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REV. CRITTENDEN'S NOBLE WORK

An Interesting Sketch of one of Bellefonte's Citizens

IN THE MASTER'S VINEYARD

Organizing Sunday Schools in the Wilds of Pennsylvania—Has accomplished much—Years do not diminish His Ardor.

The following article appeared in the last issue of Grit and will be of interest to our readers:

One of the most remarkable men in the state of Pennsylvania is the Rev. R. Crittenden, missionary of the American Sunday School union, who is known far and wide as "a veteran laborer for children." For close to 45 years, the Rev. Mr. Crittenden has labored for the cause of Christianity, principally among the isolated communities of Northern Central Pennsylvania. He was a young man when he entered the work which he has carried out so admirably for nearly half a century. Now his hair is white and his step is not so elastic as it was many years ago, but his spirit is still of the highest, and in his own words, "he is doing better work than ever before."

Few men in this state are so widely known and personally esteemed as is the Rev. Mr. Crittenden. Throughout the field of his labors people young and old reverence him because of his kindness, his charity, and his wonderfully unselfish work for humanity. His field comprises ten or more counties now containing a large population and many churches, but which in the early days of his labor had few Christian workers. For 45 years Mr. Crittenden has penetrated into the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania, seeking out isolated hamlets where there were no churches or Sunday schools, or any other forms of organized Christian work.

It has been the custom of Mr. Crittenden to seek out these lonely hamlets and organize in them Sunday schools. His first labor is with the children, who always joyfully welcome his coming. Through the children the missionary became acquainted with the parents, and they, in turn, became interested in his work. The result has been that no less than 70 churches have grown into existence through the Sunday school which this earnest man planted. For instance, 30 years ago, at what was then known as Rumburg, in Clearfield county, Mr. Crittenden opened a Sunday school. The little town was then without religious services. He watched over the town and its Sunday school and it continued to thrive. Now the prosperous city of DuBois marks the place which was known as Rumburg, and instead of one lonely Sunday school, there are 10 or 12 churches. More than 30 years ago in a town mostly on foot Mr. Crittenden visited all the needy districts in Bradford county. The Hardecraze district was included among his visits, he having walked 30 miles in one day to reach the town and deliver his message of cheer to the people. Often he went without food during those long tramps, but his courage never failed. In all of the places visited he planted the seed of Christian work, and many of them now have flourishing churches which have directly grown from the Sunday schools established by him. One of the places which he reached after a walk of 50 miles, was at the time of his visit religiously destitute, and criminal. No one, before, had befriended the people in a spiritual way, and they were fast traveling the downward path. As the result of Mr. Crittenden's visit to this hamlet, the life of the community was changed. It now has a church and is one of the quietest and most prosperous of country towns.

Mr. Crittenden is now aiding the people of Coleville, where what is known as the Olive Branch chapel has been erected. The town, including women and children, has worked nobly to pay for his house, services, but the time still more money needed to dedicate the chapel free from debt. Mr. Crittenden is always glad to accept contributions, however small, for his work which goes steadily onward, year after year. As his work is entirely of non-denominational character, the missionary labors alike for people of all creeds. The Olive Branch chapel is erected with no semblance of partiality to any one denomination.

Mr. Crittenden's home is at 57 Linn street, Bellefonte, but his work calls him away the greater portion of the time. Over mountains and hills, in all kinds of weather, he travels about doing good. One of his works is that of gathering books and papers from whatever source he can obtain them, for free distribution among the children of isolated communities, among whom reading matter is at a premium. A number of libraries have been established in connection with village schools and both children and parents have been greatly benefited by the reading matter which has come into their possession through Mr. Crittenden's efforts.

When it is known that 406 Sunday schools were organized by this man, and 13,369 gathered into them through his initial efforts, the scope of his work will be somewhat appreciated. His visits to families number over 12,237, and the number of copies of the Scriptures distributed, over 2,356. A tribute to his character has been paid by a fellow minister, who said:

"Mr. Crittenden is one of the most kindly, godly, unselfish, single-hearted, hard-working men I ever knew. If he had not been made almost of iron, he must have died many years ago. I have known him intimately for 25 years but have seen nothing but unworshipful faithfulness."

—Walk over 10 inches high water-proof tar shoes \$4. At Yeagers.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

Sunday evening about 7 o'clock Sterling Simcox was returning to Philipsburg from his lumber camp, and under the electric light in front of the residence of Ed. Griest on East Presquele street, he overtook a team moving along very gradually, pulling a large empty wagon. He noticed that the driver was reclining with his chin resting on the iron rod in front of the bed. He called to him, but receiving no answer, dismounted from his conveyance to make an investigation when, to his horror, he found the man was dead.

It was soon learned the unfortunate man was Joseph M. Bickle, who has since last spring been operating the farm of D. T. Myer, near Osceola the latter place. Sunday morning with a hunting outfit, consisting of tents, provisions, etc., accompanied by William Webster, a member of a hunting party, enroute to Six Miles Run. Delivering his load, he left the camp about 5 o'clock in the evening for home. He was said to be alright when he left camp. He was said not to have been a drinking man, and the supposition is that in driving along, standing, the wagon struck a rut, and there being a little snow in the bed, he slipped and fell forward on the rod mentioned, with fatal result, or that he was taken with a sudden attack of heart failure.

The deceased was aged about 31 years, and unmarried. His parents are both thought to be dead, his mother dying when he was but 7 years old. He has one brother living in Ohio, and another whose address is unknown. He was born at Spruce Creek, Huntingdon county, but has lived near Osceola for some years.

Francis J. Heney Shot.

Francis J. Heney, a leading figure in the prosecution of municipal corruption in San Francisco was shot and seriously injured at 4 1/2 o'clock on Friday in Judge Lawler's court room by Morris Haas, a saloonkeeper who had been accepted as a juror in a previous trial of Abraham Ruef, and afterward removed, it having been shown in court by Heney that Haas was an ex-convict, a fact not brought out in his examination as a venireman. The shooting of Heney occurred in the presence of many persons in the court room during a recess in the trial of Abraham Ruef, on trial for the third time on the charge of bribery. Mr. Heney, who retained consciousness will likely recover. Haas in the second Ruef trial had been passed as a juror. Then one day in court Heney dramatically produced a photograph of Haas, taken at the San Quentin penitentiary, in convict garb and with cropped hair, with his number across his breast. Haas collapsed in court, admitting he had been a convict. He was immediately discharged from the jury. Haas in a statement said: "I am the wronged man. I do not care what becomes of me now. I have sacrificed myself not for my own honor, but for the honor of those who are situated like myself. I would not have brought my four children into the world to bear such a brand if I had known that the fact that I was a former convict would become known. Heney ruined me. That is why I shot him."

Officers Elected.

At the annual meeting of the Bickford Fire Brick Company held at Curwensville, Tuesday, 10th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Howard T. Janney, Williamsport; treasurer and general manager, James A. Bickford, Lock Haven; secretary and assistant treasurer and sales agent, S. M. Bickford, Pittsburg; board of directors, Howard T. Janney, J. W. Villinger, Allen P. Perley, Williamsport; J. Frank Jersey, Jersey Shore; J. Calvin Meyer, Bellefonte; S. M. Bickford, Pittsburg, and James A. Bickford, Lock Haven. There was a large representation of stockholders and the annual report was more than encouraging, while the outlook for the future, with a large number of orders already booked, gave promise of a splendid business.

New Bridge.

The new reinforced concrete bridge across Fishing Creek near Mackeyville is fully completed, inspected by a commission appointed by the court, declared first class by them and recently paid for by the commissioners. This bridge is 105 feet long with a sixteen-foot roadway and cost \$13,818.40, one fourth of which was paid by the township of Lamar. With this kind of a bridge there will be no repairs needed except to keep the roadway and approaches in good condition and with this bridge the county will have to do that.

Disease Among Cattle.

An epidemic of apthous fever, or foot and mouth disease, which has developed among cattle in Montour and Columbia counties, has caused the State and Federal authorities to quarantine four farms and one large cattle pen in the affected district. The disease which wrought havoc among cattle in the Transvaal some time ago, is extremely contagious and five State veterinary authorities and several Government officers are studying the malady.

Rev. I. L. Kephart, D. D.

Rev. I. L. Kephart, D. D., editor of the Religious Telescope, Dayton, O., the official organ of the United Brethren church, who died from a cancerous affection of the stomach on October 28th, at his home in the latter city, was born in Decatur township, Clearfield county, only a few miles southwest of Philipsburg. He was well known to many of our people, especially the older residents of the community.

Bishop Hamilton.

The semi-annual meeting of the bishops of the Methodist church was held at Indianapolis last week. The work was devoted to the assignment of bishops to preside over various conferences to be held next spring. Bishop Hamilton was assigned to preside over the Central Pennsylvania conference which will be held in Harrisburg next March.

HISTORICAL NOTES FROM BRUSHVALLEY

Another Interesting Chapter Contributed by Hon. W. R. Bierly.

ABOUT A POPULAR TEACHER

A Famous Red School House That was Destroyed by Fire—Early Methods of Instruction—Many will Remember Teacher.

THE MAGEES—WM. B., THE TEACHER.

The Magee family: plot in Union cemetery was begun by the death of the father, James Magee, January 28, 1851, who died at the age of 67 years, 20 days. Then followed Wm. B. Magee, the noted teacher of Brushvalley, June 15, 1859, at the age of 34 years, 8 months and 3 days. He was the father of ex-County Superintendent Thomas Magee, of Clinton county, now in the service of the U. S. The mother, Elizabeth Magee, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Harper, near Centre Hall, May 1, 1881, at the age of 87 years, and buried in the same plot. She received interment beside William. Reuben M. Magee, who died at Philadelphia, several years ago, at the home where his widow and sons now reside.

To this epitome in cryptology chapters might be added. Many still remember the old red school house, on the lot opposite William J. Hosterman's store, which was attended during the four months of the school term by "Die Bush-knippler," as the country children were called, to distinguish them from the "shadt-schlafers" as the "Bush-knippler" retorted. William B. Magee was one of the first teachers in Brushvalley who employed tact in government. There were teachers before him such as J. H. Korabaugh, who gadded the big boys as if they were so many oxen, and courted the minister's daughter, the belle of the town. Then there were others who believed with the wise man that "whoso spareth the rod, spoileth his son" and "a switch in time saves the rind of clubs."

But William B. Magee was a jolly teacher. He made learning easy and attractive. Two things he introduced which were innovations and caused some other gymnastics. One was singing; the other gymnastics. He taught the boys and girls to sing: "John Brown had little Indians." "We have come again to greet you." "That sweet old word good bye," etc. The little tots sang the alphabet: all both big and little, learned geography by singing it from Pelton's outline maps. Then he taught history, chronology and biography by question and answer, without any books. His motto was, "not how much, but how well." His rule was: "Keep repeating and receiving until you know it, backward as well as forward. Instead of laying 'hickory oil' to the little hides he gave 'rewards of merit' and beautiful picture cards. Each got one with his name written in plain letters on 'the last day of school.' Saturday was 'review day.' Then he invited the parents and friends of education to come and hear what his little 'academic' had learned. And how proud we all were to hear the plaudits of Abs. Harter and others who could make a nice speech praising us for our progress.

His "gymnastic exercises," as he termed them, were exceedingly humorous, for he was a born humorist himself. The whole school rose to the sound of the bell and went through the exercises: expansion of chest by inhaling air and then expelling it; movements of the limbs, laughter, etc. They have called it calisthenics since then and have special professors of high salaries to teach it. When he saw and heard, by sniffing feet, that the pupils were getting weary, he gave five minutes by the watch, for everybody to laugh or talk or he joined with beaming face the hilarity. Then, when he said "time's up," everyone settled down to study.

Exhibitions on a rude stage, but beautifully curtained and picture hung, were the delight of the whole community. A small admission fee was charged. The old red school house was too small to hold all the people and the windows were thronged. Literally, "the house was full and running over." Many of the participants have gone over to join their master here and there, and their words will meet the eye of someone, East and West, who will drop a tear in memory and regret for the sainted Magee.

The old red school house burned one day in the early summer of 1861. There was then in progress in the Evangelical cemetery a soldier's funeral. Charlie Winters, only son of Samuel Winters, Sr., and a universal favorite, was brought home a victim of the fever in camp. It was the first metallic coffin we had seen and the first comrade to be buried with the honors of war. Nearly every one was there; the ceremonies were scarcely done, ere the sharp cry of fire came from the town and the flames were seen shooting up from Rachel Young's house. Quickly several hundred men and boys were in line from the old water stocks, at Daniel Conser's and Major Reynolds, with new buckets from the stores, handing buckets of water to extinguish the flames. But the best they could do was to save Mallory's blacksmith shops, and W. J. Hosterman's store and residence. The old red school house, too, was doomed and with its cracking rafters there fell to ashes the house of early lore, the shelter of pioneer debating schools which were attended by the Gramleys, the Bierlys, the Burkets, the Winters, the Harpers and Huntingdon, Franks and Wolfs—men of two valleys.

It is related that during the fire a south wind blew and the danger to Hosterman's and Samuel Frank's residences was great, John Bierly who resided west of Rebersburg, was standing near the stove, and being a devout man he prayed aloud that the wind might change and save the town. More than that, it

also said his prayer was answered. This same John Bierly, it is well remembered, was a strong native-American, and when he had done his farm work well, he devoted some time to traveling through the valley and preaching against the "Pabst," (Pope).

He was largely instrumental in organizing that party whose motto was "Put no out Americans on guard," and whose pass word was "I don't know"—hence the "Know-nothings." They did know many things, however, and while as a political party they failed to elect Millard Fillmore president in 1856, there are strong societies today before whose united power at the polls many a follower of Papacy bites the political dust.

At that time, about 1854-5, the great Gothic cathedral at Philadelphia was built and it was a current report that the basement was to contain an acre of fire-arms and that the Catholics would re-enact the role of the French in the Palatinate and against the Huguenots of Alsace and Loraine. It was heatedly declared that we would have to wade in blood knee-deep. Of course, as we now know, that was only a campaign cry of the native Americans, who were later merged in the Republican party, and in 1861 succeeded in one respect, which Senator Zach. Chandler called "a little blood letting."

To be continued.

Hayes Run Fire Brick Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hayes Run Fire Brick company was held at Orvis last Friday morning with 49 stockholders present. Karl Legner, an expert auditor from the Pittsburgh Audit Co., presented an exhaustive report, showing the condition of the business of the company. This report was very favorable, and made a good impression on the stockholders. The board of directors was increased from five to seven and the following gentlemen elected to serve for the ensuing fiscal year:

Judge Ellis L. Orvis, John R. Stevenson, George R. Thompson, B. F. Brown, W. Bentley, W. I. Harvey and Charles R. Kurtz. In the afternoon the directors met and organized by the election of Judge Orvis as president, John Stevenson, vice president; W. O. Bentley, secretary; I. L. Harvey, treasurer; and Carroll Keller as general manager. The latter takes the place of W. I. Harvey, who declined to serve any longer in this position on account of ill health.

Mr. Keller, the new general manager, has occupied a responsible position with the Hayes Run Fire Brick company for several years. He is a native of Lock Haven and is a young man of the highest type of character and his friends will be pleased to learn of his advancement. The company now has 20 kilns and a new extension to the works makes the main building 70x500 feet. This new device has not been fully completed, but can be in a short time if business conditions warrant it. When this is done it will give a capacity of about 100,000 bricks per day.

William Steele's Will.

On Thursday the will of the late William Steele, of Bellefonte, was probated; it is condensed and to the point. He directs that his wife, Harriet J. Steele, can sell and dispose of his personal property at such times as she may desire; also the two lots, on Logan street, recently purchased from William Burnside. The family is to occupy the homestead, on Spring street, until the youngest son becomes of age. After that his appointed appraisers, C. Y. Wagner, C. K. Hicklen and Dr. M. A. Kirk are to make an appraisal of both the real estate and personal property. Then his executors, his wife and James K. Barnhart, after all the debts are paid, are to divide it share and share alike between the wife and children, with the exception that his daughter, Olive Steele, who is to get \$400 for extra services rendered her father during his life. In case any of the heirs attempt to break the will they receive one third of their share as stipulated in said will. The witnesses to the will are C. C. Shuey and W. T. Twitmore. Mr. Steele's real estate consists of seventeen or eighteen houses, most of them being located on Pine street and Quaker Hill, all of which are good rentable properties. His son, William Steele, Jr., will take his father's place as a contractor and builder.

Bride Lost her Diamonds.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week, a rather singular occurrence took place at the Pennsylvania passenger station. In the confusion of throwing rice and old shoes, as an omen of good luck to the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. James A. McClain, the bride dropped her hand bag containing her jewelry, among them being a diamond tiara, the wedding present from her husband. After the train pulled out it was found on the platform by Boyd Nolan, watchman at the depot. Of course he did not know whose it was nor what it contained but took it into the baggage room and tossed it upon a pile of trunks, to remain until the owner called for it. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. McClain had not gone very far on their journey when they missed the bag and naturally they were very much alarmed. As quick as they reached Tyrone they telephoned back to see if their hand bag had been found and were overjoyed when it was located in the baggage room, with contents safe and sound. It was forwarded to their destination by express.

'Sis Perkins.'

"Sis Perkins," a refreshing comedy drama of Indiana rural life, telling a side splitting tale of the adventures of the Hoosier Lass at home and in Chicago, at the opera house next Monday evening, 23rd, for one night only, at popular prices.

Valuable Real Estate.

By consulting our news columns this issue you will find quite a variety of choice real estate offered at public sale. If you are looking for an investment look the paper over and you may find exactly what you want.

OUR DEER HUNTERS ARE SUCCESSFUL

Reports From all Sections of the County are Good

WOODS ARE FULL OF HUNTERS

A Heavy Tracking Snow Makes Conditions Favorable for the Sport—No Hunting Accidents are Reported.

Monday morning the season opened in Pennsylvania for shooting deer. It is of two weeks duration and the limit one deer, a buck, for each nimrod. The heavy snow on Saturday and Sunday made conditions favorable for tracking, with the result that more than usual were killed. The following are some of the reports gathered by phone last evening:

John Lindenmuth and Natag Lindenmuth each a bear. These were killed back of Fleming. Joe Gill also got a deer.

A large bear was killed out on Marsh Creek by Alonza Brickley.

Frank Davis, of Bellefonte, hunting with a party down in Little Sugar Valley, reports one deer killed the first day. On Monday a large bear about 400 pounds in weight was killed back of Woodward Smith, of Philipsburg, was one of the lucky nimrods, having succeeded in shooting a large buck.

Christ Sharer shot a large buck on Monday on the mountains back of Hannah Furnace.

Fred Reitz, son of Henry Reitz, of near Linden Hall, killed a five-prong buck that weighed 220 pounds.

The Riley party, of Boalsburg, on Tuesday got a nice deer between the first and second mountains.

The Bradford hunting party in the seven mountains got a 175-pound buck.

A Philadelphia party hunting for small game captured a three-prong buck.

The Lingle party, from Blanchard, have one nice deer.

The Penns Creek Gun club got one deer and four bear at Paddy mountain.

The Coburn party, Meyers and Vonada, have one deer.

The Regulars, of Potters Mills, have one deer killed by Perry Krise, in the Seven mountains.

The party of Caldwell brothers and John Gummo and sons, of Beech Creek, killed two small bucks. The Miller and Myers party killed one buck. The former party is camped at the Liggett spring.

John Lingle, Thomas Lingle and David Gunsallus are three hunters, of that place, all past 75 years of age, who are camping out this year.

David Price, Albert Berry and Fred Mark shot a fine deer in Schwenk's gap, Sugar valley.

Two deer were killed near Lick run, in the Sugar valley narrows, on Monday by a party of Union county hunters.

One was a four-prong and the other a three-prong buck.

The following good reports come from the Snow Shoe region:

The Tyrone Rangers, on Pine run have one deer.

The Chambers-Uzle party on the Little Sandy have two deer.

The McClosky party on Panther run have one deer.

The McCartney party on Yost run have one deer.

T. F. Kelley and Lawrence Shank of the S. S. Rod & Gun club, on Beech Creek each shot one deer.

Murray Gilliland killed a 410-pound bear on Beech Creek.

The Lock Haven Democrat says:—"Good reports continue to be received from some of the many hunting camps throughout this section, and if the present ratio of deer killing continues until the end of the two weeks' season, the record for Clinton county this year may reach 100 deer, which would be a large increase over the number shot in recent years. Some bears are also being killed." They give a long list of successful hunters.

HOSPITAL DONATION.

Tuesday and Wednesday of Thanksgiving week will be donation days at the Bellefonte hospital. Those in charge of this annual benefaction for the sick and wounded solicit contributions of groceries, provisions, table delicacies, linen for bandages, money and all articles that may be useful in an institution of the kind. Our hospital relies largely upon the generosity of the people of Centre county for its successful maintenance. The charity appeals irresistibly to all who are interested in the amelioration of the lot of suffering humanity. Send your donations direct to the hospital or address the superintendent.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

Misses Sara and Lu, Danley injured in the wreck on the Bellefonte Central R. R. were discharged Tuesday, cured.

Miss Helen Crissman, who was operated on for appendicitis on Wednesday, is getting along nicely.

Raymond Baird, who was injured last week at the Bellefonte match factory, will lose all fingers, the thumb will be saved.

Peter Baccards, Italian, injured in quarry at Arms Gap, having right foot crushed, is improving.

A Happy Meeting.

After a separation of 63 years, Mrs. James Hawley of Kittanning and her sister Mrs. Rachel Seese of Felix, Somerset county, were reunited. Both were born in Scalplevel, Pa., but in girlhood they were separated. For years neither knew where the other was living, but finally, through a stepbrother, who had learned of Mrs. Hawley's residence at Kittanning, correspondence was begun. Mrs. Hawley is 75 years old and Mrs. Seese 79. They had been less than 75 miles apart most of the time.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

A sparking device—the parlor sofa. A pull will get a man to the top quicker than a push.

Cold cash is what many a man is anxious to freeze on to.

Many a fellow has a handsome mug in the barber shop.

The best man at many a wedding proves to be the bride.

Many a man comes to a bad end by trying to be a good fellow.

"We sometimes pay dearly for the things we get for nothing."

Many a fellow feels like a fish out of water when a girl lands him.

A man naturally rises in his own estimation when he settles down.

It's all well enough to take the bull by the horns if the bull will stand for it.

Many a man has a good aim in life who lacks the necessary ammunition.

A man may be left handed and still feel that he has a right to be that way.

Frequently you have to run a man down before you can make him pay up.

It is well to buy an umbrella in fair weather. They always go up when it rains.

Love is blind, is demonstrated by the fact that most of the courting is done in the dark.

Men rode in automobiles on election day who were never extended the courtesy before.

Many a man imagines he's done something for the church when he buys a cushion for his pew.

The trouble with the man who is pleased with himself is that he is so often displeased with others.

When a man can't find something he wants around the house, he begins to accuse his wife of meddling with his affairs.

DIDN'T SHOW IT.

The minister, knowing how fond Pat was of wine offered him a small wine glass full and said:

"Pat, that wine is 100 years old."

"Faith, it's small for its age, then," said Pat.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Paddy Nolan went into a shop one day to buy eggs.

"What are eggs to day?" he asked.

"Eggs are eggs today," replied the shopman, smiling at a couple of young lady customers who were in the store.

"Faith, I am glad to hear you say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."

DIDN'T LIKE THE JOB.

A washwoman applied to a gentleman for work, and he gave her a note to the manager to a certain club. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. X—: This woman wants washing."

Very shortly afterward the answer came back:

"Dear Sir: I dare say, she does; but I don't like the job."

BOTH IN THE SAME CLASS.

A British soldier applied to the captain for a leave of absence, relating a heartrending tale of a sick wife crying for him to come home. The captain, familiar with the soldier's habits, replied:

"I am afraid you are not telling the truth. I have just received a letter from your wife urging me not to let you come home, because you get drunk, break the furniture and mistreat her shamefully."

The private saluted and started to leave the room. He paused at the door, however, asking:

"Sor, may I speak to you, not as an officer, but as man to man?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Well, sor, what I am after saying is this, 'approaching the captain and lowering his voice, 'you and I are two of the most illigit liars the Lord ever made. I'm not married at all.'"

FAT WON THE RACE.

An Irishman, who had provided himself with a huge horse pistol, and taken to the road to replenish his exchequer, met a farmer returning from the market with a bag of money.

"Your money or your life!" demanded Pat, presenting the pistol in the usual way.

The farmer chanced to be a Quaker, and he essayed to temporize:

"I would not have thee stain thy soul with sin, friend," said he; "and didst thou kill me, it would be murder. But hold! A bargain is no sin, but a commerce between two honest men. I will give thee this bag of gold for the pistol which thou holdest at my ear."

The unsuspecting amateur highwayman made the change without a moment's hesitation.

"Now, friend," cried the wily farmer, leveling the weapon, "give me back my gold, or I'll blow the brains out!"

"Blaze away then, darlint!" said Pat. "Sure there's niver a throp of sowerth in it!"

A Clever Hunter.

Jeff Deeter, of Warriorsmark valley, has gained quite a reputation as a hunter. He has caught this season twenty coons, two of which he presented to Edward Imhoff, of Tyrone, who is raising them as pets. He has also shot a mountain lion, which he killed after night, shooting it in the eyes, which glamed brightly in the darkness. He has also a big string of squirrels, a number of rabbits, and Mrs. Deeter shot a large wild turkey in this section. Mr. Deeter has also shot several wild turkeys. Jeff is an old nimrod and one of the most skilled and successful hunters in this vicinity. Mr. Deeter has two trained coons which are marvels of intelligence to all who see them. They are as tame as dogs and follow him at his command. He has also a kennel of the finest hunting dogs in Pennsylvania.—Tyrone Herald.

Boys' high top leather lumberman's

gums \$2.45. At Yeagers.