

IMPOTENCY.

By Kate Thomas.

There is so much in this great world. My soul grows sick with looking at the ways. That wind and knot and part to meet again. And part again and knot and wind and fade.

Children of fashion; children of the streets; Children of fashion hiding hungry hearts, Children of fashion steeped in sor-did thoughts, Children of fashion crying for the light, Children of fashion careless of the dark. Children of gutters starving for kind words, Children of gutters starving for dry bread, Children of gutters steeped in sor-did thoughts, Children of gutters crying for the light, Children of gutters careless of the dark.

O God! to see the way this heaving mass Goes by with smiles and tears (and fewer smiles!). Laughing and cursing (ay, and cursing more!). What can one puny mind do in the whirl? What use one weakling arm to sway the tide? Ho! stand with arms rock-ribbed! There's a wave That washes rock to powder. Set your will In purpose fix, as is the brain that willed Fix in the skull. The sea flings wide a corpse. And cares not if it rot on putrid sands.

—From the Independent.

MOSES

A GREAT WAR CHIEF WHO KNEW WHEN NOT TO FIGHT.

FROM GEN. O. O. HOWARD'S "FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS" IN ST. NICHOLAS.

In the northwest of our great country there are so many different tribes of Indians that I cannot begin to tell you their names, but they were often divided in this way. Those who lived on reservations were called "Reservation Indians," and those who did not "Outside Indians." Now Moses was chief of a great many tribes of Outside Indians and he was a very great chief. Of course, Moses was not his name, but Governor Stevens gave it to him long ago and every one called him so, indeed, he seemed to have forgotten his Indian name and called himself Moses. He was a very handsome man, tall and straight, and always well dressed. He usually wore a buckskin coat and trousers, and handsome beaded moccasins, and a broad, light felt hat with a thin veil encircling it. He always had a leather belt around his waist, in which he carried a long knife and pistol holster, the ivory pistol knob in plain sight.

Now, Moses had led his Indians in many battles, both against Indians and white men, and everybody knew that he was a brave warrior and could fight. Indeed, in 1858 one of the very fiercest battles we ever had with the Indians took place when Moses was the Indian war-chief and General George Wright commanded the United States soldiers at the "Battle of Yakima River." But after Mr. Wilbur became the Indian agent things changed, for the Indians loved him and called him Father Wilbur, and Moses decided not to fight the white men any more.

Many times Moses was asked to go on a reservation, but he always replied that he would live on a reservation, but not with Indians he did not know. Many tribes had asked him to be their chief, and he wanted "Washington" to give him the land in a bend of the Columbia River for a reservation. It was waste land, he said, where no white people wanted to live, but the Indians would be happy there, he knew. When Chief Joseph led the Nez Percés against us in the many battles I have told you about, he sent often to Moses to ask him to come and fight too, but Moses always said "No." Still this chief did not have an easy time, for many people said he was a bad Indian, and at last he wrote me a letter which I have kept many years and which I am sure you would like to see.

I Moses Chief want you to know what my Tum-tum is in regard to my tribes and the white people. Almost every day there come to me reports that the soldiers from Walla Walla are coming to take me away from this part of the country. My people are constantly excited and I want to know from you the truth so I can tell my people and have everything quiet once more among us. Since the last war we have had reports up here that I Moses am going

to fight if the soldiers come; this makes my heart sick. I have said I will not fight, and I say to you again I will not fight and when you hear the whites say Moses will fight, you tell them no. I have always lived here upon the Columbia River. I am getting old and I do not want to see my blood shed on any part of the country. Chief Joseph wanted me and my people to help him. His offers were numerous. I told him no—never. I watched my people faithfully during his war and kept them at home. I told them all when the war broke out that they should not steal; if any of them did I would report them to Father Wilbur. During all the past year I have not allowed any strange Indians to come here fearing they would raise all excitement with my Indians. I am not a squaw—I know how to fight, but I tell you the truth. I do not want to fight and have always told my people so. It is about time to begin our spring work as we all raise lots of vegetables and wheat and corn and trade with Chinamen and get money.

I wish you would write me and tell me the truth so I can tell my people so they will be contented once more and go to work in their gardens. I do not want to go on the Yakima reservation as I told Col. Watkins last summer. I wish to stay where I have always lived and where my parents died. I wish you would write to me and send by the bearer of this letter. And be sure I am a friend and tell the truth.

His Signed: Moses X Chief. Mark

I replied that the Bannock Indians were giving me much trouble, but that when I got back I would arrange a meeting. In the meantime I would depend on him to keep peace.

Now, during this time it was hard for Moses, for two sets of Indians gave him trouble. The "Dreamers," led by Smoholly, tried to make Moses think that he should join many tribes and fight the white men, for, said they, all the Indians who have gone to the happy huntinglands will rise from the dead before long and join us, so you must join, too. But Moses would not fight. Then some of those Indians who were fighting crossed over the Columbia River and, finding a family by the name of Perkins living far from any settlement, killed every member of the family and burned their house and barn.

Some Indians told the white men that Moses was a friend of these dreadful warriors and was protecting them. The white people of Yakima City believed these idle tales and even accused Moses to me, but I met him and we talked it over, he said that he would prove that what he said was true, for he would help find the three Cayuse Indians who had done this wrong and give them up to the Yakima courts.

Always true to his word, he took with him thirty-five Indians and began to hunt. One evening Moses and his band camped for the night and fearing no harm, were fast asleep, when a large body of white men surrounded them. These men seized Moses and bound him with cords, putting irons on his wrists, but still he would not fight and told all his Indians to point their rifles to the ground, and offer no resistance. He said afterward that he gave up his pistol, knife, and gun and prepared to die, but instead he was taken to Yakima City and put in the jail or "Skookum House," as the Indians call it. Here Mr. Wilbur promised enough money to make them take off the irons, but still Moses was a prisoner. Then he said: "Let the one-armed soldier-chief, General Howard, know I am a prisoner. He is a friend and as soon as he knows it he will set me free." And this he constantly repeated. I was far away when the news reached me, but I came immediately and ordered that Moses be at once set at liberty, and I have never been sorry that I did so, for he was a true friend to the good white people, and by his simple word kept many hundred Indians at peace.

SEA REVEALS PIRATE HOARD.

Portuguese Fishing Village Endangered by the Atlantic Grows Suddenly Rich.

The inhabitants of Paradelha, a tiny fishing village on the Portuguese coast some distance south of Lisbon, have been growing rich of late on what seems to have been the hidden plunder of some long forgotten pirate band. Some of them have gathered in as much as \$1,000 worth of treasure.

That part of the coast of Portugal is suffering from the encroachments of the ocean. Many houses have been undermined in the last few years and have had to be abandoned. Sometimes big slices of dry land slip off into the Atlantic on a stormy night and the people wake up to find all landmarks changed.

This is what happened a couple of weeks ago in a furious gale. The waves washed far in over the upland and carried away vast masses of the upper soil, leaving the shelving beach a couple of hundred feet wider than it had ever been before. A fisherman walking along the edge of the strand saw something glistening in the slope and rooting it out of the ground found it was an ancient silver cup. He dug some more and found quantities of scattered gold and silver coins.

When the news got around the village the whole population turned out to dig. They found still more money,

all dating back to the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. There were rings and brooches, crucifixes and jeweled chalices, jeweled sword handles and table plate. Nobody knows just how much the treasure amounted to, since the fisherfolk hid it as fast as they secured it, and when official inquiries were made every one denied his own share.

They are still digging, however, and an occasional find is made. The sea seems to have broken up the cache and distributed its contents over many acres of beach. Objects are picked up as far as low water mark, and some are doubtless washed back from time to time from deep water.

It is believed that the treasure represents plunder from Spanish coast towns. It is said that long ago there were numerous bands of Portuguese pirates which committed depredations on a considerable scale both afloat and ashore and when Portugal was at peace with Spain they were obliged to be very careful and hide their plunder. From time to time other hoards of the same sort have been discovered. When this collection was buried, no doubt, the spot was far enough from the water's edge to be regarded as safe for all time.—New York Sun.

EVOLUTION OF FOOD.

Our Ancestors Would Be Astonished By Modern Breakfast Table.

What would be the sensations of one of our ancestors of the Middle Ages if he could sit down to a modern breakfast table?

To begin with fruits, says Harper's Weekly, these were almost unknown to the men of his period; certainly in their present form. So were most of our vegetables. The only vegetable which seems to be more or less indigenous over the greater part of the world is the squash-pumpkin, tribe. The pumpkin is very ancient, for it dates back to Cinderella.

Of course he knew the small wild cherry, with its bitter flavor, the little wild strawberry, the raspberry, blackberry and plum. Apples, or "crabs" as Shakespeare calls them, were used in England, and generally roasted in order to deprive them of their astringency. The wild-hedge orange of China and India filtered into Europe occasionally, but it was scarcely eatable. Potatoes were, of course, unknown. Bananas were introduced in quantity to Europe within the lifetime of many middle-aged men. The grapefruit is the product of the past two decades, and even yet has seldom crossed the Atlantic. The peach was a poisonous shrub of Persia.

Strangely enough, it was the lack of fruit which led to the discovery of Asia. In those days, when salt fish was the usual diet of all nations, pepper became a luxury. Pepper plays a disproportionate part in history. Who speaks and sings of spices nowadays, when they can be procured at every grocer's store? Yet it was to obtain pepper that the East India Company was chartered during the reign of Elizabeth.

Oats were defined scornfully by Dr. Johnson as a food fed to men in Scotland and to horses in England. What would the worthy doctor have thought of our very modern breakfast foods—the flakes, the brans, the husks, the shreds and various constituents of grains? Tea, coffee and cocoa were, of course, unknown until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sugar was the most costly of condiments. Bee-keeping was the practice of every farmer.

Our worthy ancestor broke his fast upon salt fish or meat if he were wealthy or had access to some deer forest. He washed down his food with hot beer, spiced or honey brew. A roasted crab-apple "sang in the bowl" on the very numerous saints' days. Our modern breakfast would startle our ancestor very much indeed.

PEARL INDUSTRY DECLINES.

Drop in Prices Has Put Business in Bad Way.

Reduction of the price of mother of pearl from \$2,000 to \$500 a ton on the London market during the last six years has seriously affected the pearly industry in Australasia, from where the greater part of the world's supply is obtained.

The most important centres of the industry are Thursday Island, Port Darwin and Broome. As the amount secured averaged four tons per boat per annum, and the expenses were comparatively small, large profits formerly were realized. The divers and crews working on the pearly luggers are introduced under agreement with the Federal government. They are imported for a period of three years, and the master is compelled to furnish a bond of \$500 for every man employed, as a guaranty that at the end of three years that man will be deported to Singapore, the port from which the divers are recruited. Formerly the pearl divers paid the divers \$10 per month, \$100 to \$175 per ton bonus, and in many instances, from 5 to 15 per cent. for the pearls won. Though arriving as raw cooties, some of these Asiatics earned from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per annum, with keep.

The divers, most of whom are Japanese, are well organized, having their clubs and benefit societies, and every Japanese, whether belonging to the crew, tender or diving staff, is compelled by his countrymen to join.—Kansas City Journal.

Household Notes

HOW TO CLEAN A WHITE FEATHER.

Melt white soap to a jelly and put a tablespoonful into a large glass jar. Fill with gasoline, then place the feather in the jar. Cover and let it remain all night. In the morning shake well and rinse in clean gasoline, then hang up where the air can reach it. When thoroughly dry curl.—Boston Post.

MOULDS FOR ICE CREAM.

Designing moulds for ice cream comes very near being an art. Often the patrons of the large shops suggest what forms they wish the cream or ice for a certain occasion to assume, and the caterer arranges to have the idea carried out. In this way many odd moulds are acquired. Flowers and fruit are always a favorite. One may have roses to match the color scheme of the table decorations. There are also tiny automobiles, "Teddy bears" and dolls.—American Cultivator.

OBJECT OF WASHING.

The object to be aimed at in washing is to get rid of the dirt with as little wear and tear as possible. Begin operations early in the day, as clothes dried in the morning air are always whitest and freshest.

Drying should be done if possible in the open air. The air and sun bleach and purify the clothes. They should be taken down before they are quite dry, turned and folded and then they are ready for mangling and ironing.

If the clothes have been allowed to dry they should be dampened before folding. This dampening is done by sprinkling the garment evenly all over with tepid water.—New Haven Register.

MAKE MILK SAFE.

Scientific investigations have proved that milk in a raw state should never be given to children. Those who cannot buy pasteurized milk should pasteurize it at home. This can be done by observing these simple directions:

- 1—Bring the milk slowly to a boil, and when it reaches the boiling point bottle it instantly, cork tightly and cool it.
 - 2—Never feed milk that is more than twenty-four hours old to an infant.
 - 3—Keep the milk near ice, and never leave a milk bottle uncorked.
 - 4—Cleanse and scald all bottles before refilling.
- Careful observance of these directions will insure against babies contracting disease from impure milk.—New York Journal.

TO REMOVE OLD PAINT

To remove old paint from woodwork, make a strong solution of washing soda and apply it to the paint with a brush, being careful that it does not get on your hands or clothing. After a short time wash off with a mop, being careful, as before, not to let the liquid touch the flesh or clothing.

Ammonia is also a good agent. Use diluted household ammonia and proceed as with washing soda. Begin to wash off as soon as the fumes pass off. The paint may be scraped or burned off, but this is a difficult thing for an amateur to do.

To clean painted woodwork, take two quarts of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, one of skimmed milk and soap enough to make suds. The mixture will clean and give luster.

Paint can be removed from glass by rubbing it with hot, strong vinegar.—New York Press.

RECIPES.

Nut Bars.—Chop walnuts fine. Make the French cream and before adding all the sugar, while the cream is quite soft, stir in the nuts, then form into bars.

Salmon Salad.—Flake salmon, moisten with boiled salad dressing and arrange in nests of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg forced through a potato ricer, and the white of a hard-boiled egg cut in strips.

Beet and Cabbage Salad.—Boil blood beets until tender, plunge into cold water and remove the skins. Cut into cubes and serve in nests of finely shredded cabbage. Dress with mayonnaise.

Scalloped Onions.—Take one quart of onions after the skin has been removed, parboil them and when they are cool slice in a deep baking pan with fine bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt to taste. Put alternate layers of bread, butter and seasoning the layers of bread, the same of onions until the pan is full. Then pour over it one-half pint of vinegar and bake two hours in a moderate oven.

Coffee Tapioca.—Two cups of coffee strained through a cloth, 1-2 cup of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of tapioca (which has been soaked over night); when boiling stir in 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch which has been dissolved in a little cold water. Take from stove and turn into a mould or glass dish. To be eaten cold with sugar and cream. Flavor with vanilla.

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FEMININE NEWS NOTES.

Miss Ethel J. Wheeler, daughter of Everett F. Wheeler, will become a missionary in China.

Mary E. Beasley, of Philadelphia, patented in 1884 a barrel-making machine. All barrels before that time were made by hand.

Lady Evans, the wife of the new Solicitor-General for England, was a Miss Rule, of Cincinnati, and subsequently Mrs. Da Pinto.

Content between Mrs. Jones and Mr. L'Ecuyer over a strip of roadway near Huntington, L. I., was carried into the Supreme Court.

At Newton, Mass., Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder and head of the Christian Science Church, celebrated her eighty-seventh year.

The main line underground electric railways in London are to make the experiment of employing women ticket sellers or "booking clerks."

Co-education will be introduced in the common schools of Berlin in the lowest classes and up to the point where the girls begin to get instruction in domestic science.

Miss Marie Maycliffe is a young Texan who has excited the interest of President Roosevelt by her ability to lasso a steer and subdue him by roping him against a post in a little over three minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth St. John Matthews has received the contract for making the statue of Mrs. Gilbert, the actress, from the Gilbert Monument Association. The statue is to be of heroic size and to cost \$15,000.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston unveiled the medallion of "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), which has been placed in the general library of University College, London, of which the late Mrs. Craigie was a student.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Senator Platt, who is seventy-five years old, said he thought he might live to be ninety.

Baron Schlippenbach, Russian Consul at Chicago, returned to New York City, to become Imperial Consul-General at that port.

Professor Frederic Louis Otto Rehrig, Orientalist, philologist, educator and composer, died at Pasadena, Cal., aged eighty-nine years.

Governor Buchtel has killed horse racing in Colorado. He has announced that the races can be run, but there must be no betting.

At Oyster Bay, N. Y., President Roosevelt declined to speak into the receiver of a talking machine for the purpose of making records for public sale.

William E. Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, returned from abroad and expressed optimistic views on the business situation.

Count Sumarakoff-Elston, eldest son of Prince Yussupoff, was killed at St. Petersburg, Russia, by Count Mantouffol, an officer of the Horse Guards, in a duel with pistols.

Waldorf Astor, son of William Waldorf Astor, is a candidate for the House of Commons. This disposes of the general belief that young Mr. Astor intended to retain his American citizenship.

E. D. Libbey announced a gift of \$105,000 to the Toledo (Ohio) Art Museum, which will enable the trustees to erect a new building, \$50,000 additional being available through public subscriptions.

Captain Lorenzo Dow Baker, the "banana king," founder of the United Fruit Company, left a large estate. The executor estimates the estate at \$20,000,000, and of this, aside from seventeen bequests, giving \$50 to each of seventeen cousins, the whole is left to his four children.

The British naval authorities have girdled the Isle of Wight with a telephone service, the Needles, the wireless telegraph station at Culver Cliff and other points have been put in direct communication with the signal station at Portland dockyard.

A SPORTING EVENT.

Mrs. Peck—"Henry, do you see anything in the paper about Blinker running over his mother-in-law?"
Mr. Peck—"Not yet. I haven't come to the sporting news."—Puck.

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