We Will Keep Our Dreams.

Our dreams—nay, soul, well not let them go;
What though the braggart world scoff and deny,
And pygmies in the market strive and cry,
As emmet-like they hurry to and fro?
The bright hours lessen, and the shadows grow,
But we will seek the silence, thou and I,
Content, while fame and treasure pass us by,
To rove through quiet coverts that we know.

Yea, we will hearken to the wordless speech
Of opening buds beneath the vernal showers;
To us the morn its dewy lore shall teach,
The evening whisper o'er its sleepig flowers;
And secrets the stars utter, each to each,
Shall breathe of Peace 'mid her immortal bowers.

—James B. Kenyon, in The Atlantic.

A STRANGE PERIL.

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

The long vacation of last summer Horace Graham spent with the survey party for the new Canadian transcontinental railroad, thus adding practise to the theory of engineering which he was acquiring at the Toronto Scientific School. The line was then being run through the rough and almost totally unsettled country north of Lake Huron, and from time to time one of the party went out by canoe to the nearest settlement for news, newspapers and supplies.

During the first week in August Horace volunteered to make the trip, and left camp early in the morning. It was more than fifty miles to the settlement, and he had never been over the route, but the way was easy enough to find. He had only to ascend the river where they were encamped till he reached the carry to the river Bouchette, which would in turn lead him to his destination.

He carried letters for the camp in waterproof sack, and took four days' provisions, besides fishing-tackle and a rifle to furnish a little variety to his fare.

The day was hot, even in the deep shadow of the forest, and Horace found the ascent of the stream far from easy. The current was strong, and the frequent rapids necessitated an exasperating number of portages. All that day he saw no sign of life along the rocky shores, till late in the afternoon, he was astonished to come upon a clearing beside the river.

It contained about eight acres, and had been planted with potatoes among the half-burned stumps. Through the fringe of willows Horace caught sight of a tall girl actively engaged in hoeing up the tubers, while two children of five or six years of age were gathering them into buckets. All three were barefooted and wore great straw hats. Three or four filled sacks stood in the clearing, and in the distance there was a log shanty, with a rough stable close to it.

Horace went ashore and chatted for a few minutes with the potato-harvesters. His sudden appearance startled them. He was the first stranger they had seen for months, but he was soon chatting with the tall girl, who told him that her name was Bertha McNeill.

The family had come into the woods that spring, and had succeeded in finding an unusually fertile bit of land in that rather rocky wilderness, of which they proposed to make a flourishing farm. Her father, she said, was then chopping nearly a mile from the river, but they had spent the forenoon in seining the river for such fish as they could obtain.

The fish were pickling in brine for winter use, but the seine still hung to dry, as Horace had noticed, from the branches of a couple of trees by the river.

Horace felt considerable admiration for the spirit of this self-reliant and energetic pioneer girl, but he had not time for a long stay, and he presently paddled away with some new potatoes to be roasted for supper.

The stream made a wide curve a quarter of a mile after he left the clearing, and as he rounded the bend, he heard with disgust the hoarse sound of rapids once more.

They came in sight immediately, almost a cascade, some twenty yards long, where the brown water rushed foaming through a tangle of dangerous-looking rocks.

Horace landed with his freight at th foot of th fall and portaged it to the top, carrying the canoe last. While he was ashore it occurred to him that a pole might be more useful than a paddle in ascending the stream, and he went into the woods with his hatchet to cut one. Birch and cedar were the only trees along the shore, and he had gone fifty yards into the woods before he found a maple sapling to suit him. He cut it, and was trimming off the branches, when, at a casual glance up, he caught a glimpse of a grayish, furry hide vanishing among the dwarf cedars a few rods away.

He jumped upon a fallen log and gazed. Nothing moved, although he was sure that he had not been mistaken. But there was a strip of open ground where the unknown animal must show itself if it was coming toward him, and in a few seconds, indeed, the creature came out from the undergrowth into plain sight. It came at a fast, slinking trot, a gray-brown animal about the size of a collie dog, bushy-tailed and with its head carried low.

Horace had never seen a timber-wolf at large, although he had heard them often enough, but he recognized it at once. He did not feel any particular alarm, for he knew the timidity of these brutes when alone, and he watched it in amused expectancy of the terrified "bolt" when it should see or scent him.

But it came on with disconcerting steadiness, even after it must have become aware of his presence. A slight uneasiness began to invade the surveyor's mind. The beast's coat looked dull and mangy; there was a curiously jerky motion in its gait, and there were large flecks of froth on its half-opened jaws. As it came nearer, Horace heard a continuous low sound, half-snarl and half-moan from its low-hung muzzle.

The animal was mad—Horace suddenly realized the fact! He had heard many times that rabies is terribly prevalent every summer among the northern timber-wolves, serving, in fact, a useful purpose in keeping down the pack and wanders alone, spreading its malady at every opportunity, until it dies a solitary death.

He had no weapon but the hatchet It was too late to try to reach the canoe, where his rifle lay; but a dead cedar stood at his shoulder, and with a bound he clutched the trunk and pulled himself up among the dry, piky branches.

The movement caught the animal's attention and it sprang forward. Horace kicked out desperately. His boot caught the wolf on the jaw as it leaped after him, and it fell back with a yelp, while Horace tremulously established himself safely out of reach.

The unfortunate animal made three or four more bounds into the air in an aimless fashion, and stared up blinkingly. Horace expected to be held captive indefinitely, but after a few minutes the wolf seemed to forget him, and loped away into the woods, going down the river.

The young surveyor kept his perch in the tree for several minutes after the animal was out of sight. The peculiar horror of the peril, beyond all the ordinary forms of death, had completely unnerved him. Then, like a flash, it came eupon him that the wolf was heading directly for the McNeill clearing.

It would come blindly out upon the potato patch and the children; and in its madness, as he had learned, it had no fear of man.

The imminence of this more appalling danger shocked Graham out of his panic.

He slid down from the tree breathlessly and dashed toward the river. The river alone could carry him fast enough to overtake and pass the rabid animal, and for the first time he blessed the rapid current.

His kit still lay piled beside the canoe, and he splashed the craft into the water, taking nothing with him but the rifle. There was no time to make another portage; he would have to run the rapid, and the spray was spattering in his face before he regarded the danger.

The canoe shot like a bullet down the boiling cascade, missing the boulders more by good luck than good steering, shipped a couple of bucketfuls of water as it heeled, and bust through a bank of piled foam with a flurry of white flakes.

The paddle was almost wrenched from Horace's hand when he dipped it; but he was already close to the bottom of the fall when a violent twisting eddy caught the canoe aslant, and it went over.

For a moment Horace was chocked, battered and blinded, and then he came up at the foot of the rapid, feeling dizzy and half-stunned. Several inches of skin were gone from one hand, where it had come in contact with a rock, but no serious damage had been done, and he plunged after the canoe, which was floating quietly, bottom upward, a few yards away.

The water was hardly waist-deep, and he overtook and righted the craft, and clambered gingerly aboard. His rifle was somewhere at the bottom of the stream, but there was no time to look for it. There was sure to be a gun of some sort at the settler's cabin, although the settler himself, as he just then remembered, was absent.

He recovered the floating paddle, and shot down the stream at a racing pace, with the drip from his garments making a pool in the bottom of the canoe.

He heard the voices of the children close to the bank before he reached the clearing, and realized with a gasp of thankfulness that he was not too late.

"Run!" he shouted, bursting ashore through the willows. "Run for the house!"

Bertha, like a true daughter of the backwoods, asked no questions, but seized one of the children with each hand and made for the shanty, dragging the pair, who shrieked with one accord.

Horace had started after them, when he was terrified to see a gray dog-like form emerging from the dead brush that edged the clearing, and between the fugitives and himself.

The animal snapped at the brushwood as it scrambled through, and Bertha, glancing back at that moment, screamed. Instantly the wolf threw up its head, caught sight of her, and with a sort of snarling howl raced after her across the potato hills.

Horace gave a warning shout, and ran. Impeded with the crying children, the girl seemed certain to be overtaken befor she could reach the cabin. The animal was not twenty yards in front of Horace, but he could not gain on it, and in despair he stooped, picked up a large potato and hurled it.

Horace had been the pitcher for the junior ball team of the school of science, and the potato struck the wolf hard on the flank, and staggered it. He flung another and missed in his hurry, but the brute paused, looked round angrily and wheeled in pursuit of its new enemy.

In his turn Horace ran for his life, making for the river with a confused notion of getting into his canoe. He reached the shore, but the canoe was not there. He had forgotten just where he had left it, and he had just time to wheel and meet the rabid animal's charge with a vigorous kick that caught it under the jaw and flung it back.

The hoe lay at his feet, where Bertha had dropped it, and he caught it up in time to deal the wolf a swinging cut with the blade as it plunged at him. The blow sent it headlong down the bank, and Horace heard it splash into the water. He glanced up and down once more for the canoe, and saw it a dozen yards upstream. There was not time to reach it.

In that desperate moment his eye fell upon the net hung from the shrubs to dry, and the sight gave him an inspiration. He dragged it down and bunched it loosely together as the wolf scrambled up the bank, its jaws open and foaming and the wet hair bristling upon its back. Without the slightest hesitation the animal launched itself at him again, and Horace flung the net over it.

It stumbled and rolled, entangled, scrambled to its feet, and once more fell, biting furiously at the meshes. Horace seized the hoe and tried to draw the seine over it as it squirmed and writhed.

It aws rapidly kicking itself free in spite of his efforts, however, and would have been out in a few more struggles, when Bertha came running toward them, with a gun in her hands. "Stand aside!" she called; and as Horace jumped away the rifle banged.

The wolf leaped into the air, net and all, with a sharp yelp, and fell again, still kicking, but blindly and convulsively. The rifle cracked again and a third time. The unfortunate animal's struggles grew feebler, and in less than a minute it was dead.

Then, to Horace's consternation and embarrassment, Bertha dropped the gun, collapsed upon a stump, trembling violently and cried.

Horace spent the night at the cabin, after all, for when he had recovered his scattered outfit, it was too late to go farther that day. Besides this, he had been so thoroughly frightened and shaken by the adventure that he felt it too shaky a condition to paddle a canoe.

The settler McNeill, who returned to the cabin about sunset, complimented him with backwoods gruffness upon his "nerve," but Horace insisted that it was really Bertha who had exhibited that quality. She had at any rate, not only succeeded in saving his life, but in ridding the forest of the most terrible danger that it could harbor.—Youth's Companion.

OUR RAT BILL.

It Is $160,000,000 a Year in This Country Alone.

The bill of damages which civilization holds against the rodent foots up into tremendous figures. According to the experts of the bureau of biological survey of the Department of Agriculture Uncle Sam alone has to pay $160,000,000 every year on account of property damages inflicted by the pest. John Bull and the Kaiser between them have to fork over $150,000,000.

The rat bill of the world would reach into the billions, says Success. Sir James Crichton-Browne, president of a recently formed international union of scientific organizations working together for the extermination of rats, declared that every rat in the United States costs the citizens at least two cents a day for its keep.

In England a rat costs from one-half a cent to five cents daily. The British India rat is the most expensive rodent of them all, for there each of the innumerable swarming millions of the pests consumes on an average three cents daily.

If you add to the cost of the board and lodging of rats the expense of maintaining quarantine operations against them and of fighting the diseases spread by them the average specimen of the rodent tribe preying on civilized nations may be said to cost us from seven to ten cents a day.

The Kongo Free State in mid-Africa has 900,000 square miles of territory. At present its imports amount to only about $4,000,000 a year.

The average yearly milk yield of each cow is 400 gallons.

Household Notes

RED RASPBERRY SHERBET.

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in a quarter of a cup of cold water for twenty minutes, then add a cup and a half of boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add two cups of sugar, one pint red raspberry juice, or part currant and part raspberry, and the juice of two lemons. When cool freeze.—New York Telegram.

FISH SALAD.

For a little supper dish, an appetizing fish salad may serve as the piece de resistance. Remove two or three Yarmouth bloaters from a can, skin and bone them and cut them into pieces. Mix with them pieces of celery and dress with oil and vinegar or mayonnaise. One woman sometimes adds two or three salt anchovies minced fine and sprinkled over the salad after it is dressed.—New York Sun.

CORN MUFFINS.

Scald two cupfuls of fresh milk, into which sift slowly two cupfuls of white cornmeal—stirring all the while—two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, beat well until smooth and let cool, then add two well beaten eggs to this batter. Have the muffin rings well heated and greased, bake in a hot oven for twenty-five or thirty minutes.—The Housekeeper.

BEEF LIVER, BOHEMIAN STYLE.

Take 1 pound of beef liver and chop it fine, put 4 tablespoons of pork fat and the liver in a pan and fry until done; it takes about 20 minutes. Make some dumplings, take 1 egg, 1-2 cup water and 1-2 teaspoon of salt, put enough flour to make a stiff dough, turn this onto a bread board and make some small dumplings, about two inches long and half an inch thick, put them into 2 quarts of boiling water and boil 20 minutes, then drain off the water and mix the liver and dumplings together, season with salt.—Boston Post.

STRAWBERRY CUSTARD.

Select the finest, freshest berries, hull, wash and drain. Turn them into a deep glass dish, sprinkling each layer with powdered sugar; just before serving, pour over a cold boiled custard, made with the yolks of 6 eggs, 1 quart milk, 1 cup sugar, a pinch of salt, and 1 teaspoon of lemon extract. Whip the whites to a stiff froth, add 2 tablespoons sugar, and drop in large spoonfuls in a shallow pan of boiling water. When cooked, lift them out with a skimmer and keep on ice until tea time, then drop them gently in the custard, garnishing with a few berries.—Boston Post.

FROZEN PUDDING.

Cook until the syrup will spin a thread one cupful each water and sugar. Have ready the well beaten yolks of four or six eggs, stir into the cooked syrup, little by little, and return to the fire. Cook until quite thick, beat until cool, then add a level tablespoonful gelatine that has been soaked for half an hour in two tablespoonfuls milk or water, then soften over the tea kettle. Beat again until thick, add one pint cream that has been scalded and cooled or whipped, put in one cupful ground almonds, one-half cupful seeded raisins or currants (or a cupful canned pineapple), and freeze. When ready to pack in a mould or in a freezer add one pound candied fruit cut in small pieces. Let stand a couple of hours to ripen, then serve.—New York Telegram.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Iron mould can be removed by holding the stain over steam and rubbing in salts of lemon. Rinse carefully as the acid is poisonous, and it may rot the material.

If a gruel pot is allowed to stand on stones or something cold for a minute or two after cooking, it will not cool the contents very much and will make sticking less probable.

One woman keeps her chairs of every kind from marking the hardwood floors by glueing to the bottom of leg or rocker a piece or strip of thick felt.

A delicious sandwich for the salad course is made by spreading very thin slices of buttered bread with crisp fried bacon reduced to a paste by mincing.

You should never allow one fish to lie on top of the other, but wring a cloth out of clean salted water, wrap them separately in this, lay on dish; keep in cool place.

Do not throw a skirt over a chair at night; there it will be more damaged than during days of wear. Always hang it up on a skirt hanger.

Arrowroot is better than cornstarch or flour to thicken fruit juices. It does not cloud the juice or thicken in lumps, and it remains transparent.

A woman who always has delicious little cakes and cookies on hand keeps a cut lemon or orange in the jar with them to give a "far away" and delightful flavor.

One cook always puts a very little lemon juice in the water in which she boils the rice. She claims that it keeps the rice white and the grains whole and separate. It may be worth trying.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to . . . GRANT HOOVER)
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST . . .
No Mutuals
No Assessments
Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.
Money to Loan on First Mortgage
Office in Crider's Stone Building
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Pedigree of the Shirt.

By FRANK CRANE.

Why does this being we call a "gentleman" wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture, and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate? No one outside of a madhouse would call these articles of apparel agreeable. There is for the custom no reason at all drawn from comfort, hygiene or usefulness. There is, however, the ghost of a dead reason. Once upon a time a "gentleman" was presumed to do no work, and he dressed to show this, by putting on these visible signs that he never soiled his hands, sweated his neck or bent his noble back. It matters not that we no longer believe in this definition of a gentleman; we did believe it once; its ghost rules on. No man is bold enough to appear in society without this impossible harness. Only a professional humorist, like Mark Twain, or some one who wishes to pose as a mild lunatic, dares rebel. Addison said that the man who would clothe himself according to common sense would find himself in jail within a week.—The Atlantic.

HEROISM OF A MEXICAN.

Jesus Garcia, a Mexican locomotive engineer, met his death in a most horrible manner that he might save the lives of many others and prevent the destruction of a town.

The American Society of the Cross of Honor was quick to act when it learned through newspaper dispatches of Jesus Garcia's sacrifice. At the first meeting of the Board of Governors of the society in this city, held after the tragic occurrence, resolutions were adopted commending the conduct of the Mexican engineer.

President Thomas H. Herndon, of the American Society of the Cross of Honor, sent the resolutions to the Mexican Ambassador. That official had the reported act of Garcia investigated and found it was true as reported by the press.

From the company by which Jesus Garcia was employed—the Montezuma Copper Company, of Nacozari, Mexico—came the particulars of the locomotive engineer's sacrifice.

The two cars loaded with dynamite were near the smelter of the company in the thick of the town. The cars caught fire in some manner, and the flames were almost licking the explosive when Garcia backed his locomotive up to the burning cars and coupled his engine to them.

He realized that the explosion there meant death to hundreds of people and the destruction of the town. Grasping the throttle, he threw it wide open and, with the blazing cars attached, made a streak for the open country.

The train of dynamite had but reached the little section house in the suburbs when came the terrific explosion. The section house and the cars were reduced to splinters, while the body of Garcia was blown to pieces, only the smallest fragments being found afterward.

Twelve Mexican section hands and an American boy were also blown to atoms. But the town and many precious lives had been saved by the "Jim Bludsoe" of the Mexican mines.—Washington Star.

Perfectly Safe.

"I should think Mrs. Roosevelt would be afraid to let her husband go after lions," declared a reader of the daily papers, according to a writer in the St. Louis Dispatch. "It's a most dangerous sport."

"Nonsense!" responded her husband.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she knows very well there isn't a lion living that could bite him first."

ATTORNEYS.

D. F. FORTNEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 19 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to

S. D. GETTIG   JNO. J. BOWER   W. D. ZERBY
GETTIG, BOWER & ZERBY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAGLE BLOCK
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Successors to ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS
Consultation in English and German.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

W. G. RUNKLE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly
Special attention given to collections. Office, 2d floor Crider's Exchange.

N. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building.

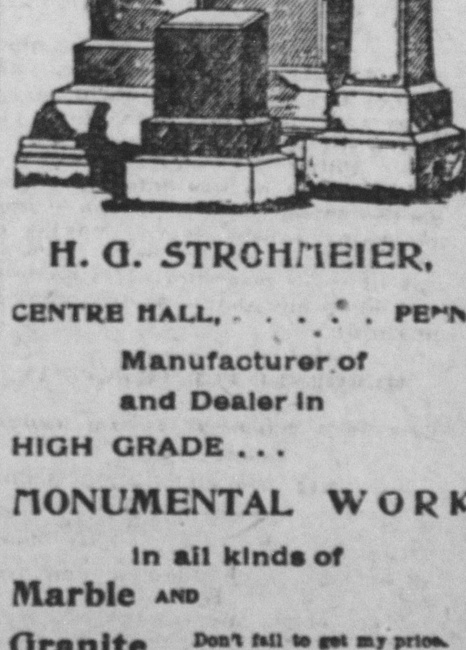
Old Fort Hotel
EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor.
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.
Accommodations first-class. Good bar. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.
RATES: $1.00 PER DAY.

The National Hotel
MILLHEIM, PA.
I. A. SHAWVER, Prop.
First class accommodations for the traveler. Good table board and sleeping apartments. The choicest liquors at the bar. Stable accommodations for horses is the best to be had. Bus to and from all trains on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, at Coburn.

LIVERY
Special Effort made to Accommodate Commercial Travelers.....
D. A. BOOZER
Centre Hall, Pa. Penn'a R. R.

Penn's Valley Banking Company
CENTRE HALL, PA
W. B. MINGLE, Cashier
Receives Deposits . .
Discounts Notes . . .

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.



H. G. STROHMEIER,
CENTRE HALL, . . . PENN.
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
HIGH GRADE . . .
MONUMENTAL WORK
in all kinds of
Marble AND Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

LARGEST INSURANCE Agency
IN CENTRE COUNTY
H. E. FENLON
Agent
Bellefonte, Penn'a.
The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies
Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.