

A Bushel of Potatoes

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

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Agabus Biglo owned a poorly chinked cabin on a windy hillside, a banjo and a voice.

Silas Weatherbee's possessions embraced a fair farm, a good wife and a daughter just eighteen years of age.

Rocksena Weatherbee looked like a peach grown on the sunny side of the tree. Her father had a dim idea—when he thought anything about the girl—that she had barely discarded bibs. He was a thrifty man, leaning to the side of stinginess. Of the minor diversions of life, Silas loved a good song well sung. Agabus Biglo had supplied the song on many an occasion.

Silas was sitting one evening upon the upper rail of his dooryard fence. All about the yard patch flocks of white petunias shimmered and hawk moths made quivering blots over them. Out of the elder thicket loomed Agabus Biglo with his banjo.

"Hi, there, Ag!" shouted Silas. "Come 'long an' give us a chune."

Instead of complying, Agabus fell into argument. "See 'ere, Sils," he said in mild dissent, "I'm pore, pore as black eyed peas, and I 'low of a good square chune is wuth listenin' to it oughta be wuth shuckin' out a trifle fer. What'll you gimme, Sils? I'll sing reasonable."

"Wull, I'll swear, Ag! You reckon I'm goin' to pay out money to set yere an' listen at yer little old pie pan banjer an' yer 'Old Kentucky Home?' Tree frogs an' crickets don't charge nothin'. Reckon they'll do me."

"Hold on, Sils; don't fly up creek. I wasn't figgerin' on plunks," reasoned Agabus persuasively. "Gimme beans, er squawshes, er taters—gimme taters now; you got 'em an' I ain't. How many taters 'll you give fer a batch of good old songs?"

Silas smoked and considered for five silent minutes. "I'll give you a tater a song," he then announced—"not a peellin' more. Them Island Pearls o' mine's wuth money. My, I paid \$5 fer a dishpan full o' seed ones in the spring, an' the old woman like to eat every potted one; she 'lowed they was better than ice cream. They're new invented. You don't git but a tater a song."

Agabus scrambled upon the fence, twirled his banjo into position, and that old song that seems always to drip soft southern fragrance and to ripple out the melody of tranquil waters flowed into the damp, soft gloaming:

"Way down upon the Suwanee river, Far, far away—"

Old Silas smoked, with closed eyes; his wife rocked placidly in the shadow of the porch, and Rocksena, sitting upon the step, clasped her fanned hands and inhaled the music.

"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" thrilled and ebbed, and blithe "Nellie Bly" followed, bringing her broom along. Then Silas slid stiffly from the fence and shook his pipe ash into a tuft of wet clover. "Sena," he called to his daughter, "git Ag three taters. I'm goin' to bed."

Rocksena brought the three largest potatoes she could find, and Agabus stowed them into his pockets.

When Agabus had sung away a bushel of potatoes from Silas Weatherbee he asked the old man to throw in his daughter Rocksena for good measure.

"Agabus Biglo," directed Silas, "you shoulder yer rotten old banjer an' cut sticks."

"But, Uncle Silas, she!"

"Cut sticks," repeated Silas sternly, "an' never p'int yer toes down this hole ag'in, er I'll th'ow you in the creek."

When the hunter's moon piled silver sheaves under the trees Silas Weatherbee and his wife sat alone on their hop grown porch. Agabus, the banjo and the potatoes were gone—and Rocksena, Silas smoked grimly. He missed the "Old Kentucky Home" and the "Suwanee River." His wife knit spiritlessly. She missed the girl.

In the spring came the great freshet, when Goose creek arose with slow, vicious hissings and plunged, foaming, over its banks. Its high tide mark it flouted and, like a hungry beast, pilaged cornfield, truck garden and potato patch. The sluggish blooded old farmers set to work, with matter of fact patience, replanting. Silas Weatherbee raged like Goose creek. "Every darned Pearl tater in the county licked up by that potted crick!" he roared. "I gotta plant any old kind of taters this time."

And once again Goose creek arose with destructive appetite. A June flood came and the replanted fields were as bare as a desert.

A drought followed in the latter part of summer, and autumn found a scanty ingathering of crops. One late autumn day Silas Weatherbee drove over to see his brother Simeon at Crab Hollow. Simeon was cutting sorghum cane. "Gotta live mostly on sorghum 'lasses this winter. One thing—they're good an' fillin'," he philosophized.

"Got any taters?" asked Silas. "Not a tater; Goose creek eat 'em all. Ain't you?"

"Naw. My ole woman's plum pinin' away fer taters—gittin' gant an' pore as a herin'."

"Look 'ere, Sils, you ole mule," said Simeon; "can't you see what the whole county kin? Your ole woman ain't dyin' fer taters; she's dyin' fer Sena."

"It's taters," said Silas obstinately. "It's Sena," vowed Simeon, with equal obstinacy. "Why, look y'ere, you crankitous ole mortal, Ag Biglo's got taters; why, he sells 'em, an' has some biled an' roasted 'sides, an' he's good to Sena—mighty good. An' you been snurlin' yer nose at 'im over an' over!"

"An' I'll snurl it at 'im ag'in 'f he squints a eye down my boiler. Got my gal an' all my taters."

Silas turned his wagon up creek and jogged slowly homeward. He was listening to two inner voices in hot argument, which had not ended when he reached the bars of his barn lot. Fresh wheel marks were in the loose, soft earth. A gray horse was browsing under the buckeye tree, standing patiently between the shafts of a light country wagon. With a half growl Silas unharnessed his horses and made a short cut through the pumpkin patch to his log cabin. As he entered the kitchen the steam pulling from a great saucepan on the stove wafted him an odor retrospectively familiar. He sniffed it enjoyingly.

"Where'd you git 'em?" he asked as his wife came in from the smokehouse with a square block of bacon. She looked smiling, yet apprehensive. "Look at 'em," said she, lifting the lid. "Ain't they bouncers? An' all poppin' open, they're so mealy."

"Where'd you git 'em?" repeated Silas. A young woman ran from ambush behind the door and wound her arms about his neck. "We fetched 'em, paw," she cried jollily—"Ag an' me—two bushels of 'em, all whoppin' big an' good."

Her father shook an accusing finger at her. "My Island Pearls, young woman; good reason why they're whoppers. You gave Ag all the biggest ones fer his ole chunes. But he got a bigger bushel'n I ever kin dig up. You better 'a' fetched 'em; your ma's begun to fat up a-ready."

"You can have bushels of 'em, pa!" avowed Rocksena. "Ag says so. We raised a house full. Ag's here, pa, an' got his fiddle."

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"Fish me out a tater, ole woman," said Silas, "an' dish 'em all quick. An' tell Ag to unthick that nag o' his'n an' come to supper."

There was a moon that night. It cast zigzag silver bars through the old rail fence, with a curious humpy shadow at the top, smoking a shadow pipe. From the Goose creek hollow came damp odors of bergamot and spearmint. The crickets made a merry under accompaniment to the strains of the old song:

"Way down upon the Suwanee river, Far, far away—"

And on the silver swept porch of the log cabin two women sat gossiping happily together.

Dog and Hen Fun.
In his book, "Animals That Have Owned Us," Walter Henriks Pollock tells a funny story of his dog, Douglas, and a hen, Betsy. "One time when we came home after a fortnight's outing," he says, "everything was as usual, with one exception. Betsy was as bare of feathers as was the parrot in the monkey story. There is perhaps one fowl to which she might have been not quite improperly compared, and that one the apteryx. The servants, being questioned, reported that Betsy and Douglas, the dog, had had 'great games.' Further questioning brought out the fact that Douglas' game was to chase Betsy and pull out her feathers and that Betsy, far from resenting it, fell completely into the spirit of the game. This last statement came from the Devonshire cook, who, by the way, always called Betsy 'he' and was once heard reproachfully saying to her, 'Ye naughty b'y, why don't ee lay? Nothin' more naked, despite her enjoyment, than Betsy could be imagined. My wife, scoring the intervention of an expert, applied vaseline freely, and in three weeks Betsy was in full and beautiful plumage."

Not Her Business.
Mrs. Plummer is one of the gentle, clinging women who are guarded and guided by some strong and well balanced member of the sterner sex as long as they live. When Mr. Plummer died she was overcome by grief and a sense of helplessness.

"Now, my dear Emily, what are all these bills?" asked her cousin one day when Mrs. Plummer had been a widow nearly six months.

"They are gas bills," said Mrs. Plummer, looking apathetically at a small pile of pink slips, "and those blue ones are telephone bills. They are beginning to complain at the telephone office, and they've said something about taking out the telephone, and the gas company has shut off the gas already. I sat in the dark last night."

"Well, but why on earth don't you pay the bills?" asked her bewildered relative.

Mrs. Plummer looked at her guest with reproachful, tear filled eyes. "George has always paid the gas and telephone bills," she said plaintively. "I supposed you'd understand."—Youth's Companion.

The Months in Japan.
Every month in Japan has its particular significance to the Japanese: "January, the month of the new year; February, the Inari (fox festival); March, the doll festival; April, the birthday of Buddha, the month when people stroll out for hanami (flower picnic) and fields and hills are tinted with clouds of cherry blossoms; May, when the azaleas are ablaze and the picknickers flock to the beautiful gardens; June, the temple festivals; July, the celebration of the Milky Way; August, moonlight banquets; September, the month of the kiku (chrysanthemum) shows; October is a desolate month, for the gods are said to be absent; in November the parents celebrate the third, fifth or seventh anniversary of their children and entertain their friends; December, a month of work in preparation for the new year."—Onoto Watanna in Harper's.

THE PUZZLER

No. 107.—Metagram.
1. To wander aimlessly. 2. A small creek or bay. 3. A bird distinguished for gentleness. 4. To change the place of a person or thing. 5. Part of a verb which means to make cloth. 6. Fondness.

No. 108.—Pictorial Medley.



The name of a bird is represented in the picture.—New York Tribune.

No. 109.—Primal Acrostic.
Primals name an early spring wild flower.
1. A garden plant. 2. A fragrant and aromatic plant. 3. A rush growing in water. 4. Like a grape. 5. An East Indian plant used for dyeing. 6. A collection of small flowers in a head. 7. The lilac; also the mock orange.

No. 110.—Charade.
My first is but a base desert;
My second's hard and flinty;
MY WHOLE was brought from overseas
By Patrick O. McGinty.

No. 111.—Double Beheadings.
The initial letters of the words before beheading will spell the name of a very famous personage.
1. Doubly behead to chide sharply and leave aged. 2. Doubly behead high estimation and leave a conjunction. 3. Doubly behead a kind of small type and leave devoured. 4. Doubly behead the Mohammedan Bible and leave raced. 5. Doubly behead passages out of a place and leave a possessive pronoun. 6. Doubly behead a fish and leave a place of refuge. 7. Doubly behead value and leave a form of water. 8. Doubly behead the after song and leave a lyric poem. 9. Doubly behead to dress and leave a line of light. 10. Doubly behead an inhabitant of Rome and leave a human being. 11. Doubly behead a masculine name and leave to conquer.

No. 112.—Diamond.
1. A letter. 2. Reverential fear. 3. A knavish fellow. 4. A bird. 5. Sur-name of a well known writer. 6. At this time. 7. A letter.

No. 113.—Divided Word.
His 1-2-3-4-5-6-7's enough to bewitch.
Is he a Whig 1-2 3 4-5-6-7, which?

No. 114.—Crossword.
In able, not in must;
In fresh, not in rust;
In blue, not in black;
In strength, not in lack;
In peach, not in fruit;
In noisy, not in mute;
In lively, not in coach;
In scramble, not in poach;
In current, not in shoal.
A composer of music is my whole.

No. 115.—Triangle.
1. A marked feature or peculiarity. 2. A float of timber. 3. A stern. 4. A pronoun. 5. A letter.

No. 116.—Anagram.
I'll tell you the truth,
I ~~will~~ raise
The ***** of *****.
Which all people *****.

When the first blank is rightly filled the letters of the word may be rearranged to fill the other blanks.

No. 117.—Geographical Puzzles.
Name a city that is a modern recreation.
Name a country that describes a man who wants food.

Not to Be Imposed Upon.
Walter—We have some fine green turtle soup.
Customer—Ah, go and fetch me something ripe. I don't want anything green.

Why Not?
"If you refuse me I shall never love another woman."
"Does that promise stand good if I accept you?"

Key to the Puzzler.
No. 99.—Geographical Jumble: Madagascar. Cairo. Medina.
No. 100.—Charade: Cast-iron.
No. 101.—Arithmograph: Disraeli.
No. 102.—Connected Word Squares:
H A I L M A K E
A N N A A D I T
I N N S K I L T
L A S T I M E T T A
I D O L
M O S S
F O R E L S A T O M
O V A L T I M E
R A G S O M I T
E L S E M E T E

No. 103.—Song Symbol: Starlight music.
No. 104.—Beheaded Words: Gastronomer. D-apple.
No. 105.—Transpositions: Wreath weather. Hater, earth.
No. 106.—Additions: Bang-or. Mete-or. Clam-or.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

HOW THE STORK DIS-SOLVED PARTNERSHIP

Professor Slanglely was a great inventor, and it occurred to him that he could make a machine that would both travel on earth and fly in the air. For the earthly travel his bicycle would do very well, but to get in the air—ah, that was the problem!

He solved it, however, by entering into partnership with an old stork, who was to furnish the wing power.

"What are the terms?" questioned the stork.

"These," replied the professor: "When on the earth, you are to sit on the handle bars of the machine and I do the work. When in the air, you are to



MR. STORK LET GO.

grasp the handle bars with both claws. I shall grasp your legs firmly, and you will do the flying.

"It will be grand, magnificent!" he pursued. "The world will wonder and then praise. There will be great glory!"

"But who gets the glory?" asked the stork anxiously.

"Oh, we share that!" said Slanglely. But somehow the professor took all the glory upon himself, and the poor stork was not recognized.

"What a wonderful genius that Slanglely has!" said every one, but they said nothing of poor Mr. Stork. He, however, winked first one eye and then the other, scratched his head with his claw, and said:

"I believe in being honest, and I'll soon show you, Mr. Professor, that you can't cheat us dumb creatures so."

Next day there was to be a grand exhibition of "Professor Slanglely's new and approved terrestrial aerodrome." The course was five miles by land and then over the lake by the air line. The stork sitting on the handle bars. Then came the fly. Professor Slanglely grasped the legs of Mr. Stork, who rose gracefully. It was a great success. But in midlake the stork let go. The professor held hard, but Mr. Stork had greased his long limbs carefully, and, held though he tried, the professor and his machine tumbled into the lake, amid howls of derision and laughter, while Mr. Stork, flapping his wings, lazily floated off to other climes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

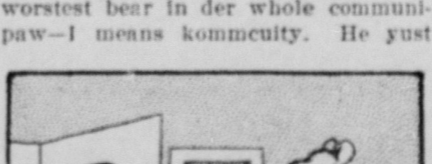
An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Bad Bear

"B-r-r-r-ing in the p-r-r-r-isoner," growled his honor, Judge Bruin, and Policeman Bahr dragged up before the bar of justice that dreadful bad bear known as Ragged Ralph.

"What's he done now?" shouted the judge in such a ferocious tone, as he caught sight of the woe-begone Ralph.

"Of you please," said Policeman Bahr, whose ancestors came from the Black forest of Germany, "dis vos de worstest bear in der whole communit-paw—I means konnecuity. He yust



RAGGED RALPH lay around and catches little bears urd steals dere pennies."

"Wool! wool!" snapped the judge, as he shook the judicial gavel at the trembling culprit, "you're a fine specimen to be allowed to run loose! I've heard a whole lot about you, and nothing that's good. I'll make an example of you that will fix you all right. You had a good home and should have grown up to be a respectable bear, but instead, you would rather be a tramp and a nuisance to your family and everybody else. Your sentence is that you be confined for life in the zoo, in a cage by yourself, and that the cage shall have such a fine wire screen over the bars that good hearted little children cannot puss even the smallest of shelled peanuts through. Take him away."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TRAINING DAUGHTERS.

Teach the Girls to Recognize the Power of Thought.

Scholarship is a purpose commonly held in the school and college for boys. Although not one boy in a thousand will become a scholar, yet it is well that the purpose is general. If one boy in a thousand becomes a scholar, one girl in ten thousand becomes a scholar. Small is the chance that my boy will become a scholar, and so infinitesimal is the chance that my daughter will become a scholar that I have the right, and perhaps am bound by the duty, of eliminating it from my calculations. But if my daughter cannot become a scholar there is one thing which my daughter may become—she may become a thinker. It is as much more important as it is more probable, for the opportunities for the use of scholarship are few, sporadic, but the opportunities for the use of the power of thinking are constant. In no better way can I prepare my daughter to undertake the joys and responsibilities of the headship of a home, either for herself alone or for herself in combination with others, than by making her a thinker. The appreciation of others' needs is most readily secured by thinking. Wise thoughtfulness saves or helps to save one from selfishness. Effective economy or economic efficiency is the result of discrimination, and discrimination is a form of thinking. Attention to details is primarily an intellectual quality. The largeness of conception which my daughter should embody in her life in the home represents the power of thought. Therefore I wish my daughter to think.—Dr. Charles F. Thwing in Harper's Weekly.

Entertaining the Unexpected Male Guest at Mealtime.

It often happens that a woman will have an unexpected male guest at mealtime. I have found through long experience that men are more easily entertained than women. If the table be ordinarily neat, the meal plentiful and above all the welcome cordial the average man will not notice the absence of the best china nor the darn in the tablecloth.

To insure a plentiful meal have a plentiful supply of such things in the house as will keep well and can be cooked at a moment's notice. With the proper stores on hand it is an easy task to prepare a palatable soup, cook some ham and eggs and make an extra cup of coffee. If the cloth be not spotless spread a fresh napkin at the place of the guest, fill the saltcellar neatly, see that he has a dainty cup and saucer, and, believe me, he will carry away with him the memory of a pleasant repast if the hostess be at her ease and does not make him feel by her worried manner that his visit is an intrusion.

It sometimes happens that the head of the house is an unexpected guest when he comes to share a meal which he is not in the habit of taking at home. In that case he should not be greeted with "Oh, dear, I have nothing for you to eat; we had a cold lunch today," but the wife should make quietly and cheerfully the preparations she would make if a stranger had called. The husband will appreciate her action. A little thing like this may form another link in the chain which binds him to his home.—New Idea.

Where to Hang a Mirror.

Choose a spot where it will reflect the view from the window or something pretty; then it will add to the beauty of a room. In any case, whether the object of the mirror be decorative or merely useful, do not place it anywhere where the sun's rays will fall on it, for the sun acts injuriously on the mercury and clouds the glass.

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Thousands of people are affected with Kidney Trouble and do not even suspect it, for it is one of the most treacherous diseases, and comes stealing into the system gradually and with but little warning.

If you have pain in the back and joints, scanty or excessive urine the disease is making rapid progress. Headache, irritability, nervousness, muddy-looking complexion, are all warning signs that the kidneys are not performing their work properly and are calling for assistance.

One box, one month's treatment of Krime's Kidney Pills, cost you nothing if you are not benefited; you judge for yourself. For sale and guaranteed at Krumrine's Pharmacy.

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For second largest number... 1.50
For third largest number... 1.00

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The winners will be announced the first week in August.

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