A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW. busied herself writing letters in her There's a picture in the window Of a little shop I know, With boys and girls dressed as they

- UNITED STATES TROOPS

were A hundred years ago. 1

And keep on thinking how The children, maybe, will be dressed A hundred years from now.

Will girls wear caps or farthingales, Or hoops in grand array? Will they wear bows like butterflies, Just as they do today? Will boys wear jackets short, or tie Their hair in queues? Just how

They'll really look, I'd like to know-A hundred years from now.

Will eat in those far days? Will they be fed on breakfast foods In many sorts of ways?

Will all the good and tasty things Be worse for them than rice? Will ice-cream soda make them sick,

And everything that's nice?

Will children's books have pictures then.

Or just all reading be? Perhaps they'll be hand-painted and Most beautiful to see.

But when I think of those I have, I truly don't see how

They can be any prettier

A hundred years from now. -Sarah Noble-Ives in St. Nicholas.

Their Mountain Visitors By Franklin Welles Calkins

Only occasionally are families honwere my friends, the Crawfords, in their mountain home near the Chihuahua boundary.

Stephen Crawford had owned a sugar plantation-bought after the war -in southern Louisiana, where he lived until malarial fevers reduced him to little more than a skeleton.

His physician ordered him to the Southwest, and a brother who had owned a cattle-ranch near the Rio Grande was able to furnish just the domicile at just the altitude needed. His abandoned and roomy log ranch, girt by chaparral-grown arroyos and backed by ledges of painted rock, stood overlooking the Mexican affright village of Oraibe.

Mr. Crawford's family was small,

room writing, she heard a scratching sound had thrown themselves upon the floor from the children's room, followed in the center of the room, where, by a muffled jar, as if some crea- bewildered by the bedlam of noises. And since I saw it, I have thought, ture had leaped upon the floor. Eurice listened in silence until

ME. TAFT OUTLINES

in a sleepy, whimpering complaint. | ways at once. 'Foor dears!" thought the elder sister. "That old nuisance of a Guy

ly and got her rawhide riding-whip, was, to flick the old hound harl and confusion. enough to make him remember.

She heard a repetition of the scratchthe room. Old Guy had not been on peating carbine and returned. their bed.

Lynxes, mountain-lions and bears rocks, might long have used that in the storeroom. room for their lair! How careless. how criminally careless she had been,

to leave that opening unbarred! In the agony of self-condemnation, all in the house had slept with wideopen windows month after month. While Eunice stood, uncertain

whether or not to go for her father's gun and arouse Aunt Silver and Old Guy, a third smothered wail appealed to her. She hesitated no longer, but threw the door open and stepped into the room.

and the sight, no longer unexpected, which met her eyes was certainly horrifying. Near the center of the room stood a great, mottled beast, its head raised, its big eyes reflecting her light, its fangs bared in a hiss of surprise, which deepened immediateored with such confidence-such ter. If to a thunderous chest growl-unrible confidence-by their visitors as mistakably a deep mutter of warning against the intruder.

> Then, even more terrifying sight, upon the children's bed another creature of the same sort upreared itself. Half-roused and reclining upon its haunches, this one gave vent to a series of gruff outcries which resembled the coughing grunts of a sea-lion

Greatly to the relief of Eunice, Esbed, now leaped out and scudded ed at his ranch in Preesidio County. from the room. But little Pearl, under her quilts, was held by one fore paw of the beast upon her bed, and the poor innocent wailed in piteous

In the instant that she stood, transfixed with terror and irresolute, Eunice recognized that these big, mottled cats were Mexican tigers, or jaguars. The beasts had without doubt had their winter lair in the long-vacant and easily accessible storage-room, and the chill nights had driven them back to it. Their natural prey was abundant in the mountains, and there had been no incen- in Baily's Magazine and declared to tive to attack the sleeping children. be perennially sound. But now they had been angered. and Eunice dared not for an instant leave the crying child to their mercy. She knew that most wild animals are fearful of fire, and she trusted tach two pieces of twine to the back much to the lamp in her hand to keep the jaguars at bay.

Eunice paused, fascinated, in the doorway to watch the strange antics At about eleven o'clock, as she sat of these jungle beasts. The jaguars and the light, they rolled and writhed and bounced, spitting and snarling, she heard the voice of little Pearl and apparently trying to face all

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What wish the wailings of Aunt Silver, the bellowing of the hound and really deserves to be punished for the cries of the children, who imaginbothering them so." She rose soft- el that Eunice was being eaten, there was noise enough to have thrown a intending, tender-hearted though she menagerie of wild beasts into terror

Eunice watched the jaguars for some seconds, noting their fear, and ing sounds, and again that muffled debating how best to get rid of them; What do you think the girls and boys thud upon the floor, and in the same and then, with resolution taken, she instant, again the sleepy, half- stepped back and closed the door upon smothered wail of little Pearl. A them. For a brief time she busied chill struck to her very heart as the herself in quieting Essie and Pearl; situation dawned upon her. There then she locked them safely within were wild creatures of some sort in the site ag-room, got her father's re-

She drew a chair to the door, set her lamp upon it, opened the door, were among the hills, and any of and pushed her light forward so as them, coming in easily from the to illuminate most of the space with-

At first she could see nothing of the jaguars, but their snarling voices indicated their hiding-place. Both, intimidated by the howlings of the she did not stop to consider that hound and Aunt Silver, had taken refuge under the high, old-fashloned bed, where they lay flattened upon the floor, seeming to feel at last tolerably secure.

They hissed, spat and growled occasionally, but only in the warning, familiar fashion of common cats. Eunice sat down upon the door-sill to obtain steadiness of aim. One She held her lamp above her head, head could be seen under the footrail of the bed, and at this Eunice fired, fortunately killing the jaguar instantly.

Terrified by the shot, the other broke cover and leaped to a far corner of the room. Then, while the hound bellowed encouragement, the brave girl aimed and fired at the bouncing, snarling beast until the smoke of her carbine filled the room. Then she beat a hasty retreat and locked her door upon the danger. Not until she heard toothless Old Guy worrying at the carcasses of the

jaguars did she realize that victory was hers. Mr. Crawford was a proud father when he returned from Oraibe. The skins of the jaguars-one with six sie, who occupied the front of the bullet-holes-are yet proudly exhibit--Youth's Companion.

GOOD HORSEMANSHIP.

What is Meant By "Hands"-The Sloan Racing Seat.

Your heart and your head keep up,



1110 01 90 1214

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

"Decided improvement is noted 'n most trade reports this week, especially in respect to distributive departments. Orders have come to manufacturers more freely, in many cases accompanied by requests for immediate or very carly delivery. Evidences on increased confidence are numerous and prices are more firmly held where concessions have been offered recently without attracting buyers. Many mills have resumed after months of idleness, sufficient orders having accumulated to assure active capacity during the balance of the year, and there is a general belief that contracts will be placed freely during the next two months.

"Recent moderate reductions in prices of pig iron and the large amount of steel business about to be placed have resulted in increased inquires for material. Purchases are longer confined to immediate needs, deliveries during the first quarter of 1909 being arranged, and still longer contracts could be taken If producers would name current prices. Orders for steel rails are being-placed for both home and export account, some idle plants having secured enough business to resume operations, while plate mills are busy on material for recent big orders for cars. Minor metals are firmer because of a decidedly broader demand.

Wholesale Markets.

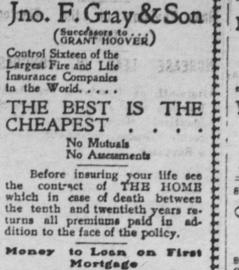
York. - Wheat - Receipts, New 85,000 bush., exports, 287,950 bush. Spot steady; No. 2 red, 1.09 elevator; No. 2 red, 1.10 f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.131/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 h.rd winter, 1.10 f. o. b. afloat.

Corn-Receipts, 12,900 bush. Spot steady; No. 2, 77 ½ new elevator and 77 ¾ f. o. b. afloat; No. 2, 84 spot for old. Option market was without transactions, closing net unchanged.

Oats-Receipts, 83,400 bush .; exports, 2,505 bush. Spot steady; mixed, 26 to 32 lbs., 52 @ 52 ½; natural white, 26 to 31 lbs, 50@52; clipped white, 32 to 40 lbs., 51 1/2 @ 57 1/2

Poultry-Alive, treak; Western chickens, 13; fowls, 13; turkeys, 14; dressed steady; Western spring chickens, 12@18; fowls, 12@14; spring turkeys, 10@16.

Eggs - Firm. Receipts, 7,046 crates. State, Pennsylvania, and near-by fancy selected white, 43@ 45; do., fair to choice, 33@42; brown and mixed, fancy, 33; do., fair to choice, 29@32; Western firsts, 26@?7; seconds, 23@25. Philadelphia .- Wheat - Dull and unchanged.



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Office in Crider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA. Telephone Connection

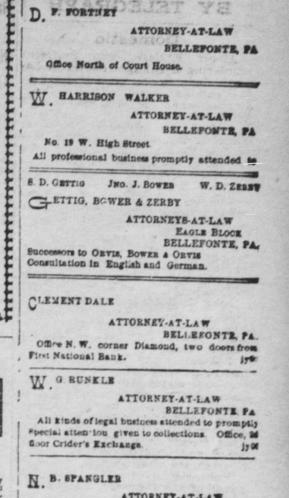


The first thing that I can remember is that a boy had me in his hand and that he, with a jackknife, fash-He then took me and put me in the water and made me go wherever he wanted me, by means of a stick.

The waves as they went frolicking by called to me to come and play with them. I tried to run after them, but every time the stick brought me back. I tried again and again to go after them, but the old stick still kept me.

Finally a great hand reached out after me and picked me up. But I heard a dear little wave call, "Come, come and play with me, and we'll have some fun," and it called in such a plaintive way that I could not resist; so I fell out of the hand and went down the river with the wave before the stick could catch me.

The wave dashed a bit of spray over my deck, and said: "I am awfully glad you came with me; where do you wish to go?" I said, as the wind puffed up my sail: "I don't care where I go, as long as I am with you." "Thank you," said the wave, as she lifted me lightly over a pebble. "I do hope I'm going fast enough for you." Penn's Valley Banking Company



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D. A. BOOZER

consisting of a grown daughter, Eunice, two little girls, Essle and Pearl, and an old domestic, of pure Sudanese extraction, known as Aunt Silver.

Eunice, the housekeeper, found her new quarters spacious enough except for lack of bedroom. She managed to overcome this difficulty, however, by having two partitions put up in a large bunk-room, and by furnishing an outside storage-room, which adjoined and opened into the bunk-room. This became the bedroom for the little girls.

It had no window except a square hole at the back, where the logs had been sawed, well up toward the ed some light and ventilation. Planning to have windows in this room as soon as sash and lights could be secured, Eunice covered the opening with mosquito-netting, which was quite covering enough at any season in that climate. The door from her own apartment opened into that of the children, and thus she was able to keep their room aired.

Some months passed, and the frosts of November came to the mountains. giving the nights and mornings a tures in that latitude.

Thus it was that Eunice and her father had no particular surprise when Essie and Pearl complained that "Old Guy" had come in at their window and insisted upon sleeping on their bed

fash5:ned outside for him, since he had been a privileged member of the family. As the outer end of the Httle girls' apartment abutted against some high rocks, there was nothing but the mosquito-bar to prevent his jumping into their room. And as the mosquito-netting was found to have been torn away, the story told by the children was confirmed.

A cold wind had blown all night, making the house somewhat chilly inside, and the little girls complained that Oid Guy had scratched the bedclothes off them to make a nest for run out behind her. himself.

"And he jammed his old cold nose right into my face," said Essie, "and a new attack seemed to threaten he lay on Pearl and nearly smovered them. Their increasing uproar had her.'

Mr. Crawford laughed. "Old Guy hound. The negress had fied from mustn't plague my little girls that the house and climbed upon a moun way," he said. "You must call to tain cart, where she now stood, your sister; and, Eunice, keep your shricking incoherently. Just as Euriding-whip in your room, and if you nice reached the door Guy thrust catch the hound in there give him his muzzle in at the opposite open a few cuts and drive him out, and ing. The hound stood with his hind he won't go in again

That day the invalid, who was al- ing the jaguars, gave tongue in a ready on the way to recovery, drove deafening clamor. to Oraibe; but as the road was long mit him to return that night, as he tad planned.

come home, sat up until nearly m'd- of their terror at a really slight in writing of the plague of London, night, in order to prepare a warm cause are not infrequent in hunters' supper for him upon his arrival. She annals.

"Stop crying, Pearl," she commandgable, and through which it receiv. ed. sternly, "and sister will drive that old dog away!"

Holding her lamp to the front and with whip drawn to strike, she approached the beast upon the bed. Her caution might have been greater had she known what Mexicans could have told her, that the jaguar is frequently fascinated by a moving light, and will as often follow one as retreat from it.

The animal did not indeed change its position as she drew nearer, but rather increased the violence of its chill which is felt by all outdoor crea- grunting roars. Its great red maw and formidable fangs would certainly have frightened away a less resolute girl.

> As she came up to the bed, Eunice set her teeth and struck the jaguar a vicious cut upon its jaws. The animal, roaring with pain and anger,

Old Guy was a deaf and superan. shrank against the wall, but retreatnuated hound. A kennel had been ed no farther, and its fore paw still held the little girl. All wild beasts of the flercer sort are tenacious of foothold in their lairs.

Eunice now leaned forward and plied her whip with the practised hideous American monkey on a stick hand of a horsewoman. Her stinging seat and sarcastically demands why, cuts were aimed at the animal's eyes. If it really is such an advantage in Flesh and blood could not long en- racing, those in authority do not place dure such punishment, and presently, with a horse whine, the jaguar leaped off the foot of the bed.

Eunice snatched the crying child from under its quilts and backed away to the door, bidding Pearl to take a look at our illustrated sport-

Despite her retreat, the jaguars would now have leaped outside, but aroused Aunt Silver and the old

feet upon the rocks outside, and see-

The jaguars, beset on all sides with and rough, his strength did not per- strange creatures and stranger noises. 'apparently became as thomoughly

frightened as before they had been Eunice, expecting her father to angry and formidable. Such instances

Your hands and your heels keep down, Your knees keep close to your horse's

sides.

And your elbows to your own.

This old bit of advice for the wouldbe horseman is quoted by a writer

He quotes another old hunter on the subject of what he calls "the divine gift of hands" in riding. This old hunter, John Darby, used to atof an ordinary chair and draw the same tighter until the chair balanced on its fore or hind legs, according to his own position.

Then when balanced he would keep it, so to speak, on the swing by gently manipulating the twine or reins he held in his hand. A rough pull 1114. would, of course, have upset the chair one way, whereas the fact of not checking it in its movements at all 2,351. would have caused a total loss of control over it in the opposite direction.

"And that," when the exhibition was concluded, he would add "is hands, gentlemen."

Jogging to the covert, continues the 35.248. writer, you may note one fine horse, its owner fully equipped throwing its head up and down like a pump handle: another sweating profusely although the pace has not exceeded five miles an hour since it left the stable, and a third snorting and prancing about all over the place.

Why is this so? Simply because the rider of neither of them is possessed with the divine gift of "hands." He also pays his respects to the a penalty of, say, £7 on each rider

adopting it to encourage others to still ride as horsemen with an equal chance of success? How our grandsires would laugh if they could only ing newspapers of today.

"The riders they would compare, l fancy, to the monkeys and the horses as substitutes for the dogs they rode round a sawdust ring in a steeple chase performance in the days of | culls at 3.50. their youth at some travelling circus of country fair.

"The old paintings by artists of an earlier day, depicting steeplechasers and racers extended like rocking horses, are charming to gaze upon as a 'pick me up' after shuddering at contortionists on the backs of snapshotted horses limping along with stringhalt in three legs and cramp 4.65. in the other."

There was a period in English history when juvenile smoking was enforced officially. The diarist hearne, in 1665, says: "Even children were obliged to smoak."

Corn-Dull. %c. lower; No. 2, for local trade, \$3 % @ \$4c. Oats-Steady: No. 2 white, nat-

ural, 53@ 53 1/2 c. Butter-Firm; extra Western creamery, 28; do., near-by prints,

Eggs-Firm; Pennsylvania and other near-by firsts, free cases, 29c., at mark; do., current receipts, in returnable cases, 28c. at mark; Western firsts, free cases, 29, at mark; do., current receipts, free cases, 28. at mark.

Cheese-Quiet; New York full creams, choice, 13 1/2 c., do., fair to good, 12 1/2 @ 13.

Poultry-Alive, firm; fowls, 11@ 12c.; old roosters, 8@8½c.; spring chickens, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2; ducks, 10 1/2 Baltimore .- Flour-Dull and un-

changed. Receipts, 9,826; exports,

Wheat-Steady. Spot, contract, 1.02 1/2 @ 1.02 1/2; spot; No. 2 Western, 1.04% @1.05; October, 1.02% @1.02½; November, 1.02½@ 1.02%; December, 1.03%; steamer, No. 2 red, 991/ @991/2; Southern, on grade, 99 % @ 1.02 %. Receipts,

Corn-Firm; year, 66% @66%; January, 66% @66%. Receipts, 15,-560; exports, 700. Oats-Steadler; No. 2 white, 52@

521/2; No. 3 white, 51@511/2; No. 2 mixed, 501/2@51. Receipts, 14,-229.

Rye-Nominal; No. 2 Western export, 82@821/2; receipts, 25,786. Butter-Steady; fancy imitation

creamery, 22@23; fancy creamery, 29@30; fancy ladle, 20@21; store packed, 16@17.

Eggs-Steady; 27@28. Cheese-Quiet; new large, 13%; new flats, 13% new small, 14.

Live Steck

New York .- Beeves-Receipts, 1,-141; no trading; feeling steady. Calves — Receipts, 241. Veals steady; no trading in Western calves; feeling weak. Veals sold at 5.00 @ 9.25 per 100 pounds; grassers and

fed calves, 3.25@4.00. Sheep and Lambs-Receipts, 3.-771. Sheep unchanged; lamba slow, but steady. Sheep sold at 3.50 to 3.70 per 100 pounds; culls at 2.00 to 2.25; lambs at 5.25 to 6.15, and

Hogs-Receipts, 3,179; feeling steady. New York State and Pennsylvan'a hogs, 5.90@6.00 per 100 pounds.

Chicago .--- Cattle -- Receipts estimated about 8,000; market steady to strong; steers 4.40@7.60; cows, 3.00@5.00; heifers, 2.50@5.25; bulls, 2.50@4.50; calves, 3.00@ 8.00; stockers and feeders, 2.50@

Hogs-Receipts estimated about 30,000; market 5@10c. lower. Choice heavy shipping, 6.00@6.20; butchers, 5.95@6.10.

Sheep-Receipts estimated about 20,000; market 10@20c. sheep, 4.20@5.00; lambs. 4.75 @ 8.00; yearlings, 3.85@ 5.15.

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Well, I'm going faster still," it vaid.

"Oh, don't;" I managed to say. The wave went on with me, but it had to mind the great current, and, as the current was going slow, the wave had to go slow, also.

Now the chip had time to look about it. Here is the description of what it saw:

I now was carried past a vast forest and the murmuring trees whispered to the brook and to me.

Three little lambs came down to drink at the little brook. As I sailed past them, I heard one of them say to another: "See the little chip that goes sailing by. I wish I were having a sail like that. What fun it must be!"

The scenery was beautiful. I sailed past some rushes now, and in them sat a family of frogs. "Croak, croak," cried the father. "See, children, see the little chip boat that sails by us. Look at her little sail. See-" and then my wave carried me past them, and I heard no more.

The pretty little flowers beside the brook nodded they pretty heads to me as I sailed by them; the grasses that hung over the water brushed my sail gently, and the wind fanned ly me with his breath, that smelled Jweetly of fresh wild flowers.

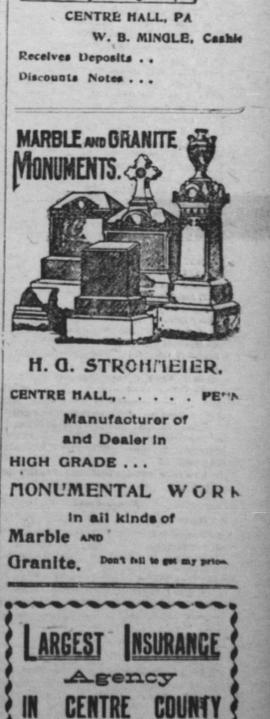
We now came to some stones and a little girl in a pink dress was going across the brook with a basket in her hand. When she saw me she cried: "Oh, what a pretty little boat!" and she reached out after me, lost het footing and fell into the water. There was a big gurgle that came from the basket, and a liquid poured out of it The water at once became discolored I bumped into an eggshell, turned around twice and then sailed on.] lever saw anything more of the little

girl. A beautiful dragon-fly came and took a sail on me. It had the love liest wings that I ever saw. They were of a beautiful blue tinge, and sh! they were so light and gauzy. He sailed along with me for quite a little while and then flew away.

My wave carried me along for quite a little way further, and then he gently said "Goodby," pushed me intc a gentle eddy and was gone.

I sailed around and around for a long, long while, and then the eddy shot me into a little harbor between two rocks, where the water was very smooth and the bottom was very sandy, so now I am content to listen to the gentle whisperings of the leaves of a large maple tree above

And I do feel so happy that I-a chip boat-could be carried down a river and come to such a nice resting place as this at last .- Mary Esther Oaks, in the Brooklyn Eagle.



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