

Thy Little Hand.

Thine is a little hand—
A tiny little hand—
But if it clasp
With timid grasp
Mine own, ah! me, I will can understand
The pressure of that little hand!

Thine is a little mouth—
A very little mouth—
But oh! what bliss
To steal a kiss,
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the south,
From that same little mouth!

Thine is a little heart—
A little fluttering heart—
Yet is it warm
And pure and calm
And loves me with its whole untutored art,
That palpitating little heart.

Thou art a little girl—
Only a little girl—
Yet art thou worth
The wealth of earth—
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold and pearl—
To me, thou blessed little girl!

FOR OUR LIVES.

With few exceptions, the guides and scouts of Arizona are brave and upright though rough; men whom you could no more hire, or persuade, to do a mean or cowardly act, than you could induce them to sell their favorite horse or rifle. This strange country, with its rocky ranges, deserts, and scores of canons and passes, is to them a well learned lesson; they are familiar with every trail, know the location of the springs or water-holes, can tell you where the best grass is to be found, and in case of an Apache raid are indispensable.

During my sojourn in the Territory a few years ago, I had occasion to employ one of the scouts, Dave White by name, on several occasions, and found him an invaluable companion. He could explain every curling wreath of smoke on the horizon; he could tell how long a trail had been made and by whom, he knew every Indian haunt, and woe to the red-skin, on whom he drew a bead! 'Old Skiro,' as he had named his rifle, was never known to miss its mark, and 'Adelante,' his horse, was as fleet as the wind when the master gave the word 'go.'

One beautiful autumn morning, in the fall of 1871, Dave and myself started to ride from the rancho at Apache Pass to the overland mail station, on the San Cimon, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

Threading our way slowly down the vast canon of the Pass through the mountains, where huge rocks, hundreds of feet high, towered above us on either hand—their jutting, moss-grown sides filling the gorge with a strange, somber gloom—I could not dispel from my mind a certain sense of danger. Ugly stories and rumors of Indian attacks were then common. So strong an impression had they made upon me that I finally said:

'Dave, I believe we are going to have trouble before we get through to-day.'

'Trouble!' replied Dave. 'Ha! ha! ha! as though we weren't always havin' trouble! Yer haint scared, be ye, doctor?'

He laughed so loudly that the rocks above us caught the sound, and echoed a dozen startlingly distinct ha! ha! ha's!

The effect was so uncanny that I could scarcely believe but that a band of savages were mockingly repeating our rash notes of levity. Again I asked Dave if we might not do well to postpone this trip till the following week. The scout reined in his horse, and squaring himself in his saddle, looked me full in the face.

'Now look here, doctor,' he said, 'ef yer afeared, we'll turn back; ef not, we'll reach the San Cimon, unless old Skiro and Adelante fail me! I could only protest that I was not afraid, but cautious, at which suggestion Dave merely vouchsafed 'h'm' of incredulity and spurred his horse into a brisk canter.

After two or three miles of riding, we left the rocky fastnesses of the Pass, and thence proceeded for six or eight miles further across the plain, where scarcely a mound or a bush breaks the dead level as far as the eye can see. My fear of danger was gone or forgotten, while I was listening to one of Dave's stories of adventure—when suddenly he turned his head, and looking over his shoulder exclaimed, 'Thunder!' in a voice that sent every drop of blood surging back to my heart.

Well I knew what such an exclamation from his lips meant; and the sight which met my eyes, as I glanced behind me was not an assuring one. Scarcely a mile away, and coming at full speed, were eight or nine Apaches!

They had probably followed us through the Pass.

I saw Dave look anxiously at my horse. It was a large, wonderful animal, possessed of endurance, but not much speed. 'Too big odds for this 'ere open plain,' so it's a ride for our lives,' Dave said quietly.

The San Cimon was nearly ten miles away! Could we reach it? I asked Dave the question as coolly as I could.

'We've got to!' was his only reply. 'Come on now. Settle yerself well in

yer saddle, doctor, lean a little for'ard, foller the motion of yer horse, and give him the spurs! Give him the spurs I did; for I felt that our only safety depended upon the speed I could get out of the animal. Both animals seemed to feel how much depended upon their efforts, and to be quite as anxious to escape the fate in store for them, if captured, as did we, their riders. Every hurried word we spoke and every nervous caress we gave them seemed to inspire them with fresh life. Yet in spite of it all we appeared but to creep over the plain; and another hasty glance over my shoulder told me but too plainly that the redskins were gaining on us.

The wretches had uncommon fine horses—the choicest of all those stolen and captured by them both in Arizona and Northern Mexico. I saw, too, that Dave was holding Adelante in, while my horse was making his utmost efforts. On we rode. Dave's face was a study as with compressed lips and flashing eyes, he watched every movement of my horse, as though his life, not mine, depended upon my exertions. Occasionally, he gave an uneasy look behind, then forward toward the long line of scrubby mesquite which marked the course of the San Cimon where the station was. At length he turned toward me, his face no longer anxious, but full of determination, and said in a low, resolute voice—

'We shan't make it, but we'll ride as long as we can, then turn loose on 'em with our revolvers. Keep your hoss well in hand; don't let him stumble.'

Before I realized what he was doing, Dave wheeled, and bringing Adelante up with a force that almost threw the animal upon its haunches, faced the Indians. I heard the crack of his rifle, next minute he was beside me again.

'Fetched one of 'em! Give me your rifle and load this,' said Dave, hurriedly.

The exchange was soon made. I spoke to my horse, at the same time sinking the spurs deeply into his foam flecked sides; for a few moments we seemed fairly to fly over the hard ground—each moment bringing us nearer the station, which was now not more than two miles away.

Not a word was spoken, the ring of horse's hoofs on the gravelly plain and their quick, labored breathing were the only sounds audible. But how those moments lagged! For already we could hear the gollop of the redskins behind. They were not more than three hundred yards in our rear. Suddenly their hideous yell broke on our ears—the first sound we had heard from them.

'Howl, will ye?' Dave exclaimed. He turned, and again I heard the report of his rifle; then once more Adelante was beside me.

'Taint no use with the hoss of yourn. We must fight 'em!' he exclaimed. 'When we get to that turnyender, we'll face the varmints an' give 'em our revolvers!'

As he spoke, another yell rent the air and a flight of arrows whizzed past—striking into the ground in advance of us.

'Gittin close for comfort!' muttered Dave. 'Turn!'

We pulled up, wheeled and, drawing our revolvers, fired—once, twice!

I saw one of the painted wretches reel and fall, his horse galloping off with flying bridle.

The sudden resolution of our movements had the effect of bringing the Apaches to a halt; but to our shots they responded by another flight of arrows from their powerful bows, one of which struck through Dave's left arm.

'Hit the bone!' he ejaculated, with a groan of pain. The next moment another shaft buried itself deep in my horse's breast. The poor beast which had done its best for me, leaped convulsively with a sharp cry, and fell in the road. My right foot was fast under him for an instant before I could extricate myself. As I struggled, still another arrow struck into the dying horse's neck. Dave was firing; and just as I got free, his own horse, hit by an arrow, backed nearly over me. But I regained my feet, and taking aim, shot an Apache who, with drawn bow, was galloping forward to shoot at Dave. The rascal fell backward out of his saddle. Facing partly round to shoot at the others, I saw to my astonishment that they had wheeled about and were riding away at full speed.

Wondering what it meant, we looked round just as the three station guards with a ring 'huzza!' went past us at a gallop, in pursuit of the Apaches.

Then we comprehended the situation. The station men had heard the yells and the reports of our pistols, and hurriedly mounting, had ridden to the rescue.

They succeeded in bringing down an Indian whose horse had been hit by one of our bullets; but the others escaped into a canon three miles off to the left of our route. But they had been obliged to leave the bodies of their fallen comrades behind them.

We walked to the station, where Dave's arm was dressed and Adelante's hurts cared for. And thus terminated

—more fortunately than it might have done—our ride to San Cimon.—*Youth's Companion.*

Hancock's Romance.

I was talking politics with a senator from the west this week, and, on mentioning Gen. Hancock's name, he told me a story of the gallant general that is romantic enough to repeat. Soon after his graduation from West Point, when but a little past his majority he started from the west in company with a number of army men, to see the country. They stopped at St. Louis, and while there Gen. Hancock met his future wife. He was taking one of his customary morning rides on horseback in the most fashionable part of the city when he caught sight of a handsome young lady standing at a window. His heart was touched at once—and for the first time—and, without a thought of the impropriety of his action, involuntarily he reined his charger and took off his hat. The fair vision at the window waved a shapely white hand, blushed and drew the curtain.

This only increased the young man's disease, and when he returned to his hotel his absent-mindedness and evident abstraction provoked comment on the part of his friends. Try as he would the beautiful face at the window haunted him still, and he yielded to an irresistible impulse to return to the house where his fate resided, in hope of getting an other wave of the hand or a smile of encouragement to love's young dream. As luck would have it, fortune smiled on the young man, and the lady was just leaving the house, accompanied by a tall and elderly gentleman, as he reached there. She recognized him at once, and rosy blushes suffused her face as she entered a carriage in waiting and was driven rapidly away.

Young Hancock was now more eager than ever, and hailing a passing cab, directed the driver to follow the carriage containing the beautiful unknown. Finally her carriage stopped, and she entered the house of an old army friend of the ardent lover, who followed close after and was admitted by the friend in person. To him the smitten youth unbosomed himself, and an introduction followed to Miss Mary Russell, a daughter of one of St. Louis' wealthiest merchants. The young lady seemed to have been struck by the same dart that pierced her lover's heart, and a cordial invitation to call was extended to him. I need say no more. The rest of the story is simply the oft told tale, for in six months Miss Mary Russell became Mrs. Winfield Scott Hancock, and she is held in the warmest esteem by all those who know her many charming and womanly qualities. This is but one of many romantic tales one hears here nearly every day, and their recital is one of the pleasantest features of Washington life.

A Humorist's Romance.

Carrie Burdette, wife of Robert J. Burdette, died at Ardmore, Pa., recently. She was an invalid from her marriage, and the great humorist cared for her as he would a babe, giving her every possible comfort. Mrs. Burdette was the daughter of Auren Garrett, of Peoria, and was married to Burdette some fifteen years ago. Her father was opposed to Bob, and he made the course of true love of the young couple any thing but smooth. Bob was clerk in the post-office at that time, and Carrie was a beautiful young lady with a will of her own that more than matched that of her father.

One day the old man commanded her to discard Bob. She refused and a violent altercation ensued. Carrie had an undefined trouble with her heart that this precipitated. She was stricken down with a spasm. They sent for Bob, and he found her pale and lifeless on the sofa. Here she managed to express a wish that they might be married before she died and a clergyman was sent for. The marriage of the great humorist was celebrated amid tears and sighs, the orange blossoms absent and only the pallor of a dying face looking out from the heap of pillows. Strange to say she immediately began to recover and she soon regained her former strength. With it, however, was an unaccountable malady.

Fortunes in Dogs.

Among the \$350,000 worth of dogs exhibited at the New York show, were some worthy of note. Two were \$10,000 dogs. One is a deer hound and the other a pointer. Of course no one would pay \$10,000 for either, but that's the value placed on each by their respective owners. There are several dogs supposed to be worth from \$2,000 to \$5,000. The \$10,000 pointer (Meteor) took the prize for dogs of that breed. His competitor was an English dog (Beaufort), and the international rivalry over the two was almost as strong as at the walking match. The large English contingent present maintained that the English dog should get the first prize, and the Americans held that the American dog was entitled to it. Many bets were made as to which would get it, and when the judge decided in favor of the American dog, about \$5,000 changed hands.

Borrowing Trouble.

The real troubles of life are few; the imaginary sorrows are many. Most persons habitually forecast difficulty, and imagine evils that are at least in the future if they exist at all. When the time arrives when the sorrow was expected it had vanished. Many have speculated on the reason for this. Why should so universal an evil exist? Does it grow out of apprehensions resulting from our lack of prescience as to the future, or is it the outcome of disturbed physical conditions? Dyspepsia or an inactive liver will fill the mind with gloomy ideals. Do all such impressions come from disordered health? No doubt ignorance, superstition and ill health, or lack of mental balance, have much to do with such things. Apprehension and fear are apt to attend what we do not understand.

In the old, superstitious times a strange sound, a gloomy day, an eclipse and many other thing caused apprehension. Even now there are those who, if they happen to find the number at the table to be thirteen, are alarmed. Dreams are thought by some to have intimations of trouble. A dream of struggling with snakes means that a secret foe will assail. And so a long catalogue of superstitions. We have learned, however, that eclipses are governed by natural laws, and that unlucky numbers or days, and that dreams, rarely amount to anything, and are not suggestive of special results. Much that was regarded with superstitious awe is now looked upon as an exploded theory. And thus much of what we call trouble is even yet the result of old superstitions not entirely banished, even from intelligent minds. But these are being gradually dispelled. The light of science is rapidly penetrating what was thought to be mysterious a few years ago, and it is relieving much that was the cause of trouble and perplexity.

Remarkable Instance in Domestic Life.

It is popular belief that married relatives cannot dwell together under the same roof for any length of time, and that separation must ensue either from disagreements or the desire to better their condition. Millin county presents a remarkable exception to this rule, and it will be hard to find another instance where two families have lived together for so long a time as those of Mr. James Carson and Mr. William Greer. In 1864 they married Misses Rebecca and Sarah Russler, twin sisters, and have resided conjointly under the same roof for a period of thirty-eight years, eating at the same table, rearing their children and educating them from the same common purse. They started life poor and both husbands and wives being industrious and economical have succeeded in possessing themselves of one of the finest and most productive farms in east end of the Kishacoquillas valley. The elder sister of the wives lived with them until she died, and also the widow mother, who passed away two or three years ago at the age of 86 years. It is rare that such an instance of domestic fidelity, happiness and thrift is to be found and it is a stirring lesson to those who can scarcely live together as one family under the same roof without scandal and disagreements which are often intensified by an appeal to a divorce court.

The question is often asked after a financial flurry, induced by a falling market or extreme fluctuations of prices what becomes of the securities that play all the mischief. What in short is the effect produced upon them by a panic. When stocks are forced up to a fictitious altitude, it is easy enough to understand that they are quoted for much more than they are really worth. When they are forced down to a point so low as to break the holders what are they worth then? Gen. Butler was questioned in regard to this subject the other day and stated the case very clearly. He said 'I do not think the panic has made stocks any less valuable. It has only made them less saleable. If the value is there, the fact that they are selling for one-half their former price will only teach some men to hold on to them till that value can return. I have seen Union Pacific down to fifteen and since up to par or about. The stock had the same intrinsic value during the entire time. If people will have but patience and sense the stocks will find their level. Men have been continually studying how they could deceive their fellow men as to their values, either by puffing the stocks up higher than they ought to be or depressing them lower. And now, in my judgment, they are as far too low as they were before too high. All that will be realized by and by.'

The actual values of the stocks suffer no loss through depreciation any more than they gain by inflation. They remain unimpaired, just as much so as the values of real estate. It is only the holders and the men whose money they borrow or appropriate for speculative purposes who are the losers.

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