

His Adventure.

"Buckle, sir—Rev. Dr. Buckle," he said, leaning over the back of the seat before me and grasping my hand heartily.

"Glad to know you," I replied. "Indeed, I've been longing for some one to talk to, for it seems to me that this journey is interminable."

"Slow train—bad road," said my new-made friend, throwing his high hat on the back of his head and biting the end of a cigar. "Oh, I see you smoke. Don't fill your pipe. Take one of these—excellent—made by one of my congregation."

"I only smoke a pipe," I said, stretching the truth a little that he might not feel offended. Then I pressed my face against the window and peered out into the dismal country through which we were running.

Now we were plunging through lonely stretches of dark woods; now running across wide reaches of newly-cleared fields, with here and there a log house rising above the waste of fallen trees, just visible in the half light of the moon which was rising above the mountains a few miles away.

Following us was a white, smooth road that glistened in the moonlight close to the track. Once in a while we lost it in the darkness of the woods, but as quickly as we emerged into the more open country we could see it at our side again, hugging us close, which, I reflected, was but natural in such a dreary land.

"Fine land, eh?" said Dr. Buckle. "I don't think, as my third son, a clever lad, if there ever was one, says. It just happens that I know this region pretty well. There! Did you see that place where the road crossed a creek on a wooden bridge? That was where they dropped me."

"Dropped you?" I ventured, inquiringly.

"Pardon me, I thought I had been telling you about it," returned the minister, tilting his tile further back on his head. "What memories the sight of that place engenders. You see, sir, some ten years ago I had charge in this very locality—at Poleville, five miles down the road. There were two churches, one at the village and the other back in the country some six miles, and I alternated between them. The charge was indeed a poor one, but I was a struggling young divine then, with a wife and four little ones to support, and I was glad enough to have a snug parsonage, a salary of five hundred dollars per year and an average of three donation parties per annum. It was the salary question that eventually drove me away from the place—a change for the better, to be sure, as I have now a splendid church in Punksington. By the by, I wish if you ever stop there you would give us a call and see our new pulpit furniture."

"But your story," I interrupted, for I saw that he was prone to wander from the subject of his discourse.

"Ah! there I was forgetting my tale to speak of pulpit trappings. Your parson. The trouble was that fully four-fifths of my salary was paid by two families, both wealthy farmers, the Bunders and the Springhouses. Unfortunately for me, these families had been at odds for years over a matter of a line fence. In the west there would have been some lead exchanged, but this is a peaceable country, and so they contented themselves by quarrelling in court and never passing a word elsewhere. To the rule, however, there was one exception—Henry Bunder and Kate Springhouse."

The doctor was evincing such garrulity that I felt a little uneasy and broke again the thread of his story.

"See here, I think I know the rest. They sang in the same choir; they loved; you married them clandestinely; salary cut off; left you a parsonage, five hundred dollars per year and three donation parties."

"True, true," said the divine, stroking his long beard, "but that was not what I was going to tell you about. I proposed to relate the events as they affected me and not the young couple; to tell you how the wedding ended where the road crossed the bridge. May I go on?"

"By all means. Your pardon, I believed that I had divided your tale."

"In general, yes; in detail, no. But to continue. I was not aware of this exception until one October night just about ten years ago, when a loud banging at the parsonage door awakened my wife and me from our sleep. At my request Mrs. Buckle went down stairs to see what it was."

"Who is there?" she called through the keyhole.

"John Bunder," came the answer, "and he wants Preacher Buckle pretty quick, too."

"Believing it a matter of importance, my wife rashly called me down stairs to attend to the matter in hand, while she retired. And still more rashly I opened the door a crack and demanded to know what was wanted at such an hour."

"It's John Bunder and Kate Springhouse wants you to marry 'em, preacher," said the big fellow whom I saw stamping to and fro on the porch. "And you'll have to do it quick."

"Indeed," says I, "and this is a nice hour to wake an honest preacher for such a purpose."

"And then my curiosity getting the better of my discretion I unchained the door and opened wider the crack that I might obtain a good view of the party at the gate. There were three of them sitting in a light spring

wagon, to which were attached two lively nannies. In the moonlight I could discern the small form of Kate Springhouse, clad in white, and seated in front beside her burly lover, young Bunder. I realized at once that this wedding was fraught with not a little danger to me, and hence decided to act cautiously.

"I would prefer that you and your friends would go elsewhere," I said to the man outside. "For instance, over the mountains to Brother—"

"Before I had finished my objection the girl screamed: 'They're coming!'

"The big fellow on the porch threw his weight against the door with such violence that I, small man as I am, flew backward to the floor with such force as to partially stun me. When I recovered my senses I found myself on the hind seat of the wagon, with a man at either side, and Henry Bunder, his sweetheart clinging to him, before me, madly lashing the mules."

"He has come to," one of the men whispered.

"Kate Springhouse gave a little scream of joy, which was followed by another of fear, and an involuntary seizure of her lover's arm."

"I hear them," he said, "but we will be married before they catch us."

"As I sat there in that rough, rushing, bounding wagon, hatless, with no protection from the autumn winds other than a light horse blanket my kidnappers had thrown about me, the words of an old sermon of mine came back to me, bringing endless comfort. It was from the first clause of Proverbs 1:17—'Better is a dry morsel'."

"In that discourse I made a point of the fact that anything is better than nothing; that as we are in a dry morsel than no morsel. Now if you refer back to First Kings 2—"

"Excuse me for interrupting, doctor," I exclaimed. "But I shall certainly attend church in Punksington to hear your discourse, but for the present about this elopement."

"Pardon, pardon," said the minister, relighting his cigar. "I was wandering, to be sure. The young people lost no time in explaining what was wanted, and I, realizing that the quicker it was done the closer to home they would leave me, was not unwilling to begin. We had by this time struck into this road that we are following, and were swinging along at a steady run. The light wagon swayed to and fro so that I had difficulty in retaining my feet when I stood up to perform the ceremony. The bride and groom remained seated, for the latter was busy with the driving. Scarcely had the first words left my mouth when we heard behind us a faint call to stop, and turning I saw a buckboard, drawn by two dashing horses, just appearing into view over the brow of the hill a quarter of a mile behind. I saw the moonlight gleam on something that savored of guns, and a cold chill crept over my frame."

"It's pa!" exclaimed the bride. "But go ahead, Mr. Buckle. It will do no good to let your teeth chatter."

"My teeth did chatter, and with cause, for beside the scantiness of my garb, the persons following us fired a gun. I heard the report and ducked, and I am positive that a bullet whistled a few inches above my head, with that peculiar sound we read so much of in war history. The marriage ceremony is really very short, but performed under such conditions it seemed to me endless. But at length it was done."

"I suppose you will let me off now?" I said, for I could hear clearer than ever the clatter of horses' feet behind us, and knew that our pursuers were closing. I did not want to witness the meeting.

"Not just yet, doctor," said one of the big fellows at my side. "The marriage certificate next; and the heaviest sign first."

"And with that he drew from his pocket the needed paper. Mary Springhouse put her name in the proper place and then young Bunder signed. The rattle of wheels came louder, but we were in the woods and could not see the pursuers."

"My turn next," said I, seizing the pencil from the groom.

"Not on your life!" yells the big fellow who held me. "Heaviest first."

"And with that he seized the certificate and pencil and witnessed the paper. Then he leaped off behind and disappeared in the woods. We had emerged into that clearing where you saw the bridge when a call to stop came to us again. I fared not look back, but I saw the whip fall on the mules, and they plunged forward with a lighted load, for the second witness had signed and left us. There was a report, and again I intended to hear the whistling bullet aimed for the groom, a fact that caused me to involuntarily start to jump, to find my escape balked, for the bride clung fast to my blanket."

"Sign the certificate!" she screamed.

"I signed—a very peculiar signature, to be sure, but it satisfied her and she expressed her satisfaction by giving me a push that sent me flying from the vehicle into the road by the bridge."

"When I regained my senses I was lying in the ditch at the roadside, my feet partially immersed in the waters of the creek. My position was such that my prostrate body could not have been seen from the road, and the pursuers must have driven by the spot, little suspecting that one of the chief and most unwilling actors of the drama lay bleeding within a few feet of them. For bleeding I was; my head was badly cut; my back and sides bruised so that every step caused misery. I listened attentively, but heard no sound of hoofs or wheels, and so determined that the

pursuit was now far away. Wary, cold and wounded, I set out for home, five miles back along the dreary road and through these lonely woods. The sun was just rising when I dragged myself up the steps of the parsonage and fell exhausted into the arms of the agonized Mrs. Buckle."

"Did Henry and Kate get away safely, doctor?" I asked.

"Yes, they did," was the reply. "That was why I got away, too. The little affair created such enmity between the two families and myself that they refused to contribute longer to the church. But, as Solomon says in Proverbs 5 and—"

"Punk-ing-ton!" bawled the brakeman, banging the door open.

I did not hear the verse from my companion, for it was lost in the clanging of bells, scrape of brakes and the scuffle of passengers' feet.

"I've enjoyed meeting you immensely, sir," said the divine, seizing my hand. "I hope we will see you at our church if you ever stop there. Good-by."

And he was gone. I sighed and relighted my pipe.

The Irish in Panama.

By HERBERT DUNLAP.

And then our next of kin, the Irish—the blessed, devoted, ubiquitous Irish, whose bleached bones whiten Britain's battlefields. I found an Irishman on the La Boca flat where one of the monster dams is slowly taking form, standing knee deep in oozy, shiny, tide-water mud, cursing tearfully and eloquently three detached looking Jamaicans who, across a bit of creek, were theoretically engaged in affixing a pile line to a monster pile half buried in the dreadful stuff. It was a loathly hole, and hardly inspiring to any man, much less these slothful and easily discouraged negroes. Far above them was the pile driver, reaching out over the end of the long, slender trestle which is the framework of the retaining wall of the structure, according to the plans. The task of raising a great heavy, water-soaked log, easily sixty feet long, to its proper position in the lofty "lead" was no easy one, and the blacks were handling the hardest end of it, working, as they were, waist deep in water, and worse. But their irate boss was suffering from the insidious strain of the weeks of wet season, abounding in a most fiendish assortment of weather, from white heat to chilling rain, and when that was added the manifest helplessness of the human material with which he had to work, his patience and forbearance could properly be denoted by a minus sign.

"An' it's twenty-fove, gold, to shrike the most worthless of them," he ended with a sigh, exhausted in vitality and power of expression. He was a pathetic figure, weak though he proved, when the fire was hottest fighting his lonely fight there in the mud, striving to force into a semblance of effectiveness beings whose barefooted forefathers before them had trod the path of least resistance for so long that it must have been beaten hard as a native troch.

But that scene explained in part the six weeks' leave, the ample, furnished quarters and the host of petty privileges at whose seeming of wastefulness some thoughtless critics have been so quick to strike. They earn it all, and more, these thin faced, sun-tanned men doggedly driving on the mighty work in the face of almost every conceivable obstacle jealous nature can throw before their devoted, unquarrelable hands and brains.—Lippincott's.

A Running Broad Jump.

"One day," related Denny to his friend Jerry, "when I had wandered too far inland on me shore leave I suddenly found that there was a great big haythen, tin feet tall, chasin' me wid a knife as long as yer ar-r-m. Oi took to me heels an' for fifty miles along the road we had it nip an' tuck. Thin Oi turned into the woods an' we run for one hundred an' twenty miles more, wid him gainin' on me steadily, owin' to his knowledge of the country. Finally, just as Oi could feel his hot breath burnin' on the back of me neck, we came to a big lake. Wid one great leap Oi landed safe on the opposite shore, leavin' me pursuer confounded and impotent wid rage."

"Faith an' that was no great jump," commented Jerry, "considerin' the runnin' start ye had."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Domestic Dilemma.

A Philadelphia woman, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic, when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom and call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"

"Well, mum," answered the girl, dubiously, "it's 'Daring.'"—Harper's Weekly.

A Vapor Blanket.

A vapor blanket thirty cent thick is found by Prof. Frank H. Bigelow to cover the reservoir at Reno, Nev. Assuming that a like invisible shield protects the Salton Sea, it is concluded that this body may lose by evaporation not more than four or five feet yearly, instead of the eight feet hitherto expected.

Household Notes

RICE COFFEE.

Brown rice in a spider as you would coffee. Grind and add two tablespoonfuls of the rice to a pint of boiling water. Put in a hot place ten minutes, keeping just below the boiling point, then serve with sugar and cream.—New York Telegram.

SPONGE CAKE.

A good sponge cake served with sweet cream or a glass of milk is an excellent lunch for an invalid. Sift together two cups of pastry flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar and a scant half teaspoonful of soda. Beat four eggs until light, add one-half cup cold water, a cup and a half powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice and the sifted flour. Beat light and bake in a very moderate oven.—New York Telegram.

TO BAKE FISH.

All housekeepers know how difficult it is to wash a pan in which fish has been baked, the glutinous skin of the fish adhering to the pan until vigorous scouring is necessary to remove it. Butter the pan well, and then spread in it a piece of thick waxed paper, preferably the kind used to line cracker boxes. When the fish is baked it can be easily lifted from the paper, which in turn slips easily out of the pan.—New York World.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE.

Put a pound can of grated pineapple and a cup of boiling water over the fire, and when boiling stir in half a cup of a quick cooking variety of tapioca; continue stirring until the mixture boils vigorously, then cover and let cook over boiling water until the tapioca is transparent, adding a second cup of boiling water, if needed. Add three-fourths a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, the juice of a lemon, and when well mixed fold in the whites of from two to four eggs beaten dry; cover and let cook over the hot water a few minutes to "set" the egg. Serve with whipped cream or a cold, boiled custard.—American Cultivator.

SEA-FOAM FUDGE (NUT).

Sea-Foam Fudge (Nut)—Put into a saucepan three cupfuls of light brown sugar, a cupful of cold water and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Bring this to the boil gradually and do not stir after it is once heated. Boil steadily, and when a little of it dropped into cold water forms a hard ball take it from the fire. Beat stiff the whites of two eggs and when the syrup has stopped bubbling pour in on these and beat well. When it begins to stiffen, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and add a cupful of chopped nut kernels—hickory, pecan or English walnuts. Drop on paper or turn into a greased pan and mark off in squares or triangles.—The Delineator.

WEDDING FRUIT CAKE.

Ten eggs, 1 heaping tablespoonful ground cinnamon, 5 level cups brown sugar, 1 heaping tablespoonful ground cloves, 1-2 pint molasses, 3 teaspoon soft butter, 1 lemon, 1 heaping tablespoonful mace, 1 nutmeg grated, 1 pound figs, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, 1 pound citron, 2 pounds currants, 1 quart flour, 3 1-2 pounds raisins. Stir butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten eggs and cinnamon, clove, mace and nutmeg. Mix lemon, soda and molasses together and pour into a greased pan and mark off in squares or triangles.—The Delineator.

LAMB CHOPS A LA CREOLE.

Fry six medium sized lamb chops in butter until nicely browned, remove from the pan and set on back part of range to keep hot.

Sauce—Leave gravy in the pan from the chops and add four good sized onions, chopped fine; cook about five minutes; watch to see they don't burn, then add three stalks of celery, chopped fine and three medium-sized green peppers, chopped fine, and cook for another five minutes; then add one teaspoonful of salt and eight ripe tomatoes of medium size, chopped fine; then let them cook all together for 10 minutes, and serve very hot with creamed potato arranged in a mound in center of platter, with chops leaning against it, and a border of sauce. A very pretty and tasty dish.

Pickled peppers can be used in stead of fresh green ones, and canned tomatoes may be used in place of fresh ones, so it can be served at any season.—New Haven Register.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To freshen and brighten old faded carpets brush them to remove dust, dip broom in a pail of hot water to which has been added a little turpentine. Brush vigorously.

Many cooks do not know that corn starch is an excellent substitute for eggs, particularly in doughnuts and cookies. One tablespoonful of corn starch is equal to an egg.

Varnished woods should be rubbed with a chamois leather wrung out of cold water then polished with a soft duster.

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CHEESE NOW MADE IN 200 VARIETIES.

Experts in Department of Agriculture Make List of Kinds and How They Are Obtained.

Experts at the Department of Agriculture have been at work again and the result is an interesting, if somewhat technical, dissertation on cheeses, how they are made, what they are made of, and all the details connected with the business, says the Omaha Bee. The experts announce, in an introductory note, that there are 229 known varieties of cheese, and that no two of these are at all alike except that they have milk in some form as the basis. Milk is the foundation of all cheese but the superstructure may be made of anything from sage to soapstone, depending upon the whim of the cheese builder and the taste of the consumer.

Cheese making is one of the oldest arts, or trades, or habits, under whichever classification. It was an article of diet back in the hazy times of history, and has never lost out with changing fashions. It is found in the plains of South America, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the passes of the Alps, on the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone, on the steppes of Siberia, in the cottages of the peasants, in the palaces of princes, and on lunch counters of the civilized and semi-civilized world. Age does not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of cheese. There are cheeses in existence and growing stronger every day that are older than existing government. One particular cheese is mentioned as being over 200 years old and reflecting great credit on the family that possesses it. Over in Switzerland they have a pleasant custom of making a cheese at the birth of a child and eating it his funeral feast or at the funeral of his son or grandson.—New York Telegram.

BUNNIES.

Of all the pets I had when on the farm the bunnies were the best. I bought four pair. In a year's time they had increased so fast I did not know how many I had. On account of other work, we could not keep them housed, as they would burrow out. Finally we let them have the run of the farm. They burrowed under the house, hen house and barn, and some took to the woods. They were so tame that we did not like to kill them. When it was necessary we would pick out the "woods bunnies" or the bad tempered bunnies. We never fully realized how many we had until some bright moonlight night, when they would all collect (from woods, house and barn) on the lawn in front of the house. It was very interesting to watch them from the window. A number would sit up on their haunches and sniff the air, and at the least scent of danger away they would go. Then one by one back they would come and frisk about. One old doe seemed to be the guardian of the bunnies. She never whisked out of sight at a danger signal, but stood her ground, and woe to the dog that happened to come her way. I have seen her chase a family of dogs—father, mother and seven pups—from the house to the barn, the dogs yelping and the doe nipping their heels, first one, then another, or she would jump over them, striking with her hind feet. We called her the house bunny, as she had burrowed under the house and raised her young there. It was a pretty sight to see her come out with the little mites of bunnies around her, nibbling grass. The old bunny came to the kitchen doorstep every morning and thumped with her hind feet for breakfast. She liked bread and milk or a bit of apple.—Elton Irwin Hibbard, in the New York Tribune.

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