I plunged beneath the surface of the water, which ran about to my armpits. I was obliged to drop my rifle and dig fingers and toes into the sand to keep under water and hold my course straight across."
"When I came to the surface, out of breath again, I was about equidistant between two fires. The stage-driver had halted, and was turning about. The conductor and coach passengers were using their repeaters in a rapid fire upon the Indians. I bent forward, and with eyes and nose only above the surface, scooted for the stage."
"At that instant the Indians, confident in their superior numbers, plunged in a body into the current and made a rush for the coach, with only their heads and the arms that held their weapons above water."
"When I had come within twenty yards of the coach, I saw that the driver of its four-in-hand had mismanaged the mules, and his teams were swung around against a bank, which they could not mount—much less could they drag the coach up after them."
"At the top of my lungs I yelled at him to turn into the stream, to go with the current straight into and across the Arkansas. This was, in fact, the only hope left of safety. I

knew the Indians must have left their horses quite a way back in the ravines and I knew they could not follow across the Arkansas at the gait those mules could be driven; and on the other side was the old Picket-wire trail, which could be taken clean up to the crossing at Wolf Creek."
"But in the hullabaloo my shouts were mistaken for the yells of an Indian, and seeing the shadowy figures of other waders beyond, some of the passengers opened fire on me at fifteen paces. I was hit in the shoulder, and I dove again, scrambled forward, and came to the surface, bumping against the forward wheel of the coach. A passenger who was watching fired at me within arm's length, but luckily was so excited that he missed."
"In the next instant I had knocked the pistol from his hand and scrambled into the boot with the driver. The messenger, at the back of the coach, was busy with a gun."
"I snatched his lines from the driver, who seemed for the moment dazed and helpless."
"Wake up!" I yelled in his ear. "Wake up and use your whip! Lay on for dear life!"
"A steady pull in the right direction brought the mules away from their impossible climb, and they took to the current like ducks. The driver got his cue and laid the whip to them, and it was mighty well he did. There wasn't a second to spare. By the time we'd got going, the creek was awarming with reds rushing at us in a boll of water."
"As it was, five or six of the Kiowas got hold of the coach, and they were literally hammered back at the butts of the guns; for by this time the messenger and passengers—there were seven of them—had fired all the barrels of every Colt they could lay hands on."
"Then the mules got under way, and with the coach fairly afloat, we sailed into and across the Arkansas; and after that all we had to do was to keep them running to Wolf Creek."
"On our side I was the only man hurt in that skirmish. My wound was slight, but I would rather face any danger I ever met—twice over—than go through that experience again."
—Youth's Companion.

GIFTS TO THE BARBER.

One That Was Out of the Usual Brought In By a Man From Long Island.

Cash is not the only shape in which gifts come to the barber. Here was one in the form of a spray of apple blossoms brought in by a customer who has a country place out somewhere on Long Island. The barber had put it in a glass of water and set it in a central place by itself among the bottles and things on the shelf in front of his chair—a spray of apple blossoms, with all the apple blossom's delicate beauty.

It is no reproach to the barber to say that at first he didn't know what they were, for he was born and brought up in the city; and for that matter there were plenty of customers in the shop in the course of the day who didn't know what they were any more than he did; as, for instance, one customer coming in alone in the afternoon who, his eye falling on the blossoms as he took his seat in the chair, asked of the barber:

"What you got there?"

"Apple blossoms," says the barber.

"Is that so?" says the customer, as he surveys them with new interest.

"Yes," says the barber, "that's what a customer of mine who knows tells me, and there are two or three barbers here in the shop that know and that's what they say, too."

And this customer looked them over again with keener interest still, his recollection bringing gradually other apple blossoms back to him with which to compare these, and these were apple blossoms, sure enough, some of them not yet opened, still of the unfolded blossom's beautiful pink and some opened, with their petals of the apple blossom's delicately tinted pinkish white. And then he smelled of the blossoms, and they had the apple blossom's delicate woody fragrance.

Yes, sir; they were apple blossoms all right, a lovely spray of apple blossoms here in a city barber shop. And then the customer sat back and got shaved.—New York Sun.

Old-Time Slang.

Capt. Grose, Burns' antiquarian friend, to whom allusion has been made in these columns, placed posterity in his debt by compiling a "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" at the end of the eighteenth century. Some of his revelations as to words that were then accounted slang are of topical interest just now. "Club" is one of them, and he defines it as meaning an institution to which all subscribe an equal sum or "club." "Budget" also was reckoned a slang word in 1796, and so was "sham," against which Swift had protested eighty-six years earlier. Those who pride themselves upon their correctness of speech today may be astonished to learn that Grose's list of slang terms includes "bay window," "bedizened," "bet," "bluster," "brogue," "capon," "carouse," "churl," "coax," "cobbler," "cut," "domineer," "eyesore," "flabby," "flare," "fog," "fout," "fuss," "gag," "gang," "giggle," "joked," "malingering," "messmate," "plump," "rascal," "saunter," "trip" and "yelp."—London Chronicle.

Household Notes

PALATABLE DISH CALLED DAISY.

Take the shells from hard-boiled eggs while hot and put them in warm beet juice and water and let stand until colored a delicate pink. Make a bed on each individual plate of small lettuce leaves by placing together the stem ends in the centre.

Cut the eggs in half lengthwise and remove the yolks and place each half in the centre over the ends of the lettuce leaves; around this arrange the pink white of the egg cut in narrow oval lengthwise strips to resemble the petals of a flower.

Put on ice and just before serving pour over it a rich French dressing. Serve with this salad Welsh sandwiches, which are made by rubbing together one part sweet butter and two parts mild soft cheese, flavored with tarragon vinegar, and putting between thin slices of bread.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cheese Salad.—Prepare nice lettuce as usual and make little-balls of cream or cottage cheese, adding salt, pepper and a little cream, if necessary, to roll them. When they are finished put a small fork or skewer in each one in turn, and so dip and roll it in grated American cheese till the white surface is completely covered with the yellow coating; lay in piles in the cup-shaped leaves; pass French dressing with them, or put the dressing on the lettuce first, and then lay on the balls, but be careful not to let the lettuce stand after using the dressing, or it will wither.—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Put a sample of the doubtful butter about the size of a small chestnut into an ordinary tablespoon. Hold this over a flame—gas, kerosene or alcohol—stirring the butter with a splinter of wood or a match as it melts. Bring to a brisk a boil as possible, and after this has begun stir thoroughly two or three times at intervals, especially just before the boiling ceases. Oleomargarine and renovated butter boil noisily, with a good deal of spluttering. They produce no foam or very little.

Genuine butter usually boils with less noise, and produces an abundance of foam. It is the difference in regard to the foam which is most marked.

Stains on the hands can be removed by acetic acid or salts of lemon and ink marks will soon yield to pumice stone.

Paraffin spilt on a stone floor may be removed by rubbing with brick over the mark and letting it stay until next day, then wash in the usual way and the floor will be perfectly clean.

Paint can be removed from glass by rubbing it with hot, strong vinegar.

Rinse in clear water. Dry and rub in a little lemon juice. Don't use the borax very often, as it will make the skin dry and inclined to crack.

Prematurely gray hair is caused by lack of nourishment at the hair roots. Stimulating the hair with gentle massage and good hair tonic will prevent a too rapid growth of white hair.

To insure a good light wicks must be changed often, as they soon become clogged and do not permit the free passage of the oil. Soaking wicks in vinegar twenty-four hours before placing in the lamp insures a clear flame.

Always darn table damask, as well as various other materials, with a raveling from the cloth. If there is a hole, put under it a piece of the same damask, matching the patterns as near as possible. Then darn very carefully backward and forward with the raveling. If the work is done right, the darn will hardly be noticed after laundering.

If your dinner is ready before you wish to serve it, place the meat over a large kettle of boiling water, cover it closely, and then spread a cloth over the whole. In this way the gravy will not be dried up.

Ginger Cakes.—3/4 of a cup of butter, one cup of light brown sugar, four eggs, one cup baking molasses, half cup of thick milk or cream, with a teaspoonful of baking soda in it, three cups flour, one nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one of ginger, and a very little cloves. The eggs do not need to be beaten separately. Mix butter and sugar, then eggs, molasses, spice, milk and flour. Can be baked in gem pans, not in a hot oven, as they do not get nice if baked too much.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Peanut Wafers.—Peanut wafers, while not especially new, are always welcome. Make ready two quarts of peanuts, shelled, "skinned" and chopped or pounded. Beat to a cream one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter. Add three-quarters of a cup of milk, two small cupfuls of sifted flour and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Butter a tin sheet, or the bottom (outside) of a dripping pan, and spread the dough over it in a thin layer, using a knife or spatula. Sprinkle thickly with the nuts and bake. As soon as removed from the oven cut in squares and take from the tin.—Washington Star.

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WITH THE MAN-EATERS.

In 1898 Colonel Patterson, of the British army, went to East Africa to undertake the construction of a railway bridge over the River Taavo. He had a large force of coolies with him, but his work was hindered by the presence of lions, one adventure with which is described by a writer in the London Daily Mail.

The work was well under way when two most ferocious and insatiable man-eating lions appeared and established a reign of terror which lasted nine months. At one time all work was actually suspended for three weeks.

At first men disappeared, no one knew how. Then it was found that workmen were carried off as they slept in their tents.

A witness described one occurrence:

"About midnight the lion suddenly put his head in at the tent door and seized Ungar Singh by the throat. The unfortunate fellow cried 'Choro!' (Let go!) The next moment he was gone, and we heard a terrible struggle going on outside."

The next night the attack was in another part of the camp. And so it went on, each night heart-rending shrieks telling of fresh tragedy. The lions grew very bold and would dare everything. One night one of the beasts sprang on the hospital tent, in which eight men were lying, killed one and wounded two others.

Every night for over a week Colonel Patterson waited and watched in vain. The attacks which for weeks had been made by one lion were now made in pairs, each seizing a victim.

A light staging was constructed, a dead donkey laid near for bait, and Colonel Patterson took up his position. The lion came, and told by angry growls that the hunter's presence was detected. Then followed an unexpected development. Says the colonel:

"The hunter became the hunted, and the lion began to stalk me. For two hours he horrified me by creeping around and around my crazy structure. The staging had not been constructed with an eye to the possibility of a rush at it. I began to feel distinctly creepy."

"I kept perfectly still, but the strain told heavily on my nerves. About midnight something came flop, and struck me on the back of my head. I was so terrified I nearly fell off the stage. It proved to be only an owl. The involuntary start I gave was followed by a sinister growl from below."

"After this I kept as still as possible, although trembling with excitement. In a short time I heard the lion begin to creep stealthily toward me. I could barely see him, but I saw enough for my purpose, and took aim. My shot was followed by a tremendous roar, and I could hear the creature leaping about in all directions."

"I was no longer able to see him, but I kept blazing away in the direction I heard him. At length there came a series of mighty growls, then deep sighs. When they ceased I felt that one of the beasts which had so long harried us was no more."

"In the morning it was found that the lion measured nine feet eight inches."

"The second lion, killed one night under equally exciting circumstances gave a remarkable example of vitality. Struck by two bullets, he made off with great bounds. As soon as daylight came the lion was tracked. Crippled by a third bullet, he was coming for me, when a fourth charge brought him to the ground. On being approached, he rose and rushed again. A Martini bullet in his head and another in his chest finished him for good and all."

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