

THE FRONTIERSMAN.

The suns of summer seared his skin;
The cold his blood congealed;
The forest giants blocked his way;
The stubborn acres' yield
He wrenched from them by dint of
arm,
And grim old Solitude
Broke bread with him and shared his
cot
Within the cabin rude.
The gray rocks gnarled his massive
hands;
The north wind shook his frame;
The wolf of hunger bit him off;
The world forgot his name;
But mid the lurch and crash of trees,
Within the clearing's span
Where now the bursting wheat-heads
dip,
The Fates turned out—a man!
—Richard Wightman in Hampton's
Magazine.

A Daughter
Of Iron Crow

By Franklin Welles Calkins

It was holiday week at Burnt Wood agency. On the day before the Fourth of July the teachers of the government school and the employees of the agency went for a picnic at Wolf Creek Canon. Teepee and cabin were also deserted, for the Indians had pitched their tents in a "Great Circle" on the high flat between Wolf Creek and Burnt Wood. A solitary blue-coated brute guarded the agency buildings.

The agent, to whom all picnics were a bore, sat alone in his office. McLaughlin, in spite of the warm weather, was busy with annual reports to his commissioner. The drone of buzzing flies and the distant boom-boom of the tom-tom came to his ear in a sonorous hum as he worked.

He was deep in the toils of recommendation—he was allowed to recommend—regarding land rentals, when there came a knock at the wire screen of his front door. He knew the hesitating rap was that of an Indian, and a woman.

"Come!" he said, and his pen sped on, leaving his visitor to wait the convenient time of a paragraph.

"Please, sir—father!"

He recognized the voice, and turned, with some surprise, to face Sallie Iron Crow. Sallie would never have come to him at such a time without some urgent need.

The girl was standing inside his door, dressed in her school uniform. Her face was pale, her breath quick. The string had come off one of her long braids, and a tangle of hair fell over her shoulder. A quilt dangled at her wrist. Evidently she had been riding fast.

"Why, Sallie," said McLaughlin, "I thought you were at the school picnic! Is something wrong?"

Sallie was the daughter of the head man of his Indians, a bright pupil at the school, and a favorite with both the agent and his wife.

"Father," she said, "all is bad with the Indians since my father, Iron Crow, left us on a visit. The young men of Turtle Face have taken horses of the cattlemen. They say they did this because of the young horses those men drove off two years ago. Those young horses belonged to my uncle; and Turtle Face's men have given those they have taken to my uncle because they say it is right.

"That is not so—they have done it to get us all into a quarrel because they hate my father—and now the cattlemen are coming to shoot us all! Father, you must stop them! I have said enough now. I must go quickly."

Unheeding his remonstrance, his questions, the girl hurried outside, ran to her pony, mounted, and was off.

Much disturbed, the agent sought old Crooked Road, the only policeman who could be induced to stay at the agency during the dancing. The old brute listened gravely.

"Turtle Face's men—they took horses—one sun biffor las' night," he admitted, reluctantly. "Mebbe so cattlemans come," he added, indifferently. "If he do, I tink we fight, mebbe." And no further would he talk, although his eye roved the wide range of the valley westward to the watershed.

McLaughlin's gaze followed his policeman's. The day was calm, the sky clear, and nowhere on the shimmering gray terraces was there any sign of life. He went out to the government stables. Every horse had been taken by the picnickers, his wife having driven the team allotted to his use.

Then he returned to his office, convinced that Sallie had been frightened and nervous, and had imagined much. The Indians had run off some stock from the outlying ranches. Very well, the horses must be returned, although there was complaint, well founded, that the ranchmen had been none too careful about branding young horses on the agency borders.

At any rate, the cattlemen, if they were coming, would come to the agency first, he concluded. An old feud among his Indians, between the bands of Turtle Face and Iron Crow, had given him some trouble in his

four years at Burnt Wood. Turtle Face had been head chief, but was of such unruly and untrustworthy temper that the government had recognized Iron Crow's authority, and this had caused bad blood between the factions. Still, McLaughlin did not believe that either band wished to embroil its tribe in a war with the whites. So he sat down again to his work.

It was a couple of hours later that he was interrupted by the entrance of Crooked Road.

"Cattlemans he come," was the bluecoat's laconic announcement. He pointed to the west.

McLaughlin stepped to the window. Even through its wire screen he could discern, several miles away, a string of objects moving diagonally across the Burnt Wood slopes. He got his field-glass and ran outside. There the blurred objects were quickly resolved into horsemen wearing hats. They were not coming toward the agency, but were riding leisurely toward the Indian encampment, nearly two miles below.

The agent sped away. "Stay here!" he shouted back to his policeman.

Although the day was warm, he covered the distance to Wolf Creek at a dog-trot. He beat the squad of white horsemen by a mile or so; but when he had laboriously climbed a bluff, he discovered that the Great Circle had been abandoned. Every tent was vacant; no living creature was on the ground save lingering crows.

The agent had no doubt where his Indians had gone. They had sighted that cavalcade of cowboys, and had fled to the first bush-grown ravine. He turned and walked to a fringe of gum-brush at the head of the nearest gulch; but when he had peered into its depths no trace of anything animate could be seen.

He wanted to get to his Indians before the cattlemen, or, at least, to be with them at the encounter. He hoped that he might prevail upon the Brules to restore the stolen stock, and that he might then induce the cow-men to leave the rest to the government.

Before he could determine which way to go,—the grass was trodden down with tracks in all directions,—he saw the cow-men coming over a rise to the southward. They crossed the ring of the wide circle at a gallop, and he walked out a little way to meet them.

He would, if possible, gain a little time for the Brules, should they be inclined to get farther beyond reach. As he was the only person in sight, the squad of cow-men—as their dress now showed them to be—came straight on, until they confronted him at short range.

One of the men, the leader evidently, rode to within a few paces before halting. This man was short and slight of build; he had a close-cropped sandy beard and a face as innocent of stern purpose as that of a schoolboy at play.

"How, how!" said this individual. "Are you the agent at Burnt Wood?"

"I am," returned McLaughlin.

"What will you have?"

"Three cow-ponies and a couple of Injuns, if you please," was the smiling and wholly dispassionate reply.

As much as anything to hide his growling excitement, the agent laughed. "That's a modest requisition," he said, "but I don't know that the goods can be delivered. At present the agency is without its wards, so far as I can see."

"Say, friend, you didn't give your reds a tip to get into them bushes, did you? You look some heated." He spoke as pleasantly as before.

McLaughlin's eye glanced along the lines of horsemen, armed with rifle and revolver. He measured his words.

"I had a tip that you men, or some men, were coming after ponies which some of the young Indians foolishly stole," he said. "I believe your stock is near at hand. It shall be returned to you, or double its appraised value shall be paid. I will be personally responsible."

"That's good as far as it goes," said the leader, "but we want the reds that took them ponies. It's part of our business to deal with horse-thieves. Government won't do a thing for us in that line, and we've got to enforce law in our own way. Your reds have got to give them thieves up or—Well, here they come, fellows! We'll see what they're got to say!"

A grim look had overshot the pleasant face, and the cowboys had hitched their guns forward with a clank as he spoke.

McLaughlin turned in the direction in which they were looking, and saw, where he had not suspected the existence of a ravine, feathered scalps, painted bodies and bestridden ponies rising out of the earth. Up out of the level surface, here and there over a considerable space, the horsemen were projected in a silence that could be felt. They came jogging on, halting by twos and threes, until more than a hundred confronted the grimly silent cowmen.

McLaughlin looked them over carefully. These barelegged warriors were picked men. They were all armed, and they had ridden out of the ravine that their women and children might not suffer should the white men seek a fight.

In spite of his waning hope for a peaceful settlement, the agent was distinctly proud of that body of fearless wild riders. Toggled and feathered as they were, they had the bearing of free men, banded to resist the force of lawless might. Mc-

Laughlin was aware, too, that matters had gone beyond the present reach of his authority. Four of his most trusted policemen, still recognizable in paint and feathers, sat in the front ranks. Although he stood his ground, between the forces, the agent wisely allowed the colloquy to open without interference.

It was not Turtle Face, but Yellow Antelope, a subchief and an adherent of Iron Crow, who rode a little in front of his fellows, to speak. Yellow Antelope had some command of terse English. He found the leader of the cow-men, and put forth a hand.

"What you come—bring gun for—what you want on Indians' land?" he asked.

"Three ponies and two Injuns," was the grim response. "You know well enough, else you wouldn't have been sneakin' off into them ravines."

"Huh!" exclaimed Yellow Antelope. "Women hide 'cause— you always kill women and children. We got men here now—all men—right here," he added, significantly.

Then the tall Indian towered on his horse. "Listen," he said. "Two year now you run off Indians' ponies—your men—ponies went off our lands—we not know—you take 'em— young horse—no brand—six. We got three ponies back—we keep."

"He's a liar!" "That's a lie!" ran along the menacing line of cow-men.

The agent lifted a hand high and shook it, begging for silence, and intent upon speaking with what authority he might. But a cowboy on the extreme left interrupted him with a shout.

"Hi, y!" he yelled, exultingly. "Hyar comes your Bar V horses now, Bill! Red's a-leadin' 'em! Yip, yah! I thought they'd weaken!"

McLaughlin wheeled, facing the agency, and saw, a hundred yards away, Sallie Iron Crow, riding her own pony and leading three others at a jog-trot. She had come out of the ravine he had ascended in reaching the height.

"Good for you, Sallie!" he shouted, encouragingly; and in the same instant a young Indian on his right spurred his pony several leaps toward the girl, halted and leveled his gun. He whooped fiercely at her in her own tongue.

Then, as several cow-men pressed forward, the rash young Sioux took deliberate aim and fired. A dozen Brules spurred at him with angry cries, and the reckless fellow was unhorsed and disarmed in a trice.

Sallie had not halted. She came unwaveringly on. No other Indian tried to interfere with her evident purpose.

Very pale of face, but composed, she halted in front of the nearer cow-men, and faced their leader.

"I bring your horses," said Sallie, slowly and with effort. "I, the daughter of Iron Crow, have done this. Do not kill—more of our people—I think—I die now."

She drooped forward upon the withers of her pony. In an agony of apprehension, McLaughlin sprang toward her; but, quick as he was, the cowboy leader was before him. The man leaped from his horse, caught the stricken girl in his arms and eased her gently to the ground. He glanced in great concern at the lifeless face.

"Good Lord, fellows," he said, "this pore gal's dead!" He turned to his troop. "Hats off, men!"

While McLaughlin was bending over Sallie, every cowboy that came off, and so, for a moment, they sat in silence, while the Indians, abashed and concerned for the rash act of their fellow, made no move to regain the ponies.

"And now, men," said the cowboy leader, "we can't do any good here. Them stolen horses was mine, but I'll leave 'em here, and that gal's folks can have 'em. You understand?" he asked, turning to Yellow Antelope.

"We hear," said the Brule, solemnly. "It is a peace token—it is enough."

I am glad to be able to add that Sallie Iron Crow, although severely wounded, did not die. A skillful post physician and tender nursing at the school hospital restored her to health. She is today the wife of a prosperous Oklahoma farmer of mixed blood.—Youth's Companion.

London Cabmen.

London has over nine thousand four-wheeled and two-wheeled one-horse cabs. The cab drivers rent these cabs and horses from different companies. They pay the owners in winter season \$1.94, and in the summer season, when London is full of tourists and their business is very active, \$2.92 rent a day for cab and horse. Their compensation for driving is the difference between the rental they pay and the fares they collect. The men interviewed stated that only in the busy season can they make from \$10 to \$12 a week, and in winter months they cannot realize more than \$7 weekly.—Consular Report.

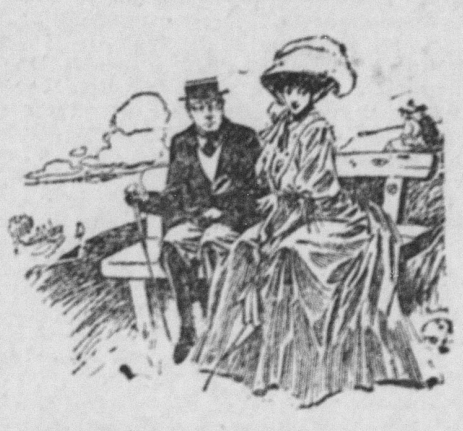
Notes for the Girls.

Statistics show that baldness and higher education go together. In other words, the woman with a haystack of hair on her head doesn't know as much as the woman with a coiffure of door-knob size.—Atchison Globe.

Simple Globe. Don't you know that it's usually the woman with the door-knob coiffure who wears the haystack of hair?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

ELOPING UP TO DATE.
The coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of the hatless girl.
While over the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.
The only luncheon his coileless purse
Affords to them the means,
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod
With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When paper tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.
—Motor Record.



TO BE CONTINUED.

He—So this, I suppose, is the end of our engagement?
She—Not necessarily. I shall be here again next year.—London Opinion.

OF COURSE.
"I wonder why that rich Mrs. Tupper wears imitation furs?"
"Probably because it isn't real cold."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SPENDERS.
"How are you getting along, Jones, since you got married? Saving any money?"
"Yes, but for heaven's sake don't tell my wife."—Judge's Library.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.
He (pointing with his whip): There's a tobacco-field.
She: Give me the lines, dear, and see if you can find a ripe cigar for yourself.—Harper's Bazar.

REASONABLE.
"Did the repairer cause you any embarrassment by his charge?"
"No. He kindly consented to take the car in part payment."—Cleveland Leader.

HE REMEMBERED.
She (reminiscing)—Don't you remember, dear, that lovely gorge up in the White Mountains?
He—At the Hawthorne? Say, that was about the sweetest feed I ever tucked in.—Boston Transcript.

THE EVIDENCE LACKING.
"Stand up, McNulty," said the police magistrate. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"
"Faith, an' it's meself as can't tell that till O'hear th' evidence," replied McNulty.—Chicago News.

LONDONESE.
Coster—"Ere, wot abah it! Hawker—Wot abah wot? Coster—Wot abah wot yer said abah me? Hawker—Well, wot abah it? (And so on)—Punch.

A USEFUL SCIENCE.
"What is geography?" asked the father who was testing his son's progress in study.
"Geography," replied little Jimmy Jiggs, "is what you put inside your trousers when you think you are going to get a whipping."—Washington Star.

MERELY HATPINS.
Ethel (calling on her friend)—I didn't know you were one of those athletic girls.
Midge—What do you mean?
Ethel—Look at those foils over your bureau.
Midge—Foils! Why, those are my hat pins.—Boston Transcript.

WONDERFUL.
"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely. To develop the arms I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."
"Well, well," exclaimed her father, "what won't science discover? If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."—Illustrated Bits.

SADLY DISAPPOINTED.
"What's the matter, Miss Prink?"
"Jim Barnum says the campaign is over."
"Yes. What of it?"
"Nothing, only it does seem very strange that none of them candidates that does the kissing has ever come this way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COURTING A BELLE.
"Would it be any harm to deceive her about my age?" inquired the elderly millionaire.
"Probably not."
"I'm 60. How would it do to confess to 50?"
"I think your chances would be better with her if you claimed 75."—Kansas City Journal.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.
President Taft prepared addresses for his Western trip.
Sultan Mehemed V. of Turkey suffered a slight attack of measles.
Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, contemplates resigning his seat.
The Rev. Dr. Hainsford returned to New York City from Europe, his health completely restored.
The Peace Society of New York hailed President Taft as the leader in the world peace movement.
Senator Aldrich in a letter to Governor Pothier of Rhode Island told of his reasons for declining a re-election.
Sir Edward Morris, Premier of Newfoundland, in New York City said arbitration of fisheries dispute would have successful result.
Richard Croker told old friends when last in America that he would return to New York City to live, but would not re-enter politics.
Senator Depew, seventy-six years old, upheld the capacity of the aged for work at a dinner given by the Montauk Club, of Brooklyn.
Justice Green, of the New York City Court, in a decision setting aside a verdict, denounced a false witness in the case as "an unmitigated scoundrel."
Andreas Dippel resigned as administrative director of the Metropolitan Opera Company to become general manager of the new Chicago Grand Opera Company.
Representative Harrison wants Congress to ask for report made to Treasury Department nineteen years ago, and said to disclose frauds in the customs service at New York City.
Christian F. Reissner, the "Billboard" pastor from Denver, preached at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, and promised he would fill the place if he had to advertise.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.
M. Millerand was the only minister who failed to be elected in France.
The Trinity Church Corporation's annual report showed an increase of \$400,000.
The Vatican protested against the proposed visit to Rome of the Prince of Monaco.
Seizures of cotton under bills of lading issued by Knight, Yancey & Co. were made at Mobile.
Senator Root has been supplanted as New York State leader by U. S. Attorney-General Wickersham.
The Government announced its intention to use the cotton inquiry as a basis to stop trading in futures in all staples.
Senator Lodge withdrew his resolution asking for the expenditure of \$65,000 to continue the cost of living inquiry.
The London Globe criticizes the British Foreign Secretary for the Cabinet's attitude on the Chinese railway question.
Liverpool dealers claim that \$2,500,000 had been lost through forged bills of lading for cotton sent from the United States.
Suggestions for a reduced rate of newspaper postage as well as an increase in the magazine rate were made by a New England member of Congress.
Trenton's ministers from pulpits denounced the alleged revelry that marked the closing of the New Jersey Legislature and called on Governor Fort to investigate.
Arthur Nevins' American opera "Pala" was heartily applauded by the German Crown Prince, Crown Princess, Prince and Princess Augusta William on its second performance in Berlin.

Actress, Formerly Society Woman,
Inherits \$40,000 From Aunt.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Cora U. Potter, the American actress, now a resident of Staines Bridge, England, receives \$40,000 under the will of Ida A. Richardson, her aunt, which was filed in the Probate Court here. The will disposes of an estate valued at \$150,000, \$61,000 of which goes to eight public institutions at New Orleans, La. Mrs. Potter is the divorced wife of James Brown Potter, the New York City society man, who has since married a famous Virginia beauty.

LITERAL LANNIGAN.
Mrs. Subbubs (who has hired a man to plant shade trees)—"Digging out the holes, I see, Mr. Lannigan."
Lannigan—"No, mum. O'm diggin' out the dirt an' leavin' the holes."
—Boston Transcript.

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