

The straight and narrow... Lady, with your soup bowl hat... Near-Director's gown and make-up... With your curves, all to the flat... Quite in line with fashion's shake...

When reform has done its work— E'en though hubby much has scolded— And with many a strain and jerk... You into new shape are moulded, Do you wholly feel at ease... In your efforts thus to please?

Smiles that match your costume rakish— Are they fakish? And when you have closed your tour Of the down-town streets for shopping... And you're home again, are your Inclinations to be stopping...

### The Trail of the Good

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

They had come out from the meeting-house of the new mission, where a lately arrived missionary had been preaching to the Oglalas in their own tongue. The brothers, Yellow Horse and Iron Arm, had listened to the good man's teaching with more awe than understanding.

They had led their ponies to a stream, and while the animals were drinking, Yellow Horse spoke his thoughts. "Brother," he said, earnestly, "it seems that we should go to seek this Trail of the Good of which the White-One-Talking has told us. I, indeed, wish to live as the white people and to walk in their straight road."

Iron Arm took time for reflection before answering. The two had led their animals back to the grazing-ground, and had driven their picket-pins when the younger spoke.

"It is very necessary," he said, after observing that no one was within hearing, "that we should find the white man's road and walk in it till we are become as they are. Ho, brother, I think that this Trail of the Good should be found in the sacred country which our people are talking of selling to the white ones."

"How, it is so," said the elder, with conviction. "Thither will we go to hunt for it. Let us picket our horses farther away, that we may take them secretly. 'Hunt ye for it in secret,' said the White-One-Talking."

They repicketed their horses, saying nothing further, and shortly after midnight, having stolen away from their mother's lodge, they set out for the pine-covered hills, for which the Great Father's commissioners were at that time bargaining. This country, because of its hot springs, its mysterious rocks and colored earths, from which their sacred paints were made, the Sioux had long held as sacred ground.

It was a wakan, a holy country, and they did not pitch the teepee, fight or hunt among its hills. At noon the brothers reached the Miniskankan, or mysterious springs of hot water, which were known to be healing to many complaints of the body, and which were considered as gifts, direct to the Sioux, of the "Most Mysterious." In the neighborhood of these springs the young men thought that they might find the "Trail of the Good."

They were very much in earnest, these young barbarians. They had for two years been penned in with their tribe upon a reservation, all the freedom of the old life cut off because of their fighting. The Sioux now knew that they must come to the white man's way of living, or perish.

The missionary had been sent to instruct them in this way, and some of the young men, seeing the many things which their conquerors enjoyed, were eager to live like them. Yellow Horse and Iron Arm had grasped in a crude way the idea of a real trail, a well-defined road, as the "straight and narrow way" of life.

They hunted in vain near the springs for any trail save the crooked paths of the deer and other wild creatures. Then they passed on, going north near to the farther limits of their sacred country. Here they came suddenly upon a white man's road, straight across a plateau.

They were elated. "Hau! hau!" they exclaimed, looking at each other with shining eyes. "This must indeed be the Trail of the Good." For they had understood that these trails were in all countries, if the seeker would patiently and with a good heart endeavor to find such a road for himself.

The young Sioux did not know of General Custer's exploring expedition of the year before, save from vague report. So they little dreamed that they followed a road of the great trail-maker, the scourge of their people, whose impatient haste made all roads as straight as possible.

Soon they came out of the hill-country upon the plain, and it seem-

ed certain that they had found the Trail of the Good. They rode all day over a trail which in their eyes, at least, was marvellously straight, and their hearts beat high with hope that at the end of this trail they should find themselves in possession of all those things which white people enjoy.

They had been told that the Most Mysterious God of these people, and of all the world, would provide for their needs. They camped that night upon a stream, where they killed several sage-grouse and caught some fish.

Toward noon of the next day they were astonished to hear firing in front of them.

"It is to frighten us—to see if we are cowards," said Iron Arm. "Come, let us go on, as we were told, fearing nothing."

Presently they came upon a flat valley, which cut, like a huge, broad ditch, across the prairie and the trail, and from its heights they saw a number of horsemen riding back and forth, a small party on either side of a stream. These men were shooting at each other, having apparently met upon the trail and fallen to fighting.

For many minutes, sitting their horses in indecision, the Sioux watched the two small bands of Indians fighting. The brothers knew the strange warriors for Indians because of their spotted ponies and their manner of riding and fighting. Presently they saw a rider on the opposite side of the stream pitch off his horse and lie still upon the ground.

After this they heard shrill yells of triumph from the band nearest them. The shouts of these Indians determined their tribal identity. The brothers knew them for Gros Ventres, friends and old allies of the Oglalas.

"How!" said Yellow Horse, looking with deep inquiry into his brother's eyes. "I think that we ought to inform these people that they should quit fighting and killing."

"No harm can come to us if we keep to the Trail of the Good," answered Iron Arm. "So said the White-One-Talking."

Although they were young men, the younger not yet twenty years old, both had taken part in the wars of their tribe, and were proud of the fearlessness of Oglala soldiers. They rode down a steep ravine and out upon the flat land, sitting very stiff, and with a solemn dignity which was certainly in marked contrast to the eight or ten yelling Gros Ventres, who were skurrying to and fro across their trail, hanging to their horses in all sorts of positions.

Although their coming had unquestionably been noted by both hostile bands, no attention was paid to them until they had ridden up to the circuit of the Gros Ventres. Then the leader of these Indians left his line and approached them.

"Ho! ho!" he shouted joyously, seeing they were Sioux. "Now you two shall help us to beat off these carrion Crows. Come on, we've already killed one of the fellows. It's a good fight, and we are now like in number."

The brothers halted stiffly, and Yellow Horse spoke in a cold, level tone: "We are no more at war with any one. This is the white man's peace road—the Trail of the Good. No one should be fighting here."

As they were talking, the fighting stopped, and the men of both bands sat at ease, looking at them.

Yellow Horse's calm manner and his voice of authority astonished the Gros Ventre, who inquired further into the matter. He was enlightened according to the best of the brothers' understanding. When at the end the Sioux declared that they were about to ride on, regardless of any fighting, the chief, knowing that the Crows were enemies of all Sioux, called together his men. These, when the matter was explained, agreed with him that there should be no more firing until they had seen what would happen to the Oglalas.

The brothers now rode on, and crossed the creek, keeping to the trail with as much unconcern as if no tribal enemies were in front of them, awaiting their approach. "No harm can befall you so long as your feet keep to the Trail of the Good," so the missionary had told them.

A little way off the road the Crows sat looking at these unconcerned riders. When they were opposite, they hailed the brothers, demanding in the sign language to know who they were and what was the nature of their errand. The brothers answered by making signs of mystery, holding their hands aloft and waving them spirally, and signifying by other motions that their mission was holy or mysterious. The brothers avoided answering as to who they were, and had gone by out of certain shooting range before the Crows had decided that they were enemies.

The wild fellows acted promptly enough upon decision, and charged after the daring pair, yelling "Sioux! Sioux!"

Yellow Horse and Iron Arm gave the quirt to their ponies, and leaped behind to see the Crows racing upon their heels, and behind them the Gros Ventres in chase of the Crows.

It was quickly evident to the brothers that the enemy had better mounts than themselves, and that they must fight or dodge. And somehow the trail they were riding upon seemed suddenly to have become very crooked. It made several sharp turns among the river bluffs,

and was no longer the safe trail of the Good. At the top of the bluffs, with the Crows pressing them hard, but out of sight for the instant they wheeled to the right, dashed in at the head of another coulee, and like a pair of foxes, doubled on their tracks. It was a cunning manoeuvre, cunningly executed, and what with those Gros Ventres on the heels of the enemy, ought certainly to have succeeded. But the foremost Crows, knowing the lay of the ravines, had divined what they would do. Three of these had turned off the road, climbed swiftly to the crest of a ridge, and now came plowing down upon them recklessly in a tempest of dust and loose stones. Too late the brothers saw these foes coming down the steeps. They could only rein in their ponies to avoid collision. The foremost Crow was almost upon them when his pony stumbled, and its mad rider was flung nearly to the bottom of the gulch, where his lifeless body lodged against the trunk of a small pine. The brothers had but one gun between them, Iron Arm's carbine, which they carried for the killing of small game. Iron Arm aimed at the second rider's horse and fired. The pony turned a somersault, landing its rider among some rocks, and the Crow was so badly hurt that, in attempting to rise, he pitched forward helplessly upon his face. The third rider attempted to turn his horse up the gulch, and so escape, but fatality attended the Crows. This animal also lost its footing, and the rider, losing his weapon from his grasp, was rolled to the bottom of the gulch. The brothers dismounted and sprang upon him. The Crow made a fierce struggle, but the wiry young Sioux got him down and tied him fast. They rose, panting, to look and listen for further enemies. But they saw no one, and heard only the whoops of the exultant Gros Ventres, chasing the Crows upon the prairie above. When these sounds fell away, they turned their attention to their captive, only to find that the man had suffered a hemorrhage at the mouth, and had died at their feet. In his terrific struggle with them he had burst a blood-vessel. They looked at each other, awe and wonder in their faces. "Hau! hau!" they said. "It is the doing of the Most Mysterious of all—the white man's God!" Their enemies lying dead or helpless, themselves unscathed, all this comported with what the missionary had said of those who truly seek the Trail of the Good. They now went to the relief of the injured rider, whose back was hurt so that he could not stand. They made him understand that they were his friends, not his enemies; that they no longer wished to fight with any one. Then in their rude way they bandaged the man's body, stiffening his injured spine, got him up on his horse, and set out for home. They dared not leave the Crow, for they were now certain that the Gros Ventres would be able to chase his fellows out of the country, if they did not kill them. So, slowly, caring for the injured man, they made their way to the home reservation. When their story was told to the missionary, he talked to them long and earnestly, giving them instruction direct and personal; and at last they understood that, in refusing to fight their enemies, in nursing and caring for a once bitter foe, they had indeed set their feet firmly upon the Trail of the Good. "How! how! how!" they assented, when the truth had dawned upon them, and their eyes shone with a new light. Yellow Horse is now an ordained preacher to his people, and Iron Arm is an earnest and effective teacher in a government school.—Youth's Companion.

### Household Notes

A DOUBLE WRITING TABLE. The furniture makers have put out a very good writing desk for a sitting room. It has an upright centre piece filled with pigeon holes on both sides. There is a lid on each side which is large enough to be fitted out with the usual desk implements. Two people can sit at it comfortably without staring into each other's faces as the centre upright is higher than the head.—New York Times.

BLEACHING MUSLIN. If you want to bleach unbleached muslin at home place a boilerful of deep blue water on the stove, and, unrolling the muslin, put it in and let come to a steady boil. Remove from boiler without wringing and hang on line to drip dry in full sunlight. When dry, iron and depend on the first washing to make it a clear white, or wash again in the ordinary way before using.—New York Times.

A SICKROOM SCREEN. A screen is well night indispensable in a sick room, for it is needed to keep light from the patient's eyes, to guard the bed from draughts or to shut out the sight of medicine bottles or any corner of the room where work is done. An excellent sanitary screen is made by tacking plain white oilcloth on a frame, then painting on in oil a pretty scene, as flight of birds or butterflies. These screens can be washed every day.—Boston Post.

HINT FOR THE CLOTHES CLOSET. First—A shelf for hats just below the door top; this holds three good-sized hats. I use hat rests made from mammoth spoons, covered with cretonne and placed over large nails or spikes hammered into the centre of shelf. In this way you can adjust your hats according to size and trimming without injury to plumes, etc. Second—A pole set into the hook rails at either end by cutting a groove in the centre of each (I used a broom handle); a wider closet could have two; this will hold from five to eight coats or suits by using the combination coat and skirt hangers, and leave plenty of room to get at things as they will slide back and forth easily. Now we still have the row of hooks next the wall for odd skirts, etc., and room in the corner for the soiled linen bag. Third—A box on the floor for shirt waists, made from an old crackle box covered with cretonne. I have five or six sheets of thin cardboard, sprinkled with a little sachet and covered with crepe paper, that just fit inside the box; these I lay between the waists so they will not crush. Now there is still room on the floor for my shoes, which I always keep stuffed with paper when not in use; this keeps them in shape and they will last longer for it. There is very little room left in this closet for litter or dust, but to avoid any I have a cretonne curtain hung from a sash curtain rod just over the door, on the inside; this looks tidy if the door is accidentally left open or let air in. I hope this will help some who have small closets, or are obliged to share them.—Boston Post.

RECIPES. Pineapple Lemonade.—One pint of water, 1 cup of sugar, 1 quart of ice water, 1 can of grated pineapple and juice of 3 lemons. Make a syrup by boiling the water and sugar 10 minutes. Add the pineapple and lemon juice, cool, strain, add ice water and crushed ice. Currant and Raspberry Tart.—Line a deep dish with pie crust, put in about 1 pint of currants, scatter over the top 1-2 pint of raspberries and 3 heaping tablespoonsful of sugar. It is well to put a small cup in centre of pie, to hold the juice; cover over with pie crust and bake from 1-2 to 3-4 of an hour. Sprinkle sifted sugar over the top when baked. Fried Lobster.—Slice a small onion into a hot frying pan in which a tablespoon of butter has been melted. When the onion browns turn in the lobster, which has been previously boiled and cut into small pieces. Add salt and pepper and a tablespoon of vinegar and cook until brown. Fig Marmalade.—Seven pints of grape juice, 4 pints of sugar, 1 pound of figs, 1 pound of seeded raisins. Pick grapes from stem and stew with just enough water to keep them from burning; press through colander and let the juice and sugar come to a boil. Then add the figs, cut into strips, and also the raisins, and boil until thick. Put into jelly tumblers and let cool. Grandmother's Rice Pone.—One pint of boiled rice stirred in one pint of milk, four well beaten eggs, one small teacup of oregano, one large tablespoon of butter and lard melted together, one teaspoon salt; fastly beat in three heaping teaspoons baking powder. Bake in two well buttered pans one-half hour and serve in the pans, as it is too light to cut into slices. Batter is thin, and should be about an inch or an inch and one-half deep in the pan.

WALKERS OF THE PAST. Some Long-Distance Performances of the Late 70's. The twenty-four hours' walking match at the stadium takes the memory back to the late '70s, when similar long-distance competitions flourished amazingly under the aegis of Sir John Astley and when E. P. Weston, Howes, Vaughan and Hibberd were the heroes of the hour. Though Weston, the pioneer, accomplished some fine performances, they were soon eclipsed by our own walkers, whose feats created a great sensation at the time. One of the best of them all was Billy Howes, a little one-eyed athlete, who walked 100 miles in the truly marvelous time of 18 hours 8 minutes 15 seconds, a record which still remains unapproached. Hibberd covered fifty miles in 7 hours 54 minutes 16 seconds, and without stopping lowered all existing records up to seventy miles, for which distance his time was 11 hours 38 minutes 35 seconds. Even more wonderful was the performance of George Littlewood, who, at Sheffield, tramped 631 miles in 138 hours 48 minutes 30 seconds, an average of not much less than four miles an hour, night and day, between Sunday and Sunday. Leather may be waterproofed by painting it with a combination of two ounces each of Burgundy pitch, soft wax and turpentine and one ounce of raw linseed oil, applied warm.

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WARNED BY A LIZARD. Stories of pet animals which have rendered some important service to their masters are not uncommon. One is apt, however, to associate such services with creatures of a high order of intelligence, and would hardly expect a lizard to play the part of monitor, but the Leisure Hour describes an interesting incident of that kind which happened in Australia. A gold digger had tamed a bright-eyed Australian lizard, which made his quarters in the miners' tent and was an object of interest and attention on the part of all the men in camp. On the march he made his home in his master's serge blouse, running up the arm of the loose garment, or round the full front above the tight waistband, as fancy took him. When the camp was pitched for the night he employed himself by making the most careful inspection of the immediate surroundings within and without the tent. He made himself acquainted with every stone, turf, stump or hole within what he considered his domain, eventually retiring with the sun to the blanket on his master's bed, where he invariably slept. On one occasion he became restless during the night, and began to run rapidly backward and forward over his master's face, making at the same time a low, spitting noise, like that of an angry cat. By this means he at length aroused the sleeper, who gently pushed him away several times, speaking soothingly in the hope of quieting the excited little creature. But the lizard would not be soothed; on the contrary, having attracted attention he continued his rapid movements, until at length his master, convinced that something was wrong, got up, struck a light and looked round the tent. The sharp eyes of the lizard followed every movement with intense interest. Nothing unusual could be seen, and the miner lay down again. He was scarcely asleep, however, before the lizard waked him again, and losing patience, he seized the creature and in the darkness tossed him from the bed across the tent. In his involuntary flight the little animal struck the tent pole with considerable force, and half of his tail was broken off—a matter of no very great importance to a lizard, perhaps, but still a discouraging reward for a well meant warning. Nevertheless, the maimed little reptile returned to the bed, kept close to his master, and continued restless and excited all the rest of the night. At daybreak, when the tents were struck, and the bedding rolled up, ready to be placed on the cart, the mystery was explained. In the scrub and fern thrown underneath the bedding, to keep it from the bare ground, a huge tiger snake with several young ones was discovered. The tiger snake is of a kind much feared by the colonists, and, like most snakes, has a pronounced odor, which, no doubt, had made the lizard aware of its presence. It had probably crept into the tent after the lizard had made its evening inspection of the premises.

SOME BUSINESS WITH JAPAN. The Japanese ministry of finance publishes in English and French an edition of its annual financial report for 1907, indicating which countries are the best clients of the empire. First comes the United States, with 131,101,015 yen; then China, with 85,619,233 yen. These two countries alone represent almost one-half of the total exports of Japan in a year generally unfavorable, since the depreciation of silver and the monetary crisis have sensibly affected the commercial and industrial circles. The total imports were nearly 500,000,000 and exports a little more than 422,000,000.—New York Tribune.

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